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JANUARY—JUNE, 1839.



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Vol. XLV.

Contents:

PAGE

ANCIENT SCOTTISH MUSIC. THE SKENE MS.	1
LEGENDARY LORE. NO. V. THE ONYX RING, CONCLUDED, . . .	17
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER, . . .	47
ITALY AS IT WAS, ...	62
DE LAMARTINE, ...	76
PERSIA, AFGHANISTAN, AND INDIA, ...	93
OLD ROGER, ...	106
MITCHELL'S SECOND AND THIRD EXPEDITIONS, ...	113
OUR POCKET COMPANIONS.	130

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXX. FEBRUARY, 1839.

Vol. XLV.

Contents.

	PAGE
NEW EDITION OF BEN JONSON, ...	145
CORN LAWS, ...	170
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER (CONTINUED), ...	177
REFLECTIONS ON PUNCH—MORALS AND MANNERS, ...	190
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS. PART VI. CHAP. I.	201
IRELAND UNDER THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE, ...	212
MATHEWS THE COMEDIAN, ...	229
A DISCOURSE ON GOETHE AND THE GERMANS, ...	247
ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S LAST JUDGMENT, ...	257
THE IRON GATE—A LEGEND OF ALDERLEY, ...	271
SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, ...	275

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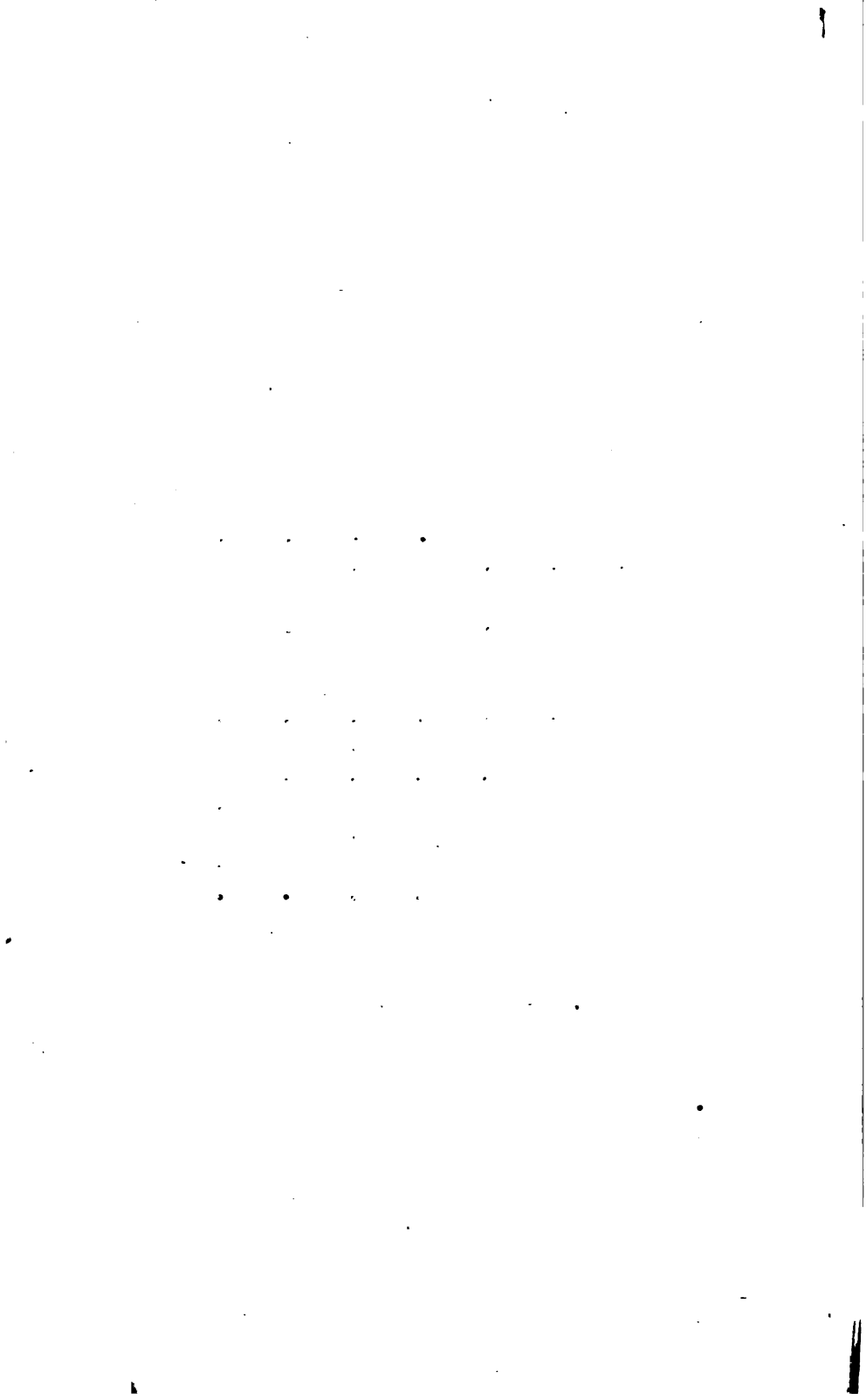
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXI.

MARCH, 1839.

Vol. XLV.

Contents.	PAGE
PERU AS IT IS, ...	287
SONNETS. BY WASHINGTON BROWNE, NEW YORK, . . .	300
KATE. BY ALFRED DOMETT, ...	301
EARLIER ENGLISH MORAL SONGS AND POEMS, . . .	303
THE PICTURE GALLERY. NO. VI.	319
IRELAND UNDER THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE—THE POPULAR PARTY, THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS, AND THE QUEEN'S MINIS- TERS, ...	341
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER (CONTINUED), ...	353
EGYPT—THE TROJAN WAR—HOMER, ...	366
NEW DISCOVERY—ENGRAVING, AND BURNET'S CARTOONS, .	382
BANNISTER THE COMEDIAN, ...	392
BEN-NA-GROICH, ...	409
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS (THE CONCLUSION), ...	419

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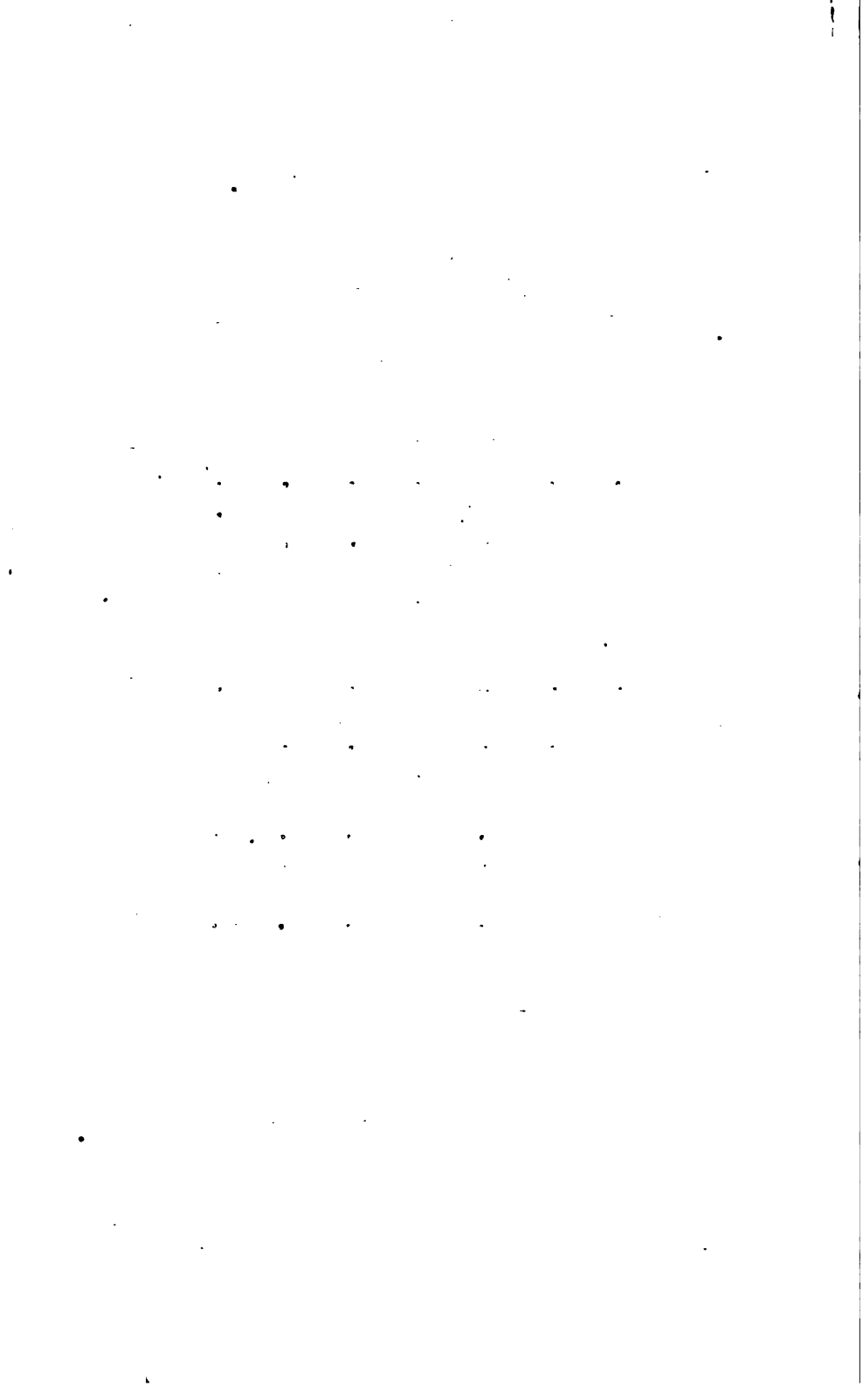
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXII.

APRIL, 1839.

Vol. XLV,

Contents:	PAGE
FRANCE AND HER ELECTIONS, ...	431
ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, ...	455
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER (CONTINUED), ...	463
DESULTORY DOTTINGS DOWN UPON DOGS, ...	475
A WEEK AT MANCHESTER, ...	481
MY AFTER-DINNER ADVENTURES WITH PETER SCHLEMIHL, .	487
MUSIC AND FRIENDS, ...	490
EMILY VON ROSENTHAL—HOW SHE WAS SPIRITED AWAY, .	490
WHAT IS POETICAL DESCRIPTION?	529
SONG, ...	537
CHRISTOPHER IN HIS ALCOVE, ...	538

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXIII.

MAY, 1839.

Vol. XLV.

Contents.	PAGE
OUR DESCRIPTIVE POETRY, No. I., ...	573
LEAVING ENGLAND, ...	586
PICTURE GALLERY. No. VII., ...	588
HALLOWED GROUND, ...	595
THE GODDESS VENUS IN THE MIDDLE AGES, ...	603
SONNET, ...	617
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER (CONTINUED), ...	618
THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF THE ILIAD. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH TROCHAICS, ...	634
LETTER ON SCOTCH NATIONALITY, ...	643
SONNETS BY THE SKETCHER, ...	651
ASSASSINS AND BULL FIGHTS, ...	656
PROSPECTUS OF THE HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY, ...	669
NOTES OF A TRAVELLER, ...	682
THE EUMENIDES. TRANSLATED BY MR CHAPMAN, ...	695

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXIV. JUNE, 1839.

Vol. XLV.

Contents.	PAGE
THE LATE POLITICAL EVENTS, ...	715
MY FIRST CLIENT, ...	733
MÉRIMÉE ON OIL-PAINTING, ...	747
THE LEGEND OF THE LIDO, ...	755
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER (CONCLUSION), ...	761
DIU MINORUM GENTIUM. No. I.—CAREW AND HERRICK, .	782
WHIG DECLINE AND DEGRADATION, ...	795
ON THE GENIUS OF RAPHAEL, ...	809
HYMNS TO THE GODS. BY ALBERT PIKE, ...	819
SONNET. ON THE DEATH OF A LADY, ...	830
OUR CHAMBERS, ...	831
THE LIFE OF A SPECULATIVE GERMAN, ...	837
THE VISION OF CALIGULA. BY B. SIMMONS, ...	849
INDEX, ...	856

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, 45, GEORGE STREET,

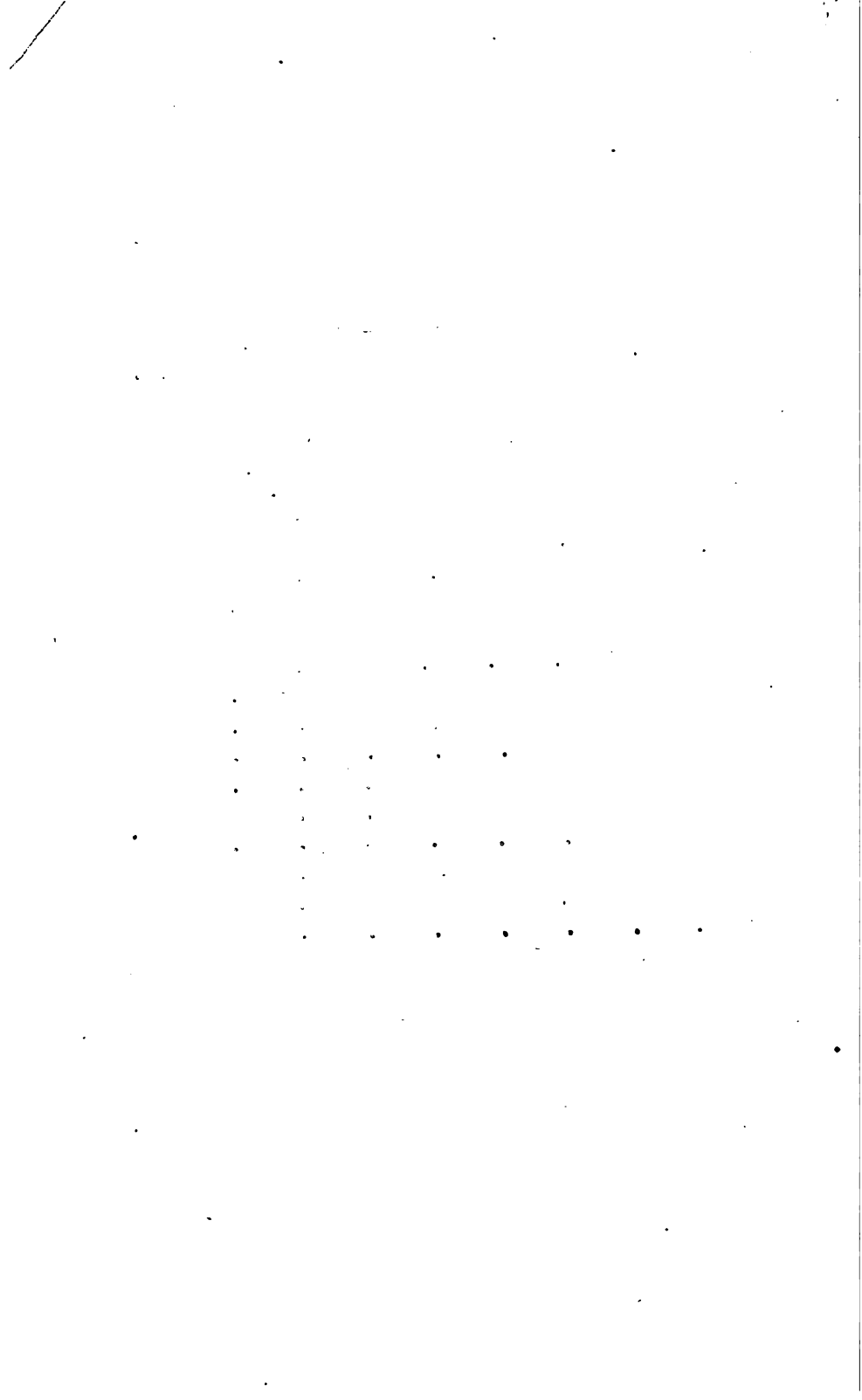
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ANCIENT SCOTTISH MUSIC—THE SKENE MS.

A NOBLE national music, if not a certain mark, is yet a probable indication of many national virtues. The general diffusion of beautiful traditional melodies among a people implies the prevalence of refined taste and of tender or exalted feelings. Such compositions could not be produced, appreciated, or preserved, among men whose hearts were engrossed with sensual or sordid things, or refused admittance to the kindly and imaginative sensibilities of which music is the powerful and universal expression. We shall not deny that the qualities which are akin to musical taste may sometimes nationally, as well as personally, degenerate into softness and effeminacy, or wander into impetuosity and violence. But, if properly regulated and attuned, the same affections that are awakened by musical sounds, which are but the echoes of a higher and holier harmony, will not be insensible to the voice of moral sympathies. Popular music, too, it will be remembered, is generally the parent or the sister of popular poetry. The mass of mankind are too *sensuous* in their constitution, too fond of vivid and tangible images, to rest contented with the shadowy suggestions and wandering idealities of mere melody in its ethereal state, while unincorporated with significant language. National music is thus the frequent origin, as well as subject, of poetical genius. It will often, indeed, happen that the finest melodies, instead of being married to immortal

verse, are but very indifferently provided with yoke-fellows; but it is not necessary, in order to produce a powerful effect, that the words of a song should be equal to the music. Rude and feeble expressions may be sufficient to give a definite object and distinct character to a melody, and may, in combination with its influence, create impressions equal to those which proceed from much superior poetry. The poetical feelings, that are thus called into action, will necessarily belong to the better parts of our nature, and, by the exercise which is given to them, will tend to ameliorate the character. At the same time, and by the same process, the music of a country will become linked more strongly with those local objects and events that are most cherished and most memorable. It will become the depository of all that is interesting to human feelings or dear to national pride; and, by the innumerable recollections which it involves, united with its natural power to excite emotion, it will acquire a magic influence over the heart which no other art can lay claim to. The love of country, a love which is the concentration of all social and domestic charities, appears to be the passion that is most powerfully moved by means of national music. A few characteristic notes, breathed from a simple reed, or sung by a rugged voice, will, to men at a distance from their native land, more readily and forcibly recall the images and feelings of home than the

most elaborate description, or the most lively picture. The mind is at once replaced amid those pleasing scenes which formerly echoed to the same familiar strain, amid those beloved objects with which its melody so sweetly harmonized. As an auxiliary, therefore, to virtue and happiness, the possession of a national music is an inestimable blessing. It lightens labour, and enlivens recreation; it embellishes plenty, and compensates for hardship; abroad it reminds us of the loves that we have left, and the hopes that are before us; at home it invests every spot and object with the light of poetry and the charms of recollection; in the hours of peace it knits more closely the ties of neighbourhood and affection; in the day of battle it nerves the arm for victory or the soul for death.

Having said so much of the moral influence of national melody, let us add something as to its effects upon the progress of musical art. There is little doubt that the principal charm of modern music arises from the adoption, in scientific composition, of the peculiar attractions of popular melody. We should still be wearied with the drawling dulness of the old chants, if composers of discernment as well as science had not seen the necessity of following the universal taste of mankind, and of incorporating the results of experience with the speculations of theory. Music is the art of pleasing the ear, and the only standard of such an art is success. A scientific musical composition that gives no pleasure is a solecism—a contradiction in terms. Musical science may be of service in pointing out faults and in extending knowledge, but it cannot create beauties; and here, as well as elsewhere, the observation holds true—*Maximum est vitium carere virtutibus*. To be cold and tiresome is infinitely worse than to be incorrect. But the art of pleasing in music has been very much derived, or at least improved, from a study of those effusions which have either spontaneously sprung from the popular taste, or have been preserved by its influence amidst the wreck of other productions of a less congenial and buoyant character. The most successful works of modern composers have been formed, in a great measure, upon the model of national melody;

and an enlarged view of the science has shown that no sacrifice of musical system is necessary in order to please the simple as well as the erudite. The sources of musical beauty are the same, whether popularly or technically viewed. From adventitious circumstances, the pleasing and the profound may at times appear to diverge; but in this art, as in every other that is intended to address and to ameliorate human feelings, the highest perfection is to be found in that region where popular and scientific excellence are united and identified.

The subject of national melody, its origin, character, and influence in different countries, have been very imperfectly investigated or considered; and we have no doubt that much discovery, at once useful and interesting, might yet be made in this department. The affinities existing between the music of different nations, if carefully and scientifically traced, might, we conceive, throw much light both upon their community of origin, and also upon the predominant principles of musical sensibility among mankind; and in this last view we might, by such enquiries, more surely approximate to those immutable and universal laws of the art that can best assist composers in writing for a permanent and extensive popularity. Transcendent genius will often attain this object by its own instinctive perceptions; but merit, even of a high order, might, by instruction from this source, be preserved from those local or temporary aberrations into which it is often tempted by caprice or fashion, and which, though pleasing in a partial degree, must ultimately obscure its real excellence.

In the general dearth of information, which we believe prevails on this subject, we yet think that we cannot be much mistaken in claiming a very high degree of relative praise for the national music of our own country. The opinions of Scotchmen on such a question, may be suspected of bias, but the testimony of high and impartial authorities has been repeatedly given to the same effect. The Scottish music is extensive and various, and in every department possesses unquestionable merit. Our dancing tunes have a spirit and force unrivalled to our ear by any other music, and so electrically fitted to rouse the national fervour and en-

thusiasm, that we doubt not they will ere long regain their legitimate ascendancy in the ball-room. Our humorous airs have an eminent power of clever or grotesque merriment. Our serious melodies are often highly polished and graceful; and those of a plaintive character are as exquisitely pathetic as the most finished compositions of the greatest masters. Taken all in all, we are not convinced that there is any other body of national music in the world that surpasses that of Scotland, in force, in character, in versatility, or in genius. We certainly feel not a little exultation at our superiority in this respect over our neighbours of England, to whom we are willing to bow with a proud humility in many other subjects of competition, but whom, we rejoice to think, we can always out-do in the matter of mountains and music. We are far from denying to the English the praise of musical feeling, and we are grateful for the great contributions which, by their regular and scientific compositions, they have made to the general stock of musical pleasure. Not to enumerate the early madrigal and canon writers of England, who were equally remarkable for their talent, learning, and ingenuity, or to refer to her ancient church music, which will always command admiration, the country that owns Purcell for her son, and can boast of Handel for her foster-child, deserves one of the highest places among modern nations in the scale of musical genius. But we are here speaking of that aboriginal or self-sown music which is referable to no individual author, or school of authors, but seems to be the fruit of the very soil itself, and reveals, by the raciness of its character, the peculiar qualities of its native bed. In point of national music, properly so called, we think ourselves entitled to claim the advantage over our southern countrymen. The English have, undoubtedly, a national music, and we see with interest the present progress of an elegant and judicious collection of their melodies under the direction of Mr Chapell. But although recognising the great spirit and sweetness of many of the English airs, we think that, as far we have yet seen, few or none of them exhibit those decided features either of antiquity or of peculiar origin by which our Scottish airs are so strikingly marked.

With these opinions, it will be readily conceived that we have hailed with great pleasure a recent addition to the musical lore of Scotland in the publication of the *Skene MS.*, which has been long known and referred to, as existing in the Advocates' Library, but which is now for the first time given to the light, under the care of Mr Daune, a member of the Scottish bar, who has engrained on the legal profession many elegant accomplishments, and, in particular, a very refined and enlightened acquaintance with musical science. We shall give a short account of this *MS.* in Mr Daune's own words:—

"The collection of ancient music now submitted to the public is the property of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. It was bequeathed to that learned body, about twenty years ago, by the late Miss Elizabeth Skene, the last surviving member, in a direct line, of the family of Skene of Curriehill and Hallyards in Mid-Lothian, along with a charter-chest containing a variety of documents relating to that family, of which that lady had become the depository, as their representative, and great-great-grand-daughter of John Skene of Hallyards, who was the son of Sir John Skene, the author of the treatise '*De Verborum Significatione*,' and Clerk Register during a great part of the reign of King James VI." . . . "The *MS.* is without date, and there is great difficulty in speaking as to the precise time when it was written. Indeed upon this point we cannot venture upon a nearer approximation than twenty or thirty years. From the appearance of the paper, the handwriting, and the fact that some of the tunes are here and there repeated, with very little alteration as regards the music, it is extremely probable that they had been taken down at different times, during a period of about that duration. Further than this, the most careful examination will only permit us to add, that one part of the *MS.* was written between the years 1615 and 1620, and that while none of it is likely to have been much more recent than the last-mentioned era, some of the collection may have been formed as early as the commencement of the seventeenth century."

Mr Daune notices various circumstances of a chronological nature in confirmation of this opinion, and arrives at the conclusion that John Skene

of Hallyards, the son of the Clerk Register, was the original owner of the MS., and most probably the person under whose auspices the collection was formed.

The degree of interest and importance attaching to any collection of Scotch music made in the beginning of the 17th century, may not, at first sight, be apparent to those who are unacquainted with the length of time for which national music may remain in a traditional form. The date which has been assigned to the Skene MS. would not, certainly, be considered as of high antiquity in the general history of music. England, in particular, had, before that period, produced very learned and eminent names in musical science, and these were closely followed by still more distinguished composers in the course of the 17th century. It might be thought, therefore, that the era of novelty, in reference to the national music of Scotland, must have long gone by, when that of regular composition was so far advanced on the other side of the Border. It is a singular fact, however, that, previous to the present publication of the Skene MS., the earliest printed collection of Scotch music was of so recent a date as 1725. The work that we now allude to is the "*Orpheus Caledonius*" of William Thomson, which appeared in London, in the form of a single folio volume, in the year we have just mentioned, and of which a second edition, of smaller size, with an additional volume, was published in 1733. The Skene collection is thus more than a century earlier in date than the earliest similar work of which we have been hitherto in possession.

It is true, that several Scottish melodies had appeared in a scattered form previous to the publication of Thomson's *Orpheus*; but none of them, so far as we can discover, so early as the date of the Skene MS. In the Introductory Enquiry which Mr Daune has prefixed to his work, we find the notices of these collected together in such a manner as to direct attention to this interesting subject, which it would probably require a very laborious and extensive investigation to exhaust. The oldest printed edition of any Scotch air previously known was that of "*Cold and Raw*," or "*Up in the Morning Early*," inserted in the collection of catches published by Hil-

ton in 1652. Of this very excellent air, which seems to have been a popular favourite in the seventeenth century, we have a gossiping story told by Sir John Hawkins in his *History of Music*, which we are tempted to extract:—"This tune was greatly admired by Queen Mary, the consort of King William; and she once affronted Purcell by requesting to have it sung to her, he being present: the story is as follows:—The Queen having a mind, one afternoon, to be entertained with music, sent to Mr Gostling, then one of the chapel, and afterwards sub-dean of St Paul's, to Henry Purcell, and Mrs Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her; they obeyed her commands; Mr Gostling and Mrs Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord; at length the Queen, beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs Hunt if she would not sing the old Scots ballad, '*Cold and Raw*?' Mrs Hunt answered yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music; but seeing her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion; and accordingly, in the next birth-day song, viz., that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words, '*May her bright example chase vice in troops out of the land*,' the bass whereof is the tune to *Cold and Raw*; it is printed in the second part of the *Orpheus Britannicus*, and is, note for note, the same with the Scotch tune."

Mention is made of other individual Scottish airs, in anecdotes and notices relating to the middle and end of the 17th century. Thus, in reference to the period after the Restoration, we are told of a "Scottish laird who had been introduced to King Charles, with whom he had afterwards had many merry meetings while in Scotland, enlivened by the song and the dance of his country. Having become unfortunate in his affairs, he is said to have found his way to London, with the view of making an appeal to the royal favour, and for a long while to have been unable to obtain access, until one day, when he bethought himself of the expedient of slipping into the seat of the organist,

at the conclusion of the service, in the Chapel Royal, and of arresting his Majesty's attention as he departed, with the homely and unexpected strain of "Brose and Butter"—a tune which very naturally awakened the recollection of their former friendship, and in a few minutes brought about the recognition which it was so much his desire to effect."

We have no edition of this very characteristic song contemporaneous with the time of the anecdote. But we have no reason to doubt that the air which is thus commemorated is the same as that with which we are still delighted at the present day, and which is to some persons better known under the title of "The Grinder."

In the year 1680, the air of Katherine Ogie was sung at a concert in Stationers' Hall, by Abell, the lutanist and counter-tenor singer, of whom the strange story is told, that when he was in Poland, the King, in revenge for some exhibition of that caprice for which singers are proverbial, compelled him to sing in a suspended chair, upon pain of being let down among wild bears; a threat under the influence of which Abell declared that he sung better than he had ever done in his life. There can be no doubt of the identity of this air of *Katherine Ogie* with that which now bears the same name, and of which a set is to be found in print dated a few years afterwards.

The accession of the Stuart family to the throne of England, and the increasing intercourse thence arising between the two countries, may account for the popularity which the melodies of Scotland seem gradually to have obtained among the English in the course of the seventeenth century. Several Scotch airs are said to be inserted in Playford's *Dancing-master*, published in 1657; but we have never seen that collection, of which we believe there are very few copies to be found in this part of the kingdom. It would appear, however, as Mr Daunev tells us, that little is to be gleaned, at least from accessible sources of information, as to the publication and performances of these airs in England, before the appearance of D'Urfey's *Miscellany*, as to which we shall now make a few observations.

This extraordinary compilation seems to have first seen the light about the end of the seventeenth century,

under the title of "Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to purge Melancholy." The prescription seems to have been pretty generally taken and well liked; and Addison, in No. 29 of the *Guardian*, refers to it as the cause to which "so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them." Enlarged editions of the work were published, in six volumes, in 1707–20, under the name of "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy." It would appear, both on his own testimony, and on that of Addison in another number of the *Guardian* (No. 67), that D'Urfey had enjoyed the good graces of Charles II., who would lean on his shoulder, and hum over a song with him from the same paper. He seems, indeed, to have been generally popular, and more particularly so with the fair sex, if we do not suppose Addison to have had either a jocular or a satirical meaning when he recommended to the young ladies, his disciples, to give their patronage to the benefit of his old friend, "who," he says, "has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast when she lay in her cradle." If the ladies of the seventeenth century derived their merriment from the fountain-head, and could swallow the "Pills" entire as they came from Tom's own laboratory, their constitutions must certainly have been very different from those of their modern descendants, who would be shocked at a mixture where there was so large a dose of indecency to so small a proportion of wit. It so happens, however, that the copy of the *Pills* which is now before us seems to have been the property of a lady who writes her name "Ann Addison," with the date 1744; though whether she was any relation of Tom's illustrious friend we are unable to say. It is but fair to add, that Addison concludes his character of D'Urfey by telling his readers that "they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, good-natured man." It is not here exactly said that his life was a very regular one; but if it was so, Tom was certainly of the opinion expressed by Catullus,—

"—Castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsam : vericulos nihil necesse est."

A recommendation addressed to the ladies by a moral essayist, in favour of the author of such a work as D'Urfey's Miscellany, and founded upon the merits of that very work, would, at the present day, be a curious phenomenon. But we must allow for the age; and, after all, we would as soon connect our name, or burden our conscience, with the "Pills to purge Melancholy," as with some modern poems in which vice has been presented in a more elegant costume.

Whatever deductions we may make from the respectability of D'Urfey's memory in other points, we feel a certain degree of gratitude to him for helping to give celebrity to the melodies of Scotland. In four, out of his six volumes that we have at hand, we find the following airs presented in a very tolerable form,—*"Dainty Davie," "Diel tak' the Wars"* (though Mr Daunev doubts if this be not an English air), a *"Scotch song,"* of which the music closely resembles that of *"Jock of Hazledean," "Corn Riggs," "Cold and Raw," "Katherine Ogie," "Bonny Dundee," "Lumps of Pudding," "Over the hills and far awa',"* &c. It must be confessed, however, that the compliment thus paid to our nation is somewhat alloyed by the intermixture of a number of spurious Scotch airs, of which the music is very miserable, and by the union even with the best airs of lyrical effusions in the Scottish dialect, of which the sentiments and diction are equally execrable, and fully more libellous than any thing that Wilkes suffered for as the writer of the North Briton.

The publication of Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, was speedily followed by other productions that tended still further to bring Scotch music into notice. Allan Ramsay, in the same year, published, as a supplement to his *Tea-Table*, a small collection of national airs, with basses; and the celebrity that soon attended his *Gentle Shepherd* would direct attention to those airs to which the songs in it were adapted. In 1727 the public were regaled, in the *Beggars' Opera*, with a melange of popular airs, which were almost entirely selected from those in D'Urfey's *Pills*, and of which several were genuine and beautiful specimens of Scottish melody. One or two of the Scotch airs in the *Beggars' Opera* must, we should think,

have been borrowed from the *Orpheus Caledonius*. This we take to be the case with the *"Broom of the Cowdenknows," "An thou wert my ain thing,"* and *"The last time I came o'er the Moor,"* none of which we remember to have noticed in D'Urfey.

We should deviate, however, from our present purpose if we further prosecuted this historical detail. We intended merely to direct attention to these important facts:—1st, That the *Orpheus Caledonius*, published in 1725, has hitherto been the earliest printed collection of Scottish melodies; and, 2d, That the earlier copies of any such melodies as we possessed, in a scattered or insulated state, were to be found in publications not of Scottish but of English origin. These circumstances are the more remarkable, as Forbes's *Cantus*, a collection of secular music, was published at Aberdeen about 1666, but, strange to say, does not contain any native Scottish melody. From that publication we should suspect that our ancestors had then arrived at that stage in the progress of taste in which the proverb is realized, that a prophet is not honoured in his own country. The collector of that work seems to have had his admiration entirely turned to the more regular airs which were then coming into notice from the hands of Italian or English composers.

In such a state of matters, it was not wonderful that the antiquity of Scottish music should have been altogether questioned by some sceptical enquirers. Ritson, after enumerating the names of some airs which are recorded by early writers, observed—*"No direct evidence, it is believed, can be produced of the existence of any Scottish tune now known prior to the year 1660, exclusive of such as are already mentioned; nor is any one even of these to be found noted, either in print or manuscript, before that period."* And in one of his letters he enquired—*"Upon what foundation, then, do we talk of the antiquity of Scottish music?"*

It is satisfactory to be able to appeal to the publication of the *Skene MS.* as affording a more decisive answer to this question than any that we were previously able to render. We can now refer to an authentic national collection, of a comparatively early date, in which a number of our Scottish melodies are to be found, and among these, as we shall presently show

some of those which have been most deservedly admired, and which are here presented, as we conceive, in even a more engaging form than that under which they are popularly known.

While the Skene MS. thus carries us back, by its direct evidence, to the commencement of the seventeenth century, it gives no indication that the airs contained in it were then of recent date. They bear, for the most part, the appearance of antiquity, even at that period, being designated by titles that seem to be the initial lines of popular or vulgar songs, with which they must have been allied for a period of at least some duration. The instrumental symphonies and variations, also, which are introduced into some of the airs, seem to imply that they were familiar themes, of which the celebrity offered an inducement to present them in a novel aspect. A new point of time is thus, in truth, afforded us, from which we may, with more confidence, direct our researches into the regions of conjectural enquiry.

Mr Daunev has accordingly taken the opportunity afforded by the publication of this curious MS. to review generally the various questions that relate to the history and character of Scottish melody. The preliminary dissertation, in which this task is performed, is written with much ease and elegance, and with equal judgment and learning. We believe that in this Dissertation the musical antiquary will find the fullest materials that have any where been collected for a candid and deliberate investigation of the questions at issue.

We may merely mention the heads of the most interesting topics of which he has treated.

Mr Daunev has brought together all the vestiges of old vocal poetry which are to be found in our early writers—which consist chiefly in an array of the mere titles of melodies now unknown. He observes, accordingly, that in this enquiry little solid information is gained, except that music and song did exist at those remote periods. "We feel ourselves," it is said, "like beings wandering among the tombs, surrounded by the crumbled relics of former ages, with nothing to guide us to the objects of our search beyond a few casual inscriptions designative of the names by

which they were known in their generation, and which, now that they have passed away, like epitaphs, serve merely to mark the period of their existence, or the spot where their ashes are laid." *Sepulchri similis nil nisi nomen retineo.*

Mr Daunev's Dissertation, also, assembles together much curious information as to the musical instruments chiefly used in Scotland, which seem, indeed, to have been those which were generally prevalent over the rest of Europe. The harp, clavichord, organ, and lute, seem to have been chiefly in use. The bagpipe, presented to us in monkish Latin under the singular name of *chorus*, seems not to have been peculiar to Scotland, but to have been more familiarly used by the English.

Mr Daunev has mentioned a good many MSS. of Scottish music which he has seen, of various eras, from that of the Skene MS. downwards, and of which, it is to be hoped, the most valuable part of the contents will, ere long, be made public. He refers, also, to a very important manuscript volume, belonging to Mr Chalmers of London, which had been presented to Dr Burney, by Dr George Skene of Marischal College, Aberdeen. It bears this curious title: "An Playing Book for the Lute, wherein are contained many *currents*, and other Musical Things. *Musica mentis Medicina Mæstæ.* At Aberdeen. Notted and Collected by Robert Gordon. In the year of our Lord, 1627. In Februarie." The person here mentioned as the collector, was Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch. We have reason to hope that some of the most interesting melodies contained in this volume, or at least those of Scottish growth, will be made accessible, ere long, to the musical world. Mr Daunev further expresses an opinion that, "if the archives of some of our ancient families were well and diligently sifted, other original MSS. of a similar kind might still be brought to light." It is probable that many such MSS., where they are discovered, are regarded as useless, from the apparent illegibility of the musical notation; but the possessors of such documents should be informed that the ancient notation is generally well known to scientific persons, and can be perfectly well deciphered.

We have next our attention directed

in Mr Daune's Dissertation to the importance which was attached in Scotland to musical skill, and the study which was employed in acquiring it. Tradition has always taught us to believe that the Scottish monarchs were the steady patrons of this elegant art, if not sometimes eminent proficient in it; and Mr Daune has corroborated the opinion, at least of their encouragement of music, by a good deal of miscellaneous evidence, and in particular, by a curious document, entitled, "Information touching the Chapell-Royall of Scotland," submitted by Edward Kellie, in 1631, to Charles I., who had appointed Kellie to reform the constitution of the Chapel-Royal, in anticipation of the King's intended coronation in Scotland. Kellie there mentions that he had received the King's directions to see that "the service therein might be well and faithfully done; and that none but persons sufficiently qualified should have any place there; and that they should be all kept at daily practice; and for that effect your Majesty appointed me ane chamber within your Palace of Holyrudehouse, wherein I have provided and set up an organ, two flutes, two pandores, with viols, and other instruments, with all sorts of English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Latin, Italian, and *old Scotch music*, vocal and instrumental." Mr Daune has also printed a series of extracts from the books of the Treasurer of Scotland, from 1474 to 1633, showing frequent donations from the royal purse, for musical purposes, bestowed both on natives and foreigners. Without entering into some of the idle speculations as to the actual compositions of James I., and still less into the foolish fables regarding Rizzio, to whom, though only three years in Scotland, the best of our national music was at one time attributed, it is evident, from the undoubted facts collected on this subject, that from a very early period there must have existed, not only a national taste for music, but also a body of scientific musicians in Scotland, who were capable of giving to that taste a right direction, and of imitating and improving the "wood-notes wild," which native feeling might dictate.

This subject leads to a consideration of the theories which have been hitherto advanced regarding the exist-

ence of what is called a Scottish scale, which, it has been supposed, furnishes an infallible test to discover what melodies are of genuine native growth, and what are the results of refinement or foreign imitation. Mr Daune conceives that these theories are without foundation; and for a further discussion of the question he has referred to an Essay appended to his work, being "An Analysis of the Structure of the Music of Scotland," from the pen of Mr Finlay Dun, a very eminent and scientific musician, whose ardent study of our native melodies, directed, as it has been, by a thorough acquaintance with the history and theory of musical composition, entitles him to be considered as one of the highest living authorities on the subject. We shall postpone our observations on the views contained in this analysis, until we have introduced our readers to a better acquaintance with the Skene MS. itself, which must now form an important part of the data on which every system, explanatory of Scottish music, is to be founded.

The most interesting melody, undoubtedly, with which this MS. presents us, is that of the "Flowers of the Forest." No air, perhaps, can be more closely interwoven with our national feelings—in none has the very soul of pity and of patriotism been so tangibly embodied. How many voices have, in years past, warbled forth its plaintive strains, and invested it, from the involuntary emotion of their own faltering accents, with a grace and potency beyond the reach of the most consummate art! Under its magic influence how many hearts have throbbed—how many eyes have been suffused with tears, of those who now, like the Forest Flowers themselves, have been "a' we'de away!" Neither can we forget that this charming melody has given birth to two of the most beautiful songs that any nation can boast of. "I've heard a lilting at our ewes' milking," and "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," are at the very head of their several classes in lyrical composition; and when added to the beautiful ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," compel us to acknowledge that the women of Scotland have enriched its minstrelsy with gems of greater price and purity than any that the stronger genius of the other sex has ever been able to contribute. Com-

bined, as it is, with associations so sweet and sacred, we own that when we first heard of this melody, as occurring in the Skene MS. in a different form from that in which we were accustomed to hear it, we felt a fear lest the spell should be broken, by finding that in its most ancient and authentic shape, it was destitute of some of those peculiarities which we had been so long taught to admire. If we had missed, for instance, the flat seventh to which our ears and hearts have been wont to thrill from infancy, and of which peculiarity the ancient origin has sometimes been rashly questioned, we should scarcely have thanked our friends for disenchanting us from our delusion. All, however, is safe. We are delighted to discover that the old air differs from the existing one only in being at once more simple and more beautiful. The difference between them, though considerable, does not destroy a single association, or disturb a single sentiment. On the contrary, we feel that the native spirit of patriotic lamentation which it is designed to breathe, is here more purely and worthily represented, as well as more directly conveyed to us from its original spring. We wish we could here present our readers with the old air, according to the beautiful arrangement of it, which our admirable friend, Mr G. F. Graham, has contributed for Mr Dauncey's work, but we must deny ourselves and them that pleasure, and must be content to refer them to the work itself.

The melody that appears to us to be next in interest in the collection, is that which has long gone under the name of "Bonny Dundee," but which is here presented under that of "Adew Dundee." This air is one of the most beautiful and ingenious of our native melodies. Disfigured as it has been by idle embellishments, and perverted from the natural expression which belongs to it, it has long attracted notice, and produced delight. We have it coupled in D'Urfe's with the vilest words that ever caricatured the Scottish dialect or manners; although the chorus there introduced, and which Scott has borrowed for his song on Claverhouse, is apparently genuine, and is certainly spirited. We are familiar with a modification of D'Urfe's verses in the ordinary old song to which the air was sung, and which possesses

some tenderness and simplicity. We hear it periodically bellowed out by Macheath, in "The charge is prepared," with an alternate burlesque of tragic horror and connubial tenderness, and are habitually nauseated by a mawkish edition of it in "Mary of Castle Cary," which is equally offensive in the rolling thunder of Braham's tenor, or the squalling soprano of a superannuated miss. The melody in its primitive state, as exhibited in the Skene Manuscript, though essentially the same, has a very different aspect and expression from the tawdry counterfeit which generally passes current. It is given without a single superfluous note, and so as to present the native beauty of the modulation in the purest and most instructive simplicity. The air deserves careful attention, as presenting us within a narrow compass, and a short space, with some beautiful transitions, very gracefully repeated and combined. All its modulations are managed with the greatest nature and simplicity, and in a manner perfectly satisfactory to any ear not corrupted by the effeminacy of modern refinements.

We shall here mention some others of our old favourites which are to be found in the Skene MS. There is a very beautiful set of the air, "The Last Time I came o'er the Moor," under the title, "Alace, that I came o'er the Moor." We have "Jenny Nettles" under the name of "I love my love for love again," with a second part in a different and more chromatic style than the common set. "John Anderson, my Jo" retains its name, but is a little different in structure, particularly at the close, where, as in the case also of Jenny Nettles, a major third is strangely introduced on the minor key. "My Jo Janet" appears somewhat in masquerade under the name of "Long er onie old man." "Waes my heart that we should sunder," retains nearly the same name, but is otherwise a good deal metamorphosed. "Good night and joy be with you," corresponds closely to the modern tune of nearly similar name; and "Johnny Faa" appears almost in its present shape, under the name of "Lady Cassilles' Lilt."

Of the new melodies brought to light by this publication, some seem to be in the old Scottish style, others are fashionable airs intended to match with the sentimental poetry of the day,

many are dance tunes, and some, we candidly confess, appear to us to be nondescripts of no great merit, and occasionally not very intelligible. Mr Daunev has given us the MS. almost exactly as it stands, and we think he was right in doing so, though the consequence is, that a good deal of alloy is mixed with the finer metal which composes it. Of the Scottish melodies now for the first time introduced to our acquaintance, we may particularly name three, which appear to us to possess peculiar beauty or interest. We refer to the airs which are entitled "Paggie is over ye Sie wi ye Souldier," "My Love shoe wonnis not her away," and "I will not goe to my bed till I suld die."

Having given what we fear is an imperfect account of this MS., but such as we hope will induce our readers to look into it for themselves, we proceed to offer some observations as to the elementary principles on which the peculiar character of Scottish music may be considered to depend.

The melodies of Scotland, as is obvious, on a very slight examination, are not all of them of the same character. Even where we cannot draw a distinction in point of known antiquity, we see some of them that have all the aspect of modern compositions, while others present us with passages of melody to which we are elsewhere unaccustomed, and which have a wild and strange, though, in general, also a pleasing and touching effect. "The Lass of Patie's Mill," for instance, is not known to be a modern air, but, if presented to us for the first time, without information as to its history, we might pronounce it to be beautiful, but we should not conjecture it to be ancient. Others of the Scotch airs are in a different situation, and would strike us, even without explanation, as different from the compositions of modern masters, and as the probable growth of another age, or country, or system, from our own.

On these facts, it comes to be a question, What are the essential peculiarities into which this singularity of effect can be analysed where it occurs? And, perhaps, a second question arises, How far the absence of those peculiarities is demonstrative of a recent origin in the airs in which they do not occur?

The most ingenious theory, perhaps, for the solution of the first of these questions is one which has been suggested in various musical publications, but of which the fullest view is to be found in a "Dissertation concerning the National Melodies of Scotland," prefixed to the edition of Mr George Thomson's collection of 1822, and which is generally considered as the production of a musical critic and amateur of well-known talent and intelligence. Supported by such authority, this theory is entitled to the utmost attention; and it has certainly the further recommendation of great simplicity, if, in such a complicated subject, a simple explanation is likely to be a true and complete one. It resolves into these propositions, as expressed in the words of the Dissertation referred to: "that there is but one series of sounds in the national scale, upon which every ancient Scottish air is constructed, whatever may be its varieties, either of mode or of character." "This national scale is the modern diatonic scale, divested of the fourth and seventh," there being "no such thing in the national scale as the interval of a semitone."

It is said to appear, from a careful examination of the whole body of our national music, that "every air (with a very few exceptions) which is really ancient, is constructed precisely according to this scale, and does not contain a single note which is foreign to it; excepting, only, in the case of those airs (which are few in number) of which the series has occasionally been altered by the introduction of the flat seventh."

The supposition that the fourth and seventh are absent in the Scottish scale, is supported in the Dissertation we have referred to, by several arguments of considerable plausibility. In particular, it is noticed, that in some nations instruments have existed in which the intervals in question were wanting; and a good many Scotch melodies are analysed and presented in a simple form, according to which they appear to be constructed out of a series of notes in which those intervals do not occur.

But, in our opinion, this theory is opposed by many powerful considerations. On the one hand, there is no evidence that there ever existed in Scotland any musical instrument defi-

cient in the fourth and seventh of the key, by the limited compass of which the composition of the whole national music could be so restrained. On the contrary, from time immemorial, many different instruments are proved to have been in use among us, which, undoubtedly, contained a perfect diatonic scale. Again, although it be true that some Scottish airs are destitute of the fourth and seventh of the key, that proposition is not true of all, even of those which seem to possess a national character. And here it becomes a question, Whether a theory is first to be framed, and then only those airs allowed to be ancient, which agree with that theory, or whether those airs are to be taken as ancient which have been handed down to us as such, and then a theory is to be discovered which shall be applicable to all those airs, at least in their prevailing and substantial peculiarities. No doubt, surely, can be entertained on this point. We are not to beg the very question in dispute. We are not, like Procrustes, to insist on fitting our visitors to the bed that we provide them; we are bound to find them a receptacle that will neatly and comfortably accommodate them. Now, until it be otherwise shown that those only are ancient airs, which want the semi-tonic intervals, we are not entitled to rear up a theory which will exclude other airs which have equal extrinsic evidence in favour of their antiquity. We do not say that a few adverse cases would militate against a very universal rule. Nothing is more legitimate than to infer a general rule from cases that show us some deviations from its observance. But it must be obvious that the theory of such a national scale as the one suggested, cannot be maintained, if there are any considerable number of exceptions to its application. It is observed in the Dissertation itself, that our primitive musicians "could no more introduce minuter divisions of the scale, or *sounds not comprehended in it*, than a musician of the present day could introduce sounds not to be found in the scale to which his ear has been accustomed." The very admission, therefore, that there are ancient Scottish airs having a flat seventh, is an admission that the scale suggested was not, at least, the *only* scale of Scotch music. An attempt, indeed,

is made in the Dissertation in question, to maintain that the flat seventh is a modern innovation: but this opinion seems scarcely to be insisted in with any seriousness, and could not be adopted on solid grounds, or without overturning all our ideas of Scottish melody. This qualification alone, then, would go far to break in upon the supposed scale. But the exceptions to the theory under consideration, extend greatly beyond even this class. Many undoubted Scottish melodies possess both the fourth and seventh, and still more of them exhibit one or other of those intervals. He would be a bold theorist who would deny the genuine origin of the "Broom of the Cowdenknows." But that air has both the fourth and seventh of the key, and the fourth is a note of peculiar emphasis. We could not, without presumption, dispute the authenticity of "Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes," in which the seventh is introduced with a beautiful effect; or of the "Souters of Selkirk," in which the fourth is an important feature in the melody, while the occurrence of the seventh, at the close, is one of its most striking peculiarities. Again, there is a large class of airs, in which both the second and third of the minor key are to be found co-existent, in direct contradiction to the theory referred to. "Jenny Nettles," "Katharine Ogie," "Logan Water," are striking examples of this common peculiarity, and must either be held destructive of the theory, or must be violently deprived of the status of genuine and ancient melodies, of which they have enjoyed the undisturbed possession, ever since we know any thing of them at all.

The result, then, seems to be, that although the fourth or seventh of the key are absent in certain Scottish airs, we are only entitled to say that this is an occasional peculiarity in the structure of our music, and not that it is an essential or invariable peculiarity, or that all those airs are spurious, or corrupt, to which that category is inapplicable.

But further, the mere omission of one or more intervals gives but an imperfect explanation of the characteristic features of the Scotch airs. They are not more distinguished by the general progression of the melody, than by the closes to which the melody is brought, and which, under the limited theory we have been

noticing, are left to be considered as anomalous or capricious. Though often terminating on the key-note, like the music of modern times, the melodies of Scotland have almost all possible sort of cadences; namely, on the second, third, fifth, sixth, and seventh degrees of the scale; and unless we get some clue to these singularities, we remain still in the dark as to an important part of the question.

We think that a new and most valuable light has been thrown upon this question by Mr Finlay Dun's "Analysis of the Scottish Music," to which we have already adverted. Mr Dun observes with truth, that "we cannot say, with our present scanty information upon the subject, what the Scottish scales originally were. But we know to a certainty what the tunes are that have been handed down to us." He has, therefore, commenced his essay by an analysis of ancient Scottish airs, with the view of tracing their peculiar features, before attempting to explain them. Mr Dun's examples are taken chiefly from the airs in the Skene MS., although he informs us that these tend merely to corroborate the ideas which he had previously adopted from a minute analysis of those common melodies which have been transmitted by tradition.

On an examination of their prevailing modulations and cadences, Mr Dun has been led to the conclusion that our characteristic melodies are of ancient date, and are, for the most part, regular compositions, according to the laws of melody which were then in force. Those laws are illustrated by a reference to the chants of the Church, composed according to what are known as the ecclesiastical modes, which may be thus explained in Mr Dun's words:—"The arrangement or disposition of the sounds composing the scales upon which these chants were constructed, was made according to the *natural* or diatonic order of progression, without any accidental alterations of flats or sharps, that is, from D (the first mode) upwards to its octave above: from E, F, G, A, and B in like manner; employing, in short, in all these scales the same sounds as the moderns do in the scale of C major (which was also among the number), but beginning the series from D, E, F, G, A or B, according to the mode." These modes are un-

doubtedly very ancient. "They were originally four in number, and were first reduced to fixed laws by St Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, in the fourth century, and about 200 years afterwards they were increased in number to eight by Pope Gregory the First." They are probably the relics of a still higher antiquity than the remotest of these periods.

We shall not enter into detail on this subject, but shall content ourselves with saying that the examples given by Mr Dun, from ancient chants, appear to us strongly to confirm his proposition, that "in the character of the melody, and in the peculiar cadences upon various sounds of the modes—cadences initial, medial, and final—strong points of resemblance may be traced between the ancient Canto Fermo of the Romish Church, and a number of the Scottish airs, particularly those of a graver cast."

It is obvious how comprehensive an explanation is thus afforded of the peculiar structure of Scotch melodies. It not only reconciles to a general principle the cadences which otherwise appear anomalous, but it shows the origin, also, of those omissions in the scale which the other theory is intended to account for. Although in the ancient music the various major and minor keys of modern times were not properly established, yet as the sensibilities of the human ear are, in all ages, substantially the same, there must have been from the earliest period a tendency to run into the same series of sounds with which we are delighted at the present day. In the different ancient modes, accordingly, impressions would come, in a great degree, to be produced, corresponding to those of the major and minor keys, which are now founded upon the several initial notes from which the modes proceeded. Thus there would be a disposition in the mode of D to run into the sounds which we now use in D minor, and in the mode of F into those which belong to the modern key of F major. The circumstance, however, that the ancient modes were all framed upon the notes which occur in the diatonic scale of C major, made it necessary often to avoid those intervals that were inconsistent with the general impression of the several modes. Thus, in the mode of F, the natural B, or fourth of the mode, would frequently

be a disagreeable note, and there being no flat B in the scale, that interval would come to be often omitted. Again, in the mode of G, the natural F, or seventh of the scale, would be omitted for the same reason, except in those cases where it could be made subservient to a pleasing and peculiar modulation. In this way the frequent omission of the fourth and seventh in Scotch music is accounted for, and the occurrence of the flat seventh is, at the same time, explained, as well as many other peculiarities of structure.

The theory which we first noticed has been familiarly illustrated by saying, that the Scottish scale is to be found in the black notes of the piano-forte, which exhibit the key of F sharp deficient in the fourth and seventh, which, in that key, are found in the notes of B natural and F natural. The theory now submitted to consideration, supposes the Scottish scale to be comprised within the *white* notes of the instrument, which afford one perfect scale in the key of C, while the other keys or scales are, according to modern ideas, deficient or peculiar in certain respects, according to their several positions in the general scale. Thus, the key of D is a minor key, but has a sharp sixth and flat seventh. The key of F major has only a sharp fourth, a note rarely admissible in vocal music. The key of G has only a flat seventh, and the key of A minor has both the sixth and seventh flat.

It is important to observe that the airs in the Skene MS. confirm the views above submitted. They contain numerous instances of semitonic intervals, inconsistent with the idea of their being systematically constructed according to a rude scale in which those intervals were wanting. They are generally, however, reducible to the more comprehensive principles which we have endeavoured to illustrate.

We have also, with reference to these views, gone over the original volume of Thomson's *Orpheus*, and the result of our examination is—that out of fifty airs which it contains, only about half-a-dozen are defective, both in the fourth and seventh. Ten of them contain a flat seventh in the major key, and the whole of them, abating here and there a stray *apoggiatura* of the editor's, are referable to the system of modes, with this exception, that, in

minor keys, the ascending sixth and seventh are generally made sharp—a feature which does not radically affect the structure of the melody, and which we know, from historical evidence, to have been a modern innovation.

If it were necessary to account for the influence of the ecclesiastical modes upon Scottish music, it might not be difficult to do so. The power of the Church, built as it was upon truth and knowledge, and extended by policy and superstition, was not less considerable in Scotland than in other countries. Our ecclesiastical architecture shows the tendency of our churchmen and their patrons to cherish the arts of refinement; and, if music was cultivated by them in any proportional degree, the influence of their style would extend through all ranks of society. Even the perversions of the system might tend to a similar result. If we suppose the reality and frequency of such scenes as are described in the "*Freiris of Berwick*," where the hospitality and example of Symon Lawder draw forth the convivial talents of his clerical guest—

"They sportit thame and makis mirry cheir
With sangis lowd, baith Symone and the
Freir"—

we can easily conceive the foundation of a school of parody, where the ecclesiastical Cantus would soon be converted into excellent drinking songs. But, in truth, we do not know that the Scottish music is derived from the ecclesiastical: we only see that it resembles it. For ought we can tell, our own system may be, not the daughter, but the sister or cousin of the other.

Neither must it be thought that a correspondence in the scales of the Scottish music and the ecclesiastical modes, while it proves the antiquity of our national melodies, deprives them of their title to originality. What is thus accounted for is only the scale itself and its general laws. These, as Mr Dun observes, supply merely the colours with which the artist is to work. All that gives expression or beauty to the composition must come from the individual composer. "The Scottish music has measure, rhythm, accent, besides a very peculiar manner or style of performance. The *Canto Fermo* had none of these."

It remains to advert to a question which we formerly proposed on this

subject, how far, namely, the absence, in any air, of the striking peculiarities of structure above noticed, is demonstrative of its recent origin. This question is attended with difficulty. But we would say that so long as an air could be reduced to the diatonic key of C, without any modulation requiring notes extraneous to that key, we have no right to infer that it is not ancient, if it has been handed down to us by immemorial tradition. We have many regular airs for whose antiquity we have the same, or nearly the same, evidence as for others of a more peculiar character. Thus the air of "Alace that I came o'er the Moor," as given in the Skene MS., has much of the polish of a modern composition. "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "The Bush aboon Traquair," "The Bonny Boatman," "An thou wert mine ain thing," which have all a character of much regularity, are given in the first edition of the *Orpheus* as the compositions of Rizzio, and this may at least be received as evidence that they were then reputed to be ancient. Goldsmith, in one of his essays, tells us that Geminiani was of opinion that the Scotch music was of Italian origin; and although this evidence does not go far back, and we are not bound to adopt Geminiani's conjecture, it tends to show that a large proportion of regular airs were considered to be mixed up in the general body of our national melody. We have no grounds for concluding that they were derived from Italian models, as we know little of the early history and diffusion even of national Italian music. But we have no precise right to limit the powers of ancient melody except, at least, to the boundaries of its own established scale. Compositions might be made at a very early period, on the mode of C major, which would be little distinguishable from modern airs. Mr Dun has, in the plates accompanying his Essay, given us a specimen of the Ambrosian chant of the year 400, which presents us with an exquisite strain of melody, that has no peculiar character of antiquity except its simplicity. We cannot infer that Scottish composers might not, in like manner, at a very early period, have composed melodies such as those we have above referred to, and which, it will be observed, are all confined within the limits of one diatonic key.

To illustrate the views which we

have submitted, we think it may be curious and interesting to go over the different scales, as they occur within the peculiar range we have described—that is, on the notes of the diatonic of C, or white notes of the piano-forte—and to point out one or two airs, which may be adapted to each of them. In the key of C, "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "The Yellow-haired Laddie," "Saw ye my Father," "Jenny's Bawbee," or any other of our airs, that are composed on what a modern ear would consider a more regular plan. In the key of D minor, "Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes," "My boy Tammie," "Brose and Butter," "Peggie is over the Sea," (from the Skene MS.), all of which illustrate, in different ways, the peculiarities of this singular and beautiful mode. In the key of E minor, "The Mucking of Geordie's Byre," a pleasing and peculiar air, which wants the second of the key. In the key of F major, any air, defective merely in the fourth of the scale, such as "Fye let us a' to the Bridal," as given in the "Orpheus Caledonius," and "Alace that I came o'er the Moor," as in the Skene MS., or even its modern representative, with the omission of a single grace note. In the key of G major, any air deficient merely in the seventh, such as "An thou wert my ain thing," "Auld Rob Morris," or, on the other hand, any air exhibiting a flat seventh, such as "The Flowers of the Forest," either the old or new set, where that peculiarity has a plaintive effect; or the tune of "Pease Strae," where its occurrence is extremely quaint and comic. On G minor we may arrange the air of "Adew Dundee," as given in the Skene MS.; which, although the signature of that key is two flats, will, when thus set, exhibit no flat note whatever, the B never occurring at all in the melody, and the E occurring only in its natural state. To A minor we may adapt a great number of Scotch airs, such as "Up in the morning early," "Katherine Ogie," and "Logan Water." All the arrangements, it will be observed, have the character or impression of the different modern keys we have mentioned, and yet require no notes that are not to be found in the key of C major. On the mode of B it would be difficult to compose any effective air, and no example of it occurs to us.

It must, at the same time, be observed, that all dogmatism on this subject is unbecoming our state of knowledge, and that we cannot expect to reduce everything to strict regularity. The principles of the ecclesiastical modes themselves are but partially understood by those who have studied them most, and many ancient ecclesiastical compositions are found which it is difficult to assign to any mode. The same thing may, and indeed does, occur as to several Scotch airs. It would not, we think, be an argument for the correctness of any view, if, in a matter so obscure and perplexed, it left nothing for doubt or investigation. It is a great matter to trace a connexion between the modes and the Scottish music, though we should be unable to follow out all its bearings.

The ideas above adverted to, however imperfectly here developed, may, we think, be of use to performers and harmonists in the execution and arrangement of Scotch music. There has long been a tendency to alter the character of our melodies, by the introduction of ornaments and intervals, foreign to their structure, and at variance with their essential features. The result is a mongrel breed of musical monsters, which could never possibly have sprung from any genuine and pure stock. The original part of the melody has been composed upon a certain system of tones, which is disregarded by the modern artists who are dealing with it, and who load it with embellishments framed upon a totally different system. Consistency is thus destroyed; the ear is perplexed between conflicting effects, and the heart refuses to yield to affectation and effort that tribute of emotion which is only due to nature and simplicity. It is plain that the performer of a Scotch melody ought to place himself, as much as possible, in the situation of the original composer, so as best to give effect to the true intention of the composition; and, at least, not to thwart any of its principles. For this purpose it is necessary that something should be understood of the ancient tonalities, within the limits of which the melody must be confined. Not that we would exclude all ornament from such airs, but 'only those graces are admissible which an enlightened taste may suggest, and which lie within the range

of the legitimate scale, so far as we can discover it. Where we are doubtful of our ground, the more sparing we are of our embellishments the better.

In arranging accompaniments for our Scotch melodies, the composer has considerable difficulties to contend with, as the prevailing system of harmony is chiefly founded on the varieties of modern tonality. Nevertheless we are of opinion that here also the ancient modes should be, as much as possible, preserved, even at a sacrifice in point of fulness of accompaniment: and, at least, that all extraneous intervals should be kept in the background, and not brought in collision, as we often see them, with those parts of the melody which are regulated by different laws. We believe that in this department there is great room for the exercise of ingenuity and taste, when guided by knowledge, and that the composer who can imbibe the spirit of the old Scottish melodists will overcome or elude the difficulties of his position, and will even elicit new beauties out of those difficulties, and produce effects in harmony which will at once sustain the original airs, and add to their peculiar and affecting character. We find, in what we have above said, that we have been expressing the ideas, and almost using the very words of Mr Dun, in his analysis, where these views are strongly enforced, upon better authority than ours. We hope that the whole discussions which we have been noticing, will meet with the attention they deserve, and hasten the attainment of the ends in view.

We cannot conclude this article without a humble but earnest exhortation to our musical artists and amateurs to cultivate the study of those delightful melodies of which Scotland may so proudly boast. Enough has been said to show that our music is not harsh or crabbed, rude or capricious: but regular, according to laws of high origin, and animated by a spirit of true feeling and poetry. Without depreciating the Italian school, we would say, that its tendency, at least in its more modern shape, is to refine away the language of melody till it loses its strength and freedom, and becomes soft and voluptuous. The reign of very chromatic music cannot be lasting or extensive. The broad and grand effects produced by the greatest com-

posers are calculated to be more generally delightful and impressive, as they excite feelings in themselves more noble, animating, and powerful than any that can be touched by the languishing refinements of minute divisions. Those great effects, it is obvious, are referable to a musical system which, in many respects, has an affinity to the laws of Scottish melody. But it is needless, for our argument, to assimilate these various styles to each other. There is room enough for them all in every comprehensive and vigorous heart. In music, as in every thing else, a taste which is not catholic in its objects, cannot be pure or high. Let Scottish melody occupy only its rightful share of attention, and nothing further needs be asked. But surely its claims are the more strongly recommended by the consideration, first, that it is the music of our native land which, for ages past, has been the language of all who have gone before us, whether high or low, who could give utterance in song to the emotions of joy, or pity, or affection; and next, that in this school success is most easily attainable by our native vocalists. Not that in our opinion it is an easy matter to sing Scottish music. On the contrary, it is a task both hard and honourable to achieve. The attainment of true simplicity of taste is itself arduous, and requires diligent study. But we think that if this difficulty be overcome, and it lies, in truth, at the threshold of all musical education, it is more likely that a pupil with a voice of ordinary compass and flexibility will be able to sing a Scottish melody well, than any Italian composition equally well that is at all worth hearing. It is, of course, necessary that the airs to be performed shall be carefully chosen; and for this purpose we must draw out of that well of undefiled simplicity which can alone give nourishment or delight to the affections. But if the best airs are selected, we know of nothing which

affords a better scope for musical talent than this field. A genuine Scottish melody, performed with all the recommendations of regulated intonation, simple embellishment, lucid articulation, and appropriate feeling, is calculated, not only to please ordinary ears, but to give more delight to the most scientific than they could derive from any composition of a more ambitious style attempted by the same performer. It is only those, indeed, who are in the debateable land between simplicity and science that will seem indifferent to its attractions, and affect to scoff at what they are afraid to admire. We do not know if we are heretical in saying that one obstacle to the cultivation of Scottish vocal melody arises from the inferior and unsuitable character of the poetry with which many of our airs are united. In spite of what Burns has done, and he, too, has been often unsuccessful, there are many exquisite airs which have no words that can be sung to them without impropriety or absurdity. Much may yet be done in this department by a fine genius and taste, combined with a thorough understanding of the character of our music, and of the ancient form of our dialect, to which it may be best adapted. But even as it is, we have many beautiful melodies, with words sufficient to give a direction to the music without disturbing its effect; and some of our lyrics, united to the very finest of our airs, possess a beauty and simplicity altogether unrivalled. The finest judgment may here be shown by a performer in the choice of the songs to be sung, while the successful execution of our best music is at once attainable, by moderate abilities, so as to convey considerable pleasure, and is, at the same time, a fit occasion for displaying some of the highest qualities of musical style, the very same, we think, that are needed to do justice to the tender simplicity of some of the noblest works of Handel and Mozart.

LEGENDARY LORE. BY ARCHEUS.

No. V.

THE ONYX RING.

PART III. CHAPTER I.

EARLY on the Sunday morning which succeeded to the night marked by the burning of the old church spire, Mrs Nugent sent her carriage for Maria and Walsingham, who accordingly departed from the cottage. Walsingham and Collins separated on terms of civility, and he took leave of Maria with cordial, and for him, uncommon courtesy. She had won upon him, in previous meetings, by her simplicity and earnestness, which came in aid of earlier ties between him and her family, and there were few persons whom he seemed to have so much pleasure in conversing with. He said, as he shook hands with her, that he hoped to see her soon again. It was still early in the morning, but he had already spent an hour in his garden, to which he now returned. The plot of ground was large for that of a cottage, and was neatly kept, entirely by Collins's own care. He had in it a great number of bee-hives, and there he now busied himself in examining, with a curious eye, the labours of the insects, and then by surveying the several beds of vegetables and flowers. To a passer by, had any stranger ever travelled on that retired road, he would have presented a singular object; for his face was sufficiently noticeable, and he was dressed, very unlike the peasantry of the neighbourhood, in a complete suit of dark grey, with thick high shoes, and a straw hat. His garden had in it several apple and pear trees, and two considerable elms. At the extremity furthest from the small road ran a brook, which made many windings through the valley. There were a few scattered, and for the most part distant cottages in sight. The heathy hills rose all around, and the general aspect of the scene was that of lonely quiet. But the hum of the bees, the murmur of the little stream, and the voice of the faint wind among the leaves, unbroken by the clamour of suffering or of heedless human existence, were sounds to which

the thoughts of Collins moved, for the most part, in accordance. His appearance, nevertheless, bore deep traces of former sorrow and inward convulsion, over the remembrance of which tranquillity seemed now to be maintained by the vigilant compulsion of a strong will.

When he had completed his work out of doors, he re-entered his house; and, while the old woman prepared his dinner below, he mounted to the upper room, and seated himself beside the small open window to read his favourite Thucydides. This author, Homer, Plutarch, Shakspeare, Luther's Table Talk, the Scriptures, and a few volumes of biography and as many of science, formed the bulk of his library. His work in the garden, his solitary walks among the hills, or sometimes to the sea-shore, a number of little mechanical employments required by his situation, and the perusal of these books, filled up all his time. It was only by the rarest accident that he received a visit from any one. But a day or two after Maria and Walsingham had shared his hospitality, his usual mode of life was again interrupted by the arrival of a stranger on horseback at the cottage gate. Sending away the peasant who had conducted him, he tied his horse to a tree, and entered the garden. He was evidently a member of the more luxurious classes, dressed with care, but pale and somewhat worn in countenance. He had the look of a man of some intelligence, of rather dissipated habits, and, beyond all question, an acknowledged member of polite society. Collins was digging at the lower part of his garden, near the hives, when he was found by the stranger, who had first sought him at the cottage. There was some embarrassment in his manner as he drew near to the recluse; but it was not till he had come quite close that Collins looked up, leaning on his spade, and, while a deep flush passed over his

face, said, coldly, after a moment's pause, "Well, Everard, what brings you here? I thought my world had lain quite beyond and away from yours."

He did not offer the stranger his hand, who replied, with a hesitating voice, "Will you not be satisfied, for a reason, with my wish to see so old a friend as you?"

Collins smiled sarcastically, but said nothing.

"Well, then, if you must have a better cause for my visit, may we not go into the house that I may tell my story at our leisure?"

"I don't see why you should not tell it here, but I have no objection to go into the house. This earth which I am digging will not spoil by five minutes' delay, as it has kept since the creation."

So saying, he led the way to the cottage, sent his servant to her own peculiar premises, desired his guest to sit down, and seated himself with an air of resigned unwillingness.

"It is pleasant, Collins," said Everard, "to find you settled in a way that suits your humour and character. You had always a good deal of the hermit in you, and now you have found out a quiet and secure hermitage, where, I am sure, you must be happy."

"Pray, may I ask on what business you are come to it? I don't remember that you ever showed any taste for hermitages before."

"No, perhaps not. Such a life would not suit me; but every one has his own way of existence. Mine at present is politics. But, unwilling as you are to let me claim the privilege of an old friend—and I am most sincerely yours—I must say a word of your former kindness to me, and of my subsequent history. Little as you may believe it, I can never cease to be grateful for the generosity with which you shared your fortune between us, at the time when my father's unexpected death left me so destitute.

The income you then made over to me, saved me from sinking into disgraceful poverty. But with the connexions I had formed in life, and the hopes I had been brought up in, I could not, you know, live as a gentleman on that. I am going over old ground, for I fancy you are aware that I soon found I must sell my in-

terest in your annuity. With the little capital this gave me, I could make a decent appearance, and I soon after managed to get into Parliament. I think about this time you left London."

"Yes. The merchants who had all my remaining money failed, and left me penniless. I was obliged to go and work for my bread, which I earned as a corrector of the press in the North."

"O! true—aye—I remember.—Now, I always felt that it was my business to repay you what you had supplied me with as soon as possible. But, in fact, my position in life was above my means, and I had not a penny to spare. Some little legacies, and so forth, came in now and then and helped me on, but I always found it hard to make both ends meet; and the attempt to divert money to any object but the wants of the day, would have been quite inconsistent with my ambition to serve my country in public life. The clubs and parliament cost more than is generally supposed, and my seat had always to be paid for, more or less. So you see, my dear fellow, how it is that I really never have had the means of repaying you, and at this hour I am as poor as a rat. You who live in this sort of way, keep no establishment, and all that sort of thing, can have no notion of the claims upon a man in society in London."

"I once lived in London."

"Yes, no doubt. But that was when we were both young, quite unknown; nothing was expected from us then. But the fact is, it is only now that I begin to have a prospect of obtaining a situation which would enable me to do whatever is right as to you and every body; and it is for this I want your help."

"My help, Mr Everard? I really do not understand you."

"Well, now, this is the case. I have always hitherto been member for quite a small borough; and the little place I hold is, perhaps, all I could fairly expect under existing circumstances. But in consequence of my patriotic principles, and of any other claims I may happen to possess, I have the hope of becoming member for a much more important constituency, which would give me decidedly greater weight with the Government, and help

me to official promotion. Now it so happens, my dear Collins, that you can essentially assist me. I find that you lived at one time among my future constituents, when, as you say, you were correcting the press; and you would undoubtedly have a good deal of influence, if you chose to exert it, among the artisans, especially the printers, who lead many of the others. They talk of you as a sure friend of the working men, and your opinion would have great power over them. Indeed, so much is this the case, that one of their number is coming as a deputy to consult you on the subject. It so happens that the decision you may lead them to is of great importance, for parties are otherwise so nearly balanced, that the votes of these men would completely turn the scale in my favour. The kindness I have to ask of you is, that you would advise them to vote for me. I hope so old a friend as I am may make this request without taking too great a liberty."

"I really cannot now say what advice I shall give this poor man. When he comes and tells his story I shall probably know what to answer. But pray, if the working men help you, what are you prepared to do for them?"

"As to that, you must see, between ourselves, I can say nothing. I must go with my party. But you may tell them, as I have not scrupled to say publicly over and over again, even at the risk of committing myself, my warmest feelings and most earnest endeavours shall be devoted to their service."

"I did not ask what I may say. Of course I may tell what lies I please, and should wish to do so without prompting, as I hold that every man ought to be his own liar. But I want to know, as you ask the help of these men, what service you propose to render them in return. Printers especially know too well how easily, and with how few little metal letters, the finest words are put together, to care much for mere compliments."

"But surely a man of your experience and sagacity, Collins, cannot expect me to commit my party to any specific measure?"

"Then how can you expect these

men to commit themselves in supporting you?"

"That's quite a different thing. They compromise nobody. They are not public men. They may do as they please."

"They compromise themselves and their wives and children and their own consciences, and all to get my dear old friend, Everard, a better place."

The tone with which this was said, though quiet enough, carried the edge of a scalping-knife. But Everard, who had a soul very hard to be scalped, soon resumed—"Well, I will tell you what I will pledge myself to, and you who have known me so long may guarantee my promise. If these men will frame any plan for their own benefit, it shall have my very best consideration."

"Oh, if they bring you into Parliament you will think benignly of their suggestion? Perhaps, if I offer your friend the deputy your best consideration for his proposals, he may offer his best consideration for yours."

"Ha! ha! ha! You are as droll and dry as ever. But may I hope that you will help me in this matter? You may rely on my eternal gratitude, and I may add in that also of my political friends."

"I can say nothing on the subject till I see the person who you say will ask my advice. I shall give him the best in my power. You have not asked for any, and in your case, of course, I do not presume to volunteer it."

"But, my dear friend! surely between us there need be no such ceremoniousness. Your advice would be of the highest value, and would always meet my very best consideration."

"Will you really promise me that? For if so I should think it a duty to offer an opinion."

"Pray do so without hesitation. I am all impatience. What is it you recommend to me?"

"To turn old clothesman as soon as possible. I do not know any trade you are so fit for, and I am convinced you would make a distinguished figure in it, especially if you gave it your best consideration. Now I must go back to my work, for I too am a working man—so good morning to you."

CHAPTER II.

On the following day, Andrews, the artisan from the north, appeared at the cottage. He was a young, quiet, alert man, with a shrewd and bold countenance. As he drew near to the bench on which Collins sat in the garden, his face and manner had an expression of much respect for the recluse. He stated who he was, and Collins begged he would sit down by him on the bench under the old elm, from which there was an extensive view down the valley to the sea, now glistening under the warm evening light. Andrews told his story clearly and earnestly, though at rather unnecessary length, and ended by asking Collins's opinion whether he and his friends ought to support Everard.

"What political object is it," said Collins, "that you and your friends want to gain?"

"We want to take away all unjust distinctions, to have every man paid according to the worth of his labour, and not to see the rich made and kept rich by robbery, and the poor made and kept poor by being robbed."

"Do you want, then, a new distribution of all property? For, if so, I see no result certain, but, in the first place, that the country will be thrown into confusion, all trade stopped, and millions starved; and, secondly, that the distributors would provide very well for themselves and their friends, whatever might become of others."

"No, we do not want that. But we want all the privileges of the rich done away, so that every man may have a fair chance."

"There is no privilege of theirs half so important as that which gives a man's property to his own children, instead of throwing it into a common stock. Would you do that away?"

"No. I would only deprive a man's family of property which he had obtained unjustly."

"In that case the courts of law are meant to set the thing right. They do not perform their work very well, to be sure. Perhaps you want them mended. But if they were improved, do you think there are many of you who could make out a claim to houses and estates?"

"Perhaps not. But could there not be taxes taken off?"

"Oh, no doubt there could. A rich country is sure to spend a deal of money foolishly, much as a rich man is. But suppose every thing of that kind were done, and that you, each of you, had twenty per cent a-year more than you now have, do you believe you would be satisfied? Think a little before you answer."

"No; I do not believe we should. We are on the watch and stirring, and feeling forward for some great change. I do not suppose we should be contented so long as we saw things going on in the main as they are now, even if we had a little more money. It is the notion of being treated unjustly and kept down that galls us. We want more equality. We see that we work hard and have little pleasure, while others do not work at all, and have a great deal. I cannot make the thing clear. But I am sure there is something wrong somewhere."

"So am I. I never can believe it right that a farthing of money should be wasted in folly and nonsense with which any real good could be done. But how could you change the thing? That is the question. If we took half the property of the rich away to-morrow, and gave it to the poor, then,—to say nothing of the general confusion, the scrambling and fighting, and the lasting insecurity for all,—half of that sum would be spent within a week again; and the country would, I believe in my conscience, be worse off in every way than it is now."

"Why, you are talking just like the people we consider our worst enemies. Yet I suppose you are not pleased with things as they are, and I should like to know what do you want done?"

"Men never have been satisfied, and never will be. But one goes on trying to mend a little here and a little there, till the hour of ruin comes, and the building falls, and buries at once mason and scaffolding. Such is the story of the world. There is a black element of evil in and about us all, and the utmost we can do is to thrust it down, and cover it over for a while. It inevitably breaks out at last, and perhaps there most violently where it has been most vigorously and longest suppressed. We may smooth over the mis-

chief, paint it, gild it, bedizen it for a time ; but it burns through again at last, and looks the ghastlier for all our gaudy attempts at hiding it. Talk, fancy, hug ourselves as we will, evil is not good, nor can be. He who sees most clearly is most assured of this, and suffers the most from his knowledge that it is so. Any man, therefore, who looks forward to a state of things in which he shall be contented, is walking about in search of a child's swaddling-clothes that will fit his full-grown frame. The fact of his walking about is the best evidence that the thing is impossible. To seek contentment, in fact, is as hopeless as to try to recover a lost limb. Those only have it who never have thought about it. The moment we feel that we wish for it, we may be certain that it is gone for ever. Do not talk to me of aiming at happiness. Children, too, desire the stars. Leave such prate to those who have no more serious knowledge or objects. Men who have grappled with the hard and sharp realities of life should be wiser and graver."

Andrews felt cowed by his energy, and said, timidly,—“Do not all men seek happiness? Is it possible for us to desire any thing else?”

“That is one of the absurd phrases we find in books. No man could have said it who had looked into himself. All men sometimes seek for happiness, as they sometimes crave for food, that is, when they are hungry. But most of our wishes are directed to some end with which happiness has no more to do than quenching the thirst has to do with the drunkard's lust of gin. What he thirsts for is liquid drunkenness. Excitement is the object of three-fourths of most men's wishes, and of the other fourth, repose. Excitement, though it should rend our flesh, and fill our brains with fire. Repose, though it should weigh on, and besiege us with nightmare. And so the world goes on by laws that unfailingly work out good and evil in their due and unalterable proportion.”

“What, then, do we strive for at all?”

“Oh, the evil is only kept down from mastering all, and trampling out the last spark of good, by human effort—unceasing, wearing, agonizing effort, which, after all, realizes little, though it prevents much, and inevitably destroys the drudging champions. We thrust our limbs, our wives, our child-

ren, into the midst of the grinding machinery of destiny which is crushing the universe to powder, and so we a little clog and retard the movement by the hindrance of our own flesh and blood. This may seem a small thing to do. But it is all man can do, and that for us is much. If this is all we must look to, I doubt if it be worth while to care for any thing but eating and drinking.”

“What! not worth while to bind oppressors in their own chains, and fill up with their own names the blank warrants which they keep signed, as if forejudging all mankind; not worth while to be ministers, even if bleeding and groaning ones, of retribution; to become serpents under the feet that would trample us as worms; to call out energies and knowledge, painful inmates of every breast, but which are accompanied by the feeling of added dignity and power? We cannot, indeed, strive successfully with fate, or teach others to do so, but we can tear off our and their bandages, and unbind millions of arms, and prevent men from perishing fettered and with closed eyes. We can meet our inevitable doom with the aspect, at least, of freedom and heroism. Is this not worth while?”

“If so, it can only be because life itself is nothing. But to beings such as we nothings are mighty. Knowledge, imagination, freedom, courage, power,—these may be awakened and spread among mankind, and to do this is the only task worth living for. These cannot be diffused equally, for men are not equally capable of them. Sparrows will still be sparrows; and hawks, hawks. But the sparrows need no more be caged and blinded, than the hawks hooded and subjugated and starved. It is little that the best can at last attain to, but the only feeling worth possessing is that of having done our utmost, and confronted the iron gaze of necessity with as bold and calm an eye as can belong to man.”

“But for the present what should our course be?”

“Meddle with no political parties. Their maxims and enterprises are all utterly worthless. Those who flatter you do it only to cheat you; except those who begin by cheating themselves, and fancy that somehow or other they will at each next trial throw seven with a die which has but six

faces. Mankind have been hoping the same thing for at least four thousand years. But when you find a brave, quiet, heroic man—who tells you of your faults not of your virtues, and makes no promises of doing good, but has already fought with resolute despair against powerful evil, clinging to him, help him, reddening his flag with your heart's blood, if it be necessary, for if he renders you no other service, he has at least given you the costliest of boons, truth, which his future failures cannot deprive you of. But when you see bullies, sycophants, flatterers, liars, spaniels, apes, peacocks, jewel-snouted swine,—men who gorge themselves with garbage, and bribe you with the remains of it,—do not ask what party they are of; be sure that they are of the devil's family, and so certain of his help as to stand in little need of yours. Then as to this Mr Everard. Let him eat his mess as he can out of a gilded, perhaps one day a coronetted trough, but do you neither wreath the vessel with flowers, nor throw in your children's food to swell the swinish meal. I will tell you something of him. He is well-spoken, civil, lively, or at least was so before he became a great man. There was then a thin plating of sympathy on the surface of the mass of lead and copper, which the world has, I suppose, by this time worn away. A man whom I know, knew him in the youth of both, and became intimate with him. Everard's father possessed a large income, and brought up his son expensively, but died and left him without a farthing. His friend had about £400 a year of his own, and, with the careless profusion of his age, at once settled half of this on Everard, who sold the annuity, and began to push his fortune with the capital thus obtained. Soon afterwards his benefactor was ruined by the failure of a commercial house, and left penniless. Everard was certainly not bound to refund the money, which, indeed, he could not; but his friend might have expected kindness and consolation from him, and met instead with coldness and neglect, and at last was compelled to turn his back, and vow he never again would seek an interview with a spirit so akin to the dirtiest of kennels. Now I do not say that such a man may not be useful to a political party; on the contrary, I think him likely to be specially serviceable for

many purposes, and I am sure he will rise, as there is no service for which he will not exact full payment. He will coin his inmost heart to mud where mud is the required currency. But what can those who think of man not of parties, of truth not of speeches, in short, of hard rude realities, not of fluent liquid dirt, what can such persons have to do with a thing like him? Oh, my friend, whatever else you are, lord or bishop, artist or slave, do not give up being a man. Do not let your manhood slip through your fingers while you are plotting, voting, speech-making, working. A stage hero, who pretends to be what he is not, is but like the snuff of a candle compared with the stage candle-snuffer, who wears no tinsel armour, and mouths no blank verse, but honestly earns the bread he eats by making the tallow-candles burn. A mere scheming statesman is but a white paper, full of mire, tied up with a red tape, and sealed with the king's seal. And so with all other trades and pretensions. Have nothing to do with them. Stand up openly for truth, and all true men; and let this, and this only, be your creed and your party. Though you will often be trampled on, and will be ground at last, as we must all be, to that dust which the strong wind of time blows away before it, you will at least not be the dupe of others, and, best of all, you will not dupe yourself."

"But is there no party which honestly seeks what is right?"

"I do not know. But I shall believe there is, I shall believe there is some conscience and heart under all the trash and parade of laws and government, when I see any body of men not slightly and occasionally, but with their whole souls and sinews, standing up for the necessity of educating the people. If any one of these men found a son who had been stolen away in infancy, and had grown up among beggars and thieves, knowing and caring for nothing but gluttony and drunkenness, the first thing he would do would be to put him in the hands of some one who would cultivate the man, which lurks, however closely, within the human beast, and so, in the phrase of society, to fit him for his station in the world. That is what I want—to have every man fitted as well as art, and pains, and money, and energy, and conscience can do it, for

his station in the world. But what is the station? It is that of a being at the very summit of nature, and looking up from thence, however dimly, to some God who embodies, though perhaps vaguely and weakly, all of highest conception man can know. This is the station not of Reginald and Marmaduke, not of Jack and Tom, not of the prince and the baron, or the ploughman, the blacksmith, and the parish-foundling, but of every human creature; and it is for this station that he ought to be trained: To train him for this is in truth the only business, and not merely the chief one, of all laws, and all society, and yet it is the one which is the least earnestly thought of. Fleets, armies, tribunals, parliaments, sovereignties, palaces, and gaols, are but the rude framework round the space in which this work is to be carried on. But it is not to be done by drilling, and compressing, and carving, and stamping words upon the living, fervent, sensitive—oh, how keenly sensitive!—spirit, as if it were a plate of metal on a death-coffin, and not the subtle blazing life, likest of all things in this vast universe to the God whom these vile tinkers of the soul profess to worship. There are three things requisite in every

man who is to carry on this work—love, intelligence, energetic will—and, beside these, practical skill and experience. When I see men possessed of these qualities sought for by a government more earnestly than men seek for diamonds, wooed more fondly than boys woo their sweethearts, rewarded more munificently than rich men pay the physician who prolongs their lives, and keeps them from Satan for another week; when I see such men found, for found they will be if they are sought, and appointed as the friends, and guides, and wiser parents of every poor man's child in the country,—I shall think a new age is begun for England, and that new hopes have dawned upon us. Make earnestness on this point your test of every politician who falls in your way, and you will not go far wrong. It is mere cowardly falsehood to pretend that doubt of the amount of good thus attainable is a reason against trying, for it is the only way to do any good at all. A man's whole business on earth as to his own existence is to cultivate himself, and his whole business as to others is to cultivate them."

"I fear," said Andrews, with a smile, "Mr Everard is not our man."

CHAPTER III.

A day had passed after the departure of Andrews, when Collins went on one of his long walking expeditions about the hills, and on his return, towards evening, found himself near the Mount, which was the name of the house occupied by Mr and Mrs Nugent. As he passed under the palling of a small wood, which lay at the back of the gardens, Maria was entering a little gate into the enclosure, and, after their first greetings, she asked Collins to accompany her. He complied, and they walked side by side on the path which wound among the trees. For a long time he looked about him with rather an eager and anxious expression of countenance, and at last he said—"How strange it seems to me that I am in this place! Your mother used to speak to me of it as furnishing some of the pleasantest recollections of her childhood. And now, after many years, I am walking in it with you, her daughter. When I first thought

of fixing myself in some solitude in the country, I believe I was led to choose these heathy hills and retired valleys from the remembrance of the way in which your mother used to describe them to me. Such seemingly slender links bind indissolubly together the past and the future—and I do not regret that I have come here. If it were only that I so keep fresh my image of her, I should be much the gainer. No one can again be to me what she was, for the benefits she rendered me can no more be repeated than the restoration to sight of a blind man, which is done once and for ever. I was young, ignorant of all but a few books and a few men, and my own passions and conceits, and had no opportunity of familiarizing myself with human existence in any wide field. I well recall the arrogant reliance on my own infallibility, which was mingled in me with the weakest bashfulness, and secret dread of every one knowing more of the world, and hav-

ing more of its manners, than I. But I became acquainted with your mother, and I shall never forget the impression made on me by her composed self-possessed benignity. At her house I saw not, perhaps, much of society, but far more than I have ever seen elsewhere; and little by little I learned to suppress something of my self-conceit, and at the same time to take an easy footing among others. I found, indeed, little that I could fully and deeply reverence, and the more I lived the more strongly I felt that she was a really noble, generous, true spirit, cramped and dimmed in an ungenial sphere. But yet she kept her heart alive, and wakened and warmed the hearts of others, so far as they had any relics or germs in them susceptible of the process. I remember as if it were but this morning, that nearly the last time I saw her, and when she was very weak and ill, but with an expression of divine calm and clearness, she questioned me about an acquaintance of her's and mine—a woman. This was a person of great talents and brilliant eloquence, and a kind of large and glowing Italian beauty, with whom I had become intimate. She had restless feelings, always craving more and more excitement, insatiable vanity, ready and warm sympathy, and an imaginative delight in nature, the fine arts, and all the more graceful and the bolder forms of human character. Her presence and conversation wrought on me like a sweet intoxicating odour—much as I can conceive the influence of Walsingham might on a woman—young and susceptible as I then was. Your mother saw through all this, warned me, said—‘That way lies guilt, shame, weakness, remorse, self-contempt. At the very best, she continued, ‘go live and grow in that luscious hot-house air, and although your leaves may spread for a time more richly, and your fruit appear to ripen faster, how will you be fit to meet the storms, the cold, the changes of hardy and austere nature? Draw back in time. Perhaps she does not mean to dupe you; but if so, yet assuredly, with your help, she will dupe both herself and you. Your fresh high heart, and daring will, and pictorial fancy, are too new and shining realities not to win and command her. But do not waste yourself in adding another chapter to her overstrained

romance of life.’ Partly circumstances, but partly, I hope, also this advice, saved me from the danger. And it was at the hour when I heard of my adviser's death that I vowed never again to meet my siren, at least till years and events should have altered our relative positions. I kept my vow. It was but one of many services that your ‘mother rendered me at a time when most of my acquaintances were only staring at me, or shrinking from me. They had, in general, no more feeling for me as a living suffering human heart, suffering from its own confusions, more bitterly than any of those whom I annoyed,—no more, I say, than if I had been a thing painted on canvass only to be gazed at. And a very unattractive sign it would have been in the eyes of most people for any tavern in London, though not quite so obnoxious as I should be now where I am known. But if you consider how I must feel as to your mother, you will not wonder that I have been speaking in this way to you, her daughter, as if I had a right to receive your confidence, or at least to give you mine.”

Maria listened with deep interest to this remarkable discourse, and only started and coloured a little at the mention of Walsingham, the allusion to whom she could not misunderstand. Indeed, she even fancied that Collins's whole object had perhaps been to suggest to her his view of the poet's character, and of the danger to be apprehended from him. But she forgave him the more readily because she felt herself secure. At the same time, as Collins went on to speak of her mother, her eyes filled slowly with silent tears, one of which, as she turned and looked earnestly at him, fell upon his hand. He, too, looked at her, and his voice softened and faltered before he made an end of speaking.

Maria said, after some moments,—“I am very much obliged to you for speaking to me as you have done. My—my dear mother, I am sure, loved you, and it would be a great happiness to me to believe that you give me any portion of the regard which you felt for her.”

“You cannot be to me what your mother was. I cannot feel as I did then. If I told you otherwise I should be lying, for compliments are only lies in court-clothes. I would as lief

see the patients of an hospital, with all their haggardness, tricked out in gala dresses from Monmouth Street. But if you will look on me as a true friend, believe me I am one—and shall be so while I live."

"Thank you!" And she gave him her hand, which he received cordially. "Now," she said, "I will venture to ask you a question which has very often occurred to me, but I never could venture on it before. You have spoken almost as often as I have seen you with bitter contempt of indolence and self-indulgence. I know how deeply and writhingly you feel the existence of so much misery in the world, and that you believe much may be done to remedy it. What I want you to tell me is this—Why, with such views, you spend your life as you now do, with no apparent occupation beyond the skill of a peasant. Often when I have heard you speak, I have fancied that, if you would only try, you would make others hear, understand, feel, and act."

"I told you that you would find me your sincere friend, and so you shall, for I will tell you something of my story, which, perhaps, will diminish your surprise. But to no one have I ever spoken of the matter before, and when you hear it, you will not wonder at my reserve. I have had two male friends in my life, or those whom the world would call so. One of them, the early friend, united to me by youth and circumstances, has turned out altogether worthless. Where I thought I had a diamond dew-drop, I found a stain of the commonest ditch-water. The other was the friend of my commencing manhood, ardent, sympathetic, graceful, expansive, clear of head, and vigorous of heart. He had fortune and appearance in his favour, as well as useful family connexions; and, while I was in the eyes of men an uncouth contentious reprobate, he was regarded with general favour and applause. He took many of his opinions from me, and my influence modified all his pursuits and aims. His taste led him strongly towards literature. He was ambitious of fame, and, as a thinker and creative artist, would perhaps have obtained it. But I felt harshly and fiercely the extent of wrong and grief on earth, and would have cheerfully spent my life blood, and that of my friend, to re-

dress a portion of the evil. I had been left penniless, and was obliged to work for bread. He offered me half his income, as I had done to another; but that experiment had been too unfortunate, and I would not accept his bounty. Our friendship, however, still continued. I urged him into practical political life, for which he had many qualifications and some outward helps, although but little inclination. There was a large town for which I was anxious that he should be representative, and I persuaded him to plunge into the schemes and confusions of its parties. On his first electioneering attempt he failed. But, at another, I furnished him with proofs of the utter public and private baseness of his chief opponent. These he published, and chased the culprit from the field. But the exasperation of this man's partisans impelled one of them, a gentleman by station, to seek a quarrel with him, and challenge him. I was a hundred miles away at the time, but hastened to the place, and found him a corpse. He had been shot by the pistol of a bullying sycophant, which I felt as if I had loaded and pointed at his heart. But the ball pierced mine too, and I was an utterly miserable man. You cannot conceive what I then felt—at least I trust you cannot—and it would be useless to describe it. This was three years ago. The shock turned my hair grey, and drove me from among mankind. The time which has since passed has not been more than enough to restore me to a specious outward tranquillity;—inward peace, even of the hollow fretful kind which I before enjoyed, it has not brought me. Nor will a thousand years do that. You do not know—may you never learn!—the continual subdued horror of remembering how the whole existence of another, and him one who relied on you, was overthrown and irreparably crushed under a weight first loosened by your hand; I once thought it resembled a perpetual burning alive on the unquenchable funeral pile of another's corpse. The pain, however, of this mortal ulcer in my heart has grown comparatively dull and chronic, and I am regaining the command of my faculties. How, hereafter, I shall exert them, I know not, but probably by speech and writing for humane and moral purposes, rather than by any interference in

what is called politics. I see too many sticking up to their necks in that slough and calling for help, to believe that it would yield me stable footing. But I have never heard of any attempts at good, undertaken indepen-

dently of party, in purity of heart, and with quiet consideration of the case and circumstances, which have not more than fulfilled the hopes of the man."

CHAPTER IV.

"It comes on me," said Maria, "like a heavy blow, when I hear any one despair of full and tranquil happiness. I am sure it is to be found by those who seek it; and although there is something grandly heroic in the struggle that is carried on under the certainty of never attaining this good, I cannot but believe that the possession of it would add to all our efforts a sober strength which they must otherwise want."

Collins smiled, half sadly, half scornfully, and shook his head. "It is Destiny, not I, that will deprive you one day of that faith."

"I do not know what Destiny means; but I trust in God."

"Take what name you will for the ruling Power of all things. God cannot perform impossibilities."

"Yes; but for Him no good is impossible."

"It may be—nay, I feel it is so—that for a reasonable voluntary being, learning as only he can learn by experience, there will always be errors behind to mourn over, and a vista of unattainable good before, which inevitably lengthens as we advance. It only remains for us to grieve without affectation or imbecility, and to journey on without turning aside or stopping."

"For all the ills you speak of there is, I am sure, a remedy, if I could but make you understand me. I have learned to call it Faith, but I know that it is Blessedness. Now, it would seem, of course, that you must know better than I; but, at least, I have, for the present, the advantage of you, in my more hopeful creed and happier mind. By the way, have you ever seen a poor man who lives in this neighbourhood, of the name of Fowler? I have several times visited him, and he seems to me a beautiful example of peace and joy in circumstances which would naturally produce despair, and might almost seem to justify it. He is a crippled basketmaker, without family

or friends, or settled means of subsistence, and yet, by dint of reliance on a good Power protecting and guiding him, he is full of cheerfulness and hope. I wish you would go and see him, and make acquaintance with him."

"I will. But both for you and him the day will inevitably come of awakening to a higher and larger self-consciousness, and a sadder knowledge of our destination."

"God forbid!—And, my dear Mr Collins, you must not forget that I have been, in former times, when I was about sixteen, as perfectly wretched as I can imagine any one; so that mine is not the mere unreflecting contentment of a child. I was then beginning to think a little for myself, and I found my own heart and life so far from what I saw they ought to be, that I was almost in despair. Had I been a Romanist, I might then have been tempted to turn nun."

"What changed your views?"

"I will tell you. I was taken, for the first time, to a great party in London, and was thoroughly dazzled and confused by all I saw, and by the excitement of the music and dancing round me. I remember that it seemed to me as if every thing in the world was successively rolling out of its steadfastness, and wheeling away in tangled curves to the sound of necromantic music. I said to myself, 'Where am I? What am I? Is every thing a dream?'—In the midst of this amazement of mine, a famous singer came forward; silence was obtained, and she sang with such impassioned ravishing melody, that I thought my soul would have flown away upon her ærial warbling. The applause as she ended called off my attention; but then I saw a crowd of faces turned towards her in enthusiastic delight, and deep homage expressed in the eyes and manner of some of the men and women whom I had always heard of as the most to be admired and re-

verenced. She sat evidently weary, but with a slight smile of exquisite enjoyment; and it burst upon me more strongly even than before, that her inspiration must arise from some full and rich source of ecstasy far beyond all that skill or physical endowment could supply. 'O!' I thought, 'that I could sing like her! that I could experience her inward spring of rapture and harmony!' The next moment I blamed my own folly, and felt that this was mean and jealous envy. It flashed across me as something horrible, that, after such abundant and pure delight, I could so soon sink into this wretchedness, and a sharp pang of self-reproach shot through me. I remember that I pressed my hand strongly against my heart, for I completely crushed the little nosegay of lovely flowers which I was wearing. The music and the dancing now again began, and looking up for a moment in sad perplexity, I saw before me a spectacle which altered the whole current of my thoughts. It was a picture of the Saviour by one of the great Italian masters, I think of the Lombard school, and probably Luini. By whomsoever painted, it was so grave, so loving, so awful—but I cannot describe it. For some minutes I had no notion where I was, and sat with my

face turned up towards the canvass, as if I expected to hear it speak. And speak to me indeed it did, though not with audible sounds; for there whispered in my heart words which I had heard and read a hundred times, and learned by rote, without ever reflecting on them. Indeed, perhaps, this mechanical familiarity had deadened their meaning for me. The words were—'Be of good cheer! I have overcome the world.'—I remember nothing more that evening, but that in the carriage, on my way home with my aunt, my eyes filled with tears, and my maid remarked the next morning that the front of my dress was stained as if I had been weeping profusely. Thus began a new period of my life, which I do not believe will ever end, not even with earthly life itself."

Collins answered nothing; but when he said he must take leave of her, and go, there was an expression of strong feeling in his face, which could not be mistaken. They had been walking up and down the wood during their whole conversation. It was now the depth of evening. Maria accompanied him to the gate of the enclosure, and they parted as friends for whom an hour had been in place of years of mutual sympathy.

CHAPTER V.

The next day Collins went, in pursuance of his promise, to see the poor basketmaker of whom Maria had spoken, and who was commonly known in the neighbourhood by the name of Jack Fowler. His dwelling was a small hut rather than cottage, close to the road-side. Before his new visitor reached it he heard a rough and cracked voice singing vigorously—

"Merry be we from morn till night,
Merry be we, merry be we.
We old fellows, in dark or light,
But ask the young to let us be."

Then, when Collins was already close at hand, the tune was changed, and he caught the words—

"The boy he never stops
In the whipping of his tops,
And the men whip each his neighbour;
But in wiser age we lay
Our idle whips away,
And sleep like the tops without labour."

The structure from which these sounds came appeared about ten feet square, and through the open door and window was seen the room which filled this space, and which was partly occupied by a ladder-stair leading to the floor above. Facing the door a man was seated on a bench, and engaged in weaving a basket. He looked up cheerfully as Collins stood before him, and said—"Good morning! good morning! Ah! Mr Collins come to see poor Jack Fowler! Well, you are kindly welcome. They do say you know more about bees than any man in these parts. Take a seat, sir, here on the bench—here's room enough."

Collins sat down and looked more closely at him. Jack Fowler probably considered himself past the middle age, being apparently about seventy-five. He also seemed to be in somewhat reduced circumstances,

for his principal garment, perhaps in some forgotten period a waggoner's frock, exhibited several holes, some of them repaired by patches, and some still unsophisticated and gaping. His person bore the traces of similar and probably more ancient injury, for it had been shorn of a leg, and had received as a substitute only a wooden member, resembling the original in little else than length, as to which the modern supporter had perhaps the advantage over the preceding one. The right hand had apparently lost the use of two of its fingers, for which it had found no remedy but in the dexterity of the others. The bust which crowned this antique trunk was of higher interest, for under the trenched and expansive forehead appeared a face of arch shrewdness and irresistible good-humour. The fine blue eyes were still bright, the cheek healthily ruddy, and the sunken mouth wore a most gladdening smile. The old man had beside and behind him the osiers which were the materials of his trade, and two or three baskets. The one he was at work on lay before him, and on a three-legged stool, close to his knee, sat, with professorial gravity, a black cat. While he spoke to his visitor he continued to ply his work, and broke out every now and then with some light-hearted stanza.

"How do you get on?" said Collins.

"Oh, very well, sir, thank you. I make it a rule to get on well. Never got on ill in my life, except when the waggon went over my leg, and before the doctor came to cut it off, and set me all to rights again. I have never wanted a stocking for that leg since; and only think what a saving that is. Ayo, aye, Mr Collins—all for the best.

"Bald is my head, so it wears no lock
For age or care to take hold of,
And my forehead's a door where grief
 may knock,
But as well might he rap on the front of
 a rock,
For I am not the man he was told of."

"Basket-making," said Collins, seems a merry sort of trade, to judge from you."

"Aye, sir, it is a merry trade enough, like most others I know of, for those that have merry hearts. And mine has never been heavy, since I found I was not going to have

the trouble of being a gentleman, with all the wearisomeness of a fortune to spend. Great blessing that. Don't you think so, sir?"

"Why, it seems to have been so to you. But every man has not your basketfull of heartiness, and if one wants that, I think a purse full of gold no bad help."

"So many think. I fancied so myself for five minutes once, and then before one could twist an ozier, I saw what a big fool I was. Perhaps, too, you think I had better be young than old. But if you do, I can tell you it is a thumping mistake, for I should have all the work to do over again. I'd as soon have the waggon go over my leg again, just for fun.

"O! for the days when I was young!
When I thought that I should ne'er be old,

When the songs came a-bubbling off my tongue,
And the girl that heard the ballad I sung,
Never thought if my pocket held copper or gold;

O! for the days when I was young!

"And yet in the days when I was young, In the days that now I remember well, Hot words like sparks around I flung, And snatching at honey I often was stung, And what I have lost its hard to tell; So I had rather be old than young."

"All the old men I know," said Collins, "but you, would be young if they could, and none of the young would be old. So you see most men are not of your way of thinking."

"So much the worse for them. I have tried both ends of life, and I like the last best. And what's more, I am sure so would every body who made the most of what he has. I was a fool when I was young, and I did not know it, so I thought myself ill-treated. I am a fool now, but I do know it, and so I am content."

"It is a queer thing to be contented with."

"Not so queer maybe as you think. Burn those oziers! they're as brittle as glass. All the wise men I have ever seen, and half a dozen have fallen in my way, one how or other, who were thought special wise in their own parishes; all of them who fancied themselves wise, have fancied too, that the world was not good enough for them, and have despised the greater number of men; those, you know, with the rough dirt upon them, but right

good ones many of them, nevertheless. These wise men, I say, have always supposed every thing, and everybody too coarse for them. I never saw one of them look right out, straight up, happy and merry. Now, it all seems too good for me, and so I should be a beast if I were not contented; just as the donkey that got into the hot-house the other day, and ate up all those fine flowers and plants, and things, would have been a wonderful big jackass if it had not been satisfied, and had wanted a thistle."

"Your receipt for happiness must be a curious and precious one; I should much like to know it."

"Bless you, I have no receipt, no more than our old women have a receipt for making flour-dumpling! They do it quite naturally. And, the same way, I am as happy as can be, except when I have the rheumatism in my leg; and then I'm thankful that I'm not like to have it in the wooden one, and that, by death or some way, most likely, it won't last for ever."

"Have you no fear of death?"

"Fear! No. I'm afraid of nothing I know of, but a lady who once came to see me, and sat on that stool where Pussy is, and talked for five hours without stopping, all about her sympathy—whatever that is—with the poor, and something that she called the poetry of basket-making, and a deal more. I'm told she is gone out of the country, so I suppose too much *tonguiness* is made transportation now—it used to be only ducking. But even when she was here I kept on making a basket, and sung a song or two while she talked. No fear of interrupting her, you know; you might as well think to stop a windmill by whistling to it. So I could sing on quite comfortable, and not cut my manners too short either."

"Those with too much cash to think of,
May the cares of life lament;
Give me but a spring to drink of,
Bread and breath, and I'm content."

"While I feel that I am living,
Death's a fool to look so grim;
All who wish me dead forgiving,
When he comes I'll sing to him."

"Have you really no fear," asked Collins, "of what may happen to you hereafter?"

"No; I cannot honestly say that I have, and I'm too old to speak bash-

ful when I don't feel it. To be sure I once took an osier, and said to myself, 'Now, I'll cut a notch on this for every sin I can remember in all my life.' I began going through the job from the time I was a baby, and a pretty lot of notches I soon had, and some of them terrible deep ones, too, that very nigh cut the twig right through. When I had done with it I took another, and another, till at last I had five osiers, and nigh five hundred notches,—for I told them off quite regular, a hundred on each. And when I got the five all in my hands, so—nice likely switches they were, too, before I had hacked them in that cruel sort of way—I said to myself,—'Well, here are the rods to give my conscience a drubbing, at all events.' Then I fell a-thinking and a-pondering what would come of it all, and at last I settled it all off as neat as a lady's work-basket. So I took and shoved the osiers into the fire; and though they were too green to burn well, I got them all burned to ashes at last, and then I was a deal easier."

"An ingenious way of burning up your offences, at all events," said Collins.

"Not at all—by no means. You're on a wrong scent there."

"The greyhound, for all he looks so fine, Has no more nose than this donkey of mine."

That wasn't it at all. But I began to see it in this way. Said I to myself,—'Here's a pretty baddish lot of things against me, to be sure. But then I don't know what kind of tally other folk might have to show if they worked as many hours as I did, and cut as clean notches.' Nay, I have a pretty good guess that there are some sullen, hard sort of men, I have seen in my time, that would be a deal worse off than I; for my notion is, that I'm no worse than most, and better than some. That's no help, you'll say. Right—very true—none in the world. For I must be judged not by this man or t'other man, but by what I knew and might have done myself, if I had been so minded. And I don't believe, in my own mind, there's one that would have much to boast of, no, not Miss Maria Lascelles, that's as like what they say of angels as any one I know. If so be, then, that we are all of us what we are, that

we have none of us any right to boast, and must all be brought to nothing if we were served right, then, I want to know, is the whole world to be swept clean away and destroyed? and, if so, why was it made at all? Thinks I, that's not my way of doing with my baskets. It is a bad workman that finds his work good for nothing when all's done, and must break it all up again. So I'm pretty certain there must be some help somewhere, if one could only find it out. Then, all of a sudden, like a flash of lightning, there came into my head all the stories I had ever heard about Jesus Christ. That silenced and steadied me all that day. I got a little boy from the school to come and read me a bit of the Bible in the evening; and then I woke up once or twice in the night and thought about it, and then I saw the whole thing as clear as daylight. I have known ever since, as sure as possible, that God never meant me to be entirely done away with because of my sins, or he would not have sent any one into the world to save me. And ever since that time, which is a good while ago, I dare say a matter of thirty years or more, I have never set to work upon the tallies again or troubled my head about them, though I knew well enough that I should not make any more such deep notches if I began to cut again now. But oslers, you see, are dear, and I want them for my baskets, so I don't try. Ever since I've been as gay as a lark. Many a time, when I have seen people pulling long faces about death, I have said to

myself—'Well, I'm not clear that I would give an osler-ship to save myself dying any night of the year, only I should like to finish a basket when once I begin it.' Often and often I think I would give a trifle to wake up some morning in another world, and see what we shall look like there—and whether I shall have my old leg again, or must make wings do instead."

Collins soon took leave of him. He afterwards discovered from others that the old man had experienced a life of misfortune; had lost wife and children and his little property in comparatively early life, and that he had now for many years worked at his trade without obtaining from it enough to supply the scantiest wants, the deficiency being made up chiefly by the charity of some neighbouring families. He was said to have preserved through life the same kindly cheerfulness which rendered him in Collins's eyes the very archetype of a happy temperament.

"Well," said the recluse to himself, with a deep sigh, "I do not envy him. His poverty-stricken contentment in such circumstances is mean and slavish; and it is sad to see a rational being so satisfied with such a state of ignorance. Ignorance, indeed, is what the wisest must put up with. Let us prize, however, what largeness of existence and fulness of knowledge we can attain to—and, comparing this lot with that of others, of such as the basketmaker, therein rejoice."

But while he thus reflected, his look and bearing were far from indicating perfect comfort and serenity.

CHAPTER VI.

On the following morning a packet was brought to Collins, which, as he very seldom received any communication, seemed to him an important occurrence. He looked for some time at the outside with surprise, but could guess nothing from this. On opening it, even before he had read a word, he was much moved. The handwriting of the first letter he came to was that of a woman of whom he had seen nothing and heard little for ten years. She was the siren of whom he had spoken to Maria, from whose charms he had escaped with the help of the advice of Mrs Lascelles. The handwriting was, in general, of the same

beautiful and bold character which he so well remembered, but had become rather weaker and less steady. The contents were to this effect:—

"You will be much surprised at hearing from me, but not more than I should have been till lately, had any one proposed to me to write to you. I have never, indeed, ceased to feel for you warmly; but I knew that you had deliberately avoided me. Nay, I owned to myself that you were right in doing so. I need not bid you endeavour to recall the days when we saw each other frequently. I have no doubt that you remember them

well. Although we never came to an avowed understanding of each other's hearts, it was a shining glowing time for both when we exchanged passion for passion; when your earnestness and my fancy encountered timidly yet most fondly; and we said to ourselves that this in truth was love, while we dared not say it to one another. That all this was guilt and disgrace to me, that my affection for you was crime against him to whom my fidelity was vowed, I well know. I will not add to my offence by now alleging the excuses which his character, and conduct, and utter indifference towards me, then seemed to furnish; and to which in living apart from me, as entirely for his own gratification he did, he appeared to give almost a public sanction. True as all this was, I nevertheless knew the right and chose the wrong, and the dwelling on these things as justifications was but a new breach of duty. I may, however, say, that I trust you have never known what it is, in the full strength of emotion and imagination to have no one to love, to see that all the treasures of the soul have been bestowed in vain on one who has no value for them, nay, no conception that they could have a worth, and who finds in the vilest pleasures more than a compensation for the devoted faith which he throws away as a cast garment. Such was my state when I knew you. I can still, after so many years—and such years!—recall the deep rapture, mingled with trembling self-reproach, and I have sometimes fancied, heightened by it, which filled my breast, when I learned to read in you all I had so vainly hoped for in another. I had no design of captivating you, but your sympathy was dearer to me than the admiration and homage of all the world, and I may now say that I am persuaded I should have given up all to possess it fully. You acted wisely, rightly, heroically, when you left me; and I can more than forgive you, I can thank you, for all the tears and groans you cost me. I then went to the seaside for my health, and lived in a lonely farmhouse away from all my acquaintances. I used to spend hours sitting on the shore thinking of you, and so strong was the impression this period of my life made on me that I have never since been able to hear the

sound of waves without seeing your image before me as you then were—young, buoyant, and enthusiastic, with your kindled cheeks and raven hair falling wildly round your forehead. Your strange but stirring and heartfelt words have always seemed to me mingled inseparably with the murmur of the waters. In happy dreams which renewed my musing youth, for when I knew you I was little more than twenty, I have sometimes believed that we are twin spirits of the ocean, floating with visionary forms beneath the stars, and with airy feet skimming over the white foam.

“But I did not propose to write to you on this subject. My love for you—I now dare call it by its name—what should I not now dare? has been to me a source of countless, pleasant, and painful thoughts. But the events which have led me now to write to you are of a very different character, and the recollection of them perpetually corrodes me with grief and shame. For some years after we parted I lived in a state of dreary indifference, occupying myself as I could with society, literature, and all the beautiful arts. I had become acquainted with an illustrious musical composer, whose music had a character of strong feeling and sublime imagination, to me peculiarly elevating and delightful. Sometimes I visited the infirm old man, who was almost blind, and could not rise from his chair, yet under the inspiration of his art awoke into divine energy. I sang to him the favourite airs of his own composition, while he touched the piano, and now and then gave me a suggestion or a criticism of memorable felicity. There was a poet also familiar with him, for whose words some of his most perfect melodies had been created. He, too, was in the habit of visiting this harmonious enchanter, who sometimes laid before me a song newly produced by both, and asked me to sing it for him. I willingly did so, and some of these strains were so exquisite, and gave me such high enjoyment, that I probably sang with more force and expression in the dark and narrow room of the old man, with none but him near me, than I ever gave to the most admired of my performances, such as they were, in the midst of crowded and applauding circles. In the musician's study, near

the instrument before which he sat, while I stood beside him, a door-way led into another room, which I knew to be a small cabinet of books, and this opening, was closed not by a door, but a green curtain. On one occasion on which I had been singing with much pleasure to myself, and to the satisfaction of my friend and master, I had ended the song, a new one of the poet before mentioned, of which the air closed in a long pathetic flow of deepest emotion; such, that the poet afterwards compared it to the last bright soft sunset before the commencing deluge. At the instant when my voice sank into silence, I heard a slight rustling near me, and looking round, I saw the curtain drawn aside, and held in one hand by a man whose other hand, as well as his countenance, expressed the highest degree of attention and sympathy. As my eyes caught his, he did not retire, but came forward, and apologized for his intrusion, by saying, that he had been engaged in arranging some verses in the cabinet for our common friend. I found that it was the poet. I afterwards learned from him that he had several times already been the unseen auditor of my singing. His fame was such, and such my own estimation of him, and his manners, and language, were now so winning, that I could not be displeased. And thus began our intimacy. A fairy sky indeed before a black deluge.

"Thus began my knowledge of a man from whom has been derived the strongest interest of my subsequent life. He was—he doubtless still is—a person whose appearance and manners are admirably in accordance with the nobler gifts of genius and knowledge. He is distinguished by a tranquil and unfailing dignity, graceful beyond all that I have seen in man, and produced, doubtless, allowing for his bodily advantages, in a great degree by his lively and predominant sense of the beautiful and the appropriate, in all things. In him, eloquence is a various and finished art, embodying and harmonizing a most abundant natural faculty; and I should have thought it altogether unrivalled had I not once known a far more fervid, generous, and lofty spirit, pouring itself forth in somewhat ruder accents. But he also possesses a pliancy and panoramic largeness of mind, pe-

culiarly his own, so that he perpetually dazzles and attracts by his swift and direct comprehension of all shapes and sides of human character, which shows itself as well in the common intercourse of life, as in the poetic creations to which he devotes his serious efforts. Being such as he is, you cannot wonder that in the dull and shapeless mass of ordinary society this man blazed like a fiery gem.

"At the time when I became familiar with him, I was inclined to take a sad but resigned view of all things, fancying that as to our ultimate destination, we can know nothing; all the distance round being but cloud and darkness, and nothing remaining for us but to light and adorn as much as possible, the narrow circle in which, for the moment, we are moving. In him I did not meet with any opposition to my own views. But I found that gradually, while I learned to know him better, my daily and immediate sphere seemed to grow wider and more beautiful. The dark and solid horizon melted into clear air. He covered the soil with fairer herbage and flowers, and shaded it with enchanted groves, and peopled it with gayer and more stately figures. From all the real incidents and persons we met with, he drew out new meanings, and wrought them together into rounded and dramatic groups. In his hands every material object seemed to become plastic, and yielded to his shaping touch, while he expanded and harmonized it into an intelligible representative of some grand idea or delicate sentiment. Every one also around us grew happier and less barren under the spell of his wise and creative sympathy. Thus I found the two processes going on together; the revival of my own spirit, and that of the whole world I lived in. My feelings in this new state of being were not, indeed, those of my first early and devoted love, nearest of all earthly affections to religion—unhesitating, fond, ecstatic, with a ceaseless, thrilling, sense of new-found life, and with an awful apprehension of a blessed mystery, encompassing both me and him I loved. I then seemed the companion of the one high kindred spirit in a vast delusive temple, blazing with incense, and deriving its choicest fragrance from our bosoms. After this, the first wondrous enchantment of the youth-

ful heart was rudely broken, and I found myself alone, and mourning in a dead wilderness, with the dark shadow of him I once delighted in, mocking at me, as it fled on the far horizon. Then in fear, and shame, and eager passion, I thought that I had found realized in you all I once dreamt of, wanting only my own irrecoverable rapture, and fancied that the one great woe of nature and destiny was the folly which led me to lavish my life upon another, instead of treasuring it for you. There was a fearful mad joy in this kindling of a love which I had believed extinct for ever. In gaining your affection, I seized this good even on the brink of misery, and while I knew that a still blacker misery than the first, would needs, one day, perhaps the very morrow, arise from it. Lastly, came my relation to my new friend, which rather tended to brighten and enlarge the common and the cheap, and to enable me to make the best of the inevitable, and to smooth and embellish my road over the earth, though it gave me no wings for mounting into air. At first, I had dwelt in a heavenly paradise with one whom I now will not name. Then in a romantic home with you, amid a lonely and sublime land. But now with him in a light and fanciful pavilion, pitched for ease and refreshment in a spot retired, but not far from ordinary human life, and yielding a fair prospect of its fields, and streams, and towns.

"Thus I thought of him when first we became intimate with each other. But gradually I better understood and was more strongly interested in the inexhaustible resources of his talents, and his power, not of assuming as a disguise, but of shaping himself into every diversity of brilliant and striking life. I learned, also, to love him more, and to value more highly his apparent admiration. So all this comparison, which I had often drawn for myself, changed its outline, and still more its colouring. I began to ask myself whether this calmer but more complete mutual intelligence, this clear and friendly view over the world around us, this freedom from exaggerating illusion, and this enjoyment of the whole genius of a man than whom none, probably, is more entirely and profusely cultivated, was not well worth all that I had ever known of headlong passion, of flaming

imagination, and dizzy self-abandonment. I often shrank from saying, yes, to the question. But, at least, I thought, what I now possess is the best substitute for earlier delight which time and calamity have left me.

"I saw this man in the midst of London society, where he was necessarily the central figure of many circles. Those who did not at all appreciate his powers, and to whom his poems appeared tame, trifling, and obscure, yet felt the necessity of his presence, and were fascinated by the clear and graceful word which solved whatever riddle came to hand, and was always spoken at the right time. More than others I enjoyed his superiority, for I understood him better than all but a few, and received more attention from him than any. To this hour I cannot remember, without some surprise, how much I learned from him even in the course of a few months. He taught me to see in art a world akin to, but distinct from, the natural one, and representing all its rude vast wilderness of facts in sunny and transparent imagery. The Beautiful became for me the highest object of existence—to see it and reproduce it the noblest aim of human effort. Not at all that I or my friend supposed all things to exist only for the purpose of being purified and recombined into beautiful symbols. But he taught me that there is an element of beauty in whatever is most evil, and that the highest of our many faculties and tasks is that of discovering this, and employing it in such shapes as shall make it manifest to the apprehension of men. But I will not now review the many sides on which this idea was presented to me, and how much in history and literature was called up by the necromancy of his intellect to strengthen me in these opinions and sympathies. It is useless to linger over the tale. I found, in short, that the more I grew to know and admire him, the more divided I insensibly became from all my other acquaintances and friends. Some, of course, were jealous of my influence over him—some affected a moral disapprobation, which some, doubtless, felt. The tide of opinion had set against me, and many were determined to go with it wherever it might lead or mislead them. He continued to woo me as a minstrel-lover, and to

instruct me as a sage teacher, but also to laugh at many scruples of those around us, and say that it was idle to listen to moral saws and maxims, very right for those who need them, but inapplicable to persons more highly cultivated than the crowd. 'Our life,' he would say, 'may be a complete, passionate, graceful, earnest poem, in spite of those who censure without appreciating us.' I found myself, also, less bound by the opinion of society, for while more strongly drawn to him I was more and more separated from every one else. In fact, he had formed a border of delicate plants around me, and led me to tend them carefully, unheeding, till too late, when I found myself imprisoned in a hedge of thorns and poison flowers. Still I fancied myself contented so long as he was with me. He, too, appeared to feel as I, nay, became more and more devoted. Some of the loveliest poems with which he bewitched the world, were suggested by his passion for me; nay, a few of his songs were but versifications of passages in my letters to him. In a word—for I have loitered too weakly already—I became wholly his, but not before I fancied that he was no less entirely my own. It is idle in me to talk of shame, guilt, remorse. I talked of these once as others do, and as people hear them talked of in sermons. Now I know them, and oh, how sharply has the knowledge been forced upon me!

"In the mean-time he never abandoned his position in that society from which, for his sake, I had excluded myself. He mingled in it as much as before, and was no less wondered at and observed, while he laboured in private at my side in the creation of works which gained daily more approbation, and that of a more valuable kind. But I was not happy. My sorrow, however, was only one ingredient in a potion which contained much of passion, enthusiasm, romance, in a word, of deep, delightful, and, strange as it may seem, I will add, of unselfish love. Such was my state when, on the morrow of a day, most of which he had passed with me, I received a note from him, saying that he found it absolutely necessary, in order to complete a work he had undertaken on the different periods of art, that he should again visit Italy. He was about to set out in two or three days. 'You know,' he said, 'how

much I dislike all painful scenes that excite and exhaust the feelings, but leave behind no profitable result. I will be happier for us both that we should not meet again. I trust that, in my absence, you may form some tie which will at least replace all that you must lose in me. Agreeable and instructive occupations you cannot want. In particular, I would recommend to you the art of lithographic drawing, in which I think you likely to excel, and which seems capable of much improvement.'

"Such was the farewell of a man for whom I had sacrificed all that a woman can give or lose. I was too completely crushed by the blow to make him any answer. My health gave way along with so much else. He wrote to me two or three times during the year he was in Italy, and affected to believe my answers must have miscarried. They had never been written. It is now two years since his return. I refused to see him on his making the proposal. I am now dying, without a friend near me, and with no consolation but that which I derive from the certainty of my own repentance for the much of evil in my life, and that I now long and groan towards good in every form of it I know, not from the hope of any selfish gain, but for its own excellence, and from the deep conviction that the sense of beauty is but the thin dream of which pure sanctity is the waking life. I have but one request to make to any one on earth, which is, that you will convey the accompanying papers to Walsingham. They are the letters and poems which he addressed to me. I have written inside the cover, only the words,—'I forgive, as I pray to be forgiven.' You, therefore, need not fear that you will be the messenger of any weak reproaches. If your voice can add aught likely to move his heart, and awaken in him some consciousness of the amazing reality of those feelings which have been to him through life only most refined and elaborate play-things, I pray you to do it. To yourself I would only say—hope in all that is good. Believe in it—love it not with the love of passion, but with that of your whole being,—mind, heart, and conscience. Do this, and you will in time find peace, perhaps, where you now least expect it. Think of me as now, in dying, the true sister of your spirit, SELINA."

CHAPTER VII.

Accompanying this letter was one from a medical man, unknown to Collins, announcing that the packet of papers had been given him by his patient on her death bed, with an earnest request that it might be sent immediately after her decease. Her death had been calm and Christian; and she had desired that a stone should be placed upon her grave, bearing only this inscription,—“Here lies a Woman, a Sinner, a Victim, and a Penitent.”

When Collins had indulged for an hour the feelings caused by this communication, he walked to the Mount in search of Walsingham. He did not at all change his common grey dress; and he arrived at the house with his staff in his hand, weary, travel-stained, and excited. He might not have easily gained access at the moment to the man he sought, but Maria happened to see him, and, observing from his look and tone that he was in a disturbed mood, and full of serious care, she asked him no question, but opened a door into the library, and said, ‘I believe you will find him there.’ Through an arch, at the opposite end of the room, he now saw Walsingham, seated in a smaller study, at a table, and with a book before him. The stained glass window threw a crimson glory on his noble face. As Collins approached with a strong and hasty step, the poet rose, and met him with a gentle smile, expressed his pleasure at seeing him, and begged him to sit down. The recluse had the packet of papers in his hand, which he held out, and said—

“I am sorry the pleasure is not mutual. I am come on a painful errand, which these papers will explain. Perhaps the nature of it will occur to you, when I recall the name of Selina, and tell you that she is now dead.”

“Dead!” said Walsingham, with a tone of sincere surprise and grief; and, as he took the packet, he sank back into his seat, and leaned his head upon his hand, with which he hid his eyes. He remained thus for some minutes, when Collins said—“Dead! and by whom slain, you probably can best divine.”

Walsingham looked up with grave

wonder and some scorn; and after a pause, replied,—

“Oh, I see. You mean to accuse me of her death. A fancy, doubtless, founded on her own statements. Poor Selina! She had an infinite depth of love, but as little wisdom as the shallowest of female natures.”

“The greater the crime, of practising on her folly.”

“So be it. There are few graves of those whom we have known at all intimately on which error of some kind does not sit, and accuse and revile us as we pass along. We have, however, something better to do than to reply. As well might one turn back to answer the scoffings of the voices which beset the traveller up the mountain in the Arabian Tale.”

“Is this, then, all—a wretched flatterer comparison, half a jest, and all a falsehood—which you can give as lamentation for her whose heart you broke?”

“My calmness is perhaps more suitable under the eye of death than your mad, boyish anger. But we gain nothing by this inappropriate dispute. If you have discharged your commission I thank you for your pains; if not, pray do so without delay. I would fain be at leisure to recall the pictures of the past, with which these letters, if they be what I suppose, are closely connected.”

“The letters are your own. I have not read them, as I had no spurious ambition of writing a romance, and finding matter to garnish it in every forgotten heap of rubbish. I know well with what a pretence of passionate feeling they must be filled, or they could never have obtained any sympathy from a heart like hers.”

“I daresay some of them are love-letters; but, assuredly, they contain no binding pledges that my life was to be wasted in playing with the tangles of Selina’s hair. But, Mr Collins, I know how she once felt towards you, and I can understand and forgive your present emotion. Your judgment of me is, perhaps, from your point of view, very natural; but, if you have fulfilled the purpose of this visit, I again beg of you to leave me to my own reflections.”

"I would gladly do so, if I had any expectation they would prove as painful as they ought. I have, however, little hope of changing a settled iciness of heart, so long accustomed to be played over by the northern lights of fancy, and therewith to be content. Could you only learn what a base and gaudy reptile you seemed at the last to her,—you now seem to me,—you would at least shrink from a contempt far sterner than any you can pretend to feel. With all your fame, and selfish lie-begetting genius, I have known many a poor handicraftsman worthier than you to have been loved by her, and whose name I would rather be able now to join with hers on her untimely but most welcome tomb."

Walsingham started up, trembling as he rose, while Collins, before he spoke, turned his back upon him, and strode out of the room.

In a few minutes the poet began to read deliberately through the letters and papers; and he soon embodied the results of his reflection on them in some hasty stanzas. He afterwards recurred to the scene between himself and Collins, and came to the conclusion that it resembled one which might be worth painting between Luther and Leo X. Collins, he thought, would probably be as well pleased with the part of the reformer which I assign him, as I with that of the cultivated and genial man, no true head, perhaps, of Christendom, but a worthy Pope of the Fine Arts. After all, St Peter's is like to stand as long as the Reformation. The verses were these:—

1.

"There was a maid who held a lute,
And sat beside a fountain's brim,
And while she sang the woods were mute,
And heard through all their arches dim.

2.

"She sang, 'O life, thou weary boon,
'Tis Love that makes thee sad to me,

And thou, O-Love! wilt leave me soon,
For Grief's cold kiss has poisoned thee.

3.

"O life! O love! O woeful heart!
I sing for one who cannot hear;
Thou, water, can'st not ease my smart
Ye summer leaves, my wreath is sere.

4.

"Thou lute, how oft thy strains were sweet
To him who cannot hear thee now!
My heart and fingers idly beat—
Two useless toys are I and thou."

5.

"I saw the maid, I heard the song.
Amid the heedless foliage sigh;
I turned away, and wandered long,
Or sat and dreamt beneath the sky.

6.

"I mused amid a lonely glen,
Where trees, and winds, and streams were all,
And thought, how shrieks from sorrow's den,
Re-echo every madrigal.

7.

"From each delight of human hearts,
That finds within those caves a tomb,
A ghost inevitable starts,
And haunts, as rightful prince, the gloom.

8.

"But not supreme the spectres reign,
And oft a younger joyous crew
Will scare away the goblin train,
And bless the radiant halls anew.

9.

"I turned and sought the fountain's glade,
And Grief and Bliss, a sister pair,
Two nymphs, came glimmering through
the shade,
And seemed to speed me smoothly there.

10.

"Again I saw the fountain flow,
I heard the trees around it wave,
But caught no lute's melodious woe:
I only found a grassy grave."

CHAPTER VIII.

On that evening Collins returned, weary, sad, and scornful, to his cottage, and sat solitary in the room where he had received Walsingham and Maria. The old servant, who was accustomed to observe his humour,

saw that he was disturbed and melancholy, and kept out of his way. Thus he remained, alone in his old elm-wood arm-chair, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, while darkness closed around him. The ticking of the ancient clock,

in its tall brown case, the scarcely audible murmur of the rivulet at the bottom of the garden, and the rise and fall of the light wind among the trees about the cottage, were the only sounds the recluse heard. Even these he was hardly sensible of, for his thoughts were intent on the matters that lay nearest and most inward to him—his passion for Selina—his hate of Walsingham—his tender reverence for Maria—his grateful devotion to her mother's memory—and, as lying in the same range of feeling, and akin in depth, although not outwardly connected with these, the vague raw strivings of his political partisanship, ending in a bloody woe. These were the closest and most personal themes of emotion which his life supplied, and therefore—such is the frame of man's spirit—those which extended furthest, and seemed to him fullest of the infinite and imperishable. Life, Death, Destiny, Mischance, Error, Remorse, Despair, contempt of All and of Himself—these, none of them exclusively possessing him, were all by turns with him.

That, however, which chiefly occupied him, was the image of Selina, as he had formerly seen her—the large and blooming form, with its sunny colouring and glow of life, which, in his youthful season of fancy and eagerness, had been to him the descending apparition of all Olympian beauty.—“How fondly,” he thought,—“how deliriously did I love her. What islands of Atlantis and Utopia did I not people with our imagined loves. And all this I left at the command of severe wisdom,—rather for her sake even than my own. And all this was enjoyed to satiety by another; and then the believing, credulous, misguided, devoted heart, was given up to its own lonely despair, and left to find, in the bitter sense of its own weakness, a ratification of the world's contempt.”

Hardly had the reflection occurred to him before he was ashamed and sorrow-stricken at having mingled any base jealousy, on his own account, with his pure grief for Selina's fate, and his righteous indignation against Walsingham. “So,” he thought, “it is with man, ever giving to the petty and individual the mark and trappings of the absolute and infinite. Yet even thus he shows his indomitable tendency to

strive towards the higher than what he is. So appearance is never a mere and gratuitous falsehood, but the ready and immediate substitute for being, of which, during a time, it assumes the name and attributes. It is the servant, who, wearing his master's clothes and title, goes before him to prepare the way, and prefigures his postponed arrival. But with me, at least, this servile and heraldic ministration of falsehood to truth is, I trust, for ever at an end; and I can no longer bear to exchange greetings or keep terms of alliance with that which is not what it seems. Jealousy!—Revenge!—down, down! and wear no more the austere and divine aspect of Truth and Right. Yet even with this rigid separation of myself and my own feelings from the whole matter, still it remains a dark puzzle. I cannot execute vengeance on Walsingham. The blade with which I sought to stab him would start back from the airy shade of Selina interposed between. Nay, at all events, it were better to leave him fluttering idly over the slime in which at last, when his wings fail, he will assuredly be caught and sink. She sleeps calmly, or, at least, the tomb conceals and locks beyond our reach her present stage of suffering. It is I who remain here, the object of my own hideous thoughts, and find myself again, after years of enforced calm, distracted and tortured with the same pangs and remembrances from which I have already given so much of my life-blood to buy an uneasy and insecure escape. It is unmanly, weak, pitiable to give way. It were nobler, more Titanic, to struggle on. Yet struggle leading only to fresh struggle, without a hope of final peace, wastes and grinds down the spirit, if it does not issue in immediate defeat and death. Oh, that some signal were given from the loftier circles of this frame of things, and that, by it empowered, I could sink into sea-deep oblivion!”

One—two—three—the clock sounded as he muttered to himself, and so on to twelve.

The sound broke up the dream of his existence, and many minds awoke within a single breast. Edmonstone—Harcourt—Wilson—Hastings—Musgrave—Walsingham—Collins—all were there. With the feelings of these

several lives came the recollection of the history of each, seen in long perspective through its own particular doorway, and all meeting in the central chamber of the one consciousness. In due relation to each were seen the several figures connected with it,—Maria—Ann—the old man of the Araxes—the Caffre girl—the Armenian merchant—Henry and his wife Elizabeth, and the poor of Musgrave's parish—Selina, and the poet's troop of phantoms—Everard—Andrews—and the slain victim of Collins's politics. Amid these living and dead ones, and many more of both, encircling each of the central shadows, the eye found no fixed point of vision, and the bewildered heart no peace. The gazer hovered uncertain as a bird that has wandered from its master, floats in air above a host of men, and seeks in

vain the one to whom alone it would return. He, perhaps, in the meanwhile pines in a prison, or moulders in the grave.

But to the seeking, weary spirit, one form presented itself amid all these; older, feebler, poorer, more ignorant, more helpless, more bereft, more scorned than all,—the crippled basket-maker. "Knowledge, talents, wealth, love, youth, zeal—all these I have in vain experienced. But one trial more remains for me,—to sink to the lowest of conditions, as I have attempted fruitlessly so many higher ones." He spoke sharply and abruptly the name of the poor solitary old man. The world of spectres, vaguer than life, and of too intense realities, disappeared from the chamber of the Recluse, and left him to repose.

CHAPTER IX.

Maria was walking in the wood where she had conversed with Collins, and as she passed the gate, she was surprised to see peering above it the head of the old basket-maker, whom she had never before known to come so far from home. She walked lightly up to him, with a smiling face, and asked him whom he wanted to see?

"You, miss."

"Well, what can I do for you? Is it money you wish for?"

"No; all the money Mr Nugent has would now be of little use to me. I have few wants, miss, and now I feel I have not long to live. But if you would do me a kindness, you must let me have my own way for this once."

He saw assent in her face, and, opening the gate, entered the wood. Then looking round him, he said, "It is near twenty years since I was here last. The trees have grown well. Miss, please to follow me."

So saying, in spite of his lameness, he walked on vigorously before her, and led the way to the most retired corner of the plantation. The path was nearly overgrown with weeds, and led to a diminutive streamlet, hardly beyond the size of a ditch, crossed by a single plank by way of bridge. Beyond this lay a thicket

composed chiefly of evergreens, which looked peculiarly gloomy in the midst of the full and glittering summer foliage of the deciduous trees around them. The ground under their dark boughs was ragged and neglected, and the old seat, which stood in the centre of a small clear space, was also overgrown with moss.

"Here," said Fowler, "it was. Now, will you sit down there while I lean against this tree."

So saying, he leant his back against the stem of a yew-tree, which grew close to the end of the bench. On this Maria seated herself, for it was plain, from the manner of the old man, that he was perfectly in earnest, and had in view some serious purpose. He was under the dark canopy of branches, but a ray of light fell full on her, and in her white dress she might have seemed a figure of snow, or of polished silver, in the midst of a scene and images of bronze. She looked at Fowler from under her straw-bonnet with some wonder and anxiety, but with unalterable kindness, and waited till he should speak. He turned down his bright blue eyes for some time, leaning both hands upon his staff, and then looked at her.

"It is now," he said, "nineteen years since I was last in this spot. At that time Mr Nugent was away in

the army up at London or somewhere, and he let Mr Lascelles live in the manor-house. Mrs Lascelles, who was one of the best women I ever saw, had just brought him a girl, and they had lost two or three children before. I lived then at a cottage down by the mill, a mile and a half from this, and had my daughter with me. My wife and all my other children were gone, and my daughter Mary was a widow, with one little boy. He and his mother too have been taken since. She had buried her husband away on the sea-coast, and was come back to me to lie-in. A few days after this, late in the evening, I heard a tap at my door, and I remember my little grandson woke up, and said, 'Grandfather, there's a noise; do you think it is a ghost?' Poor child! he went soon after to a better place. I opened the door, and saw Mr Lascelles. He looked very pale and distressed, and he said to me, 'Fowler, I cannot stay now to speak to you, for I should be missed at home. But come up to the furthest gate of the wood behind the house—that's where I came in just now—to-morrow morning at six o'clock, and I will meet you there.' He slipped a guinea into my hand, and hurried away. I was much puzzled and surprised, and after I went to bed I lay awake for half an hour thinking what it could mean. However, the guinea served to buy some gruel that night for my daughter, and something too for little Thomas. The next morning I went up at six o'clock, and found Mr Lascelles waiting at the gate. He told me to follow him, and walked before me to this place; and when we got here he turned sharp round upon me, and said, 'Fowler, will you save my wife's life?' At first I thought that he was mad, and I could not answer any thing; but I looked at him where he stood—there where your foot now is. Then his face seemed to shiver, and grew pale, and then red again, and he said, 'Fowler, do you want to kill Mrs Lascelles, or will you save her life?' and he stepped close to me, and caught my arm, and looked hard into my face with the strangest, sharp, sorrowful look I ever saw. I could hardly speak, but I said, 'To be sure, sir, I'll do whatever I can, unless it is something wrong. If you want that, I'll see and pay you back your guinea

somehow before long.' At this he looked quieter, and said, 'My guinea! Pooh! what signifies that? Listen, and I'll tell you what I want. You know I have lost all the children I have had except this one; and Mrs Lascelles was almost heart-broken before this was born, thinking she should lose it too in a few months. The child is a girl, and since its birth, a week ago, it has been growing every day punier and punier; and the mother, what between her weak state from her confinement, and her grief for the poor baby, has grown quite ill. She is in a high fever and delirious, and is always asking for the child, and crying. Even if she should grow a little better, and find it dead, the doctor says that very likely she might go too. It would be a hard thing, Fowler, to lose a wife one loves.' Then I looked at him too, and said, 'You may say that, sir; it's a deal worse than to lose a leg.' So he went on this way—'Now I want to know, will you prevent this with no loss to yourself?'—'I prevent it, sir! What can I do? I am not a doctor, much less God, to save the poor child's life or Mrs Lascelles's.'—'Oh,' he answered, 'you can do every thing. You have a daughter who has been just confined too, and her baby is a girl, is it not?'—There he stopped, and it all came across me like a blaze of fire, and I thought I should have fallen down. But then again he took my hand, and pressed it very hard, and looked into my face that odd way. His eyes were filling with tears, and he said—'Will you persuade your daughter to give me that baby? She has another child, I know, and you and she will be able to do better for it. Besides, the one she parts with will be brought up as Mrs Lascelles's own, so you may be sure it will want for nothing, and I shall always be grateful to you and yours for the best service any one could render me.'—This all came on me together, and I could only say—'Well, sir, but my little grandchild—poor baby, it is but ill off now,' I said, 'and likely to be worse—my grandchild will not be the same thing to Mrs Lascelles as her own. Had not you better wait till she gets stronger, and if so be that God pleases to take her girl, why then she may choose another for herself?'—'Fowler,' he said, 'she'll never grow stronger if she

loses this child. She must never know of the exchange. Before the baby dies, and it has not many hours to live, the other must be put in its place while she sleeps, or is too confused in her head to know what we are doing. Then when she comes round a little, and sees the child strong and well, no doubt she'll recover too. She must never know it;—and he said the word *never* as if he wanted to nail the notion into my head. I felt quite puzzled and unsteady, and did not know what to say. There was the thought of the poor lady's death, and Mr Lascelles's grief, and perhaps his death too, for to be sure no one ever loved his wife more than he; and then I thought how ill I could do for my daughter and her children, how often they would be likely to want food and clothes and fire, and what worse would become of them if I died; and, after pondering a minute or two, I said—'Sir, you shall have the child, if I can manage it.'

The whole story had gradually been unfolding itself in Maria's mind, though, in her amazement, she had much difficulty to comprehend it perfectly. At last she exclaimed—"Do you mean that I am your granddaughter, and not the child of Mrs Lascelles?"

Startled at her tone of voice, he answered, hurriedly—"That and nothing else is what I mean."

Then rose an agony of grief in her. She covered her face with both her hands, and her head sank down upon her lap. Her limbs, too, failed, and she slid off the bench until she knelt upon the ground. Fowler was bewildered between habitual respect for her station and fond affection for herself, and he thought that he had best let her weep on for some minutes. Then he went to her and touched her arm. She shrank from him hastily, but the next instant seized the great brown furrowed hand, and pressed it to her lips. She rose from her knees and sat down again upon the bench, and desired him to sit beside her.—"Tell me," she said, "what became of my mother?"

"She lost her little boy by hooping-cough, and then she too pined away and died. They are both buried with my wife and our other children in the churchyard of the old church that was burned the other night. It was still

used now and then for burying in those days."

This brought back to Maria her presence there, and all the scene with Walsingham, and suggested to her more vividly than any thing before the change of her position in the world. She tried, however, to fix her thoughts upon the obscure grave and history of her mother, and to find her own reality in these new circumstances. Of Mrs Lascelles she did not dare to think. But at last she asked again,—“Who was my father?”

“He was a fisherman twenty miles from this, and a very good young man. But he was drowned, and his wife was obliged to return to me. His name was Williams.”

She mused for a few moments, and, gathering strength and courage, said to Fowler—“My name, then, is Williams, too? But there are other things that I must know in order to do what is right.”—Then, by several distinct questions, she drew from him the account of which the following facts are a summary:—

Mr Lascelles had himself gone for the child at night, together with the medical man, taking the corpse of his own baby to Fowler's cottage. This was buried, a day or two afterwards, as the child of Mrs Williams. Her living infant was, in the mean-time, conveyed to the Mount; and, as Mrs Lascelles was far too ill to observe accurately, and the room was kept darkened, there was no difficulty in deceiving her. She then gradually recovered her health, and soon became perfectly well. Mr Lascelles had said to Fowler that he should immediately make a will, bequeathing all his property to Maria after his wife's death, with an annuity to Fowler and his daughter. He premised, however, that this had not been done, as he had not since received any payment, and the omission was easily explained, for Mr Lascelles was killed a very few months afterwards by a fall from his horse. Mrs Lascelles then removed to London, in order to be near her mother and other friends. The nurse, who alone among the servants knew of the exchange, had been long dead. The medical man had gone to reside in the metropolis, and of his further history Fowler knew nothing. But he produced from an old tin snuff-box a certificate of the principal fact written by Mr Lascelles

himself, and signed both by him and the surgeon.

The sight of this paper again agitated Maria violently, for although she had before no doubt of the truth of the narrative, this seemed at once to bring it into the class of admitted and commonplace facts. Every thing which seemed to separate her from Mrs Lascelles was to her excruciating. But she felt the necessity of decision and external calmness, and would think only of what was to be done.

"Why," she said, "did you not tell me this sooner?"

"Why should I? You were happy, and so was I. And I did not know what change it might make for you if I spoke of matters that had happened twenty years ago. But now I think I shall not live much longer, and I could not die quietly without telling you the truth. But I shall never speak a word of it to any one else. So you must settle for yourself whether you choose any thing to be done about it."

"I shall at once tell Mr and Mrs Nugent the whole story. What they may wish I do not know. But I will send to inform you as soon as possible. In the meantime, take this," giving him the contents of her purse, "I must not have money and you be in want of it."

The old man looked at her with glistening and delighted eyes, and exclaimed, "Well, when I have seen you, I have often thought you are a deal prettier than ever your poor mother was, though she was the prettiest girl in the parish; but I never knew you look half so beautiful before. Perhaps when I see you again, if that ever happens, it may be settled that you shall be nothing more to me than a fine young lady, and, I daresay, that would be best for us both. But I should like that you would give your old grandfather one kiss before he dies." She threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him repeatedly, while the tears ran down his face. "Now," he said, "dear Miss Maria, you had best go to the house, and leave me to get home at my own pace. You will have plenty to think of, no doubt. But, at all events, you may believe that you are dearer to poor old Jack Fowler than to any of the great folks you have been living among. I never saw the tail of your gown go by without praying God to bless you; and when you used to come down here from London, I always fancied He had sent an angel into the country to do every body good. God bless you, my darling! God bless you, and make you as happy as I wish you, and as good as the Virgin Mary!"

CHAPTER X.

When Maria had reached her own room she threw herself upon her knees, and prayed for strength to do what was right in all things, and to bear meekly and cheerfully whatever might occur to her.

She then sat down and began to reflect upon the steps requisite to be taken. Her heart was full of the memory of Mrs Lascelles, who had been to her far more than a common mother, and who had died in the belief that Maria was her child. But she knew that now was not the time for these feelings, and turned away from them in order to act decidedly. The question as to Mr Nugent's determination was far from clear. He was a haughty self-indulgent man, full of concentrated family pride, and believing that there was a specific virtue in the blood of his ancestors to render

their descendants a race altogether apart, in merit and dignity, from the rest of mankind. The notion that any one not thus distinguished should appear as a sharer of the Nugent privileges, even on the mother's side, was very likely to strike him as an unheard-of profanation. It might, possibly, seem to him an imposture violating the most sacred principles of human existence, and entailing nothing less than infamy on any one who should connive at it. As to the question of money, Maria knew that her supposed father had possessed a considerable fortune; but this, she believed, arose entirely from the produce of a Cornish mine, which, she understood, had now ceased to be profitable. She had, moreover, little doubt that he had not left a will, and that she, therefore, would, at all events, possess no claim.

Her supposed mother's small fortune, she also believed, had come to her by inheritance, not bequest; as, indeed, Mrs Lascelles could have had no reason for making a testamentary disposition in favour of an only child, who would naturally succeed to her possessions. Any provision from this source she would, therefore, also be deprived of; and, at all events, she would have had at least much hesitation in taking advantage of a bequest made under an erroneous belief as to her birth. Thus she saw clearly that she was now altogether dependent on Mr Nugent, who had always professed the intention of making her his heir, but who would now assuredly abandon any such design, and might very possibly even dismiss her from his regard and protection. Mrs Nugent abounded in good-will of a very ordinary and undiscerning stamp, but, as to all more serious matters, was a mere instrument of her husband's decrees. She bought some latitude of indulgence by an idolatrous veneration for his wisdom in every thing on which he condescended to exert it.

Having thus reviewed for herself the chief circumstances of her situation, she wrote a full account of all she had heard from Fowler, which she addressed to Mr Nugent, and begged to know what he might decide. She sent the letter to him by a servant within two hours of her return to the house. Having done this, her heart, though still deeply agitated, felt much lighter than before; and she leant her head upon her hand, and retraced all her life with Mrs Lascelles, even in the most minute detail, as if on occasion of a second death-bed, again taking leave for ever of the only being whom she had known as a mother. She took out, and looked at all the little outward tokens in her possession of warm and pure maternal affection, a miniature which she had always worn, a bracelet of her hair, a paper of practical directions for her conduct in life, and some fragments of written prayer for her welfare. Long and sadly did she contemplate these things, and revolved the mystery of that relation, so far higher and holier than the outward and natural one, which had constituted, and would for ever maintain the guide and guardian of her childhood as the true and imperishable mother of her spirit.

She was left alone to the indulgence of these reflections till nearly evening, when her maid knocked at the door and delivered to her a letter, which, she said, had been given to her by Mr Nugent's man. Maria dismissed her, and with a firm hand opened the paper, which had no direction, but the contents of which ran thus:—

"DEAR MISS WILLIAMS,—I address you by the name which I learn from your communication you must henceforth bear, because it can never be too soon to act upon a sense of duty. You will not expect me to write very coherently while indignant, as I now must be, at the unprincipled deception so long practised upon me. Not that I mean at all severely to blame you. I have no doubt, from all I have seen of you, that you would have shrunk with just horror from assuming any claim to the blood of my family. Even if, as I cannot but suspect, you have sometimes had instinctive suspicions—providential intimations, as it were—that your birth did not entitle you to the position you were placed in, yet I cannot wonder that these were speedily suppressed by the consideration of the distinction you thus attained, to say nothing of the ease and elegance of your life, which I candidly confess that I esteem of less importance. Neither do I unconditionally condemn my late sister, who, doubtless, had derived from her ancestors a sense of honour that must have prevented her from intruding any one of obscure descent into our family. I cannot, however, but suppose that in earlier life, and when nearer to the plebeian source of your existence, your disposition and appearance must have betrayed to a near observer some traces of vulgarity, of course, exquisitely painful to your supposed mother. I can, therefore, only presume that a due regard to her husband's memory withheld her from indulging any doubt on the subject, especially as, without even fancying any such substitution as had unhappily taken place, it might have been believed that the signs of rusticity and meanness had arisen naturally from him, as I have heard that one of his grandmothers was little better than a farmer's daughter. For him, indeed, I reserve my whole moral disapprobation, contempt, and disgust. If forging the name of a commercial house to a

piece of paper, which can only lead to the loss of money—so deservedly undervalued by all moral writers—be justly thought worthy of painful, disgraceful, nay, even of capital punishment, how can we rate sufficiently high the guilt of a culprit who has deliberately forged the name of an honourable family—for the Lascelles's are decidedly gentlemen—to a child, to a living progeny of beggars, fishermen, peasants, and I know not whom—nay, has involved in this disgrace an ancestry beyond comparison more distinguished, whom, through his wife, he has thus attempted to stain with indelible contamination? Far, far better had my sister perished honourably, rather than be saved by such an artifice, and live in some degree to aid in so basely deluding me. It is doubtless an ordinance of the Divine mercy which left him without a son who might possibly have inherited his laxity of principle. But I restrain my outraged feelings from regard to you, who would, perhaps, be pained by the expression of them in their full force.

“As to yourself, my dear Miss Williams, it will be obvious to your good sense, which, for a person of your birth, certainly does you credit, that you have lived in my family only as my niece, and, the error being cleared up, I owe it to myself to take care, however reluctantly, that you should no longer occupy the same si-

tuation. Indeed, your continuance in this house, even as an humble companion of Mrs Nugent, would be so distressing to me as reminding me of the deception I have suffered from, as well, doubtless, as to Mrs Nugent, who always governs her views by mine, that I could not think myself justified in so lacerating all our most sacred sentiments and principles. You derive no property from Mr Lascelles, and that of Mrs Lascelles, my late sister, now reverts to me as her brother. I am far, however, from desiring that you should be left without the means of subsistence in the rank of life which you must now belong to, and to which your origin so naturally consigns you. I therefore propose to settle on you the sum of fifty pounds per annum, both as an act of charity, and as marking my general approbation of your conduct. I also wish you to remain in this house for a day or two, until you can make arrangements for quitting it. You will always find in me a sincere friend, and it must be a relief to your mind to know that I do not consider you as in any serious degree guilty of the foul and profligate treachery which has been exercised towards me. Believe me, my dear Miss Williams, very sincerely yours,

“WALTER ALGERNON SIDNEY
“NUGENT.”

CHAPTER XI.

Well as Maria thought she knew the writer of this letter, she was hardly prepared for all its contents, and she could not suppress her disgust at many expressions in it. She took, however, a few hours to consider what she should do, and sent to beg that she might be excused from appearing at dinner. The most pressing object was to communicate with her grandfather; but for this purpose the only person she could apply to at the moment was the old housekeeper. The good woman heard the story of her birth with amazement and bitter grief, and readily undertook to go to Fowler that evening, and say that Maria was soon to leave the Mount, but could not yet decide precisely what she should do. This being arranged, she wrote to Arthur a full statement of

the whole matter, distinctly released him from his engagement, which, she said, she feared had been already irksome to him, and stated that she designed to seek at once for a situation as governess. She added, that she did not wish him to misunderstand her views, and would explain them to him, although to no one else. She felt sure that any plan of residing with her grandfather would, from their different habits, be extremely unpleasant and disadvantageous to them both. She referred, however, with earnest admiration to the noble qualities of the old man, and said that he was one from whom a queen might be proud to have descended.

She had hardly finished this letter before Mrs Nugent came to her in a foolish flurry of sorrow, wonder, and

good-nature. She had adopted all her husband's opinions on this as on every other subject, but her heart was too much for her head, and, in bidding Maria good-night, she showed real feeling. The housekeeper did not present herself till later, and then she came in with a face of paleness and anxiety, and said, "Ma'am, you need not think any more of doing him good. He is gone to a better place, and has left you his blessing."

This new shock for a time completely overpowered Maria, and a long flood of tears gave her a melancholy relief. When she could again collect herself—so vanishes the thought, the last tie of human kindred that belonged to me on earth—the image of the cheerful, generous, unconquerable old man rose strongly before her as she had seen him that very morning. She could hardly conceive the possibility of his so sudden death, although he had himself foreseen it. The housekeeper said, in answer to her questions, that a woman, the wife of a labourer, had come to attend on him. By her account, he had returned from the Mount much exhausted, and had lain down on his pallet, hardly able to speak. The woman, whom he had called on in his way home, and begged to accompany him, had given him drink, and after a time he had regained strength enough to explain himself, but was evidently fast declining. He was hardly alive when the housekeeper reached him, yet he seemed pleased when she mentioned who it was that had sent her. With closed eyes and joined hands he articulated very feebly,—"Tell Miss Maria that I pray God to bless her—God Almighty bless her!"—A few minutes afterwards he again opened his bright blue eyes, fixed them on the face of his visitor, with a slight smile—closed them again—and expired.

Maria, strange as it may seem, slept during the night, and dreamed that she was a child gathering daisies, which she put into a basket that Jack Fowler held for her, and which he afterwards helped her to carry and present to Mrs Lascelles. When she woke, all the occurrences of the previous day also appeared a dream. But swiftly they broke upon her; and although at first she trembled, she soon regained her strength and calmness, and felt in the very gravity and sadness of the

events a claim on her for the energy required by them. Having made up her mind as to the future, she determined to see Mr Nugent, for she knew that her presence had an ascendancy over him which she would be far from equally certain of maintaining by letter.

She went down to his study, knocked at the door, entered, and found him sitting woe-begone over a parchment pedigree, examining to whom he ought to bequeath his property. He rose at her approach, coloured, and stammered out—"Well, dear Maria—Miss Lascelles—Williams, I mean—I trust you are satisfied with the communication you received from me."—She looked at him steadily and courteously, and said—"I have no complaint to make."—Then she took a chair and sat down; on which he grew more confused and more civil, and, also sitting down, said—"Can I do any thing for you? I shall be most happy if you will let me know how I can serve you."

"Pray, have you heard of the death of my grandfather?"

"Yes; Mrs Simpson told me of it. Allow me to condole with you on the subject. I assure you I have always entertained a favourable opinion of him, and do not blame him—that is, I do not so very much blame him—for his concealment of the truth."

"Of course nobody dares imagine that any blame attaches to him. He only complied with the eager wishes of Mr Lascelles, and could not suppose himself in any way responsible for the result of his private arrangements.—But I now wish to say, that, as I have so long lived in your family, and have not, I trust, at all disgraced it, I cannot conceive myself asking any extravagant favour if I desire to be allowed to remain here until I can make all the necessary preparations for quitting the house with propriety. During that interval I trust I shall not be pained by any superfluous remarks, either on my own parentage or on the conduct of Mr and Mrs Lascelles. These are points which cannot, I think, be very decently commented on before me, in the tone of your letter. If, as I presume will be the case, you agree to my wishes in these respects, it will give me pleasure to remain with you and Mrs Nugent for some days; and I hope to show by my conduct

and demeanour that I am very sensible of the favour with which I have been so long treated both by you and her."

"It will give me great satisfaction that you should stay here as long as is convenient to you."

"I design, as soon as I can procure a suitable situation, to place myself as a governess."

"A very proper and judicious plan, and such as I should have expected from you. Is there any thing else I can do for you?"

"Yes. Be good enough to give orders for the burial of my grandfather in the most respectable manner practised among persons of his class. If,"—she added, with a slight look of scorn—"you are so disposed, I shall be happy to have the expense deducted from the first payment of the annuity of fifty pounds which you promised me; and I beg leave to say, that it is not my intention ever to trouble you for the payment of any further portion of it."

Here Mr Nugent endeavoured to escape from his sense of humiliation by adopting a more cordial tone. "Oh my dear Maria, why need there be any question of money between you and me. You must be aware that it would give me much gratification to supply you to the utmost. I only spoke of a trifling annuity as thinking it might be pleasanter to your feelings than any larger income."

Baseness, thought Maria, has still one deep lower than another. She said aloud—"We shall be able to speak of this hereafter. In the meantime I rely on you for doing whatever is most right and respectful towards the remains of my grandfather. I wish them to be buried, if possible, where those of his family rest, in the burial-ground of the ruin which was the scene of the late fire. I will now go to Mrs Nugent, to whom I wish to announce that I have your permission for remaining here till I may find it convenient to remove to some other—home."

She hesitated at the last word, for she felt in pronouncing it that she had now no home on earth, and that it might, probably, be the happiest lot for her to be carried on the same road as her grandfather, to be laid beside him. She preserved, however, her self-possession, and, with an involun-

tary air of indulgent condescension, shook hands with Mr Nugent before she left the room.

He immediately gave directions for having the funeral of the old basket-maker conducted with the utmost decorum, and sent a confidential person to the cottage to take charge of the arrangements, and see his orders executed. Women were employed to remain with the body, who relieved each other, and at nightfall the two sat together in the little room below, in the midst of the few implements and articles of furniture, the bench, the osiers, the tools, and the baskets. Among these was one which he had finished on the previous morning before setting out to see Maria. The women were nodding on opposite sides of a solitary candle, when they were startled by a knock at the door, and on opening it two figures were dimly seen, one of whom, a tall female, entered, wrapped in a dark cloak. She said in a low voice a few words, which, half asleep as they were, they did not understand. She then walked up the frail and narrow stair, down which a faint light shone from the chamber above where lay the body. The woman disappeared noiselessly from the eyes of the astonished watchers, and some minutes passed before they regained courage to follow her. They did so with some trembling and treading on tip-toe, and when they had gained the top of the stair they saw her kneeling beside the mean pallet-bed, bent over one hand of the corpse which she held in hers. They observed that the old man's favourite black cat had seated itself on the small table, which sustained a candle, and, while they gazed into the room, fixed steadily its pale green eyes upon them. The woman, they thought, sobbed faintly, and, looking at each other, they turned and retreated to the lower room. In the meantime the mourner looked at the tranquil face of the corpse, and then, again drawing her veil over her wet eyes, walked down the stair and passed through the room. The door was closed, but one of the women came forward and opened it, and saw the second figure in the darkness without, waiting for the one within. The visitor to the corpse glided silently away, and the two shadows were lost in the deep night.

CHAPTER XII.

Maria spent many of the following hours in reading and in prayer, in meditating on the character and history of the old man whose corpse she had visited, and endeavouring to retrace the probable condition of his family, and to divine what sort of person she would have become, had she been brought up as what she really was. On the following morning, after a disturbed sleep, she awoke with even more anxiety for the future than at any time since the discovery of her origin. It was possible that she might have an answer from Arthur, with whom she had never before permitted herself to correspond. She resolved, however, not to indulge her own reflections, but to act decidedly, and she employed herself, except while at breakfast with Mr and Mrs Nugent, in writing to several of her friends to announce the change in her position, and to state the measure she had resolved on, in which she begged their assistance; indicating, at the same time, very clearly, her determination not to become dependent on any one, but to obtain her subsistence by her own efforts.

By this time the rumour of strange events and discoveries at the Mount had spread far and wide. Members of different neighbouring families presented themselves as visitors in the course of the morning, or sent to make civil enquiries. From some of these persons Maria felt confident of real friendliness. Nevertheless she declined to appear, and sat intent upon her task till her maid brought her, not a message, but a letter from Arthur. It had no post-mark, or direction, and contained only these words;—

"DEAREST MARIA,

"Can you see me now? If not—when?

"Yours,

"A. E."

The maid observed that her mistress coloured all over her neck and temples, and trembled, but with eagerness, not fear. She spoke in a voice of forced tranquillity; desired Mrs Nugent might be asked to lend her the uninterrupted use of her boudoir for a short time, and that Mr Edmonstone might be shown in there, where she would immediately join him. In a few moments

more the door was closed upon them in the same room, and they had sprung, for the first time, into each other's arms. His arrival had dispersed all doubts and fears. She knew, without the help of words, that she was still loved; and his manner soon made her feel that she had never been dearer to him, or their engagement in his eyes more precious and sacred.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, after some minutes of silent emotion and overpowering joy, "Thanks be to Heaven! you are now free and can be mine, and I can work for both of us, and feel that it is I for whom you live, and not for cold and proud relations."

"No," she whispered, "less free than ever, for I must now begin to regard myself as wholly yours, however long it may be before our union is realized."

"Why long? Not, I trust, at the utmost more than a few weeks. My position in the world is changed, and my mind, I trust, even more so. But as to outward circumstances, I have been lying for many weeks seriously ill in body, and suffering, also, from the strangest series of phantasms and hallucinations. During all this time I have been attended with sedulous watchfulness by an old grand-uncle, who has returned from India, after a life spent in the tropics. He, I know, will assist me with the means of settling myself, and my profession will do the rest, when I have hope and love to cheer me on. You will be contented without magnificence; and, with clear consciences, we shall both be happy."

"Why did you not sooner let me know of your amended prospects?"

"It was not till Tuesday evening that I was able to rise from bed, or knew any thing of my true position. Your letter reached me on the following morning, and I am here sooner than my physician would have recommended. But he knew nothing of the cordial remedy which awaited me at my journey's end."

"I wish I could have been there to nurse you. You look thin, dear Arthur, but not ill. Did you suffer much?"

"No, I lay, I believe, for the most part in a kind of stupor. To myself I seemed surrounded by many figures,

some of whom I had known before and some not, but you were the principal personage among them all. There were Sir Charles Harcourt and Hastings the traveller, the poet Walsingham, the wife of poor Henry Richards, the white-haired and rather short man whom I have heard you talk of as Collins, and old Fowler, your grandfather, whom I knew when I first knew you, and lived as a boy in this neighbourhood with my mother. There were also several others, and the movements and changes of the whole history turned upon a Ring."

She held up her hand before his face, which his first impulse was to kiss, but he saw that on one of the fingers was an Onyx Ring.

"How on earth did you come by that? It has haunted me as if a magic Ariel were fused amid the gold, or imprisoned in the stone."

"I will tell you. My grandfather died on Tuesday evening, the time you say of your recovery. My good friend Mrs Simpson was with him at the last—brought me an old tin snuff-box which I had before seen, and which had been found grasped in the hand of the corpse. It contained a certificate signed by Mr Lascelles and the medical man then in attendance upon his wife, that the child of Mrs Wil-

liams had been received by them from Fowler, and substituted for the dead infant. In the same box, wrapped in a separate paper, was the Onyx Ring. I presume it had been given to the old man by Mr Lascelles as a token which, to him who could not read, would be more expressive than any written document, and would substantiate to his fancy the fact that the supposed Maria Lascelles owed only to accident the being other than Mary Williams."

"A curious coincidence, at least, with my visions. But as to the change of your name it is of little importance, for I hope a third will soon obliterate both the former ones. My trance, how unsubstantial soever may have been the forms I conversed with, has at least left on my mind intellectual and spiritual impressions too many, perhaps, and complex, ever to be fully described, but of which you, I trust, as well as I, may reap the benefit through all my life. Now that you keep your hand quiet and let me look at the ring close, I see the old man's head upon it is as beautifully executed as if it were one of Weigall's finest works. It bears, moreover, a curious resemblance to my uncle who has watched me so tenderly in my illness, and I could almost have supposed it a portrait of him."

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER.

FASCICULUS THE FIRST.

"Duplex libelli dos est; quod movet risum,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio movet."—*Phædrus*.

"He would eat oysters if he could get them, and though this oysters never tasted so sweet as when he had them upon tick."—*Citizen of the World*.

Scene—O'Hara's Divan, French Street. *Time*—Midnight, or thereabouts.

Beverages—Whisky toddy, rum punch, gin twist, cold brandy and water, ditto ditto hot, with sugar. *Smokeables*—Cubas, Havannahs, Woodville's yellows, Silva's ditto, cheroots, meerchaums, hookahs, yards of clay, Dutch, glazed English and Knockcroghery, short cut, mild canaster, Virginia, pigtail, and returns.

Parties extant—THE SQUIREEN, DOCTOR SNOAKER, MR GREEN STREET, the Old Bailey Barrister, AN INSPECTOR OF NATIONAL SCHOOLS, several half-mounted Gentlemen, and the OYSTER-EATER.

Squireen (loquitur). Pat, bring another "go" of brandy for the Oyster-Eater; and, Pat, you may bring another for myself, by the powers.

Doctor Snoaker. Patricius, "repetatur," as we say, ex cyathis magno—Capiat.

Pat. Another go of rum, sir? yes, sir.

Inspector. Pat, I will take "one of whisky." Christians, as the apostle Paul—

Lawyer Green Street. Pat, call a new case.

Pat. Gin, I think for you, Counseral?

The Oyster-Eater. And, Pat, let me have brandy, as the Squireen wishes to treat me, and, d'ye see, mix it stiffer than you did the last.

Pat. The last was stiffish, sir.

The Oyster-Eater. Well! the last but one then.

The Half-mounted. Whiskies all round for us—Pat—whiskies!

Pat. Immediately, gentlemen, in a wink.

Squireen. I think, gentlemen, by the powers, somebody was knocked down by myself for a song—it couldn't be me, for I'm so dry that I couldn't turn a tune, by the powers—was it yourself, Doctor Snoaker?

Dr Snoaker. Me, sir,—paulo majora—you asked the Inspector for a song—*cuculus canorus*.

Inspector. Beg pardon, but the Counsellor was the man—live in harmony with one another—excuse me—it's a rule of the board.

Green Street. Rule made absolute—I never sing—that is to say, seldom or ever, not often—I mean sometimes—not just now—after the Oyster-Eater.

Oyster-Eater. By no means, sir, I couldn't think of —

Inspector. Do oblige us—it's a rule of the board—all denominations of Christians.

Dr Snoaker. Aye, Turks, Jews and Arians—flat mistura.

Inspector. Arians, did you say, Doctor? Excuse me, it's a rule of the board—but the Arians, Socinians, and so forth—

Dr Snoaker. Keep you in your places—and very natural for them—Did you not compile a series of Scripture lessons on the principle of the family Shakspeare, in which all passages that “can possibly offend” Turk, Jew, Arian, or Atheist, are “purposely omitted?” I use the words of your preface.

Inspector. We publish, but nobody reads them—they will keep.

Dr Snoaker. And do you not assure us in your preface that these *selections*, as you call them, are sometimes in the words of the “authorized,” and sometimes of the “Douay” version, and sometimes “neither the one nor the other?”

Inspector. Ambo is good Latin—

we must conciliate; it's a rule of the board.

Dr Snoaker. And further, does not your preface state that this new translation of the Scriptures “for the use of Schools,” has been compiled by a Protestant clergyman, “under no peculiar views of Christianity doctrinal or practical?”

Inspector. True, but nobody reads them—there's no harm done—it's a rule of the board.

Green Street. Hem! Ahem!

The Half-mounted. Order, order—hear, hear—the Counseral's song.

Dr Snoaker. Are you not repudiated by “Power Tuam,” who won't take your money, and by “John Tuam,” who can't get it—by Protestant, Presbyterian, and Papist—you teach no religion, and you have only those without religion to teach—*tene simul*—Koran or Catechism, all's one—*altera quaque hora*.

Squireen. Order, order, Counseral, by the powers—a song!

Green Street. Ahem! A—hem! Really 'tis too bad to force a man—I must—tol lol de rol—tol lol de rol—that's the way it goes—you know the tune, gentlemen, and just chime in altogether, will ye? A song without chorus is like—

Dr Snoaker. Have you not totally failed to amalgamate different creeds—have you not failed in all your shuffling, equivocating, double-faced attempts to introduce a system of political Christianity “for the use of schools”—have you not built up the public money irrecoverably in sectarian houses, and is not every school where your rules are *attempted to be enforced*, more like a cock-pit than a place for the education of youth?

The Oyster-Eater. Gentlemen, I was going to give an account of my birth, parentage, and—

Green Street. Pooh! stuff—Ahem! ahem! I know the law—and a chorus without a song is—I mean a song without a chorus—

Dr Snoaker. Did you not come into office under a solemn declaration from Lord Stanley, that your commission was gratuitous, and did not one of your body consent to become the stipendiary of his fellow commissioners, and does he not flourish about the streets of Dublin in an eleemosynary equipage, provided or maintained for

him, in addition to a princely mansion out of the funds voted by Parliament for the "Education of the poor of Ireland"—Faugh!

Green Street sings—

"As I was a walking,
One fine summer's morning,
I met a poor man"—

Dr Snoaker. What is your multitudinous establishment of stipendiaries of high and low degree, but a manufactory of sycophants? What your model schools and training schools but a monument, in cut stone, of Government extravagance? What your system but a contrivance to serve the political uses of your party? What the whole scheme of your commission but the working out of the designs of your despicable faction, that is to say, making Government arbitrary, under pretence of making it popular?

Inspector. Excuse me—it's a rule of the board—Christians of all—

Dr Snoaker. In short, do the annals of political profligacy furnish any thing like the spectacle of the creatures of a faction being tolerated to withhold the means of enlightenment from any body of tax-payers, who may refuse to submit their course of religious instruction to the surveillance of Commissioners like yours; who bow so low in the worship of faction as unanimously to recommend books to a Christian people, which have been compiled, as they coolly assure us, under no "peculiar views of Christianity, doctrinal or practical?"

The Oyster-Eater. Autobiography, gentlemen, now-a-days is—

Green Street. If I must sing, I really wish, Dr Snoaker, you would stop to draw breath, and let me edge in a note—I'm in possession of the Court. (*Sings.*)

"As I was a walking one"—

Squireen. By the powers, gentlemen, here's news! The Liberator's

come to town! I see by the Dublin Evening Hack, gentlemen, that—by the powers—

The Half-Mounted. A round of "rums," Pat—Pat, a round of rums!

The Oyster-Eater. I'll join you, gentlemen, for the honour of Antigua. Pat, you know my guage. The lives of men eminent for their virtues have ever—

Dr Snoaker. Patricius, iterumque repetatur—Capiat hora somni haustus.

Pat. Another of the same, sir? Yes, sir.

Inspector. "One of raspberry" for me, Pat—particular denomination of Christians—

Squireen. Don't leave me out, Pat. I can't see to read, by the powers, I'm so dry.

Dr Snoaker (*reading from the Dublin Evening Hack*). "We publish this evening the fifth letter of his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, in the case of Chief-Constable Gruff, the facts of which we are at the pains to repeat, fearing they may have escaped the memories of our numerous readers. Chief-Constable Gruff, stationed with his party of police in the village of Bullyraggin, encountered upon the Queen's highway a certain Widow Hoolaghan's pig. This aforesaid porker, being at large without a ring affixed to the cartilage of his nose, as directed by proclamation, was construed and taken by the captain to be a public nuisance, and was accordingly summarily abated by being perforated through the thorax with the sabre of the captain, impelled by the captain's own hand. Now, her majesty's mail, passing that way about twelve o'clock at night, five minutes past twelve being her regular time at Bullyraggin, happened to be overturned by actual contact of the off hind-wheel with the carcass of the abated porker, which remained upon the road, the Widow Hoolaghan declining to prejudice her claim to 'Justice for Ireland' by tak-

* Why is not the stipendiary equipage of this stipendiary Commissioner marked and numbered like other hackney carriages? It is certainly a new item in the public expenditure; but of these Commissioners "for the education of the poor of Ireland," as of the rest, matchless effrontery seems the least of their good qualities.—See *Report of Committee of the House of Commons on the Irish Education Enquiry for 1837*, wherein will be found an account of the equipage set up for the Stipendiary Commissioner, by his fellow Commissioners out of the funds for promoting "the education of the poor of Ireland."

ing any steps to remove 'the bacon,' contenting herself with declaring through the village of Bullyraggin and suburbs that 'that cowardly spalpeen had made the sun shine through her dumb baste,'—adding several intimations of the deep interest she took in the spiritual welfare of the captain, which we can very well spare the religious reader. The overturn of the royal mail was attended with rather serious consequences,—one of the outside passengers, no less a personage than a bagman in the general tea-tray and fancy snuff-box line, having his thigh-bone broken, as thigh-bones invariably are broken, if you believe the sufferers, in *three* places! Soon after this the Widow Hoolaghan proceeded by 'civil bill,' at the Quarter Sessions of Bullyraggin, against Captain Gruff, for the value of the abated porker, when the case was very fully gone into by counsel on both sides, the Captain producing a bundle of testimonials to the sweetness of his temper, humanity, and general efficiency: but it would not do; the jury, unintimidated by a threat of the stipendiary to the effect that the Government would make them '*smoke*,' impudently returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and the Court had the effrontery to award immediate execution for the full amount against the body or goods of the defendant.—About this time, too, the bagman filed a declaration of an action of trespass in the Court of Common Pleas against the mail-coach contractors, who wrote to complain of the police—the police to complain of the Widow Hoolaghan—the barrister to complain of the stipendiary—the stipendiary to complain of the verdict—and Chief-Constable Gruff to demand reimbursement and to complain of every body. We state upon undoubted authority that nothing has been done at the Castle these six months, save in Gruff's case, and nothing to be heard there but clerk calling to clerk for copies of the correspondence in the case of Hoolaghan and Gruff. The law points having been, as usual, submitted to Counselor Bosthroon, who fills the high office of Attorney-General's devil—persyncope 'the divel,'—that infernal functionary delivered the subjoined opinion, which, we are credibly informed, is the admiration of the whole profession, not less for its lucidity of style, than for its soundness, legal acumen, and research:—

“ OPINION.

“ It is my opinion that pigs on the roads are not necessarily nuisances at common law. But it is not so clear that they are not so rendered by Stat. 33 and 34 Geo. III., c. 109, amended by 34 and 35 Geo. III., c. 112, partially repealed, as far as regards *rings in noses* only, by 35 and 36 Geo. III., c. 119, which, as Irish Acts, still remain in full force and effect, except as hereinbefore excepted, unless, indeed, the General Turnpike Act, 9 and 10 Geo. IV., c. 53, may be supposed to have rendered these provisions, as far as regards *rings in noses only*, void and of none effect. This, however, may be doubted.—See Laystall on Public Nuisances.

“ As to the summary abatement of this nuisance, I am clear that pigs on the roads may be abated, but I apprehend, not to the effusion of their blood; the 9 and 10 Will. IV., prescribing exactly the legal course, to wit, the impounding of the offending porker, and citation of the owner to the nearest Court of Petit Sessions, there to be dealt with as the law directs.

“ Whether the Chief-Constable is to be reimbursed at all, and whether by presentment on the county at large, or by a Treasury minute, must turn, I apprehend, principally upon the proceedings of the Chief-Constable himself—a very doubtful point; for, by the late Constabulary Act, 8 and 9 Will. IV., c. 96, it may reasonably be doubted whether the Chief-Constable is altogether, or at all, of the civil force, or *posse comitatus*, or rather a military servant of the Crown '*functus officio*.' Now, the riot act not having, as I conceive, been read, nor the porker required in due form of law, reasonable grace being allowed for that purpose, *to disperse*, it is a mooted point whether the perforation of said porker was not wholly illegal, *no magistrate being present*! With regard to the removal of the 'bacon,' and with whom such removal ought to have rested, the books are obscure; but I think it will hold, that, by the act of killing, an inchoate right to the carcass resulted to the killer—a contingent remainder resultant—the act is clearly trammelled with its consequences; or, as the sound maxim of the law hath it, '*qui facit ille caput*.'—Vide Russell on Crimes. It is clear that if the widow Hoolaghan '*had viciously intromitted*,' to borrow a term of Scottish law '*in the premises*,' another

view might be taken of this intricate case; as it is, I think it rests with the Chief-Constable to shew that the discharge of his duty, *quasi* duty, was effectively directed to the abatement of the nuisance, *quasi* nuisance. But it was clearly not so directed, for the nuisance might have been abated by Hoolaghan, or it might have abated itself; but this power of self-abatement no longer rested with the nuisance, the same being, as it appears, perforated through the thorax, and being certainly dead in fact, and *probably* in law.

“Under all the circumstances, therefore, I am clearly of opinion that the result of an appeal against the verdict of the Quarter Sessions, in favour of the widow Hoolaghan, may be doubtful, though I am also clearly of opinion that it may not.”

(Signed) “P. BOSTHOON.”

“Such is a concise statement of the case as it stood at the commencement of the paper war in which His Excellency has thought it due to the dignity of his high office to engage with Chief-Constable Gruff, and which is still continued with various success, to the great entertainment of the newspapers, the vast majority of whom, we are proud to say, prefer the florid copiousness of His Excellency’s style, to the less ornate but more intelligible diction of Captain Gruff.

“Whether the correspondence will ever terminate, and whether the result will be the dismissal of his Excellency, or of Chief-Constable Gruff, it is not for us, but for the legislature, to determine; already his Excellency has consumed four letters in an attempt to prove that the perforation of the porker by Chief-Constable Gruff was premature, and exhibited want of self-command and discretion. Captain Gruff, on the contrary, has concluded with the third epistle, his ironical tirade of compliments to His Excellency upon his discretion and sound sense.

“Whatever may be the conclusion, the correspondence must do good—the spectacle of a Chief Governor engaged in bandying recriminatory let-

ters with his own stipendiary offspring, through the medium of the newspapers, must impress the nation at large with a deep sense of the blessings they enjoy under a rule, at once so respectable and so capable of making itself respected. For our own parts, we throw ourselves upon the benevolence of our readers—our patience is quite exhausted—and although our position as editor of the Dublin Evening Hack, compels us to an insertion of His Excellency’s long-winded rigmaroles in our *independent* columns, we at once confess ourselves heartily sick of the porker, His Excellency, and Chief-Constable Gruff.”

Green Street. Sick of the porker—we'll we may. For my part, I think if somebody would favour us with a song—

Oyster-Eater. As I was going to say, I was born, gentlemen, in the year —

Dr Snoaker. The hankering after newspaper notoriety, exhibited in this correspondence, is of no sort of consequence, as it affects only the individual; but it is quite a different thing when employed in writing at the nobility and gentry of a great country, who may request protection for their properties and lives from the attacks of the midnight marauder, and *mid-day* assassin. These—

Inspector. Keep perpetually bringing up hot water, Pat—it’s a rule of the board.

Dr Snoaker. These unfortunate persons, even though they may not choose to be identified politically or socially with the Irish Executive, have some claim to sympathy, if not to protection—and their supplications for succour need not be refused in a hectoring, lecturing rodomantade, but be —

Squireen. Pat, don’t put too much lemon—by the powers!—I can’t hear a word, by the powers, I’m so dry.

Dr Snoaker. Be declined, if declined they must be, with a show, at least, of courtesy and decorum.

Green Street. Dr Snoaker, you are intolerable — I really wish there was a perforation of your thorax, by which your breath might escape, un-

* Chief-Constable Gruff, we perceive, has been dismissed at last, and we hope shortly to congratulate the readers of the Dublin Evening Hack on the dismissal of the other party to this very creditable and dignified correspondence.

inundated with that torrent of sounds you use, to delude your hearers into a belief that you are making a speech.

Dr Snoaker. I say nothing of the social degradation of the Castle — a puppet-show may be a very good puppet-show, but people may not choose to go to see it — necessity is the mother of invention — and ballad-singers, for all I know, may be very good company. That is a matter of taste. Scribbling at the gentry of the country, however, is —

Inspector. Don't speak so plain, Doctor — it's a rule of the board. An allegory, now, or a fable, is the delicate way of conveying instruction to high official personages—in this way the Grand Vizier Atalmuc was rebuked by his faithful secretary, Zeangir — we publish fables — it's a rule of the board. I'll give you a specimen :—

THE FABLE OF THE LAPWING
PREFERRED.

Upon a general invitation to the eagle's wedding, there were several birds of quality among the rest, that took it in heavy dudgeon to see a lapwing placed at the upper end of the table. *'Tis true, they cried, he has a kind of a coxcomb upon the crown of him, and a few tawdry feathers, but, alas, he never eat a good meal's meat in his life till he came to this preferment.*

MORAL.

'Tis a scandal to Government, and there goes envy along with it, when honours are conferred upon men for other causes than for their good qualities and virtues.

REFLECTION.

"Tis a necessary caution in all preferments that they be placed on fit men, for the right motives and for the right ends. The advancing of a fantastical fool or lapwing, reflects upon the raiser of him, for 'tis an ill sign, the very liking of a frivolous man, and implies at least a tacit approbation of the officer's defects. The preferring of people, indeed, to honourable charges and commissions, without either brains, fortune, or merit, may be so far reputed a great work, as the making of something out of nothing seems to be next door to a creation; but the character, at least, will not secure the person so dignified from secret envy and open contempt. An ill reason in fine, for an ill choice is worse than no reason at all: will and pleasure is the only true plea this case will bear, for the authority of the eagle herself, we see, was not sufficient to vindicate a worthless minion from reproach and scorn —

Squireen. That's a dry fable, by the powers. By the powers, I'm dry myself — Pat!

Dr Snoaker. The fable is not a bad one, although quaint. I would venture to recommend it to His Excellency's notice the next time he steps out of his office to inform the nobility and gentry of Ireland, among other sublime discoveries, *"that property has its duties as well as its rights."*

Oyster-Eater. A truism which it is not His Excellency's good fortune to be able to confirm, to any extent, from his own experience.

FASCICULUS THE SECOND.

"I was taken before the next Justice of the peace, and desired to give an account of myself. Accordingly, I commenced to state as well as I could recollect the whole history of my birth, parentage, and education, when the magistrate interrupted me, saying that my account was no account at all, and that he had made up his mind to grant my *millimus*. Accordingly, I was committed to jail, tried as a vagrant, found guilty of being poor, and shipped off to the plantations."—GOLDSMITH.

Autobiography, gentlemen, is, next to books of travels, the regular thing now-a-days. Nothing else will serve any man who "thinks himself of suf-

ficient consequence, that is to say, in short, every man who can write his own name," but to exhibit his "sayings and doings," in two volumes,

* See His Excellency's last rigmarole but one, to the Lord Lieutenant and Magistrates of the County Tipperary, which was followed, as a natural consequence, by the bloody commentary of the assassination in open day, of the unfortunate Mr O'Keefe, who doubtless would have been alive and well, if the memorial of the Lord Lieutenant and gentry of the county had been complied with.

large octavo, with a preliminary dissertation upon the times in which he lived, also, his washerwoman's bills (unpaid), for several years, and an appendix of original letters, "now first collected, and never before published." The native brass of the autobiographer is transferred in the line manner unto the copper of the engraver, and is exhibited in volume first, "to face the title."—Volume second is sure to be decorated with a map of his travels, or a perspective view of the house in which his grandmother sold tobacco and groceries. There is no doubt of plenty of "filling up stuff," in the shape of dedication, preface, index, and annotations, each successive annotator giving his predecessor the lie direct, as usual, if you observe, in the performances of these learned elucidators. Now, I scorn this beaten track of autobiography; and therefore thank your stars, gentlemen, that I inflict upon you neither plate nor map, washerwomen's bills, nor letters hitherto unpublished, but a plain honest, straightforward account of my adventures, which, if ever you have the luck to see in print, there is no occasion to call at the trunkmakers.—Not a bit of it—you shall see me, sir, not dressed up in the vain, transitory typographical fashion of the day, but ushered into the literary republic in manner and form prescribed by immemorial usage of the incomparable *MAGA*, from whose columns, more imperishable than basalt, these my lucubrations will be transferred into the tablets of the brains of residents in Iceland, and residents in Timbuctoo, by the light of fish-oil lamps, and tropical suns, aye, and be thundered with extasy by the British Consul at Mogadore, and the Company's Superintendent in Japan.

I am a gentleman born.—In Ireland, I need not tell *you*, gentlemen, we are *all* gentlemen born—the epic poem attributed erroneously to Turglesius, and which Counsellor O'Rubbishy declares was translated by Tegernach—but I defy him to prove it—the opening stanza descants upon the pedigree of Saint Patrick, whose very existence has been denied by Leland—but no matter for that—nay, the opening line—the "*arma virumque cano*,"—is devoted to transmitting to countless ages the information that

"Saint Patrick was a gentleman."

Lest it might be supposed, however, that the word "gentleman," or, as many poets write, "jintleman," was to be construed to imply aristocratic birth merely, not gentleman-like conduct—the poet describes epithetically the class of society from which the Saint derives his origin, thus—

"And come of *ducent* people,"

the adjective denoting a large and most respectable class of small proprietors, with unimpeachable characters, including, among others, publicans, tanners, struggling farmers, butter-buyers, and pig-jobbers.—But the poet's anxiety to vindicate the genealogy of his hero does not end here, for, after a couplet devoted to the Saint's performances,

"He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it *stuck* a steeple"—

the pedigree is given with that faithful minuteness, peculiarly the characteristic of the ancient bards or scannachies—

"His father was a Hooligan,
His mother was a Brady,
His aunt was one O'Brallighan,
And his wet-nurse Widow Grady."

In the celebrated performance attributed to Mogh-Nuad, the court bard of the Royal Irish House of Conary, but which Counsellor O'Rubbishy has, with success, fastened upon a monk of the eighth century, named Cataldus Tiraboschi, who, my life for yours, will never deny the fact, we have the following passage:—

"MacCluskey too,
Good manners knew;
For though he was 'nt rich—
He called himself a jintleman,
And still behaved *as sich*."

Thus, to the truth of the assertion, that in Ireland every man is a "jintleman," or a "gentleman," whichever orthography you prefer, antiquity lends her sanction, nor does the contemporary age refuse its authority.

If you detect a juvenile pickpocket in the act of "prigging" your pocket-book, and seize him by the collar, he indignantly repels your grasp, and informs you that he is ready to walk as far as the police-office, but expects to be treated "like a gentleman"—the porter who is employed to carry your luggage, is very sorry that he is *be-spoke*, but in less than no time at all will send your honour *another* gentle-

man—the hackney-coachman, to whose demand of thrice his lawful fare you are inclined to demur, winds up his tornado of imprecations, with a thundering crack of his whip, and a polite intimation to the by-standers, that “you are a *scaly* blackguard,” and “no gentleman.”—

Miss Edgeworth divides Irish gentlemen into three great classes—“the half-mounted gentleman,” “the gentleman every inch of him;” and thirdly and lastly, the “gentleman to the back-bone.” The only defect of this classification is, that the examination of these several grand classes is not followed up by a sufficient detail of the sub-genera or species. For example, as regards birth merely, the “*ould stock*” have indisputable pretensions to pre-eminence; next to them the “*real bloods*” are in highest estimation; in politics, we have the “true blues,” and not less in public regard, “the right sort,” while equivocal pretenders to gentility are stigmatized by the derogatory epithets of “ginger-bread gents,” “dunghill cocks,” “mushrooms,” and “fagots.” I was born, then, a gentleman—but I must needs confess I am the first of our family whose pretensions to gentle blood were unquestioned, my father’s progenitor being unable to trace his pedigree in the ascending, descending, collateral, or indeed, in any other line.

In short, gentlemen, my grandfather *never had any father*—nor for that matter, any mother either, for he was discovered on a cobbler’s bulk, in a state of primitive innocence and nudity, and was spoon-fed into a happy maturity, an out-pensioner of the *Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés*, or in the vernacular of the lawfully-wedded gossips of the neighbourhood, “the brat-house.” This was often heard to fall indirectly from his own lips, which were seldom opened without a pious ejaculation of thanksgiving that he “had never refused to assist his kinsmen in distress;” a piece of self-gratulation he might have sworn to with a clear conscience.

If the discipline of the Foundling Hospital, and the subsequent experience of a charity school, produced in my grandfather a premature ossification of the heart, in all that related to any other numeral than that expressed by the integral quantity or unit—

number one, he used to say invariably, was the *first law of nature*—it no less gave a fine edge to an intellect naturally dull and obtuse, and quickened a little leaden eye into all the liveliness of precocious avarice. He wrote a good hand, ciphered tolerably, and his holidays, when he had them, were spent at an auction room, the weighhouse, or, what beliked better than both, a sheriff’s sale. His earliest occupation was as “inventory-man,” and when a decessor or a distress was in the wind, Little Joey, for Joey, gentlemen, was my grandfather’s name, flitted here and there, with the animation of a grasshopper, an ink-horn pendant from his button-hole, and a quill projecting behind his right ear, the impersonification to the life of an embryo pettifogger. He was faithful to an excess, in all instances wherein there was no safe opportunity to cheat on his own account, and had a good word for everybody, except where he knew a bad one would serve his turn. Subservient and sycophantic, but withal as vindictive as a tiger, he never showed his teeth but when he knew he could bite, nor ever bit without being sure of bringing away the piece—at the same time he could take cold potatoes, buttons, half-pence, or kicks, of which last he had in his youth an abundant variety, without any ostensible emotion, reserving for himself his right to settle the account with mankind, when he should be in a condition to strike a balance in his own favour.

Strange enough that one who stood with his fellow men in such a position, that it is difficult to say whether they feared or hated him most, should become a rising and a prosperous man; but so it was with Joey, who was employed indiscriminately by all the rogues who were anxious to cheat, and by the honest poor devils who were afraid of being cheated. Nothing presented itself amiss to my grandfather that smacked of money-making: rebellion itself became palatable to him; for, although he declined the honour of fighting the royal forces in the capacity of general of the United Irishmen, he jumped at the offer of being cashier and treasurer of a district, and on the eve of the outbreak ran away to Dublin with his military chest, to which he contrived to unite a very handsome sum in the nature of blood-money, by giving in-

formation to the Government of the whereabouts of his old colleagues in the insurrection, by which timely assistance, several of the "generals," who, to do them justice, were as cowardly in the field as their treasurer was faithless in the cabinet, were, after leading their unhappy followers to defeat and death, conducted to the gallows, being pulled out by the tail from the pig-sties in which they had concealed themselves, or extracted with pitchforks from beneath greater dung-hills than themselves.

When the rebellion was extinguished, and all hostile operations, as well as the greater number of the "generals," suspended, my grandfather made his appearance once more in the country, in the novel character of captain of a yeomanry corps, in which distinguished arm of the service, it is incredible the number of sides of salt beef and flitches of bacon he succeeded in capturing, and the multitudes of turkey-cocks, geese, ducks, and fine peasantry he put to the sword. Perhaps no other country in the world can match Ireland in the concentration, (which, begging your pardon, Mistress Martineau, is the antagonist expression to division of labour) in one and the same individual: my grandfather, in addition to his military avocations in the yeomanry, as aforesaid, united in his own proper person the various and apparently incompatible functions of sub-agent to an absentee proprietor, collector of county cess for the barony, lay impropiator, hotel-keeper, grain merchant, miller, master extraordinary in Chancery, and "land-shark." The last occupation he pursued with extraordinary energy and success—he would bid for any quantity of arable, town-park pasture, or turbary, over the head of the occupying tenant, without remorse, and, as he was known to be solvent, usually commanded a preference. If, however, the landlord happened to be a humane man, or demurred at turning out an old occupier, my grandfather would tempt his avarice by the offer to take it as yearly tenant, at fifty per cent above the present rent, and at the year's end would threaten to throw it up if he did not get an abatement to something less than any other solvent tenant would give; so that at last he became lessee of a whole country side, and by the ex-

pulsion of poor tenantry, contributed more to emigration in his time, than the Canada Land Company, or the Australian Commissioners. To "cap the climax," my grandfather united his fortunes to those of a lady in the next county town, who had acquired a reputation for amiability, beauty, virtue, and, what weighed not a little in my grandfather's estimation, fortune, without any real pretensions to these very desirable qualifications, by the simple operation of keeping her carriage. Nature had been by no means bountiful to her—fortune had gone rather against her—but with a stroke of genius peculiar to her sex, and a deep knowledge of the people among whom she lived, she boldly attempted, and attempted with success, to retrieve her ground by the daring stroke of setting up a carriage. A few paternal acres afforded her the means of feeding a couple of half-bred cattle, for the purpose of propelling a genteel yellow post-chaise, which was driven by an active postilion, in a frieze jacket and buckskins, the only male attendant she possessed—a little girl who served for her food and clothes, being her sole household domestic. In all that related to appearances, my grandmother that was to be, was scrupulous to an excess—her hall door was painted once every year, and every year of a new colour—her window-curtains were of the best flowered moreson, and her neat muslin blinds were taken down and renewed every Monday morning. She dined on half a salt herring and potatoes, or a sausage made with her own hands, and laid out every penny at her disposal on her carriage, her carriage horses, and her carriage dress—no living soul ever darkened her door as a visitant. But what of that? not an aspiring young maiden in the place who was not ambitious of riding, even by invitation, in a carriage, until the happy opportunity might arrive when she would ride in a carriage of her own. The mothers were delighted to have a carriage drawn up at their doors, and the fathers fatigued their wives and daughters with injunctions to conciliate such a very fine woman, unexceptionable acquaintance, good family, "who kept her carriage."

Nobody hated her but the poor, and nobody cares who the poor hate; she

must be a charitable woman no doubt, for "she kept her carriage"—rich, for "she kept her carriage"—virtuous, for she came to church every fine Sunday, and drove away in "her carriage."

In short, the bait was well chosen and dexterously played. The carriage, set up in a fit of poverty and vanity, became in time to be looked upon as an undubitable proof of riches and respectability, and the meanness that enabled the owner to maintain it was not known, because, unlike the carriage, it was not seen; so that when my grandfather, swallowed the hook and proposed for the lady, the wonder of the whole country town and the whole country side was, not that my grandfather took her, but that *she took him*!

The last act of my grandmother's maiden existence was worthy of her character and talents. She had taken in the old hunks, but was determined that nobody but himself should know it; accordingly, having dressed for church in a bridal costume of great splendour, she went out to the rear of her premises, and set fire with her own hand to a pile of mattresses, old chairs, tables, and the whole irremovable trumpery of her establishment,—her flowered moreen curtains and muslin blinds were packed up with two band-boxes and an imperial, containing the whole of her personal paraphernalia, and placed behind her carriage, into which she inserted herself, having the street-door key in her pocket, and in this order proceeded to be married.

When the ceremony was completed, my new grandmother drove home with Joey for the last time of driving "in her carriage," the vehicle, horses, and harness, having been disposed of a fortnight before, the proceeds being converted into the bridal costume aforesaid, which, together with the two band-boxes, the imperial, the flowered moreen window-curtains, and muslin blinds, comprised, as Joey too soon discovered, the whole amount of my grandmother's real and personal property, goods, chattels, and assets; or, as a modern Joey of no mean celebrity, "him of Kilkenny," would elegantly term it, "her *tottle*."

However deeply my grandfather felt his pecuniary deficit, he was wise enough to keep his vexation to him-

self, and became not a little reconciled, after the first burst of disappointment, to find that his helpmate was as mean, hypocritical, stingy, tricky, and as contemptible as himself.—They worked together like lock and key, and were in the fair way to amass a very considerable fortune, being, in process of time, congratulated by each other,—for they had neither neighbours, friends, nor acquaintances to wish them joy,—in the possession of two fine boys to inherit the fruits of their joint stinginess and rapacity. This, probably, the young gentlemen might, in the fulness of years, have arrived at, but for a slight accident which happened to one of them, whereby the prosperous current of our family was totally changed, and their fair prospect of arriving at worldly distinction clouded for ever. To say that my grandfather was disliked, would be to say nothing; he was hated, gentlemen, with a hate surpassing the hate of woman. But perhaps you may form a better idea of the estimation in which he was held, by a *billet-doux* found under his hall-door, and which to this day is indelibly impressed on my memory. The superscription ran thus—"To Bloody old Joe," and the contents as follow: "Take NOTIS, your grave is dig, an' get copen for yerSELF—JOEY YOU ARE DEAD an' berrid this nite week. So no more at prisent.

CAPTEN ROCK."

This polite intimation was accompanied with sundry hieroglyphics, in which Champollion would probably discover some lines indicative of the coffin which my grandfather was invited to prepare, as well as certain characters emblematic of a death's head and cross-bones, to which condition it was the evident intention of the writer to reduce the cranium and femora of the poor unfortunate "land-shark." Any doubt that might have remained of the sincerity of Captain Rock's intentions was dispelled by an apparition visible before the door next morning, in the shape of a newly dug grave, wherein reposed a dead dog, as "locum tenens" of the intended permanent tenant, the devoted Joey aforesaid. Now, all these manifestations of Captain Rock, Joey treated with some degree of contempt which was by no means justified in the issue; but

as my grandfather was in the habit of receiving a notification to prepare his coffin at least once every quarter, or four times per annum, which preparation would have put him to great unnecessary expense, besides leaving the second-hand coffins on his hands, Joey, wisely considering that he could die like other gentlemen but once in *his life*, postponed indefinitely the manufacture of his wooden surtout, and, in the full confidence of finding no immediate occasion for it, confined his defensive operations to the purchase of a large quantity of hand-grenades for house use, and a brace of double-barrelled pistols, which he carried continually about his person. My grandfather, as I told you, gentlemen, had two sons, the eldest an humble, pious, and sincere young man, who rather chose to spend his time idly than to follow at his father's heels in the career of desperate rapacity that characterized the old gentleman; he was good to the poor, humane and generous, which I only mention to show that if he had lived he would have been poor himself—his only extravagance was the indulgence of a pony to carry him to the neighbouring hills on an occasional snipe-shooting excursion. You may judge, then, of the surprise and horror of his parents, who loved him, to do them justice, next to their strong-box, on having the intelligence conveyed to them about nine o'clock at night, that their brave son lay butchered among the hills, having been fairly hunted to death by a band of hired assassins, who had lain in ambush for his father a whole week, and, failing to destroy him, had pursued his innocent son to the mountains, and slaked their murderous thirstiness in his blood. I recollect, as it were yesterday, the thrill that ran to the tip of every hair upon my boyish head, and the jangling of every nerve within my frame, when my father related the minutiae of this worse than cannibal atrocity,—how the youth was pursuing his innocent sport upon the hills, how that he had called at a cabin with a bottle of wine which he had purloined from his father's cellar (pious theft!), for a poor woman near her down-lying; how that a group of fellows fired several shots at him, how that he pushed his little pony to its utmost speed, how the assassins winded and doubled him through the mosses

and swamps like a hunted leveret, and how at last, when his little horse had spent all its force and came down upon its knees, he awaited his pursuers manfully, and demanded to know "what injury he had ever done them?" how, after loudly recommending several times his soul to God, he stood before his prostrate favourite and fought hardly for his life, and how at last (for all this came out upon the trial of his assassins) his skull was dashed into a thousand pieces, and his murderers returned to refresh themselves at the cabin whose inmates a few hours before had tasted, and prayed the blessings of Heaven upon, his benevolence.

The unfortunate old man, returning home the following day with the mangled remains of his hapless son, thus vicariously butchered for his father's sins, found his house, his stack-yard, and his offices, in flames—all that he had amassed for a series of years from out the subsistence of the widow and the orphan—all that he had grubbed together under the pressure of popular hatred and amid the muttered curses of his fellow-men—his dearly-loved strong-box, with its treasures of gold and silver, its sheaves of bank-notes, its title-deeds, mortgages, bonds, judgments, promissory-notes, acknowledgments, I O U's—all, all involved in one hopeless and unpitied conflagration!

The whole country side gathered round about the flames, and, although they refrained from openly insulting the man upon whose grey head such an avalanche of sorrow had descended, it was but too plain, from their refusal to lend a hand, and from their listless complacency, that they regarded the fire and the murder as judgments from Heaven upon a man who had spared no pains to call them down upon his devoted head.

From this day to the day of his death, which was not long deferred, the old man never raised his head;—he looked upon himself as the murderer of his child, and knew but too well that to his cruel rapacity was solely to be ascribed the horrible revenge which prompted the murder of an innocent youth, from no other motive, as the approver swore, while a thrill of horror and a deep groan of lamentation over human nature pervaded the crowded court, than because

they had waited a week and couldn't catch the *ould* one.* Alas! alas! for the nation wherein such innocent blood is thus savagely shed! Alas! for the accursed thirst of gold that provokes a horror of horrors like this! And when we see the bones of the hired assassins (for this task the reward was one quart of whisky each) creaking and rattling in the chill December blast, let us never forget that the greedy wretch on whose kindred this murder was committed was no better than an assassin of another sort. Little did he think, when he hounded out the helpless victims of

his sordid avarice from their cabin and their patch of land, reckless whether death might not overtake their hungry, houseless heads—ah! little did he know that the murky night gathered men together to bind themselves with an oath, and to cement it with *their* blood, that *his* blood should make all even. Surely, surely the whirligig of time brings about its revenges.

"And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
That can resist, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

FASCICULUS THE THIRD.

"Honours like these have all my toils repaid,
My liege—and Fubos—here's success to trade!"

Bombastes Furioso.

Of all the learned professions, recommend me to that of a Cabinet-maker—the very name has something of the grandiloquent about it—Cabinet—Cabinet—Cabinet-maker; as Cabinets go now-a-days, to be sure, the trade must be very much on the decline, for such an article as we see for sale in the shops, God knows—a poor, vamped-up, unseasoned, veneered concern, not fit for—but never mind, any thing will sell if you only pay "the duffers." Well, gentlemen, to this learned profession was my immediate progenitor indentured, after the decline and fall of the Joey empire, of which I defy Gibbon himself to give you a better account, and, accordingly, served his seven years after the usual approved fashion of apprenticeships, which condemns a poor devil to no less a servitude, for the purpose of learning the art and mystery of laying a trowel-full of mortar on a wall and sticking a brick in it! Your doctor and your lawyer get "finished" as they term it, in four years—but your brick-layer dares not flourish an independent trowel short of seven! Such is the value of human life, gentlemen, which it is the prevailing cant to deplore as if it were an auction by inch of candle, whereas you see plainly that a man must have as many lives

as a singed cat to learn merely his rudiments.

Take another learned profession—the lawyer, for instance—what does my friend, Tom Smith, the insolvent court attorney, say about them? "You see me here," says Tom, "I never give a guinea to none of your young snobs; no, sir, a lawyer, take my word for't, never has any thing *inside* his head till the *outside's* as smooth as the palm of my hand—they're always green till they're grey—under sixty I look upon them as infants in law, their up-hill work ceases only at the decline of life, and they attain to their grand climacteric and grand practice together; in short, sir, no man is a sound lawyer if not quite battered out, like a medlar—never ripe till rotten!" My father then, let me tell you, served his apprenticeship and married the day after he got his indentures, the very next day, and took no little credit to himself for having waited a day, for he was in love with my mother, and thought he could never be soon enough soused into matrimony—just as a country fellow in the dog days plumps over head and ears into a fish-pond, and thinks of nothing but floundering about, till he finds himself stuck in the mud! My mother, gentlemen, was of a highly respectable family—of course, that's

* The traveller in the county of Limerick may still behold, on the hill-side near the village of Newcastle, the smouldering walls of the burned mansion, with which the incidents above related—too true, alas for humanity!—are inseparably connected.

neither here nor elsewhere, but *she* was of a tip-top family—not that I mind family a snuff—the Snakes of Galway, she was a Snake of Galway—you can't but have heard of the Snakes of Galway—of course, blood is blood—not that it matters, but the man who sets up a family above the Snakes of Galway—not that it is a thing to quarrel about—let him settle his affairs, that's all! Of course, my mother had no money—nobody ever heard of the Snakes of Galway demeaning themselves with money—she had her pride and her blood, and nobody ever heard of a Snake of Galway who did not possess a sickening dose of both!

Well, my poor father was a dashing young fellow, proud of his wife, proud of his family, though, for my part, I never think about family myself—proud of his skill in the ornamental part of his profession—for you are not to suppose my father a sofa-cushioner or chair-bottomer—no such thing, my father was versed in the poetry of cabinet-making, he was neither more nor less than Grinling Gibbons in mahogany, and would carve you out a “Diana and Actæon,” or the “Centaurus and Lapithæ,” in a style that—but you have only to go to Powerscourt, Shane's Castle, or Shelton Abbey, and believe your own eyes. Well, sirs, my mother was extravagant to an excess—did I mention that she was a Snake?—I believe I did, a Snake of Galway—my father worked early and late to supply her extravagance, and was getting on in the world in the teeth of all his wife's endeavours to the contrary, just as the nation, gentlemen, keeps its nose above water in spite of the exertions of our inestimable government to sink it to the bottom—when, as the devil would have it, my father, by some sinister accident, was made a common councilman, and from that hour to this, his wife and family got no good of him. Nothing now went down with the poor fellow but guilds, and boards, and sub-committees—freeman by birth, and freeman by grace especial, he was so much absorbed in his public vocation, that he altogether forgot himself as a private individual; he must turn political economist, too, and in a little time arrived at the sources of national wealth, and at the bottom of his privy purse, by one and the same conclusion. Scarcely had he mastered the true theory of rent, when our landlord put

in a distress, and just as he had completed a new sophism against the Corn Laws, his wife and children found themselves without a bit of bread. In this dilemma, my father adopted a very magnanimous course of conduct, which cannot be too highly recommended to cabinet-makers and other great men in similar circumstances—instead of working double tides, saving his money, and declining politics, by which means he would have been all right in a very little time, he adopted the prudent resolution of taking himself out of this sublunary sphere by the simple operation of poison.

Well, Doctor Snoaker, my father poisoned himself—and I give you leave to guess whether the toxicological agent he employed for the purpose was a mineral, a vegetable, or an animal poison—liquid, solid, or gaseous—received into the general circulation by the cutaneous absorbents, *à la Cleopatra*, or introduced into the stomach through the œsophagus, *à la* every body else;—perhaps you think he died convulsively from the operation of prussic acid, or expired comatose from the narcotic agency of opium, hemlock, or belladonna—you can't guess. Well, I daresay Orfila or Christison, who know more of the subject than yourself, (no offence, doctor,) wouldn't think of it, if they hammered at nothing else through a winter course of lectures. The short and the long of it is then, the poison my father employed to carry him to the other world—a poison, let me tell you, the most fashionable of its day—was simply an admixture of alcohol, twenty-five degrees overproof, by Syke's hydrometer, (commonly called Cork malt), with an equal weight of water at a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit, to which was added two drachms of the crystalline ingredient of the sugar-cane in powder, and the whole composition, under the familiar appellation of whiskey-punch, imbibed *ad libitum*, in a rapid succession of brimming goblets, *screeching hot!*

The diagnosis or table of symptoms resulting from the operation of this poison, observes the following order:—vermilion nose, ferret eyes, leucopneumatic face, dirty shirt, shocking bad hat, pinch-faced wife, ragged brats, pawnbroker, bailiff, jail, despondency, delirium tremens, and—death! I beg you to correct me if

you think me wrong, Doctor Snoaker, but this was exactly the course the poison took in my father's constitution; and, by these successive gradations, conducted him to his grave at the early age of thirty-three, leaving his troubles, a wife and four small children, behind him. The funeral was strictly private, for three reasons—first, because my mother wished it; secondly, because we had no friends; and, thirdly and lastly, because we had no money. In the whole range of the shady side of human existence, which I delight to study, because I live on the shady side of life myself, there is no spectacle so touching as that of the remains of a poor man on the way to their last resting-place. It is not alone that my eye is arrested by the miserable cavalcade, it is the picture of domestic bereavement that presses upon, and fills the imagination. I mourn not for the dead thus rudely huddled to the grave, for "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them:" I lament with the survivor drooping beside the desolate hearth—the bereaved wife—the fond husband—the good parent—the dutiful child, in whose heart of hearts the memory of that perishable clay is for ever enshrined. It is not that *there* I see conveyed away to kindred dust the staff of the father's age, or the joy of a mother's hope—the provider of the widow and the orphan—the fond partaker of domestic sorrow—the gentle solace of a poor man's toil—no—no—there is more gone with the dead, for ever gone!—the tender recollection of divided joys, the sweet remembrance of sympathy in sorrow, affections never to blossom again on this side the grave!

These losses I mourn, for that they are human—for that they are mine own. I lament over the dead with the living. *He is gone—my friend—my brother!*

Flow, generous drops, flow on! nor let a blush mantle upon the cheek whereon they fall, or, if bitterness mingle with thy tears, may it never be the bitterness of mine that the barren wish, and the vain compassionate tear, make all the bounty it is thine to bestow! An impoverished country exhibits this sad finale in the greatest variety; and accordingly if you had happened any of you, to be standing at the gate of Bully's acre

near Kilmainham, on a Sunday afternoon in May, thirty years ago, you might have observed, among other exhibitions of the sort, four drunken scoundrels in rags that had once belonged to suits of black, huddling along a coffin of rough elm, naked, upon their shoulders. You are not to suppose that they walked soberly and with decency as is usual in such cases. On the contrary, they floundered along, carrying their burden, *en echelon*, and giving it a couple of bumps against the gate-posts as they entered the burial-ground. Behind tottered an old gentleman with a spade and shovel, and a weeping boy holding a little girl by the hand, closed the procession. Arrived at the ground, the old gentleman proceeded to scrape a hole, for as to digging a grave that piece of extravagance is never thought of at Bully's acre, while the drunken bearers produced from their rags a bottle of whisky each, the sole remuneration they had received or expected for their services. When the hole had been scraped, just deep enough to hold the coffin, two of the drunken bearers seized upon it by pieces of pack cord which protruded through perforations at either extremity, and with many bumps and kicks succeeded in getting it into the hole; a little earth was then scattered over by the old gentleman, one end being purposely left uncovered, in order that the public might see there *was* a coffin, and that they might not disturb it for a fortnight at least. This ceremony being concluded, there remained nothing further than to recompense the old gentleman, which I did by untying the corner of my pocket handkerchief, and producing a shilling secured therein for this last melancholy service. Thus ended the funeral of a cabinet-maker and common councilman, who understood the sources of national wealth, had mastered the true theory of rent, and could argue Peyronnet Thompson himself upon the Corn Laws.

Not to keep you longer engaged with my ancestors,—I was born on the 19th day of August (old style), in the year ——. I perceive you are glad I am coming to myself at last, and I dare say you wish, ungrateful dogs that ye are, that I had been born before my father and grandfather, by which inversion of the order of nature you would have

had me married by this time, to my second wife at least. This is all the thanks I get for leaving out the history of my aunt Bridget, who eloped with Teague Duffy, the French dancing-master: her adventures would furnish materials for three fashionable novels—as fashionable novels go—plot, dialogue, and catastrophe, and which any autobiographer alive, except myself, would make a right good living of! I omit Bridget with the less regret, as she disgraced the family by demeaning herself with Teague Duffy,—and so I was going to say, I was ushered into public life on the nineteenth day of August (old style), at twenty-two minutes past eight in the morning, in the year ——. I perceive you are somewhat impatient, gentlemen, but what would you have me to do—take precedence of my lawful father and grandfather, and break through the settled precedents of a thousand autobiographies—excuse me, gentlemen, if you please—“after your ladyship,” as Prince Posterity said to my grandmother! Well, the devil a syllable more of my autobiography will you get from my lips this blessed night—for I see it is between three and four in the morning. Pat! no sugar for me, I never take sugar with my “night-cap.” While Pat is mixing our grog, gentlemen, we can’t do better than indulge the Counsersal by allowing him to sing a song:—

THE COUNSERSAL’S SONG.

I.

Och! love it is murder,
I wish it was furdur;
On my oath I’ve a mind to get rid of my life—
I’m out of my senses,
Besides my expinsees,
And only because I’m in want of a wife!
The widow, Mahoney,
She was my crô-nei,
Only her heart was so hard and so stô-nei.

CHORUS.

Arrah! widdy, says I, stop my bachelor’s trade,
Or, as sure as you live, I will die an ould maid.

II.

This widow so stôn-ey,
Was stout, tall, and bôn-ey,
Her husband he left her to plough the salt saas,
He plumped to the bottom,
His shiners she got ’em,
So, without botheration, she lived at her aize.
Och! a beautiful cratur,
As any in natur,
And just like myself, too, in every sature.

CHORUS.

Arrah, widdy, says I, stop my bachelor’s trade,
Or, as sure as you live, I will die an ould maid!

III.

I scorn to be scaly,
So trated her daily,
As sure as the night came, with whisky and tea;
And then, in a noddy,
Her beautiful body
Was stuck, *cheek by jowl*, in the front behind me!
To finish the matter,
Mick Rooney was fatter,
And for that very rason he set his cap at her.

CHORUS.

Arrah, widdy, says Mick, stop my bachelor’s trade,
Or, as sure as you live, I will die an ould maid!

IV.

No longer they tarried,
But off to be married,
As thick as two sweeps, to the church they were sped;
When, who should be stalking,
To stop their church-walking,
But the widdy’s *live* husband—the boy that was dead!!!
Poor Mike was confounded,
The widdy she swooned,
The men picked her up, and the women surrounded—

FINALE.

So here I am left to my bachelor’s trade,
And if none of yees take me, I die an ould maid.

ITALY AS IT WAS.

You tell me, my dear Eusebius, that you wish to deter a young friend from going to Italy; and therefore desire me to put on paper some of those disagreeable incidents, that when I told them to you some years ago, you thought, if published, would keep many a tourist of our comfort-loving age, within the more decent bounds of our own counties, or the three kingdoms; though I know not, but that if decency be the measure, one of the three may be omitted. In the first place, Eusebius, I greatly admire your simplicity in imagining that incidents of difficulties, annoyances, or even danger, will deter a young friend from his proposed travel. For, suppose him to be of that extremely indiscreet age at which the law of the land thinks fit to make him his own master, the prospect of encountering them will naturally so excite his youthful spirits, his courageous energies, that he will but bid you good-bye the sooner. Try the contrary method, and tell him of all the pleasures he will have to enjoy, and the chances are that none will be to his taste, and he will grow cool. There is always a disposition in youth to kick manfully at every obstacle put in its way; however pleasant a toy that which you put in their way may have appeared, before they find it out to be an obstacle, then fire and fury is in them, and the very moon looks pale lest that obstacle be kicked in her very face, so high does the spirit of indignation mount; and if you repeat this, you will surely beget in them pertinacity, which, *nolens volens*, will make a fool of you, excuse, (dear Eusebius, the personality,) and of themselves too. You had better let them expend their ill-timed and megrim-bred desires by giving them the full scope of talk, and they will subside of themselves. Hercules would never have made the choice, if Virtue had not put the difficulties before him, and you know Pleasure was sent packing. But there is proof in matter of fact, and, therefore, I give you an example. I was requested to remonstrate with a youth who had unaccountably, so his friends said, taken a whim, a fancy to enter the army, to which profession his

friends had an aversion, and the youth an unfitness. It arose from their laying before him a scheme of life, it being then about the time he should finish his course at the university. They dwelt upon the country Elysium of a quiet parsonage, how easy would be his progress through the university; but unfortunately they did not stop there, but dwelt in much detail upon the dangers, disgusts, horrors, and turmoils of the several other professions, and particularly of the army. Would you believe it, the gentle youth, the amiable youth, who never had a hand to grasp a sword, a heart to shed blood, or a head for "plots and stratagems" whom nature had gifted like the cat with domesticity, and to purr out his days of quiet happiness at a parsonage hearth, with his infant cherub faces about him, copies of his own and their mother's tenderness,—this lamb of men decides upon acting the tiger, and nothing will go down with him but the army. Letters of remonstrance passed in quick succession: this only made the matter worse, or rather made it what it was, a temporary fever; and in this state I was requested to remonstrate with him. But I took care to do no such thing. I talked it over with him, and, assuming that he had chosen that profession, I spoke of the glory of it, and thence gently let down the talk into the requisites for it, and questioned him, as I remembered reading that Socrates did a youth of a somewhat similar ambition.

Of course, I made him prove himself consummately ignorant in all that related to war. I questioned him upon statistics and politics, and all the mysteries of strategy generally, and in particular what I could muster up or invent. I saw some considerable shame at his own ignorance, and the first interview ended, after he had shown up himself as unfit for the regular army, with a determination to join General Evans in Spain. I reported the matter to his friends—advised them to let a little while pass, and then to authorize me to let him take his choice. They did so, and my next interview with him showed that his fever was of the ague kind, and had its hot and its cold fits.

I began by lamenting, on his account, that General Evans (for so it was), would return, and receive no more volunteers—but that I had great satisfaction in assuring him, that his friends had fully acquiesced in his wishes, and that they would procure him a commission in our own army, and without doubt he would soon see military service. This was an unexpected blow to his pertinacity, for it took him in the very place where he had prepared no defence. He looked the cold fit, when he should have assumed the hot, and stammered out thanks to his friends; but that, in fact, he had made up his mind to join General Evans in his glorious career, and of course he could not exactly yet make up his mind to fight on the other side. But he would think of it, and in a short time acquaint me with his decision. I laughed in his face, exposed to him the humbug he had been practising, perhaps upon himself, and certainly upon others, and showed him so clearly that I knew all the turnings of his own mind, that in the end he laughed too, and said, with a little remaining air of humbug, that perhaps it would be better, or at least more honourable in him now, as the case stood, in his turn to acquiesce in the wishes of his friends, and that he therefore would make a sacrifice of his own desires to theirs. The rest is easily told. "*Cedunt arma togæ.*"

I will furnish you, Eusebius, with another example. You know my excellent friend B. He was in life a practical philosopher, and many a delightful proof of it will I, one of these days, give you, for he loved to be open in all his thoughts and actions to his friends. Well, then, he had a son in London, in employment that brought him in a moderate income, even for a single man, but he was young, and there were hopes of progressive improvement. The youth fell in love with the daughter of the woman with whom he lodged—this was a very hot fit—and of this there is almost always sure to be a cold fit, but it comes frequently too late, when the remedy taken has proved worse than the disease. The good father had ever encouraged candour, and his children were as open-hearted and minded as he was himself, so that the affair was soon communicated. And what, think you, the father did?—oppose his son's

love!—not he; he took a wiser course, entered into his schemes, made calculations for him, in the most friendly manner, of expenses, in detail the youth never thought of, by the day, by the week, by the month, by the year. And all this was done during a walk they took together, when the father said they might as well go and look for a house for him and his wife to live in. "Of course, said he, you must choose one according to our calculations; and you will not think of entertaining, or even visiting your friends A, B, C, D, &c., and I dare say you'll be very happy. Love, my dear boy, is every thing, though it be not handsomely lodged,"—and just then, in a narrow passage, that could neither be called street, lane, or avenue, the father suddenly stopped (not arrested by the perfumed air of Cupid's roses), in front of a low house, not remarkable for neatness, nor even cleanliness, but that the operation of the latter was going on. For there, at the door was a laborious mother washing her two dirty children, paddling at her feet, and the end of a cradle just peeped in at the back-ground. "There, now, my dear boy," said he, "the rent of just such a house would exactly suit your means." "Don't say another word about the matter," said the shamed youth, "I see it won't do." And so they went homewards, and in the way took another lodging, the cold fit being pretty strong upon him—and he told me since that for a year or two, whilst he lived in really "single blessedness," he never saw a pretty face, that would otherwise have fascinated him, but he saw in the back ground of the picture, the very scene his father had pointed out to him, and then involuntarily set himself running through the catalogue of items of daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly expenses, and at such times the two following lines of the modern poet were constantly ringing in his ears—

"Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes,
dust."

Now, my dear, Eusebius, you will endeavour to deter your friend, the Tourist Youth, in what manner you please; but I will comply with your request as well as I can; for many years have passed since my travels,

and I was robbed of my notes—and all my travel now is by the fire-side, and all my speculation into it—and so was I employed when this letter of yours, with so strange a demand, reached me—and had far other thoughts and imaginations than of sitting down to write an account of matters of fact, and they of times so long since gone. You, in your confabulations with me, fly off into all vagaries, and so will I, after your own fashion, tell you what waking dreams I was indulging, and what visions I saw in the hot coals, when you startled me by your pen and ink questions; and in faith I think they may not be unapt to the subject of your requests. I had looked till imagination centering sight, had subtracted all that could measure space. Fairer scenes than poets' "Fairy Land" opened to the view; illumined palaces, gardens, terraces, and glistening rocks, and myriads of star-like happy beings wandering over regions brighter, infinitely brighter, than any this world's sun ever shone upon. Then the whole shook, and as with the sudden movement of a magic glass, there was a change, but it was perfect. I beheld the enchanted land of Ariosto, figures of larger size—knights and ladies, the cliff and tower of polished steel, and the great magician issuing from the gates, his shield uncovered. The coals again subside; they shake—instant is the change. I am inclosed in a theatre of caverns, receding into immense distances, and all illumined as with ten thousand lamps. I was the happy Aladdin—suddenly there is a slight noise—it is the "Open Sesame!" the caverns grow darker, and in rush the "Forty Thieves." Is there no escape? The coals again shake—there is another and an awful change—there is a black incrustation around a horrid gulph, all red, with caverns and abysses, from whose depth shook forked flames, visions such as Dante saw, and drew in his *Inferno*; and over this fiery abyss was one, a huge figure foreshortened, falling headlong into the oven of perdition, and without, dimly seen, and partly in blue light, were fiends or angels that had accompanied the condemned to the very verge, either to hurl him deeper, or to save. Another movement, and the gulph is closed, and over it were dark arches, in which were a few burning

sticks, mere dots, and as it seemed over them the dim beings that could not enter the regions of fiery punishment; and I thought of a deluded people, vain prayers to saints, and priests and purgatory,—the double, scarlet kingdoms of Pope and Popery, above and below—then, by easy transition, of Italy—and as if all the vision had been a preparation, and an omen, your letter, Eusebius, was put into my hands. And is not the vision in many respects descriptive of Italy? It is a land of a golden age, of fabled deities that walked the groves, and lingered about the fountains. The land of Poetry, the brightest, ancient, and revered of noble souls, high action, and romance. But it has been sadly shaken—evil have been the changes, and worse they are. There are falsifying "Eustaces," and many more than "Forty Thieves;" a population of robbers or cheats, and, to wind up all, it is the fountain-head of superstition, where crimes multiply, for pardon is bought for money—of blasphemy and impiety, for Popery reigns there. How like you the phillipic? I have heard more vehement from yourself, Eusebius, on the same subject. Yours has been the flash of indignant genius—mine is but a sketch from nature. "Experto crede Roberto." It is a strange time, after the lapse of so many years, to call upon me for my adventures; and I am almost tempted to answer in the words of the celebrated Knife-grinder,—

"Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

But I will tell you, as well as I can remember, what I found Italy in the year 18—; and since you more particularly wish me to give an account of my falling in with the banditti in Calabria, I will begin with that adventure. In Italy it would be common-place—here it may have some interest. At whatever inn you stop in Italy, you are sure to find a number of persons about it, wrapped up in brown cloaks, and half their faces hid, apparently mere idlers. These are, in general, either robbers or emissaries of robbers, who find out all it may be requisite for the fraternity to know about travellers, particularly their time of leaving and the road they are going. It must be here observed, and the observation is to be remembered in all places during this narrative, that I

speak of Italy *many* years ago. Things may be now on a better footing. It is to be hoped so. My friend and myself had arrived at Salerno, on our way to Paestum, to visit the beautiful remains of ancient temples there. We had letters from a French gentleman with whom we happened to travel from Capua to Naples, to a friend resident near Salerno. We found him and another French gentleman, and his beautiful and agreeable daughter, and an Italian nobleman and his family, all resident together. I believe they were, for to us it was afterwards pretty clearly made out, under the surveillance of the police. They seemed under much restraint, perhaps fear would not be an improper term, and I have since thought they must at that time have been cognizant of, if not parties in some of the Carbonari plots, even then hatching. They were remarkably attentive to us, and did all they could to dissuade us from the attempt—recommending, if determined to go, that we should go by water. However, we still persisted, and left Salerno before dawn in a caleche, which held myself and friend, and the driver, as is customary with those carriages, was behind. We had proceeded some five or six miles, ere we came to that part of the road where most of the robberies take place, the very spot, I imagine, where Mr and Mrs Hunt were shot; and where a friend of mine, a year or two after, passing, saw a man lying across the road with his throat cut; on which occasion the driver whipped on, and could not be induced to stop. It was not light enough to allow me to give a description of the spot; and as it became lighter, I had little leisure or inclination for a survey. I perfectly recollect being in deep thought, with my eyes half closed, and my head upon my breast, shunning the cold, grey, comfortless look of the dawn, always disagreeable when the earth looks black; and, if inhabited, you could imagine the human race had retired to holes, for habitations were not distinguishable. It was after a sudden look at this discomfort, that I had again bent down my head, and in fancy was calling up the brighter vision of home far away, and anticipating the pleasure of showing my portfolio of sketches to my eager friends,—it was just at this moment the carriage stopped. I look-

ed up, and at the same instant, there was a cry of many voices, the word I know not, but it sounded like "*sdruciate*," and was quickly repeated—and at the same time I saw seven dark figures, one in front, and three on each side, and seven carbines all levelled at us in the caleche. It is very strange, but certain it is, that I felt no fear, and perfectly recollect the disagreeable sensation of rising, after long sitting in the cold, and did not make so much haste to move as the occasion required. My friend seemed equally insensible to danger, for as he alighted, in allusion to the banditti descending from the mountains, cried out to me with a facetious air, "*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ.*" When we were out of the carriage they crowded about us, and I think more very soon joined them. They instantly bade us strip; and as we did not show much alacrity in the operation, they hastened it, sometimes by pulling roughly at our clothes, and then making a terrific noise, and threatening us with their carbines. I had a seal attached to my watch which I greatly valued, not for its intrinsic worth, but as a family relic. This I endeavoured to conceal, and put it as quietly as I could into the carriage, but in so doing, the noise of the chain and seals was heard by one of the banditti. He came up to me, first took the watch, and then very deliberately levelled his carbine close to my head. I was just going to rush in upon him, when the captain of the gang struck down the carbine, and forbade him to do the deed. The man at once remonstrated with the captain, that I ought to be shot for the attempt at concealment, and again levelled his piece at me; the other promptly again struck down the carbine, and dragged the man away with him. This was a narrow escape. My coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, were taken off and removed—a pair of laced boots were not so easily undone, and this delay seemed likely to produce some rough usage, but it was not so. My very shirt was taken from me, and in fact I had nothing whatever of my dress but a pair of half stockings and my hat. In this state I could not but be amused at the coolness of my friend, who, thinking my Italian, though not very good, more likely to be understood by them than his own, requested me to ask the ban-

dittì for a little key of his, that belonged to a Bramah lock, and could be of no use to them. In my simplicity I did so, and was near getting rough usage for my request—one of the fellows roared at me as if he had been a beast, and handled his carbine in a manner I did not like. Perhaps my bad Italian sounded very like impudence. After this, however, I took courage, and as I felt it very cold, in as much facetiousness as might be, and very politely, I told one of them that as the weather was cold I should be extremely obliged if he would be so kind as to give me my shirt. He did so, and I was putting it on when another, probably the one who owed me a spite for not being suffered to shoot me, tore it out of my hands with the greatest violence, and I never saw it more. At this time there was a great outcry of lamentations not far from me, and I found that two carriages full of Italians had been stopped, and if there was not much wool there was a great cry. These were robbed, but not stripped as we were, and some of them were beaten with the butt-end of the carbines and dragged about. They were all ordered "*faccia a terra*," the usual proceeding of the banditti. It is thus: all immediately prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground, pretty much as I have heard of fowls being sewed with their beaks to a chalked line. I was standing among the robbers, wondering what would come next, and, having nothing that could be taken from me, not very much concerned, pretty much like the penniless viator, who whistled "*coram latrone viator*"—when turning round I saw a long row of Italians "*faccia a terra*," as if pinned by their noses to the earth, and my friend, the last of the row, in a less degrading position, and modestly bending more in the attitude of the *Venus de Medici*, only a little more bending; and if less graceful, in somewhat better comfort, for he had contrived to put on his great-coat, which he in turn had purloined from the robbers, as he found it hanging over the wheel of the carriage. In spite of the possible, nay probable danger, I could not but fancy there was something very whimsical in my position. It did not verify the old saying, "show me your company and I will tell you what you are;" for nothing can be more opposite than the robber

and the robber. I could now well distinguish the dress of my seeming comrades; their brown cloaks and ornamented vests, well beset with murderous arms, and their peaked hats; and could distinguish and speculate upon their features, and, not seeing any strong marks of fraternity between us, and being in my undress, before such great company, I thought it best not to be too familiar, and declined the honour of their further acquaintance, and very quietly attached myself to the row by my friend's side, without being very particular about falling gracefully; but I must say that I did not shamefully put my face to the ground, and perhaps, Eusebius, did little more than many of my betters, who do not know how to stand quite upright in the presence of a great man, and I had many very great men to notice my behaviour. The operation of robbing all, and packing up their plunder, took up a very considerable time, perhaps an hour and twenty minutes, or perhaps the time appeared longer than it really was; for, independent of the disagreeable circumstance itself, the morning was cold, and an additional, or rather, a blanket was much desired. I have often wondered how it was that in a situation of such peril, when it was by no means certain any minute that I might not have a shot through me,—I say, Eusebius, that I have often wondered at the absence of what may be called fear. I reasoned upon the thing at the time, but could not make much of it. As I was stooping during the occupation of the banditti, not knowing indeed if we should be taken to the mountains, or dismissed, I may safely say that the greater part of the time was taken up by speculations as to the manner in which I should treat many of the subjects with which I had furnished my portfolio, and which, by the by, were left behind at Salerno. I studied, over and over again, all sorts of effects, and had to my own mind composed and manufactured pictures on a large scale. I have since then, on more occasions than one, been in situations of some danger, and have invariably found the same absence of what may be called fear. You know, my dear Eusebius, though I am a great discerner of things in the fire, that I am no "fire-eater," nor do I pretend to have more courage than is the common and fair proportion; I do

not, therefore, ascribe it to that cause, for when danger has been over, I have found myself on one occasion trembling like a leaf, but not till then; and it was owing to my not trembling till it was over that I was enabled, under God's mercy, to save my life. I now think this is a wise intention of nature that diverts the thoughts from the too close contemplation of danger through the imagination, if there is nothing to do; and, if there be need of action, by concentrating the whole mind upon the act of self-protection, which it views even in the minutest circumstances of the act to be done, and with great rapidity of thought, which is thus hurried away as it were from the hideousness of the peril. But I think, Eusebius, we have in all conscience been long enough in this state of humility and uncertainty; it is time, therefore, that I should dismiss the scene. The banditti moved off—and seeing their backs about thirty or forty yards from us, we thought it time to re-assume our dignity,

“*Cælumque tuar,
Et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*”

We left our Italian copartners in robbery to scramble off after their own fashion, without offering or receiving consolation. We had not been robbed to any great amount, only a few pounds, and our watches, &c. They took a camera lucida, thinking it was gold, I suppose, for they left the case in the carriage; and I make no doubt that they took our clothes under the impression that English travellers conceal their money in them. It was said at that time that they were very shy of ill-using Englishmen, and that the robbers on this coast had received much English money, and had styled themselves King Ferdinand's men. How that may have been I know not, and only report the common talk of the time. We again mounted our caleche; our driver had a cloak which he lent me, and my friend his own great coat, so we returned to Salerno without the desire of having the windows of the town closed, as at the entry of Coventry by the Lady Godiva. Safely lodged in our inn, we had nothing to do but to go to bed and send for a tailor; and here I cannot but characterise the low tradesmen of that country,—when we came to pay, and, indeed, had paid for our clothes, the man fairly acknowledged he had

charged us more than he should have done, but he did so because we must have them. But, to the very great credit of Salerno, I must not omit to say that several persons came to us offering any money we might want. We were at a large inn, I forget its name; but, like all of the country, it was very dirty. I recollect having been shown into a large room: we ordered dinner and went out; on our return we were shown into the same—at one end of which was our table and dinner on it; but on entering the room, to our surprise we saw some eight or ten beds on the floor on each side the room, and night-capped heads popping up to look at us as we passed up the room: it was their siesta. This did not increase our appetite, but when we reached our table we found the chairs occupied by fowls, who were perched upon the backs and in the seats, and bars of the legs; and fowls they might well be termed, for they were very offensive, and defensive too, for they were at their siesta, and would not very easily be disturbed, for, knocked off one perch, they soon found another equally inconvenient for us. It made very little difference, for to eat was impossible; but it was a strange and ominous instinct in the poor creatures to crowd about a table upon which ere long they would all be served up, and their heads under their wings; with them 'tis but the change of a letter, an *a* for an *o*, from the *roost* to the *roast*. But I have graver matters than puns to tell of, Eusebius; and now I must tell you I would not for the world have had you with us; you would have tossed about your indignant ire after a pretty fashion, at the next scene I must tell you of. You would have done your best to take the very Head of the Police by the throat, and have tossed him, strangled first, out of his window—and we should have been all murdered for the act of justice. It was necessary that we should make a report of our robbery to the Police—so to the Police we went. Imagine us now in a tolerably large and light room, with a chair or two for furniture, and desks railed off from the other part of the room. Imagine an ill-tempered, sour-looking big rascal, about fifty years of age, scowling, when not at us, at the walls, at his clerk, at his own fingers, at every thing. There were this man, his clerk, and ourselves. Our

reception was not courteous. The absurdity of the whole proceedings might scarcely be credited, but I will tell them fairly. I, as spokesman, began to give an account of our robbery; he stopped me ere I had advanced many words, and himself began to question—I was only to answer.

"What are your names?" I told them—stopped again.

"No—first your Christian names?" Given.

"The Christian name of your father?" Well, that is done.

"The Christian name of your mother?"

Here was a grand hitch, for I gave it, and he declared there was no such name; I persisted, and told him it was in Goldoni's Comedies. This made him angry—he looked at me as if I wished to pass off myself and all my family under *aliases*. He then pretended he did not understand me, and must have an interpreter. He understood me very well, and the name too, but what the Christian name of a man's mother has to do with throwing light on the fact of his having been robbed an hour or two before, who can tell? I can, Eusebius. The scoundrel knew we had acquaintance with Mr B. the Frenchman, and was determined to have him there; firstly, out of tyranny, to insult and get something from him; secondly, it would make a great delay, and thus, before he should make his report to other authorities, the banditti would be safe from pursuit; and I have no doubt whatever that the fellow received their pay, and helped them on all occasions. Now, you may charge me with slander, ascribing false motives to what might have been mere stupidity and official form. Stay a moment, and you will not say so. Read on. The Frenchman was sent for, the distance there and back, perhaps, from two to three miles, but I do not recollect exactly; however it took some considerable time before he came, and whilst waiting for his arrival (for nothing was done with us in the interim, nor were we asked to sit down), in staggered a countryman, deadly pale, all bloody, and the blood was streaming down from his head. He threw himself for support against the wall, and then slid down upon a chair, for some time unable to speak. The man had been dreadfully beaten, and, for aught

we knew to the contrary, might be in a dying state. But what did this Head of the Police? He bellowed out to him most brutally, and asked him how he dared sit in a chair; then went up to him, and, I think, kicked him. The poor fellow had been very ill-treated by some of the banditti, and in his own house. Our friend arrived, and, of course, could give no other account of my mother's Christian name than I had; but, after much demur, it was allowed to pass; and long indeed was the deposition in taking, after every few sentences that he had dictated to his clerk, making him read out the whole that was written, cursing him pretty handsomely for his diction, and directing amendments. At length the business is finished, but not without our excellent friend the Frenchman finding it to his interest to see the Head of the Police. I saw him give him money. All this while the poor country fellow was obliged to stand, lean, or lie bleeding as he could. To finish the tale of the bandits, it may be as well here to add, that the day following they blockaded the little town of Eboli, where was a Government telegraph. Why, I did not hear, but I learned that a band of soldiers was sent after them, that an action took place, the captain of the banditti killed, and their plunder retaken. Some time afterwards we made application to the British consul at Naples, as I was anxious to recover my watch and seals. But he plainly told us we had not the slightest chance of ever seeing them again, that they were in the hands of the Police, and had only changed hands of robbers. He took an account of the matter, for the use of our own Government, and it is, I dare say, in one of the public offices. The British consul remarked, that in England to see a countryman at work in a field is a protection; but if you see one in that country at work, keep your eye on him, for 'tis ten to one but he takes up a gun, and, if he hits you, knows what to do—if he misses, goes on with his work. In fact, we found that no man could go half-a-mile from the town of Salerno to visit his garden or his vineyard, without being well armed, and even then it would be imprudent without taking others with him. Our object had been to see Pestum, and in this we did not like to be baffled. We

spent a most agreeable day with our friends the Italian nobleman and the French family, and arranged our plan of going by water, and received letters to a gentleman who resided not far from Pæstum, and there we were to go first. We procured a boat, and some pains were taken to secure us honest boatmen. We crossed the bay, but missed the house to which we had been directed. We saw but one house, and made direct for that, and a curious scene it was—a most lonely region of barren and not very high mountains, nor was there any sign of a habitation to be seen but this one rather large and uncouth-looking house. On entering the court we found the walk up to the door on each side well protected by men all lying down, completely armed, not less than from twenty to thirty—more banditti-looking fellows could not well be seen. Now it happened strangely enough, that the person to whom our letters were directed bore the same name as the owner of this cut-throat-looking mansion; we were, therefore, told to walk forward on showing the letter. We perceived a room full of persons all armed, and the owner was pointed out to us. We delivered our letter—he opened it—it was not for him, he said surlily—and then turned to his own concerns, leaving us to ours. This was not very promising, so we made the best of our way off, and proceeded direct to Pæstum, and did not arrive there till sunset, and had but a very scant view of the beautiful temples. They looked, in the dim light, very grand and solitary, for not a habitation nor sign of one did we see, though an old man wanted us to sleep at his house—where it was, unless under ground, we could not conceive. We had heard that these were honest people. But it was too lonely and unpromising, and we determined to return to Salerno in the boat. It was then calm, but we had not proceeded far when the sky lowered, and soon the sea rose, and roared, and there was a perfect storm. It was very frightful—the night dark, and the thunder and lightning terrific. I know not how our little boat contrived to live in it; perhaps there was no real danger, yet it was a most awful night. We did, however, arrive safe, and were glad to get the shelter of even an Italian inn, and thus ended our adventure to see Pæstum,

once famed for roses, but now a most desolate place. Not far from it we were much struck with the little town Agropoli, perched upon the rock, still bearing its Grecian name, and indicating the people who had built those vast temples. I am not going, Eusebius, to moralize on the vanity of grandeur, and instability of human affairs, or I might bore you with a long quotation of Sulpicius' letter to Cicero, who, after all, might have replied, "what are all these places to me?—I have lost my child." So will I say, "what is it to me what Pæstum was or is?—I have lost my watch, and my purse, my coat, and waistcoat, and pantaloons." Nor wonder at this cold and unromantic view; remember we have been drenched with rain, in a terrific thunder-storm, in peril of being drowned, and not very much the wiser for our sight-seeing. Now, if you tell my adventures by the fire-side; and any one snug in his own conceit and happiness should chance to be merry at my expense, and treat with contempt our imagined pusillanimity in suffering ourselves to be stripped, let him know, Eusebius, that I should not think it a very unbecoming position to be hatching turkeys (an employment that has been celebrated), thereby to save life.

After all, it is but submission, and that to necessity; and, to *suffer* is not to do a mean action. "Omnis Aristippum debuit color;" and though I mean not to have my portrait taken *in statu quo*, I know not why we should be ashamed of our complexions. Besides, Mr Placidity, with ten stout fellows pulling at your arms and legs, I should like you to tell me how long your buttons would hold, to say nothing of the risk of having your arms pulled out of their sockets. However, like it or not, so the fact was, and I love to tell the naked truth, and there is one virtue against the one vice, if it be one. They say no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, and we had the honour of many who very handsomely helped us off with our clothes; and that's all that need be said about it. But the villainous Italians are habitually pusillanimous, and so, instead of extirpating the evil, try to laugh it off, when only their neighbours suffer. I saw on the stage a month or two afterwards an exact representation of such a robbery, exact to the very dress, and when the

unfortunates were ordered "*faccia a terra*," the whole house was in laughter. It is now so long since, that I cannot tell the names of places, perhaps at the time scarcely known. But I remember, long before this last robbery, travelling by *veturino*, I walked on half a mile before the carriage. It was a mountainous region; on a sudden I perceived on a rocky ground a little above the road, and not fifty yards from me, two men lying, well armed, and to all appearance a part of *banditti*. On seeing me they looked along the road I had come, and saw the carriage. One of them rose and went over the brow of the rising ground, and returned with three or four more, all similarly armed. They were in consultation. I did not much like their position, but assuming a carelessness, I whistled, and very leisurely walked back to the carriage, rather expecting a messenger, in a shot, after me. When I reached the carriage, I mounted and took my seat by the *veturino*, who looked very much frightened when I told him what I had seen. Straight forward we went, and I could not help being amused, in spite of the danger, when we came opposite the armed mountaineers, to see the *veturino* duck down his head, and put himself into as small compass as he could, (with his wide mouth open, and a look expressive of terror,) that I should cover him and receive the first shot. We were then near a turn of the road, so that the position of these bandits, if they were such, commanded two directions; we saw them perplexed, and soon divined the cause; for with great rapidity at that moment a travelling carriage and four turned the corner of the road and passed us, by which we were allowed to pass on and escaped. On another occasion, myself and friend very narrowly missed falling into the hands of a band that went out purposely to lie in wait for us. We had arrived at *Palestrina*, the ancient *Præneste*, where *Horace* read *Homer*. There was no inn in the place, we had walked across the mountains with a guide from *Vico-varo*, but we found a house that would receive us;—they appeared rather a poor family. It being understood that we should want a guide to proceed across the country next morning, one appeared and offered his services. While we were talking

with him, an old woman of the family gave me such significant looks that I could not mistake her meaning; accordingly I broke off the conference, and under some pretence, dismissed the man. When he had left the room, the old woman told me it was very fortunate we had not agreed with him, for he was one of the bad people; and as we liked her looks, and she promised to procure us an honest guide, we trusted her, and were not disappointed. Our new guide told us there was danger, but bade us take no notice, and give out that we should leave at one hour and for one direction, but set off an hour earlier, and a different way. We did so; and, taking a lower road, we observed, as our guide pointed them out to us, a band of them that had left the town by a higher road, and were gone to lie in wait for us. If you think that escape not worth relating, it has not occupied you long. And now, for change of scene, I will take you to a convent. We had gone to see the site of *Horace's* farm, the *Mons Lucretilis*, and the "*gelidus Digentia rivus*," both celebrated by the poet, the one from the wolf flying from him—

"*Namque me sylva lupus in Sabinâ ;*"
the other as his bathing river—

"*Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus ;*"

and cold the waters are, for I bathed in them, though an old countryman forewarned me, "*fa morire*." And now shall I make a digression upon bathing, only to remark, that the modern are unlike the old inhabitants in this also, they never bathe, they have a dread of water; and some that I questioned confessed that they never washed hands or face. All this region among the hills is very picturesque; but the "sweetly smiling and sweetly speaking" *Lalages* are no more. Liking the scenery, we took up our abode at a large convent, not far from a miserable, old, but picturesque, small town, *Vico-varo*, the convent of *St Corimo*, overhanging a ravine with a mountain torrent at its base, and in the rocky descent are many excavated cells. Ere the progress of the French Revolution had dispersed monkery, it is said to have held an hundred or more. At the time we entered its gates there were but ten monks, and a murderer who had taken refuge there,

while, they said, the relatives of the man slain had been waiting a year at Vioco-varo, to catch him outside the convent, and take their revenge. Here we were joined by another English gentleman and his servant. One day, taking the course of the river upwards, we were much struck with the appearance of a small town among the hills, and I wished to sketch it from the opposite bank. I determined, therefore, to go there the following day; they told me at the convent it was not safe, and besides, that the path through the underwood was infested by small snakes, whose bite was dangerous. But I wanted to bag the town, and ventured. As they told me, the path was infested with a great number of copper-coloured snakes, but they hurt me not, and I arrived opposite the place I wanted to sketch. There was a large convent there, which on paper occupied as much space as the town; and if the citadel and garrison, thought I, make a war-like town, as there is here an Episcopal palace and a large convent, which seems to command the town, the inhabitants ought to be peaceful; so, in spite of evil report, when I had finished my sketch, and it was now evening, I crossed a bridge and entered the town—and what a place!! I saw no inhabitant till I entered a small square, and here, to my astonishment, the beds laid at the doors, and the people all in bed, in the open air. They would have served for a plague scene in the hands of a Nicolo Poussin; and their bedding looked infested. I made the best of my way out (my friend was not with me on this excursion), and a few steps led me into a street, and here I encountered a finely-dressed livery servant, who appeared but ill to accord with the place. He started when he saw me, looked about him, and hastily made a motion with his hand, looking very earnestly and significantly that I should go straight forward and with speed, and make my way out of the place. I did so, passed a gate very soon, and found a path that led me down to the river, and thence made the best of my way back, a distance of some miles. On my return, the gentleman's servant, an Englishman, met me, and said he wanted to speak to me; that he knew I was up late, and kept my door open; that he had

some reason to think the murderer, who, as I told you, had taken refuge there, was most nights in my room, and he desired me to lock my door. My room lay at the end of a long gallery—the whole was in the form of a cross. I sat up late, and very distinctly hearing groans, I took my lamp to trace from whence they came; I found them, near the end of another long gallery, to proceed from a poor devil who was flogging himself, and praying and groaning between. Returning, at the end of this gallery I had to pass a tomb-like recess, very dark and hollow, in which lay a recumbent statue of a dead Christ. It looked very sombre, and as I held up my lamp to look at it, I saw something move behind the figure. I went closer and held my lamp higher, and then saw something glisten—it was an eye. I then discovered two boys, who had accompanied us as attendants to carry our things about. They had chosen this position, I suppose, to sleep in, or for other purposes. Whether they or the murderer entered my room that night or not, I do not know, but it *was* entered, my portmanteau opened, and my purse taken. These monks were very ignorant; if they could read, it was very badly, as one of them brought me a paper to make out for him.

I forgot to tell you, when speaking of the French gentlemen with whom we travelled from Capua to Naples, and who treated us with so much real civility, that on our return to Naples, from our disastrous excursion to Paestum, we met one of them. He appeared much depressed; upon our asking the cause, he told us that he had been most woefully plundered. It appears he had a well-furnished house at Mola di Gaeta—robbers had broken a way through the walls, brought cars, and had taken away all the house contained. So you see, my dear Eusebius, not only strangers and travellers on the high-way are robbed, but residents, and that by wholesale. I believe in many parts of this over-praised country it is thought quite a thing to boast of if a few days pass without a robbery. A landlord of an inn between Naples and Rome told me with great glee there had been none for a long time; I asked him how long, he said not these ten days. I was then travelling by

veturino, and as we were setting off, told the man that it was a dangerous country, and he had better make speed. Instead of urging on his horses, he turned round to me and offered me a paper to look at, saying, "pensa niente, pensa niente." I found it to be a printed paper, with a receipt of a money payment to a convent at Naples, as a charm against every ill. There were pictures of all sorts of dangers, and rescues from them, and a statement that, though the payer might be under the knife of the assassin, the souls he had by his payments for masses released from purgatory would intercede for him, and he would be perfectly safe. But alas, Eusebius, I was not insured, and I had no faith; and he might be considered by the saints, as in carrying heretics, to have contraband goods; so I had nothing to do but to pay him instantan the whole amount for my journey, that I might have the less to lose. This made my fellow travellers laugh; but whether at my faithless folly or my wisdom, I do not know. I have no doubt the veturino had faith—some of these fellows believe the saints can do any thing. I recollect one of them, not being able to manage his horses to his satisfaction, flew into a violent rage; but how did he show it? not with a volley of vulgar oaths, as an Englishman might perhaps have done, nor with a tremendous whack, and "up, my darlings!" as I have known an Irish driver do; but he deliberately left his seat and got before his horses, and knelt down in the middle of the road, and held up his hands, and lifted up his eyes, and prayed fervently and eloquently to all the saints,—"Tutti Santi,"—that they would instantly kill his master's horses. The miracle did not come, which, I dare say, he attributed to his own particular sins, and determined to do penance. Perhaps the beasts had often been on *their knees* before a "Tutti Santi," and of the three beasts they determined to disappoint the human. Now, as setting the Italians to put an end to these disgraceful robberies, would be very much like "setting a thief to catch a thief," the thing is not, or was not attempted; but Austrian soldiers had done and were doing something that way. And many of the soft and beautiful landscapes of Italy are adorned by a fore-

ground of a pole with a brown mahogany-looking leg or arm of some robber on the very spot of his villainy, so that the "Knight of the Post," *post mortem*, still "shoulders his arms and shows how fields were won." To sketch, with a friend standing by you with a cocked pistol, as once I was obliged to do, must greatly enhance the soft enchantment of the scenery, especially with these lopt members of the Inhumane Society festering in front. I am sure, Eusebius, you have had enough of bandits, and the more dignified and romantic robberies; shall we descend to the minor cheateries and cheats, the "pickers up of unconsidered trifles?" Alas! there would be no loss—three thick octavo volumes at least could I give you—but leave me this for the labours of the Statistic Societies, who poke their noses every where (unhappy be their noses, indeed, when they do so in Italy!) And I will here just hint, or rather state the fact without entering into detail—and to one of your fine sense that way it will be quite enough—that in every quarter of Italy you can always smell a town a mile or two off at least; and it must have been in this country that the saying or direction was first made, to "follow your nose." The filth and indecencies of the country are really far beyond an untravelled Englishman's conception. *Verbum sat.* I do not wonder that foreigners take snuff and smoke tobacco—there is much to disguise; and thus have I thrown light upon this question of the why,—*obiter*, not of design, so have I been lucky "*ex fumo dare lucem.*" I told you I would not enter into the detail of these matters. But as I know, Eusebius, this paper will not reach you at a time to spoil your appetite, I will just mention what may be met with by telling you the following dietary anecdote. I lodged at a large hotel in Rome, kept by a German. We sat down, about forty persons every day, to dinner,—husar officers, gentlemen travellers, natives, &c. &c. I have seen the latter sit at table without their coats—shirt sleeves looked very cool—I have seen waiters wait in their night-caps, and thought it not advisable to request them to take them off. But to the matter. One day in earnest conversation with my right-hand neighbour,

just after dinner, as I was waiting rather impatiently to reply, I did what foolish people sometimes foolishly do, with my finger picked up the crumbs off the table; in doing this, and with my eye fixed at the same time upon the spot, I saw, how shall I tell it, the crumbs running away from me. What became of the argument I know not. My antagonists in it had it all to themselves.

"*Licito tandem sermone fruentur.*"

There was very little "Comfort" in these "Crumbs." The next day I went off to Naples; but as I left my trunks and many things at Rome, and intended not to stay long in it again, and flattering myself that such an accidental licence would not befall me a second time, on my return I was constrained to go to the same hotel. I could not sit down at the same side of the table I had sat before, and with a misgiving mind took a more distant place. Before I began to touch any thing I examined the cloth,—

"*Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem!*"

Down dropt my knife and fork. It was the nature of the place and people. "*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret;*" that is, you may throw down your fork, if you please, but you shall have the same dish for dinner to-morrow. The company at this hotel was sometimes very amusing. There was one timid gentleman, who appeared to have retired early from the business of the world, or to have escaped from it for the wisdom and polish to be acquired by travel, to have something of travelled knowledge to impart at his parties at Islington—for there was he, according to his own free communication, most comfortably domiciled, with a maiden sister who kept house for him. Quite delicious were the descriptions of his home happiness. Oh, if his sister did but know the dangers he was in! did he often say. Nothing frightened this poor gentleman so much as accounts of robbers; and I make no doubt his courier, for he had one, played upon his fears upon all occasions. He looked upon himself in Rome as in a robber's trap, and which way to get out of it he did not know. He had no conversation but about banditti, and Islington comforts—and they were in fearful contrast.

I bantered him not a little, and by contradicting occasionally, or discrediting the accounts of robberies and assassinations given him, really enlarged the sphere of his terrors. There was always, therefore, between us a sort of combat upon these matters. One day I observed him listening with a very woful face, one quite of despair, as if the ever getting back to Islington were hopeless,—listening, I say, to a dragoon officer, who, all tags and stars, sat beside him at dinner, and was, whether quizzingly or not, I do not know, giving an account of being attacked in the very town of Fondi, and that one of the banditti, with a slash, cut off his servant's (coachman's) foot. After a moment's pause, the Islington forsaken assumed energy, and pointing one hand to me, the other to the officer, and looking at each alternately, he cried out, "There, sir, what do you think of that, sir? Here, sir, is a gentleman of veracity—no false account this, sir—had his servant's foot cut off, sir, going through Fondi. Oh, I wish I had never come to Italy, but was safe home at Islington! But how to get there, sir?" This poor frightened gentleman had brought a nephew with him, as travelling companion, probably to give him some notion of the classical allusions to be met with in tour books. He was the most forlorn looking youth I ever saw. I thought his uncle had bored him into the dismsals with his fears; and, therefore, to turn the conversation, and endeavour to make him lively, I asked him how he liked Italy. He answered, with a very hollow voice, "I have had a bowel complaint ever since I have been in it." *Tot hominum, tot mentes.* "O Italia, Italia!" said Felicia. The deuce take Italy! thought these comfortless comfortables. This was before my friend and I fell in with the banditti. It must have been a curious struggle between triumph for the argument and increase of fear, when the Islingtonian received an account of our disaster. I most sincerely hope he has escaped all perils, and amuses Islington's snug parties with the account of his travels, and that the nephew has not died of the cholera.

All this by way of episode. Now to return. You are not to imagine, Eusebius, that the Italians resort to these great systems of robberies, be-

cause they have no genius for the little. There cannot be a greater mistake. They have astonishing acumen for the *minutia minutissima* of the art. Be you ever so acute yourself (I mean not in the art predatory), you will find that it is a contest of heads, from the time you enter to the time you quit Italy. I say not much about the inns, for I think there we beat them, or we used to do. I have not been of late a traveller, and I hope reform has reached our own inns; and that no longer, if you remark upon a bill, and that there must be a mistake, the waiter shall say, "Yes, sir, we have omitted to charge the vegetables:" or, that he shall tell you, with the coolest air in the world, when you say "Why," in a tone of remonstrance, "why, this is dearer than the — at Oxford;" "Yes, sir, we are reckoned a trifle higher." But there is this difference in the two countries; in the one you are cheated out of your money, but into comforts; in the other out of both, but certainly less money. I will, therefore, give up inns, and in every sense, for, in Italy, I never mean to enter another. But the cafés are very cheap and abominably dirty. When I was there, there were two things which rendered them odious—the number of beggars and the number of flies. At every sip of coffee you took, multitudes of beggars' hands were close to your mouth, and multitudes of flies in it. There could be no conversation for the reiterated cry of "*Datemi qualche cosa.*" But vermin of all kinds abound; and, what is curious, places long unlet, humanly untenanted, the fleas take possession of. I left Italy with a most imperfect notion of Michael Angelo's great work, "*The Day of Judgment.*" I wore white pantaloons when I entered the chapel, and, in an instant they were like pepper and salt worsted, covered with thousands of fleas—

"Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo."

They are, I doubt not, the Pope's body-guard, whose business it is to keep your hands employed that you take away nothing of his. I suppose they do good and keep down the fever of the blood, and so you need no other phlebotomy. I will not attempt to frighten your young friend with accounts of scorpions, &c., though I

once put my head within half an inch of one, in closing a shutter, going to bed at Subiaco; nor of tarantulas and "such small deer," because I have been reading an account of spiders in Persia, that, as I perfectly detest the genus, make me quite shudder to think of; and, in comparison, all these matters in Italy, excepting the fleas—I cannot give up them, for they never gave up me—are nothing. Nothing more astonished me than the universal cheating of shopkeepers, and even bankers. I have received a small copper coin—under a farthing, nicely packed in the middle of a rouleau of Napoleons, from the bank; and have been cheated out of a few pounds, in the transfer from a bank in one place to a bank in another, because the banker chose to omit *moneta fina*. But, at a shop, if you offered often a third, or even a quarter, you would pay too much. I travelled some days in company with the wife of a manufacturer, who cautioned me on this point. I could not believe it; and, when I arrived at Rome, she desired me to go out and try the experiment. I bought a common article to ascertain the point. I forget what I gave, but it was about a third of what I was asked, and I felt ashamed to offer it, but I did so for the experiment's sake, and found I had given a little too much. But the following account as to this matter will surprise you:—I went to a bookseller's—a publisher's library. He had no shop, not to external appearance. He was a most urbane, aged, gentlemanly, white-headed man, the author of antiquities, &c. &c. &c. There, I suppose, were the literati and the dilettanti, for the room, in respect of company, reminded me of Mr Murray's in Albemarle Street, where you may breathe an atmosphere of learning, wisdom, and most urbane sociality; there was I introduced, and, when there, turned over some portfolios of prints. I had been collecting prints from the works of a favourite master; and, in one of the portfolios, I found an injured, soiled print of one of his subjects, which I had not before seen. The man looked so like an author, and so far above all matters extra the love of the antique and antiquities, that I scarcely knew how to make my wishes known. I did it, therefore, by a circumlocution, first admiring the print; and then, as it was a modern one, ask-

ing if it was published in Rome, then if sold in Rome. He caught eagerly at the word sold, and, without much ado, told me the price—five scudi; that is, about twenty-five shillings. I saw at once it was enormous, and thought of the caution; and, remarking that it was a little soiled, said I ought to have it for three. He took three, and off I went with my print. Within an hour I passed a Stamperia, where I saw at the window a clean impression of the very print, and a printed list of the prices, and, would you believe it, Eusebius, it was under one scudo; and, for a damaged copy, I had been asked by this white-haired piece of antiquity, and iniquitous antiquity, *five*, and had actually given three! Oh, Eusebius, you would not have been contented with blowing him up, you would have taken fire throughout, and gunpowdered the whole edifice, regardless of the literati and dilettanti, all the while gravely discussing the probabilities of the tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii; but, as you were not there, those discussions are still going on, and still will go on. But what did I do? I quietly walked back to the grand library, and as quietly told the old gentleman that he was a thief, a rascal, and that I would expose him to all the English. The last words did the business; he looked dreadfully alarmed, and looked behind him to see who might be within hearing; and, making significant nods, and putting one hand to my mouth, to prevent my doing mischief, in great haste put the other hand into his pocket and handed me back *all* my money.

This was pretty well, for I came off with "flying colours," that is with the colour of my money, which was sure to fly upon some other occasion; for the Italians were too much for me. And so it happened; for in my love of the antique I forgot my prudence; and, being desirous of having some plaster casts, was recommended to an *honest* tradesman, who was to take them for me from some sculpture at the Vatican, the subjects of which much pleased me. They were a pastoral figure, and a freize, the search of Ceres. I made my bargain, and like a fool paid my money, and paid for the packing and the shipping. But the unplastered shepherd is still piping; and all I can hope is that Ceres has sent the plaster-cast maker to Hades instead of going there herself, and that, having some interest with Proserpine, he will be flogged daily, for my money has been cast upon the worthless. I bequeath the debt a legacy to the Pope.

I have written enough, though I have matter more, and abundant, but there is a time for all things. Whatever effect this account may have upon your young friend, I am sure you, who know me, will be satisfied that I understate things. You know I have no talent at exaggeration. Probably your friend will read Eustace, and, if he be very young, believe him. Perhaps he will read Rogers' "Italy," and tell you that it is not mine, and you will add that I have not Rogers's "*Pleasures of Memory*."

Vive vaelegu.

Z.

DE LAMARTINE.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE is a descendant of one of the ancient noble provincial families of France, whose members were always actively employed in the service of their country. In the 15th century one of his ancestors is mentioned as "Capitaine de la Ville de Cluny," and his female ancestors continued to receive a "redevance" from the monastery of Cluny, until the first French Revolution, which abolished all such dues. In the *Mémoires des Etats de Bourgogne* the family is registered. Several seignories belonged to it, such as those of D'Hurigny, D'Urcy, De Monceaux, &c., &c., and the chateau and estate of Monceaux still in his possession, by inheritance, have been for centuries in the family.

ALPHONSE MARIA LOUIS DE LAMARTINE was born on 21st October, 1791. His father was Captain of Cavalry in the Dauphiny regiment, and Chevalier of St Louis. He was one of those who remained faithful to the unfortunate and forsaken Louis XVI.; and, together with his grandfather, uncles, aunts, &c., was imprisoned for his political opinions at Macon. The mother of Alphonse took a house looking on the prison gate, that she might show her infant daily to his father through the bars of the jail. Had it not been for the timely death of Robespierre they would all have ascended the scaffold; but, in consequence of that event, they escaped, and retired to a small residence on a wine estate called Milly, which he has since celebrated in one of his *Harmonies*, entitled "*La Terre Natale*." Is it not extraordinary that he, who was in his infancy the son of a political prisoner at Macon, should now be the political representative of that town, his birth-place, in parliament? At Milly he passed his infancy in rustic liberty, and his fondest affections gratefully attach him to this spot. There he first acquired his taste for nature. Birds, butterflies, flowers, and vineyards, were his companions, and the scenes of his early wanderings; and there the sunsets and sunrises, storms and tempests of the year, made an indelible impression on his young mind. At the college of Bellay, in the Department

of Ain, seated near the Rhone, he received his education, and early showed a great aptitude for learning, bearing away all the prizes and crowns yearly distributed. A French provincial education is at best, however, a sorry affair; and, when De Lamartine received his, there was certainly not more, but less attention paid than at present, to the formation of the mind of the student. This was, however, partially compensated for by the superior moral and religious education he then obtained. But De Lamartine was a genius and a poet. He had, in his earliest years, a passion for all that was beautiful, harmonious, and tasteful. He loved the quiet landscape, the domestic and family hearth, the grouping of virtue and cheerfulness, the melody of the birds, the humming of the bee, the active perseverance of the ant, the gay wings of the butterfly, the variegated foliage of the forest, the murmuring of the rill—the homestead, the barn, the thatched roof—the knell of the curfew, the ivy of the church, the village cemetery, the vigorous peasant, the harmony of nature, and the works of God. As he grew up, he found the moral world replete also with good. Noble and generous sentiments, a disinterested love of his fellow-creatures, and an elevated piety towards the Father of heaven and earth, took possession of his nature; and, as Aimé Martin says, in his *Education des Mœurs de Famille*, "Voilà pourquoi les grands écrivains nous ravissent; voilà pourquoi les grands poètes nous enlèvent! voilà pourquoi, d'un trait de leur génie, ils soufflent sur la foule vulgaire le dénouement des Grecques pour la patrie, ou les transports de Socrate pour la vertu."

On leaving college De Lamartine returned to his family, and often retired alone to the Chateau de St Point, which belonged to his father, but which was then uninhabited, and nearly in ruins. This solitary and romantic scene was admirably adapted to the character of his mind, and suited his imaginative and poetic tendencies. He continually studied nature whilst he read history, and examined, with the eye of Christian philosophy, the natu-

ral, as well as the moral world which he inhabited.

As, during the reign of Napoleon, his family would not allow him to accept any public employment, remaining, as it did, faithful to the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, the young De Lamartine resolved on foreign travel, and made a journey to Italy, and a long residence there, for the purpose of supplying his mind with those classical recollections which should improve his natural taste, and prepare him for his future career as a French poet. Want of occupation, to the young De Lamartine, neither suited his principles nor his tastes. He had no notion of a young man of talent, fortune, and family, having the *right* to eat, and drink, and laugh, and dance, and sleep, without making any attempt to mitigate the sorrows, improve the character, increase the knowledge, or ameliorate the taste of his fellow-mortals. As, then, he was interdicted by his family from accepting any civil or military employment under Napoleon, he determined on so actively occupying his time as to render himself, at least, prepared for future usefulness, when any change should take place in the destinies of France. Though not a soldier by profession, he yet received military preparation; and, when the Restoration arrived, he was permitted to become a member of the body-guard of Louis XVIII.

The mother of De Lamartine was Mademoiselle Des Roys, a young lady of distinguished merit and beauty. Her mother was governess to the royal princes, and she was herself brought up with the present King of the French, Louis Philippe, and with Madame Adelaide, his sister. She lived to an advanced age, and died in 1828. The father of De Lamartine is still living, in his 87th year, in full possession of all his faculties, and not less venerable for his noble and consistent character, than for the number of years during which he has lived, beloved by his family, his friends, and his princes.

De Lamartine had five sisters, and on occasion of the marriage of one of them to the Count de Vigué, at Chambery in Savoy, the poet became acquainted with his amiable and accomplished lady, the daughter of W. H. Birch, Esq., who was then travelling on the Continent with her mother. At the Marquise de la Pierre's, at

Chambery, they first saw each other, and a deep-settled attachment was formed, which was, however, opposed by both the mother and family of Miss Birch. At length the consent of the former was obtained, on condition that De Lamartine should quit the military career, should enter on that of diplomacy, and should obtain the appointment of secretary to the French embassy in London. The father of Miss Birch was an officer of merit in the British army, and spent half his fortune in equipping a volunteer corps and battery to resist a threatened French descent on the coast of England. Little did he think at that time that his then infant child would become the wife of the greatest French poet of the age in which he lived. The maternal great-grandfather of Madame de Lamartine was the Governor Holwell, who survived the catastrophe of the Black Hole in Calcutta, and lived to the advanced age of 99. Her father and brothers all served in India in the civil department, and held very high situations. Thus the families of De Lamartine and Birch, with all their branches, have belonged to the aristocracy of the two countries.

Immediately after the marriage of De Lamartine with Miss Birch, they set off to Naples, he having been appointed secretary to the embassy there. They then proceeded to Rome, to another diplomatic nomination; thence, for a short time, to London; and finally, to Florence, where he acted in the capacity of *chargé d'affaires*. In 1829 he left Florence to be appointed Minister in Greece, and then arrived those events of 1830, which once more changed the whole tenor of his life, since, from principle, he gave in his resignation, and has never since accepted any post under Government.

Apprehensive of a long and sanguinary revolution—disapproving, on the one hand, the ordinances of Charles X., and, on the other hand, the exclusion of the Duke de Bourdeaux from the throne of France—resolved on separating himself from political party agitation—convinced that his country had need of order and repose, and not of agitation and discussion—and above and before all things, anxious to visit the Holy Land, and to impregnate his very soul on the spot with those emotions which he wished to feel, and which he desired to cultivate—De

Lamartine determined on carrying into effect his long-devised plan, and on quitting the shores of his country for several years. To that voyage we shall hereafter more specially refer. It was one of the great events of his life—but the loss of his darling and beloved daughter there has thrown a melancholy over his spirit, which it is not very probable will ever wholly forsake it.

Whilst absent on this poetical and religious journey to the Holy Land, the electors of a small electoral college named Bergues, a fortified town in France, in the Department of the North, a few miles from Dunkirk, thought fit to appoint him their deputy. On first receiving the news of this wholly unexpected honour, De Lamartine hesitated as to its acceptance, but he finally determined on returning to France to fulfil the new duties imposed upon him. At the ensuing general elections he was re-named at Bergues, and, at the same time, appointed deputy by his native town, Macon; but, as he had promised the electors of the former place to remain their deputy in case they should again appoint him, he declined becoming the representative of his birth-place. At the last general election, however, having been returned by the electors of both the college *Intra Muros*, and that of *Extra Muros* at Macon, he felt it his duty to accept one of these nominations, to the great regret of the electors of Bergues, who had returned him without a dissentient voice. This rapid sketch of the outline of De Lamartine's life will materially assist in the consideration of his character and labours as a poet and as a politician. We have much to add, and much to fill up—but the sketch is before our readers.

DE LAMARTINE is at once a poet, a moralist, and a politician. It is *not* our intention to depict him in only one of these characters, but to present the whole man. His poetry is the charm of his life, his morals the ornament of his life, his social political system the end of his life. There was a time when it was truly said of him,

"Almer, prier, et chanter—voilà toute sa vie!"

This can be said no longer? There is another verb which must now be added, and that verb is "*agir*." He

is now the active man, the daily benefactor of his species, the suppressor of gaming houses, the abolisher of lotteries, the protector of foundlings, the gradual emancipator of slaves, the Christian instructor of the people, the visitor of the prisons and lunatic asylums, and the *CHIEF* of that *SOCIAL PARTY* in France whose efforts are little known in England, and whose exertions it is our design to communicate, as we feel it our duty to applaud.

This happy combination of grace and imagination with moral and Christian principle—of blandness of manner and gentleness of character with decision of mind and practical philanthropy, is not often to be met with in this world of ours; and when it is so, it is to be hailed with delight, and held up to imitation and praise. A Christian poet, a Christian gentleman, a Christian man of education and genius, and a Christian politician, who will not allow his political system to be based on any thing but morals and religion, is a man as rare as he is valuable; it is therefore that we have determined on presenting a sketch of his character.

De Lamartine is now the poet, the moralist, and the politician, and we will examine what he has done, and what he is doing, in these three capacities.

If there be not a vast deal of *method* in our summary,—and if sometimes we appear not to be sufficiently attentive to the *chronological* order of our history, let it be remembered that after all, we are writing a sketch of a *poet*, and that to methodize too much, would infringe on our prerogatives of following him in his flights, and of attempting, at least, to give an idea of his fancy, as well as of his intellectual attainments. The 19th century in France has hitherto produced but two great poets and distinguished writers—CHATEAUBRIAND and DE LAMARTINE. They are both royalists. They have both remained inflexibly attached to the fallen dynasty. They are both essentially monarchical. They have never hesitated to declare this, nor shrunk from rendering it apparent. What can the democratic school in France produce to compare with them? Notwithstanding all the vauntings, the proud and idle boastings of that school, what has it done—where are its names—what are its productions? Victor Hugo, though most unsettled in his

politics since his invitation by Louis-Philippe to the fêtes at Versailles, is yet far, very far from belonging to the George Sand and Alexander Dumas' class of writers. Chateaubriand and De Lamartine are in France at this day unrivalled.

The favourite writers of De Lamartine, when he was young, were Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand. But more tender than this his literary mother, and more philosophical than M. de Chateaubriand, his literary father, retaining the royalist instincts of his birth and education, at the same time feeling a profound love of rational liberty, he has at once sympathized with the past and looked forward to the future. His ideas are calmly progressive. He is noble and great in his enthusiasm—and never having reason to doubt the sincerity of his own heart, he places much confidence in the assurances and declarations of others. When young, he was so enthusiastic in favour of Madame de Staël, that he passed a whole day by the road-side merely to see her pass in her caleche. It was the only time he beheld her. For Chateaubriand, also, he had a profound affection;—and on one occasion, in order to see him, he climbed a wall, and remained there no inconsiderable period—and then, having satisfied his longing eyes, he descended and inscribed on the outer gate some verses to the genius he admired. This was the enthusiasm of youth. It is now moderated by years, and calmed by reflection.

That the young De Lamartine should search for great men, and great minds—for religion allied to literature, and poetry to morals,—can excite no surprise in those who remember, that, though born of Christian parents, and educated in the Christian faith, he lived in the epoch of the triumph of Bonaparte and Delille—and could no where find, though already a poet and philosopher himself—either poetry or philosophy.

The education of De Lamartine being one of a strictly private and retired character, he had few opportunities afforded him of knowing the men of the day, or the writers of the age. He had a secret partiality for Jean Jacques Rousseau, not as the reasoner and the false philosopher of the "Social Contract,"—but as the poet of *Héloïse*. With the works of

Ossian, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, Bernardin St Pierre, he became intimately acquainted; and many stanzas—nay, thousands of lines—have been written by him, which he afterwards destroyed, but which his friends and admirers now, indeed, wish had been preserved. At last he was prevailed on to read to a select party of friends, his "LAC;"—and the history of this first communication of his talent to the public is worth relating.

It was in a large saloon that a numerous audience was collected by the kindness and affection of a friend. He dreaded the moment. Timid and modest, he would gladly have adjourned the day when the hour drew near. He felt that he was a mere young country squire, a mere poet from Maçon, the son of a faithful royalist and of a brave soldier—but that was all; and those who were collected to hear him were—CRITICS! When his harmonious poesy reached the at first inattentive ears of this Areopagus, he was ready to sink into the earth with apprehension; but soon he perceived that they became attentive—then that their eyes glistened with delight—then that they gave expression to their admiration and astonishment—and at last, when he concluded, he raised his eyes, and found that he was dignified with the title of POET. At that moment his auditory perceived that he was handsome as well as poetical, and that his black hair, fine ardent eyes, and noble open forehead, denoted him to be a youth of no ordinary nature. But though he was successful in a saloon, why should he be in the press? Chateaubriand had been denounced as a pitiful writer—and so what chance had he? But necessity—yes, necessity—at last compelled him to publish his first volume, "MEDITATIONS;" for he had spent all his money at Paris, had lived in the capital as a poet, was too good a son to apply to his mother for aid, and was obliged to address himself to M. De Genoude, now the chief proprietor of the *Gazette de France*, for advice and assistance. That gentleman placed in the hands of the poet a few hundred francs, bade him take courage, kindly disposed of his work for him, and thus brought before the public, ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.—The success of the *Meditations* was prodigious,—not greater than they deserved, but still prodigious; after

the sallies of the empire, after the tame and almost insipid, but amiable literature of De Jouey and Abbé De Lille, and after the correct M. De Fontanes, it was prodigious to see a serious poet—indeed, a religious poet—read with enthusiasm, and raised to honour and fame. It was a sort of poetry which only addressed itself to highly cultivated minds. Sister of the poetry of Manzoni and of Pellico, sister of the poetry of Tasso, as of that of the Hebrews, it showed itself calm and *suave*, greatly simple, and surrounded with all the charms of Christian beauty and truth. Sometimes his *Meditations* resembled the poor sick daughter of love, and were elegiac in the style of Sappho. Sometimes the voice was of a different tone; and the cry of grief was heard, and the hymn of expiation was chanted, and his sacred lyre riveted all attentions and gained all hearts.

The *Meditations* at once placed him in the rank of poets. At the French Academy his post was soon marked; and when he published his *Harmonies*, he only added to his former reputation. His first two volumes were the first epo of his life; they are coloured as was his mind—they are the impressions of his nature;—the sun of Naples inflaming the horizon—the banks of the silver sea—the perfumes of Greece and of Italy—the dark blue lake—and then the tumultuous waves. Ask him why he sings? and he replies to you by the lines of the “Dying Poet,”—

“Mais pourquoi chantes-tu?—Demande à Philomèle

Pourquoi durant les nuits sa douce voix se mêle

Au doux bruit des ruisseaux sous l'ombrage roulant?

Je chantais, mes amis, comme l'homme respire,

Comme l'oiseau gémit, comme le vent soupire,

Comme l'eau murmure en coulant.”

As a specimen of another sort, and as proving the power, as well as the flexibility of the mind of De Lamartine, we cite a passage from the very same poem on the death of Napoleon, to which we elsewhere refer. Whilst Byron, Goethe, Uhland, Manzoni, Beranger, and Casimir De la Vigne, were all surrounding the shade of Bonaparte with a *cortège* of their funereal airs, like the harps of Scotland

around the shade of the mighty Fingal, De Lamartine, on the contrary, dared to be true, and ascending to the sources of the glory of the departed, he signalled by one strophe, as terrible as it was just, the sanguinary character of the hero. The following lines are sublime, not less for their poetry than for their sentiments:—

“Les dieux étaient tombés, les trônes étaient vides;

La victoire te prit sur ses ailes rapides;
D'un peuple de Brutus la gloire te fit roi.
Ce siècle dont l'écume entraînait dans sa course

Les mœurs, les rois, les dieux, refoulé vers sa source,

Reculait d'un pas devant toi!”

The poetry of De Lamartine has become the true social poetry of France, for it always proceeds from the heart, and is addressed to the heart. Besides this, it is the source of really pious and devotional sentiments. It is singular that the poetry of De Lamartine has few enemies in France. Charles Nodier, indeed, has published a saucy and uncivil satire; but he is the only exception. In general, his contemporaries have approved his labours, and rejoiced even in his success. All seem to recognise, that, in all his efforts, all his works, all his speeches, all his poetry—in all that he thinks and says—he has ever at heart the sacred cause of humanity and religion.

Between the *Meditations* and the *Harmonies* of De Lamartine there is a vast difference, but it is that resulting from the lapse of time and from mental suffering. The *Harmonies*, like the *Meditations*, are the production of an enthusiastic mind and a believing and pious soul. But sorrow had his young days shaded—suffering had left its impress upon his heart; and there is all the difference between the two works that there is between tears and joy, or the poetical forebodings of evil, and evil actually realized. He who was tender as Tasso and sensitive as Schiller in his *Meditations*, is in his *Harmonies* sublime as Klopstock in his *Messiah*, and religious as Fenelon. There are four elements in the poetry of the *Harmonies*:—the recollections of his childhood—the life of an orderly, pious, and happy family—the political transformation of his mind from a secluded provincial royalist to that of

one who even then dreamt of forming a "social party"—and, finally, real, genuine, heartfelt piety.

The mother of De Lamartine was his early idol. She was a model of charity and of maternal perfection. She was the Dorcas of Milly—the Martha and Mary united of Burgundy. Her dwelling was one of peace, harmony, love. There was no turbulent joy—there were no restless desires. Herself, her daughters, and her son, lived for others and for God; and it was thus that his heart received all its earliest and best impressions.

The humble residence of Milly was ever, and is still, the object of De Lamartine's grateful love.

"Il est sur la colline
Une blanche maison,
Un rocher la domine,
Un buisson d'aubépine
Est tout son horizon."

The death of the mother of De Lamartine was the first great trouble of his life—that of Alphonse, his darling boy, who was separated from him by death when two years of age, his second—and that of the loss of Julia, his lovely and beloved girl, the third. The day he was named member of the French Academy his mother expired, after the most dreadfully acute sufferings. Feeble and aged, she took a warm bath in a laundry far removed from her room. She was unable to turn off the supply of hot water—her strength failed her—she was literally scalded to death—and two days afterwards expired. Oh, who has not wept with the poet when perusing his poem entitled *Ma Mère*? At the age of eighteen, De Lamartine received his first impressions of love for woman; but it was the love "that boys feel and poets feign," for the object of his heart's truest affection was, and still is, Eliza, his beloved and tenderly cherished wife. It was not, as Ernest Falconnet supposes in his *L'Art en Province*, to Elvira, or to any imaginary being, that the *Tombeau de Sorrente*, the *Crucifix*, *Ichia*, and *Chant d'Amour*, &c. &c., were addressed, but to Eliza, his now faithful and devoted wife. His dedication of *Childe Harold* is to her, as also Jocelyn, and, indeed, he has associated her with all that he has written and loved.

Le Tombeau de Sorrente was written, at the early age of eighteen, on occasion of his first visit to Italy. In 1819 he became acquainted with Eliza, now Madame De Lamartine, and before he knew her had never published a line of poetry.

In 1826, when he made his journey to Italy with Madame De Lamartine, he was called on to fight a duel with a *Liberal* Italian officer. Some lines in the last canto of *Childe Harold* having depicted, under sombre colours, the prospects of Italy, an Italian general affected to regard them as insulting, and a rencontre took place. The duel was fought with swords, and M. De Lamartine was wounded in his arm. This was a deplorable acquiescence on the part of a Christian poet with the barbarous usages of half-civilized society. De Lamartine was even then such a man as ought not to have been overcome by the age in which he lived. He should have refused, with indignation, to accept such a challenge. He had written a description of Italy, and had so written as a poet. It was monstrous for one man to set himself up as the champion, forsooth, of a different opinion, and require his adversary to fight him with swords. If De Lamartine had been killed, this "patriot general" would have been a murderer. But we will say, with De Lamartine himself, in his *Episode de Sorrente*—

"Mais pourquoi revenir sur ces scènes
passées,
Laissez le vent gémir et le flot murmurer,
Revenez, revenez, ô mes tristes pensées,
Je veux rêver et non pleurer."

In his *Harmonies*, De Lamartine foretold the future social influence of poetry. They contained the germs of the life of a man who is at once political and popular. His poetry is to produce results—not to please the ear. It is useful as well as melodious; he who wrote the *Death of Socrates*, and the celebrated lines on *Revolutions*, is the Christian who wrote the Hymns to Jehovah,—and to the Holy Spirit. In all that he has done, he has sought to be "social," and to leave the world improved by his poetry as well as by his philosophy and his political morals.

M. de Lamartine was somewhat surprised by the Revolution of 1830. His belief and his sympathies were both

wounded ; he could not approve of the ordinances—he could not ratify the Revolution, so he resolved to leave France for the East—remained at Marseilles for some time—freighted a vessel at his own expense—and there addressed his celebrated *Adieux* to Sir Walter Scott, and to the “romanciers” of Europe.

The history of this, to him, deplorable pilgrimage, was written by him daily ; and on his return to France he published his “*Souvenirs, impressions, pensées, et passages, pendant son voyage en Orient.*” This work has had a success almost unparalleled, and yet it has been attacked with vigour by the critics of his own, as well as of other countries. Those criticisms were in some cases moderate and correct, but in others absurd and grotesque. He has been accused of exaggeration—but the Arabs and the Maronites have since attested to the accuracy of his statements. He has been accused of being an aristocrat, because he travelled like a gentleman, and was generous and compassionate. He was accused of being so “universally benevolent” as to diminish the force and effect of his praises, and this was because he described virtue as well as vice, and goodness and beauty, as mere moral beauty, wherever he met it. And then, lastly, he was accused of *purchasing*, by his gifts and courteousness, the praises of the Maronite sheiks, of the Arab hordes, of Abougarb, and of Lady H. Stanhope, the niece of Pitt and the queen of the desert ; and this because he was received by them with respect, or treated by them with kindness. Thus wrote Charles Nodier, who ought to have known and written better. But the book of De Lamartine is a beautiful book, an ornament to the literature of the country, a title to glory and fame

for its illustrious author, and proof that all that is most lovely and inviting may be most virtuous and true.

In examining the “*Souvenirs, &c.*” of De Lamartine in the East, it must also be remembered, that they were *not* written for publication—that they were the thoughts and feelings of each day, and that the mournfulness which hangs over many and many a page, was at once natural and tender. He left for the East full of the pious traditions of his youth, impressed with the still glowing recollection of the plates in that old Bible which he read on the knees of his sainted mother, and he took with him his young and admirable wife, and his lovely Julia, who was snatched from him by a premature and unanticipated death. He brought back with him to France the pale and lifeless ashes of his child—and this volume of his, which criticism has attacked for its want of method and of philosophy, was the last sigh uttered by a father at the tomb of his darling. If the book be thus read, criticism will be silent—and the heart will alone speak to testify its sympathy as well as its admiration. As we follow the poet from Malta to the coasts of Greece, to the ruins of Athens, to Syria, and to Palestine, we are present with him in all his joys, his happiness, his domestic life, his affections, and his bright and glowing prospects. His magnificent excursion made with his daughter in the plains of Syria, causes the soul to vibrate, and the heart to be glad ; and it is only when that daughter is torn from his arms, that he thus describes his desolation and his woe. There is nothing superior to the following lines, (in his poem called “*Gethsemane*,” where he lost his Julia), in any poem in any language.

“Maintenant tout est mort dans ma maison aride :
Deux yeux toujours pleurant sont toujours devant moi ;
Je vais sans savoir où, j'attends sans savoir quoi,
Mes bras s'ouvrent à rien et se ferment à vide.
Tous mes jours et mes nuits sont de même couleur.
La prière en mon sein avec l'espoir est morte,
Mais c'est Dieu qui t'écrase, ô mon âme soit forte,
Baise sa main sous la douleur !”

We cannot consent, then, to subject the “*Souvenirs, &c. of the East*,” of M. De Lamartine to the ordinary tests of criticism. The work must be judged of by the heart, as well as by

the reason, and the more it is known and studied by both, the more it will be cherished.

For a long period of time De Lamartine has been preparing and com-

posing, by degrees, an immense poem—a poem of nature, of life, of the history of man, “*Babylone Inconnue et Mystérieuse*,” and to this he devotes a portion of his leisure hours at Saint Point in Burgundy. He has detached from this poem, and published separately, *Jocelyn*, and *La Chute d'un Ange*. The object of the poet, in his great poem, of which these are but fragments, is to paint the development of the human race; societies first formed by God; their existence; the reign of vice, and the triumph of matter over spirit; the vengeance of God at the deluge; the patriarchal era; the recomposed family of man; the history of the Jews; the history of the Bible; the change of the written for the unwritten law of God; the new world as opposed to the old; and the Cross, the standard of a new civilization. Then the conflicts of Christianity and her triumphs. Then the establishment of Paganism as the religion of ruins. Then the fall of the Roman empire—the conquering Silesian, the Hun, the curse of God—the Latin slave—the Greek sophist—and then new societies based on ideas, not on facts, on opinions and experiments, and not on the laws of God. Then the history of the Romish Church (of course to be written with a friendly hand)—and then the present state of human societies, with the combats of philosophy and infidelity. Twelve fragments will constitute the poem. We, as yet, have but two—*Jocelyn*, and *La Chute d'un Ange*.

With various defects of rhyme, measure, and even of language, the last of the two is a splendid poem; and the loves of Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost*, have, unquestionably, their rival in those of *Daidha* and of *Cedar*.

It is a very singular fact, that as on the day when De Lamartine lost his mother, he was named member of the French Academy—so on that on which he was deprived of his Julia, he was named deputy.

And here we must bid adieu to the schoolboy of Bellay, to the student of Italy, to the ardent lover in Savoy, to the father of Alphonse and of Julia, bereft of both his children; to the wanderer in Syria, the poet of the mountains, the painter of life, and rural and domestic scenery, to the author of the *Meditations* and the

Harmonies, the *Souvenirs* of his beloved mother and of his dear “natal Milly”—with all the rich and varied colourings which belong to all his poetical compositions, and must follow De Lamartine into the busy arena of public and political life. And yet, though we part from him with regret, thus associated and thus endeared to the lovers of humanity and of rational and virtuous progress, we, at the same time, know we shall have no reason to be ashamed of him as we follow him into such different scenes as the Chamber of Deputies and the general councils of his department. There we shall find him good and useful, true and tasteful, faithful to his heart, but yet never forgetful of the great truth, that the law of progress is the law of nature. At the same time, we know beforehand that we shall find him patient, laborious, willing to wait for time, for prejudice, for education, for vested rights and interests, and for the workings, gradual and sometimes imperceptible as they are, of nature and of God. This feature of his character is so well delineated in the following extract from his first speech on the Abolition of the Penalty of Death, that we extract it with double pleasure.

“Long temps avant qu’une législation puisse formuler en loi une conviction sociale, il est permis aux philosophes de la discuter. Le législateur est patient parce qu’il ne doit pas se tromper: son erreur retombe sur la société tout entière. On peut tuer une société à coups de principes et de vérités comme on la sape avec l’erreur et le crime. Ne l’oublions jamais, ne nous irritons pas contre les timides lenteurs de l’application. Tenons compte au temps de ses mœurs, de ses habitudes, de ses préjugés même: songeons que la société est une œuvre traditionnelle ou tout se tient; qu’il n’y faut porter la main qu’avec scrupule et tremblement, que des millions de vies, de propriétés, de droits, reposent à l’ombre de ce vaste et séculaire édifice, et qu’une pierre détachée avant l’heure, peut écraser des générations dans sa chute. Notre devoir est d’éclairer la société, non de la maudire. Celui qui la maudit ne la comprend pas. La plus sublime théorie sociale que enseignerait à mépriser la loi et à se révolter contre elle, serait moins profitable au monde que le respect et l’obéissance, que le citoyen doit même à ce que le philosophe condamne.”

This is indeed true conservatism—

this is indeed true philosophy—and let those who admire De Lamartine as a poet and a writer, now accompany us in our examination of him as a politician and a statesman.

DE LAMARTINE the politician, is a royalist; attached to the old dynasty of the Bourbons; averse to the influence of the Jesuits, or ultra-priest party, in the affairs of the state; a friend to rational liberty; an admirer of the old English constitution as a wise political union of power and freedom, of submission and rule; and a lover of gradual progress, and wise and well-digested reforms. We do not think, however, that we can better introduce his political opinions to our readers than by his able and eloquent *Profession of Faith*. It was addressed to the electors of Bergues, on occasion of his re-election in that arrondissement.

"I am not," said De Lamartine, "a party man—neither out and out Ministerial on the one hand, nor a systematic member of the Opposition on the other. Parties die—Ministers commit faults—systematic oppositions become useless, or petrified. I endeavour to act on higher principles—I seek to rise to the elevation of religion, of truth, of impartiality, of political morality. I do all I can to be a social man.

"But men of violent party feelings and passions will say to you, 'What is a social man? What matters it to us that he be a social man? What help will such a man afford to this or to that party in the Chamber? Will he vote with the *left* or with the *right*? with the *tiers-parti* or with the *centre*? Is he popular with such and such a *coterie*, and has he the patronage of this or of that journal? Is he devoted to one of the three or four Parliamentary men, whose names serve as symbols of doctrines, or as the rallying words for intrigues, and who make France look small and contemptible by their sterile and merely personal rivalry?'

"No:—a man of the social party—a social man in politics, has nothing to do with any thing of this sort. He appreciates parties too well to serve them. He will not degrade either his mind or his country to a level with their contemptible trivialities. He leaves to ambitious men this arena. He will not consent to be a man of the mere day—but he will be a man of his epoch.

"A social man, or man of the social party, is he who takes for the basis of his policy, not the moveable and uncertain will of prejudices, passions, hatreds, or

dynastic affections, but justice, truth, and the permanent interests of the country. He is a man who does not attach more importance to forms of government than they really merit, who believes that the human race is progressing by various roads, and under divers banners, towards that improvement and moralization to which the hand of God is leading it. A man of the social party is one who believes that liberty can be enjoyed under monarchies, and order under republics; that no one should devote himself exclusively to any government, because all governments may fail; and who considers governments as instruments of civilisation, of which it is necessary to make use, in order to advance the happiness of society. He thinks that it is better to bend governments than to break them; he loves liberty because it is the moral dignity of man; he loves equality, because it is justice; he loves and respects social power, because social power is the most powerful lever that God has given to human societies to act on themselves, and to raise them to him.

"Such a man, when the suffrages of his fellow-citizens send him to be a member of the legislative corps, does not examine by what hand a projected law is presented to him, but he examines the projected law itself, and if he regards it as good, he does not call it bad; and if he finds it just, he does not say it is iniquitous,—he votes for it.

"Such a man does not accept power or place, because he is, on the contrary, the judge of those who do. He keeps himself separated from factions—because he combats them.

"Such a man does not aspire to play a part in the fugitive drama of those who renounce all to gratify their ambition of the palace or of the tribune. In public life he acts on the conscientious principles which guide him in his private career. He approves or he condemns in the name of his constituents.

"When a man thus acts alone, he is the only independent man; for he is not only independent of governments, but he is also independent of the opposition itself. Thus it is that governments suspect him, and that all men of the opposition calumniate him. This might be expected.

"And, nevertheless, such a man, whatever may be his impatience to see governments abandon the prejudices and old beaten route of centuries—to quit their egotism and devote themselves more frankly to the regeneration of public affairs, to political charity towards the people, to a rational reform of real oppression, and to the repression of social iniquities—still never does he encourage

the overthrow of governments, for no man of sense, much more a good man, will do that which tends to anarchy. He knows that governments are to people what discipline is to armies. Without discipline it is possible to vanquish, but quite impossible to organize. *Such a man, then, is at once sincerely progressive, whilst he is energetically conservative.*"

This is very beautiful, philosophical, statesmanlike, and conservative, whilst it is truly liberal and largely generous. De Lamartine has well understood the moral and political situation of his own country; and the decision he has come to as to the line of conduct he shall pursue, demonstrates that he has felt that conservatism in France is *not* priestcraft.

Of the "social party" in France, of which De Lamartine is the elegant and accomplished chief, it is now necessary for us to speak. We are far from adopting all their opinions, far from approving all their measures, and far from enlisting with *all* who belong to that party, as we think that some of them are too prominent in what they term "liberalism," heartily to associate with such men as De Lamartine. But still it must be admitted that there are great and powerful men in the party, and above all, that they have effected real good.

How far, indeed, it be possible for a *public* man, and, above all, for a French deputy, to abstain from voting and acting, on many occasions, with a party *as a party*, and yet to preserve his influence—and yet to secure the triumph of right—and yet to act on the one hand independently, and on the other hand influentially, so that his vote may *not* be sterile, and his voice may not be lost, we confess we doubt; unless, indeed, the social party shall become numerous enough to form a party by itself, or at least a section in the Chambers. In that case, the social party might, if it thought fit, examine all questions brought before it, solely with reference to certain established rules and principles laid down by itself, with which, as a sort of test, it would try whether such and such a measure ought or ought not to be supported, because it had or had not a civilizing or social tendency. But whatever might be done in such a case, it is undoubtedly a fact now, that the social party in France belongs to various political parties in the Cham-

ber, whilst its able and accomplished chief is a member of the *Legitimist* circles. If M. De Lamartine should ultimately succeed in forming a powerful party in the Chamber of Deputies, composed of men belonging to all factions in the House, of course being men all loving order as well as liberty, and moderation and peace as well as improvement—we think that party would, in time, necessarily become a *political* party too—and must, in order to help forward as much as possible their own social theories and systems, declare themselves a political body, and aspire to power, not for the love of office, but expressly to lend the additional weight and authority they would thereby obtain to the extension of that which they believe to be right. Isolation is rarely ever beneficial—and though party has been defined to be "the madness of many, for the gain of a few"—yet all truly great measures under constitutional governments, must necessarily be carried by parties.

The social party in France (for after all, it *is* a party) is composed of men of education and of unquestionable talent. Some of them belong to the old families of France—others date their ancestry no further back than to the period of the First Revolution. Most of them are men of fortune and leisure, and who have the disposition, as well as the time, to attend to the moral improvement of their species. Most of them belong to a society which has now existed several years, and which bears the honoured title of "La Société de la Morale Chrétienne." The avowed object of this institution is, if not to regenerate, at least to ameliorate, by the influence of Christian morals, the human race; and to repair or diminish the evils which result from the constitution of modern society. This institution is organized into committees, the titles of which will alone show the character of the association, and the objects proposed to be accomplished. Indigence, deserted children, prisons, capital punishments, slavery—these are some of the sad subjects of their consideration and study—and there are permanent committees who regularly attend to these most important matters. After having contributed, by its multiplied solicitations, to the suppression of gambling-houses and lotteries, the society is to-day engaged in attacking that spirit of "*Agiotage*,"

or gambling in commercial shares, stocks, and Government securities, which is in France, extending itself to every species of commercial operation, and threatens to render that country one vast gaming-house. It has offered a prize of 600 francs to the author of the best treatise on this subject, especially as to the most efficacious means to be adopted for the suppression of this spirit; and it has made an appeal to all heads of families, and to the chiefs of all great establishments, to aid it in this praiseworthy effort. This society also maintains eighty-three orphans, who are taught useful trades, and receive an education suited to their probable future situations in life. De Lamartine is an active member of this society, and has frequently aided, by his manly and persuasive eloquence, in the attainment of those objects which the institution has most at heart. The abolition of the penalty of death, except in cases of murder, is one of the favourite subjects of this society. So is the gradual abolition of slavery in the French colonies. The questions of duelling, suicide, infanticide, child desertion, and the increase of illegitimate children in France, also, one after the other, receive the attention of the conductors of this admirable society; and, although it must be admitted that hitherto their efforts to diminish these crimes have not been attended with all the success which might have been desired, yet, the very fact that an enlightened body of French gentlemen occupy their time and attention with these subjects, is of itself a source of consolation and hope.

The question of "FOUNDLINGS" is one of immense importance to France—especially to Paris, and to other large cities and towns in that country. Although in our own country the crime of child desertion is not rare, in France it is ten times, at least, more frequent. There the mother of an illegitimate child has no legal claim whatever on its father; and, as in twenty-nine out of thirty cases, as soon as she becomes *enccinte*, her seducer deserts her, she is tempted to relieve herself from the charge on her future means of subsistence, by causing the new-born infant to be taken to the door, or to the box, of those foundling institutions which exist in the cities and large towns of France. The increase, the alarming increase, of found-

lings, however, has compelled the Government to look to the question of "what is to be done to diminish this growing charge on the resources of the state?" It has accordingly been decided that in order to induce in the mothers of illegitimate children a greater degree of anxiety as to the fate of their offspring—and, in order thus to lead them not to expose their new-born babes to premature death, by leaving them, for hour after hour, at the doors of the foundling institutions before they can be taken in, that the chiefs of those institutions shall much less frequently than before, examine the boxes into which new-born children are deposited, thus rendering it possible that they should there perish for want of care and attention. This experiment was intended as a moral appeal to maternal affections and maternal solicitude. Has it succeeded? No! It has produced but two results; 1st, That infanticide has increased; and, 2d, That the infants, when received into the foundling asylum, have died in the proportion of 70 and 80 out of 100, including those found dead in the boxes of the asylums, at the doors, and who perished from cold or from hunger. De Lamartine foresaw this. He protested against expecting that this sort of moral appeal to the mothers of illegitimate children in France would have any effect upon them. He maintained that in but a very few cases would the mothers of illegitimate children, at any rate, be deterred from carrying their infants to the gates of these asylums, from the circumstance of their not being opened so frequently as before. He said "No—the only consequences will be that the children will be left in solitary streets, to the mercy of the casual passer-by—or that the mothers will commit infanticide—or, finally, that they will not seek to hide their shame and disgrace, and will become flagrant and public prostitutes." The experiment which has been made, has confirmed fully the opinion of De Lamartine. Not only illegitimate, but legitimate children also, abandoned as foundlings, have increased, instead of diminishing—and, though fewer infants have lived than before, when received into the *Hospice*, yet is it not a sort of legal as well as practical infanticide, on the part of the Government as well as of the mother, thus to allow helpless and

innocent infants of a span long to die at the very gates of the institutions?

But what is to be done? asks the man whose moral *impatience* does him credit, and who cannot believe but that there is some remedy for all the evils which afflict humanity. We answer, that the one great remedy for all such evils is *moral and religious education*. This remedy does not exist in France, and until it shall do so, all other plans will be of a temporizing and inefficacious character. The abolition of Foundling Hospitals altogether, has sometimes been suggested in France; but then what would be the consequence? Why, that infanticide would increase to a most awful extent. Others have proposed that the mothers of illegitimate children should have a legal claim on the fathers of those children for the support of their offspring. This would lead to an extent of *perjury* on the part of the mothers, who would take false oaths against individuals of fortune and family, merely for the purpose of obtaining ample means of living, or of satisfying their vengeance or animosity, which cannot be contemplated without apprehension and horror. Others have gone further than this, and have proposed to make the abandonment of children a crime, and as great a crime as infanticide; but no French legislature could now be found to pass such a law. And, finally, others have insisted, that the mothers and fathers of illegitimate children should be treated as offenders against society, and be punished by fine and imprisonment. This would not, however, have any other effect, even could such a law receive the sanction of a French legislature, than that of increasing infanticide, as the effectual means of getting rid of the only physical evil which the state would have to apprehend from promiscuous intercourse, *vis.* the having to support the offspring of those illegitimate unions. None of these, nor all of these plans together, would then suffice.

And, besides this, it must not be lost sight of, that although, undoubtedly, a great proportion of French foundlings are *illegitimate* children, a vast number are not so, but are the offspring of *legal marriages*. A mother of a large family in France will not only think it no crime, but will scarcely conceal the fact, of sending her new-born infant to the doors of the Foundling Hospital.

Its signs are noted and copied down: a name is affixed to it: its clothes are even marked with its initials—and once a month, or oftener, the mother will go to the “Hospice” and see her publicly fed and nourished offspring. At length, however, it is removed into the Departments, and placed with one of the country nurses of the Foundling Hospital. But what does its mother do? She corresponds occasionally with the nurse—sees the child when it is brought up periodically to Paris, and remunerates in some degree, the hospital nurse, if she has been particularly attentive to the health and wants of that child. This state of things has led to another evil. Parents of poor but *large* families, (and sometimes of *small* ones too), aware that they could thus get rid of supporting their offspring, without difficulty, and even without much anxiety or reproach, now make it a common practice in large cities and towns of thus disposing, for some years, of, at any rate, some of their children, and the state is thus burdened with the support of a vast number of human beings, the support of whom ought really not to fall upon it. Independent of this crying evil, parental feelings become less acute, filial affection less lively, domestic attachments more rare, and the heads of poor families, instead of finding their greatest earthly sources of consolation and happiness in their offspring, only view them as the unfortunate results of marriage and of legal cohabitation. Thus, the kindest and tenderest feelings and ties of life are blunted; thus, the institution of marriage is degraded, instead of being raised; and thus the social bonds of society are torn asunder, and the purest and best alliances of our nature deprived of a large portion of their charm and their interest.

To meet this state of things, it has been said, “Let us remove the children from their nurses, and place them in other hands more frequently. Let no notice be taken of the signs and names, initials and marks, affixed to the infant’s clothes, &c., when left at the door of the Foundling Hospital. Let no facilities be afforded to the parents to see their children. Let it be rendered next to impossible for the nurse to take any interest in the child, or the child to begin to love the nurse, from those frequent changes. Let the child be one year in the department of

l'Ain, another year in that of the Moselle, a third in another province, and so on—and thus, let an attempt at least be made, to isolate the children from their real parents, and to prevent it from being thought and felt by the mothers and fathers of those legitimate, but deserted children, that they have found in the nurses of the hospital nursing-mothers, anxious about their fate, and even attached to their persons."

But there is too much of cold-heartedness, too much of refinement of torture, in this system, to be adopted or approved by any society, even merely calling itself Christian. And, after all, though it would tend to render anxious the really poor, really helpless, really unfortunate, and really miserable parents of legitimate children, whose wants compelled them, rather than whose want of feeling led them, to resort to an act of desertion; and though it would cause many a pang to the poor helpless widow, whose husband, perhaps dying prematurely, had left her without the means of support;—yet, nearly all the evils resulting from such a state of things would fall on the unconscious and deserted child. Change of food, of air, of habitation, would pain and weary its little body, and its restless eye would be agitated instead of relieved, when it beheld new faces, new forms, and to it new sources of irritation and misery—and sought in vain for the face of its former nurse to which it had become habituated.

We say, then, without hesitation, that there is no effectual, permanent cure for this increasing and frightful evil of foundlings and deserted children—with infanticide on the one hand, or death, by too long exposure to cold and starvation at the doors of the asylums, on the other hand,—but the moral and religious education of the lower orders. And we say this with the more confidence, because the *statistics* of these subjects have shown us, 1st, That the most ignorant and vicious portion of the French population desert their children most frequently; 2d, That it is *not* always poverty, but more frequently vice, and want of natural affection, and of a sense of moral duty, which lead to the desertion of these children; and, 3d, That in the cases of deserted legitimate children, there are more deserted who are the offspring of bad than of needy parents. We then repeat,

that the only *radical* cure for this admitted and growing evil, is the *moral* and *religious* education of the lower orders.

The voyage of De Lamartine in the East, has rendered him in France a sort of authority on all questions of a political character relating to that portion of the globe. Whenever the affairs of Turkey and Egypt are, therefore, brought under discussion, his voice is heard; and the following eloquent description of the present state of what is called the Turkish Empire, we extract from a speech delivered by him, on 8th January, 1834. De Lamartine is of opinion that the epoch is not far distant when that empire will perish—and when its once united and powerful, but now enfeebled and divided territory must be appropriated by Europe, either pacifically, or as the result of war, among the other various nations of the continent. Still, he exclaimed—

"Let me explain myself, gentlemen. I do not desire that Turkey should perish—that a vast empire should be reduced to nothingness, or be driven back to the deserts of Asia. I do not desire that a new crusade, that a civilizing fanaticism should give place to civilisation by the sword. God forbid that we should so act! We should indeed then be barbarians. I esteem and I love the Turks. This sentiment is felt by all those who have lived amongst that generous and hospitable people. But if I owe it to truth and to gratitude to render justice to this race of men as individuals, as members of the human family, I also owe it to mankind to declare, that, as a government, and above all as an administration, it is the most absolute negation of all possible sociability—it is barbarism in all its brutal sincerity—it is the permanent and organized suicide of the human race.

"And here, gentlemen, as we are discussing situations and reporting facts, permit me to state some of importance for your consideration. When you hear me speak of a *nation*, of an *empire*, of an immense state, which covers, by its name at least, the two finest portions of Europe and of Asia, and which embraces more than half of the coast of the Mediterranean, these words *nation* and *empire* give you naturally the idea of something analogous to that which we define by these words when we make use of them among ourselves. You at once imagine to yourselves a country, families, property, land cultivated and embellished by the hand of man: you at once

think of permanent habitations, where families multiply and succeed the one to the other—a sort of consanguinity, if I may be allowed the expression, between man and the earth—a sentiment of possessing property, the second nature of social man, and from which arises that other sentiment of collective property which we call *patriotism*. No, gentlemen—nothing of this sort exists. Some hordes wandering over the earth, and never taking root there, as our western populations do in this part of the world;—“*peuplades*” of various names, origin, religion, and manners, thrown, some into the deserts of Arabia or of Egypt, others on the inaccessible summits of Lebanon or of Taurus; those founding in the solitudes of the interior of Syria, in Aleppo, or Damascus, the two grand caravanseers, at the limits of the desert of Bagdad, for the caravans of India—these in the fertile valleys of Macedonia and of Thrace;—Greeks, Arabs, Armenians, Bulgarians, Jews, Maronites, Druses, Serbians, living here and there where the wind of fortune may have driven them—without thought, without affection, without manners, without laws, without religion, without a common country—now submissive and obedient, to-morrow in revolt;—pachas sent from Constantinople, one after the other, to suffer or inflict death, with no other mission than to tear from these populations the precarious resources which their labour has been able to procure, and then to cause once more all to be desert around them;—undisciplined bands, traversing, under the name of an army, provinces which fly at their approach;—wandering tribes, here to-day, to-morrow there, that tyranny may not know where to take them;—plains without ploughs, seas without ships, rivers without bridges, lands without possessors—villages built of mud and of clay—a capital of wood, ruins and desolation on all sides;—behold the *Ottoman empire*! In the midst of this ruin, of this desolation which they have made and which they re-make without ceasing, some thousands of Turks, by provinces, all concentrated in towns, wearied, discouraged, never labouring, living wretchedly, by means of legal spoiliations, on the labour of Christian and laborious races;—behold the inhabitants, behold the masters of this empire! And yet, gentlemen, this empire—yes, this empire—is worth to him alone the whole of Europe! Its sky is more beautiful—its land is more fertile—its ports are more vast and more sure—its productions more precious and more varied;—it contains 60,000 square leagues.

“Shall I now describe to you, gentlemen, the present military and political

situation of this Ottoman empire? *Wallachia* and *Moldavia* only recognise the nominal sovereignty of the Porte, and are really nearly independent, except of Russia. *Servia*, which itself forms at least one-third of Turkey in Europe, also has often revolted, and is entirely Christian; has definitively consecrated its separation and its independence under the government of Prince Miloch, the able and courageous patriot, worthy of rendering free and civilising a people. The *Bulgarians*, who cover the two sides of the Balkan by their vast and numerous villages, and who extend themselves to the environs of Adrianople; a numerous, upright, laborious nation, which admits but few Turks into its bosom, and even aims at repelling them altogether. The *mountains of Macedonia* are peopled by Greek races, Albanians, Arnouts, who for the most part are also Christians, and who rise on every favourable occasion to conquer and obtain that stormy, that tempestuous state of liberty, of which the world offers them an example. The *Morea* and *Negrepont* are also completely free, under the protection of European powers. The plains from Adrianople to Constantinople are entirely depopulated. You only encounter, at the distance of a day's march, some deserted khans, or some bourgades in ruins, inhabited by Turks and Greeks, the Greeks only cultivating some fields which are conceded to them around these ruins or wrecks of houses.

“As to the Isles of the Archipelago, the English possess the seven Ionian isles, and the Greeks have taken to themselves all those which they consider as belonging to their side. The two finest, Candia and Cyprus—Candia, belong to the Pacha of Egypt. Cyprus still belongs to the Turks; but this possession of eighty leagues long, and from twenty to twenty-five broad, all capable of cultivation, all fertile in tropical productions, only supports from twenty-five to thirty thousand Cyprus Greeks, governed by some hundreds of Turks. Insurrections frequently break out, and nothing prevents Cyprus from proclaiming its independence but the want of a guarantee, that if it be once so proclaimed, it would be suffered to preserve its liberty. Rhodes is in the same situation,—St Andro or Cos, Mitelene, Chio; all peopled by Greeks, entirely Christian; have returned, indeed, but only conditionally and tremblingly, to the domination of the Porte. Sauros still resists the fleets of the Great Signior.

“The principal portion of Asia Minor, whose shores alone are inhabited; this immense Caramania, which formerly contained within it many kingdoms, now only

is composed of deserts! Yet it is there that the Mahometan population is still to be found in the greatest masses. But if Broussa, Smyrna, Koniah, and Kutaya be excepted, the four great cities where the Turkish population predominates, the rest is in the power of the Turkomans, a savage and wandering race, which covers the sides of Mount Taurus, there shelters itself against the tyranny of the pachas, and descends to conduct its troops into the plains, or to ravage those plains if they should be opposed. You will be able to form an idea, gentlemen, of the degree of force of the national bond which attaches these countries and these cities to the capital, when you know that, in the last war, two officers sent from fifty leagues off to Smyrna by Ibrahim Pacha, caused this city of one hundred thousand souls to recognise his authority, and that all the people of Caramania would not supply one soldier to march against him.

"Syria, this garden of the world, is still the finest and the most fertile country of the east. The wandering Arabs—the agricultural Arabs—the Druses—the Maronites—and the Mussulmen—and the Syrian Greeks, divided amongst themselves, compose its population. The Turks are scarcely the twentieth portion. The towns and cities on the coast—Alexandretta, Latakia, Tripoli, Beyruth, Jaffa, and Gaza—contain a great number of Christians.

"Nearly the whole of Lebanon is in the power of the Maronites, an Arab and a Catholic nation of two millions of men, which has conquered, by its courage and its virtues, a *bona fide* independence, which possesses land and property, which cultivates it, which loves commerce and civilization, and which, I believe, will form the germ of a race of men who will dominate in that portion of the world. It recognises the authority of the Grand Emir of the Druses, the Emir Beschir, a politic and warlike old man, whom both the Turks and Egyptians have equally feared; who can, by an order, at once raise 40,000 fighting men; who causes Aleppo, Damascus, Jerusalem, and their coasts, turn by turn, to tremble; and who then returns to his palace of Ptédin or Dahel-el-Kamar, seated in the very heart of his dominions—an inaccessible fortress of a hundred leagues of circumference! He only obeys the Turks, as the all-powerful vassals of the middle ages obeyed their Suzerain. Damascus rises, vast and isolated, in the midst of a desert. Its population is Turkish, but it contains within its walls 30,000 Armenians, Christians, and many Jews. The ruler of the territory is rather a prey

to, than possessed by, the Arab tribes, independent families in the midst of the great Mussulman family, who pass over, according to their rapacity or caprice, from one dominion to another.

"Jerusalem rises on the confines of Syria, between Arabia Petrea and the deserts of Egypt—a city which is neutral, poor, helpless, accustomed to all yokes, the common centre of all religious beliefs, and the Holy City not only of the Christian, but even of the Mussulmen, who have placed the Mosque of Osman on the foundations of the Temple of Solomon. Then comes Egypt. There is being performed at this moment one of the most marvellous scenes of these fugitive dramas of the East. You know the revolt of Mehemet Ali, and the glory of his son Ibrahim, both great men, the father for his political knowledge, the son for his sword. I was present at his triumphs. I saw him overthrow the walls of Jaffa, which Napoleon himself was unable to shake—traversing as a conqueror Damascus and Aleppo—twice disperse, by dint of his audacity, the two last armies of the Sultan. I saw him take the Grand Vizier, and only stop within a few marches from Constantinople before the letter of an European ambassador! He would have entered, gentlemen, without obstacle—he would even have triumphed in the capital of the empire—he would have founded a new dynasty, though reprobated by the laws and manners of the people; all the East was silent before him, as it was before Alexander the Great—but a word from the West stopped him—he drew back—he left his work of power and of glory incomplete.

"This trait alone, gentlemen, shows you the empire of civilisation over barbarism. Barbarism, when even triumphant, has the consciousness of its weakness. This will show you what Europe can do, if she has the intelligence to comprehend and the sentiment to feel the importance of her mission. Ibrahim does not civilise—he conquers—he gains victories—he submits to his genius, and before his audacity, the trembling population, who are wholly indifferent as to the name of their oppressor. He only occupies soldiers—he only administers for his army; all the rest, in Egypt and in Syria, is in the same situation as before he rose into importance. He is a meteor which burns brightly, but which passes away. He ravages, but he does not found; and at his death he will leave nothing behind him but the parting noise and glittering glare of a meteor. These conquests of his, will explain to you those of Alexander the Great. In those countries where there is neither nationality, property, nor country, the con-

queror only finds slaves, and victory is always hailed with rapture.

"You see, gentlemen, by this rapid picture, that what is called the Ottoman Empire, is *not* an empire, but it is a conglomeration of various races without cohesion, without common interest, without language, without laws, without religion, without uniform manners, and without either unity or fixedness of power. You see nothing but the vastest constituted anarchy of which political phenomena have ever presented the model. You see that the breath of life which animated it—religious fanaticism—is extinct. You see that his sad and blind administration has devoured even the race of conquerors, and that Turkey perishes for want of Turks.

"In the centre of this vast anarchy the capital of Islamism rises—a foot on Europe—and a foot on Asia. The Sultan Mahmoud—a prince raised by misfortune—a prince who feels that the empire is crumbling beneath him, but who cannot prevent it—appears at last to have despaired of his throne and of his people, and now only asks of that Russian power, which he vainly attempted to combat, to allow him to reign to the end of his life. Russia, alone, gentlemen, has prevented the fall of this throne—the final dismemberment of this shade of sovereignty. A few days more, and the Sultan would have existed no longer—the Arabs would have entered Constantinople. Let Russia withdraw her interested, but yet protecting, hand, and the empire would again fall. And yet, beneath this humiliating protection of his enemy, the Porte trembles, and the Sultan cannot sleep in tranquillity. He was a great man one day—the day when he destroyed, by means of dissimulation, of personal courage, and of audacity of mind, the hereditary empire of the Janissaries. But there are states, the vital principle of whose existence consists even in their vices—and who would be slain by reform, instead of being regenerated. Such was the Ottoman empire! The military spirit of the people, which was only popular fanaticism, disappeared with the Janissaries. There is no longer an army. National manners have refused to bend themselves to reforms, which were sustained with blindness and want of energy. There is no longer an Ottoman spirit!"

And right joyously would we go on with the pleasurable work of translating from this charming and enticing oration of our author, did we not feel that we would be thus extending the *sketch* we have proposed to a large and very detailed picture.

In the works of De Lamartine, whe-

ther poetical or prose, we find the reflection of his own mind and character. There is *justice* in all he says, in all he pleads for, in all he wishes to feel himself, or to make others feel with him. If, then, he pleads for *Poland*, he pleads for outraged treaties—for violated European arrangements, and for a people who have the right to be esteemed and protected. If he pleads for *Greece*, he does not nauseate you with the cant of the descendants of the heroes of Thermopylæ, nor does he represent them as the models of virtue and patriotism; but he advocates their cause as a weak, helpless, and oppressed people, seeking to live independent, and yet scarcely able to understand or feel the value of the independence for which they sigh. If he pleads for the *non-conversion of the French five per cents*, it is because he thinks that such conversion would be an unjust violation of the original fundamental pact between the state and the public creditor. If he pleads against the laws of *September*, it is because he considers that there is not in them that principle of justice, without which laws may be binding on men, but are not acquiesced in by the majority. If he pleads for the *abolition of slavery*, it is for gradual abolition, just abolition, for an abolition which shall be compensated for to those who would necessarily suffer from it. If he pleads for the abolition of *capital punishments*, it is because he thinks, that in all cases except that of murder, it is not just that a man should die for an offence which is not equal in its enormity to the amount of the punishment. If he pleads for *political associations*, or rather, we should say, for less of rigour against them, it is because he thinks it only an act of justice to recognise, that in free states and under constitutional monarchies, such associations are necessary to the liberties and happiness of the people, and have on various important occasions been productive of immense good. If he pleads for the *liberty of the press*, it is because, whilst he admits that its licentiousness is a vast evil, yet its power and influence are of incalculable value; and that, even the press itself, notwithstanding all its defects, corrects the errors of the press. If he pleads, with such captivating eloquence the cause of the poor foundlings, it is because he thinks it *just* to

be humane, and that humanity and justice require that the state should protect those who are wholly unable to protect themselves. If he pleads for the *growers of home sugar*, it is because he thinks it *unjust* to have encouraged French agriculturists to cultivate the beet-root for that purpose, and then to leave them without protection. If he pleads against *military tribunals* being applied to *civil offenders*, even though the latter should conspire in concert with soldiers, it is because he thinks it *unjust* that a man should not be tried by his equals, and his equals, his fellows, are not military judges, but a jury of civilians. If he pleads for an *amnesty*, for its extensive application, and for its freedom from all restraints, it is because he thinks it *just*, that after a great political revolution, in which *all* deserve blame, at least that portion of the people should be pardoned for their errors who are the least instructed, and the most under the influence of their passions. We might continue our examples to a much greater length—but these are sufficient to establish the accuracy of our observation.

The same principles of *justness*, and love of justice, which is in him the source or foundation of his actions, is also the cause of his moderation of language, purity of diction, and of that proportion which exists between that which he means to say or to write; that which he ought to say and to write, and that which he does say and write. So the thoughts of his poetry are symmetrical. There is nothing bombastic in his mind—and, therefore, his writings, whilst eloquent, sometimes impassioned, and often didactic, are always *just*. Even his descriptions of nature—and even the creations of his fancy—are all so just, whilst they are so brilliant, that it is the romance of *real life* which he makes you interested in, and feel about, and you are never ashamed of your emotions. We certainly think this great praise—but it is deserved on the part of De Lamartine, and why then should we hesitate to accord it?

But we must close. The life of De Lamartine is a double one. He is a poet and a politician—a Christian moralist and an enlightened statesman. His mind is large—his activity great—his exertions indefatigable. His labours

are political, philosophical, and literary. His existence is, however, calm and dignified. It is spent at Paris, or at Saint Point, the old family residence of his father. During winter he is at the Tribune. He takes a deep and lively interest in all the passing events, examines them, and prepares to act as one should do, who believes himself capable of operating on the minds and convictions of large masses of beings. His poetry is then forgotten—and his prose alone remains. At Paris, he never writes poetry: it is at Saint Point that he gives himself up to the muse and the lyre. In Paris, he receives his friends at his residence at the Rue de l'Université twice a week, and there he listens to all the plans which are brought before him for the amelioration of the condition of our poor humanity.

When the month of June arrives, the Chambers break up—the political life of De Lamartine is at an end—and another existence commences. He quits the capital for Macon—reaches his old chateau of Saint Point, with its old elms, its Arab coursers, its devoted farmers, its repose, and its sanctity, sacred as it is to him for its holy inspirations and its *souvenirs* of the dead; and there, some miles from Macon, he passes his days, till summoned by his parliamentary duties to a Parisian life. At the chateau of Saint Point, in a small study, facing a chapel, behind which repose, in the cemetery, the ashes of his mother and his children, De Lamartine writes his beautiful poems. It will one day be the object of a literary and political, social and moral pilgrimage. May that day be far distant!

De Lamartine is yet in the prime of life—possessing true patriotism, and true genius, being at once a Christian Conservative, and a magnificent poet; having a heart large as the world he loves, and a judgment matured by experience, and regulated by observation and reading—with a fancy and imagination unsurpassed by any living being—and all brought under subjection to religious influences and religious objects—he may render great service to his country, to his age, and to the world. That he will do so, we cannot doubt, and with him we have but one regret—that he is not a Protestant.

PERSIA, AFGHANISTAN, AND INDIA.

FROM the day when the Emperor Paul uttered his insane threat of marching an army of Cossacks from Orenburg to India, the designs entertained by Russia on our eastern possessions, and the dangers to be apprehended in that quarter in the event of a war, have furnished a fertile topic of gloomy ratiocination to that class of alarmists, the constant tendency of whose speeches and writings has been to exalt the power and resources of the Muscovite empire as contrasted with our own; and, while loudly proclaiming the unbounded ambition and encroaching policy of that power, to deprecate any attempt at an opposition, which could only draw down on our heads the irresistible vengeance of the northern colossus. Sir Robert Wilson in 1817, and Colonel De Lacy Evans in 1829, stood pre-eminent above the rest for the confidence with which they predicted an expedition of the Russians against India, and the ruinous consequences which must inevitably result to our Oriental rule; while the opposite side of the question was sustained by the *Quarterly Review*, which contended in ably argued articles, that (even if the limited finances and cautious policy of Russia were not sufficient guarantees against her embarking in so Quixotic an expedition), the march of 2000 miles from Orenburg to Delhi, the impossibility of transporting guns and stores across the deserts of Turkistan, the want of provisions and water, and the unceasing hostility of the Turkoman tribes, would be a sufficient security that the invading army, if it ever reached our Indian frontier at all, could arrive there in no other condition than that of a diminished and exhausted remnant, destitute of supplies or artillery, and ready to fall an instant and easy prey to the numerous and effective Anglo-Indian forces which would encounter it. The total failure of the missions of Mouravief to Khiva in 1819, and of Negri to Bokhara in 1820, by means of which the Cabinet of Petersburg attempted to open more intimate and friendly relations with these Tartar or Turkoman sovereignties, showed that the opposition to be expected in that quarter, at least, had

not been overrated; while the equally rooted hostility and superior power of Persia appeared to interpose a still more effectual barrier to the route by the west of the Caspian: the friendly relations of Russia with Great Britain, and the improbability of her severing them for the doubtful chance of a remote and precarious conquest, were severally set forth and insisted on: and the result of all these arguments was, that most of our domestic politicians, after verifying the geographical positions laid down in the *Quarterly*, by a glance at the map of Asia, remained in a comfortable conviction that there was little fear of East India stock being frightened from its propriety, during the lives of the present generation, by the apparition of the Russian eagle on the Indus.

But these reasonings, however well founded they may have been fifteen years ago, have, in the present day, ceased to be applicable; for, by an unfortunate perversity, while the warnings of the alarmist writers above alluded to, and the solid facts which they adduced in support of them, fell almost unheeded on the public ear, the inconsistent policy of forbearance and concession to Russia, which was advocated as the only means of diverting the storm, has been scrupulously acted upon by each successive Ministry, and has been rewarded by a series of insults and indignities, increasing in due proportion to the tameness with which they were acquiesced in. When the Russian Emperor, in 1828, on finding that the obstinate valour of the Ottomans was not so easily overborne as he had expected, instituted a naval blockade of the Dardanelles (after having solemnly waived the rights of a belligerent in the Mediterranean, and received all due applause for his magnanimity), the indifference with which our Government viewed the detention of British vessels, and the maltreatment of British seamen, gave Russia an assurance of impunity of which she was not slow to avail herself; and the secret encouragement given to the Pasha of Egypt, the consequent treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, the capture of the *Vixen*, and the late authoritative attempt to place a *veto* on the con-

clusion of the commercial treaty between England and the Porte, demonstrated in rapid succession to Europe the *moderation* of Russia, and the weakness or long-suffering of our foreign policy. In distant Persia, after her military power had been broken by the war which was terminated by the peace of Turkmanschai in 1828, the game of intervention was played even more openly; and no means were left untried to undermine and destroy the influence which a long alliance and constant diplomatic intercourse had procured for England at the Court of Teheran. During the life of Futteh Ali Shah, however, the Russian counsels never openly gained the ascendancy. The wily old Kajar appreciated the sincerity of Russian treaties and promises too well to be cajoled by them; and his often quoted answer to a proposition for improving the internal communications of his dominions, shows his clear insight into the motives which dictated it:—"The horses of the Irânis can go where the horses of their ancestors went; but if we make wide roads, the wheels of the Infidels will be speedily seen traversing them." But, with the death of the old sovereign, and the accession of his inexperienced grandson, a change came over the spirit of Persian politics, and the flimsy veil which had covered the designs of Russia was instantly thrown aside. Scarcely four years have elapsed since this young monarch, assailed on all sides by the pretensions and revolts of his innumerable uncles and cousins, was placed in secure possession of the throne by the vigorous exertion of British arms and influence under Sir Henry Bethune;* and he has repaid these services, which might have secured the gratitude of even an Asiatic despot, by insulting the British Minister, admitting Russian emissaries into his divan, and Russian troops into his capital, and lending himself as a willing tool to Russian intrigues which, under the pretext of assisting Persia in the recovery of her ancient possessions in Korassan, have for their real and scarcely veiled object the opening of a road through the Affghan and Seik tribes to the British frontier in India. In

furtherance of these views, Herat has been besieged by the forces of Persia, with the aid of Russian troops and artillery, under the direction of a Russian general; and, had it fallen, would, of course, have been re-fortified and occupied, nominally for the Shah, by a Russian garrison, as an advanced stronghold and place d'armes from which, whenever the favourable opportunity should present itself, a Russo-Persian army might have advanced to the Indus, by the route which has been followed by every invader of India on the Asiatic side, from Alexander to Nadir Shah. In the intoxication of anticipated triumph, even the common forms of diplomatic courtesy towards England were violated: and Mr Macniel found it necessary to break off all communication with the Persian court, and to quit the camp before Herat; while Mahommed Shah publicly declared that the capture of Herat would be only preliminary to a career of conquest which should rival the past achievements of Nadir, and carry the Persian arms once more in triumph to Delhi. In Europe, the language held by Russia and her agents was equally explicit; the *Augsburgh Gazette*, after plainly avowing that the aim of the Russian operations in Persia, was "the opening a road to the most vulnerable of the English possessions," gave the following lucid commentary on that text: "England does not conceal from herself her weakness in the East Indies; she knows that on the day when the natives, better informed concerning their own interests, shall unite together in resistance, British dominion in Southern Asia will end. On the other hand, Russia also knows her task; she is aware, that to her is reserved to take the initiative in the regeneration of Asia; and it is this which explains the jealousy at present existing between the two powers." Surely this candid acknowledgment must be sufficient to convince the most determined believer in the infallibility of the Quarterly, that whatever might have been the case some years back, our Indian empire requires at the present day some more effectual bulwark than

* This distinguished officer was subsequently ordered out of Russia at a moment's notice, his offence being that he had been overheard, at one of the great reviews, to address one of the Mussulman soldiers in the Persian language!

either the hollow friendship still subsisting between the two powers, or the extent of desert interposed between the Siberian outposts and the Indus.

Let us, in the first place, examine of what real value are those geographical obstacles which have been so often referred to as placing insurmountable barriers in the way of a Russian march to India. The route by the east of the Caspian, by Khiva and Bokhara, requires little notice, since it is not likely that it will ever be attempted when a more commodious and easy road lies open; but even here we may remark, that the desert of Kharism, intervening between Khiva and Khorassan, and often represented as impassable by an army, was crossed in 1740 by Nadir Shah, with all his troops, stores, and artillery, when marching against Khiva, which he took, and put its Khan to death; and in the opposite direction, to the north of this oasis, it is currently reported in India, that the Kirghis desert has recently been traversed by a Russian corps, moving in the track of the caravans, and that to this unexpected diversion is attributable the non-arrival of the auxiliary troops of Khiva and Bokhara to the relief of Herat. But the Russian troops may be wafted on the long course of the Volga, from the heart of European Russia to Asterabad, the southernmost harbour of the Caspian; the exclusive navigation of which sea with armed vessels was ceded, by the way, to Russia, by the peace of 1828 with Persia; and from Asterabad to Herat, if the Persian territory be open to their passage, is a direct road of 450 miles, interrupted by no natural obstacle after the mountains of Mazanderan are crossed at the commencement of the march.

Asterabad, indeed, was once attacked by Ahmed Shah Doorani, the founder of the Afghan monarchy; and if he had succeeded in annexing it to his empire, the whole distance from the Caspian to Sirhind, within the present British frontier at Loodiana, would have been included within the limits of his single kingdom. From Herat, the emporium of Central Asia, and the depot of the commerce between Cabul, India, Cashmere, Persia, Bagdad, &c. the road to India, by whatever route, is more beaten and accessible than the internal communication between many parts of the Russian empire; and if

Nicholas could once display his ensigns on its ramparts, he might inscribe over its gates, "the road to Hindostan," as confidently as his grandmother, Catherine II., placed the vaunting inscription, "This is the way from Moscow to Byzantium," over the southern portal of Kherson. A military map of the route, "constructed topographically with great care, by Herat, Candahar, Ghizni, and Cabul, to Attock," was even shown to Burnes at Lahore, by M. Court, a French officer in the service of Runjeet Singh; he "pointed out the best routes for infantry and cavalry," and stated, that "though he had encountered jealousy from the Raja, he had still managed to complete a broad belt of survey from Attock to our own frontier!" This route, though not quite direct, is the one which would most probably be taken by an invading army; and the whole distance to be traversed from Asterabad to Delhi, would thus be about 1500 miles, or *somewhat less than the distance from Paris to Moscow*; the halting places are respectively distant from each other as follow:—from Asterabad to Herat, 450 miles—from Herat to Candahar, 290, through a country unencumbered with mountains, and principally along the valleys of the Furrabrood and Helmund rivers—from Candahar by Ghizni to Cabul, about 230, the most mountainous part of the road—from Cabul to Attock on the Indus, 180—and thence through the Punjab, crossing three of its rivers, 180 miles more to Lahore or Amritsir—thence to Delhi, 270, crossing the two remaining rivers of the Punjab between Lahore and Loodiani. By turning from Candahar southwards towards Mooltan, three of the rivers of the Punjab might be avoided, but the distance would be rather greater—from Candahar to Mooltan, through the passes of the Suliman-Kok mountains, and over the Indus and Chenab, is 330 miles, and from Mooltan to Delhi 350. There is yet another route from Candahar, still farther to the south, by the confines of Seistan and Beloochistan, through a level country, and unobstructed by either mountains or rivers (except, of course, the Indus, which would be crossed near Shikarpoor); but the whole extent of this line passes through arid and uncultivated districts, destitute of provisions or water, being,

in fact, a continuation of the great sandy desert of Kerman, where Alexander and his army suffered such hardships on their return from India—it has, however, been more than once traversed by Asiatic armies. This detailed itinerary may, perhaps, seem tedious to our readers, but it is only by such dry matter-of-fact statements that we can dispel the vague idea of trackless steppes and immeasurable distances, which is popularly associated with the regions of the East, and which has led many to consider our Indian frontier as secure as if, like some of the kingdoms in the Arabians nights, a hundred years' journey intervened between it and the nearest neighbouring state.

The tidings of the siege of Herat were at first received with apathy by the mass of fire-side politicians in England, who, finding from their gazetteers that Herat was a city of Khorassan, and Khorassan a province of Persia, inferred nothing more than the Shah was intent on chastising a rebellious portion of his own dominions; and it was by slow degrees that the public mind was forced to comprehend the fact, that our faithful allies the Russians, were actively endeavouring, with every prospect of success, to subvert one of the bulwarks of India. The unceasing denunciations of the press have succeeded to a certain extent in undeceiving those, who, as long as we remained nominally at peace with Russia, and no Russian army of the *Indus* commenced its march with displayed banners across the desert, could not be persuaded that any real danger was to be apprehended from Russian machination: but open violence has never been the favourite game of Russia: she never advances to the assault of the citadel, till she has sapped and undermined the exterior defences: and it is before the walls of Herat that she has first emerged from the covered approaches which she has been for years silently constructing, even in the heart of the distant Birman empire, for the attack of Hindostan. Herat, in fact, is the Shumla, as the mountains of Afghanistan are the Balkan, of the exterior defences of India; and if we do not anticipate the Russians in the possession of them, they may, at no very distant period, complete the analogy by descending thence to the plains of

Hindostan, and dictating, from within the walls of Delhi, as formerly at Adrianople, a treaty by which the power and territory to be possessed by the Lords of Calcutta shall be regulated by the good will and pleasure of the *White Khan* (as his Asiatic subjects call him) of Petersburg.

It is true that the gallant and successful resistance which the Heratees have unexpectedly made, has postponed, for the present, the further prosecution of these schemes of conquest: want of provisions, and the false alarm of the approach of the forces of Bokhara to the relief of the besieged city, have compelled the Persian monarch to withdraw his troops, and retreat in disorder towards his capital, after a desperate but fruitless attempt to carry the place by storm, in which the assailants are said to have lost more than 2000 of their best men; *several Russian officers fell on this occasion*, and their heads were fixed on the ramparts of the city. The retreat of the Shah was probably hastened by the news of a revolt rumoured to have broken out in Shiraz and Western Persia, in favour of one of the princes who visited England in 1836, and who are now resident at Bagdad. Their partizans in those provinces, of which their father for many years held the vice-royalty, are known to be numerous, and disaffected to the rule of Mohammed Shah, whose unnatural alliance with the hereditary foes of the Persian faith and nation has alienated from him the bulk of the population; and their hopes have been raised by the occupation, by an Anglo-Indian force, of the island of Karrack, which commands the harbour of Bushire, the principal port possessed by Persia on the Gulf. No detailed accounts, however, appear to have been hitherto received of the progress of the Persian revolters, or of the operations of the British troops subsequent to their establishment on Karrack; but it is obvious that an unpopular monarch, returning from an unsuccessful expedition with a broken and dispirited army, and an empty treasury, could oppose little effectual resistance to the insurrection of a warlike population, headed by a former claimant to the throne, if the powerful aid of British discipline were thrown into the scale against him. It was perhaps the anticipation of such a

crisis which led to the concentration of 50,000 Russian troops at Eriwan and along the frontier; and if a request for aid in reducing his rebellious subjects, on the part of the reigning monarch, had once given a pretext for pouring them into Persia, Mohammed Shah, with his throne surrounded, and his people awed into allegiance by foreign bayonets, must necessarily have sunk thenceforward into as subservient a vassal of Russia as Stanislaus Poniatowski was in Poland. The events of the campaign in Khorassan, however, appear to have shaken his faith in Russian promises; and his wavering counsels have been determined by the news that an armament had been set on foot in India for the purpose of restoring the dethroned monarch of Cabul and Candahar, in place of the present chiefs of those provinces, who have lately become allies of Persia; and the effect of this alteration of policy has been the re-opening of a friendly correspondence with Colonel Stoddart and Mr Macneil; while, for the final adjustment of all differences, a Persian Ambassador has been dispatched to London, and is said to have already reached Constantinople. If the cession of Bushire, or some other naval station on the Persian Gulf, should be made the price of the renewal of the ancient alliance on the part of Great Britain, the acquisition would be doubly valuable, as affording a position in the flank of the Persian monarchy in the event of a future rupture, and as a present means of facilitating our direct communication with India. The demand of some such compensation for the insults offered to the British name in the person of our minister, and the violation of treaties, could not be considered either unreasonable or exorbitant; and the fickle and headstrong temperament of Mohammed Shah does not hold out much hope of the permanence of any arrangement which does not include an adequate security against future aggression.

The originally avowed object of the late campaign against Herat, was simply the re-union of that city, and the part of Khorassan dependent on it, to the Persian monarchy, from which it had been separated at the rise of the Doorrauni dynasty in Afghanistan, about the middle of the last century; but during the progress of the

siege, ulterior schemes developed themselves, of such a nature and extent, as to justify the Government of India in dispatching a powerful expedition, as we have already stated, against Cabul, in order to subvert the power of the Barukzye chiefs, and reinstate the ex-king, Shah Shooja, under British protection. The particulars of these schemes of partition concluded in the Persian camp, as far as they have transpired in Europe, were to the effect that Dost Mohammed Khan of Cabul, the most powerful of the Barukzye chiefs, should have the title of King of Cabul, and be placed in possession of great part of the territories formerly comprised in the Doorrauni monarchy, as far as Balkh and Cashmere, on the north, and should be assisted in conquering the latter territory from Runjet Singh; in consideration of which, Dost Mohammed pledged himself to interpose no opposition to the subjugation by Persia of Herat, Beloochistan, and Sindh; which extension of territory, if effected, would have carried the Persian frontier up to the Indus, and rendered it easy for any power in alliance with Persia to invade the Company's territories by the southernmost route; while the territories of Dost Mohammed would either have afforded a passage by the northern route, or have covered the flank of an army moving by the other. The intrigues of Russia were sufficiently evident in these arrangements; and it yet remains to be proved how far the restoration of the exiled king in Afghanistan, even if successful, will operate as a barrier to similar attempts in future; but if the adhesion of this warlike people to the British interest is effected, and their various tribes again united under a single monarch, they may be made, if properly supported, an almost impregnable barrier to any future invasion of India on the N.W. A sketch of the previous history and present political situation of these countries, whose names and positions on the map were almost unknown, previous to the late occurrences, to the majority of general readers in England, may be useful in elucidating their importance, both as an outlying defence to our frontier, and as a connecting link between the politics of Persia, Central Asia, and India.

The mountain country between Pers-

sia and India, marked in our maps as Cabul and Candahar, has been inhabited, from time immemorial, by the Afghans, a rude and warlike race, claiming, in their own traditions, to be descended from Saul, king of Israel, and considered by some European writers to have probably sprung from the ten tribes of Israel. From these mountains descended the successive swarms of fanatical warriors, who, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries of our era, gradually reduced India under Moslem domination; and the throne of Delhi was filled for three hundred years by princes of Afghan race, till their ascendancy was subverted by the house of Timur in the early part of the sixteenth century. For 200 years from this period, the Afghans of Cabul and Candahar were subject alternately to the courts of Delhi and Ispahan, occasionally availing themselves of their position between the two empires to re-assert a brief independence during a period of war and confusion; till in the reign of the last Soofavi king of Persia, Shah Hasein, an insult offered to the family of one of their chiefs by the Persian governor, led to the murder of the offender, and the revolt of all the Afghan tribes; and the spectacle of weakness and decay presented by the Persian monarchy encouraged them to assume the offensive. The capture of Ispahan, and the conquest of Persia by the Shilji Afghans, and the scenes of carnage and desolation which followed, till their expulsion and subjugation by Nadir Shah, have been made familiar, by the pages of Hanway and Malcolm, to every reader of Oriental history. The Abdallis, another Afghan tribe, who had possessed themselves of Herat and its territory, also yielded to the Persian conqueror, who retook Herat in 1731, but retained most of the Abdallis chiefs in his service—his predilection for the Sooni sect leading him to surround himself principally with officers of that persuasion. On the assassination of Nadir in 1747 (an event to which Persian jealousy of the favour shown to the Afghans is said to have greatly contributed), Ahmed Khan Doeauni, one of the Abdallio chiefs, and head of the sacred clan of the Suddozyes, seized the opportunity of the panic and confusion to withdraw his troops from the Persian camp, and marching to Candahar, proclaimed

himself king of Afghanistan, to which, two years afterwards, he re-united Herat and great part of Khorassan; the anarchy in which Persia was plunged preventing his encountering any effectual opposition. During a victorious reign of twenty-six years, the Afghan king five times invaded India, inflicted on Delhi a second sack, even more severe than that it had experienced from Nadir, and routed the Mahrattas at Paniput with such fearful slaughter, that scarcely a fourth of their host of 80,000 men escaped from the battle and pursuit. At the death of Ahmed Shah, in 1773, his dominions comprehended, in addition to the territories already enumerated, Balkh, Cashmere, Sind, and the Punjab: but with his life the power and prosperity of the Afghan monarchy may be considered to have terminated; and the usual course of degeneracy, discord, and decay, which seems inseparable from the history of an Asiatic dynasty, was run with more than usual rapidity. His indolent and luxurious son, Timur, was deficient in the energy and ability necessary for the preservation of union in his disjointed kingdom; in the course of his reign of twenty years, he lost Sind and others of the frontier provinces; and after his death in 1793, the discords of his numerous sons precipitated the fall of the Doorauni dynasty. The short reign of his successor, Shah Zemaun, a weak and cruel prince, was rendered memorable by the wild scheme which he formed for invading India, subduing the Mahrattas and English, and recovering the ascendancy in that country, which had been held by his grandfather; but this enterprise was frustrated in the outset by the attacks which the Persians (now settled under the Kajar dynasty) began to make on his western frontier, and by the continual revolts of his half-brother, Mahmood, by whom he was at length dethroned and blinded in 1800. The rule of Mahmood was, however, unpopular, and, in little more than two years, he was expelled by a revolt of the populace of the capital against his Persian guards. Shooja-al-mulk, an uterine brother of Shah Zemaun, was now placed on the throne. The administration of this prince (the present ex-king) was marked by some ability and success; but the royal prerogative was greatly circumscribed by the

power of the chieftains of the different clans, who had availed themselves of these fraternal contentions to regain the feudal authority of which the introduction of royalty had deprived them; civil wars also arose from the efforts of the Ghilji tribes to throw off the yoke of the Abdallis; and the rapid rise of the power of the Seiks under the Rajah Runjeet Singh at length compelled the Afghans to evacuate the Punjab, and confine themselves to the right bank of the Indus. The state of the Cabul monarchy at this period is described in detail in Elphinstone's interesting narrative of his mission in 1808-9 to the court of Shooja; but scarcely had the embassy repassed the Indus, when the sovereign who had received it was driven from his throne by one of the revolutions common in Asia, headed by Futtah Khan, the chief of the powerful clan of Barukzye, who restored Mahmood as nominal king, retaining the administration, under the title of vizier, entirely in his own hands. After nine years' precarious reign, Mahmood, with the co-operation of his son Kamran, rid himself of his powerful minister by murdering him under circumstances of great cruelty; but, finding himself unable to withstand the instantaneous revolt of the unfortunate vizier's numerous brothers and clansmen, pusillanimously abandoned his kingdom, and fled, with his treasures and crown jewels, to Herat, of which he had been governor in the lifetime of his father Timur. By acknowledging himself a vassal of Persia, he remained in undisturbed possession of this city and its territory till his death in 1829, when his son Shah Kamran, the late antagonist of the Persians, succeeded him.

The abdication of Mahmood left the throne at the absolute disposal of Azem Khan, who had succeeded his brother Futtah as chief of the Barukzye. He offered it, in the first instance, to Shah Shooja, and this prince, accordingly, left Loodiana, where he had for some time resided, in order to resume his crown; but having imprudently given offence to the nobles by some ill-timed acts of arrogance, he was compelled to return into exile before he had reached the camp; and Ayub, another prince of the Doorauni family, was invested with the empty title of king, having been previously in such a state of destitution, that the robe of honour,

which he conferred on Azim Khan on installing him in the office of vizier, had been privately sent by the destined minister to the royal tents. The shadow of a kingdom, torn to pieces by civil war, and dismembered by the attacks of the sheiks, continued, from this time, little more than four years, when it received a final blow from the decisive victory gained at Nushrow in 1823 by Runjeet Singh, who led on his guards in person to the capture of the Afghan artillery. Azem Khan, who, from the opposite bank of the river of Cabul, had beheld the defeat of the Moslem army, without being able to cross with his division to their assistance, died shortly after, broken-hearted at the triumph of the infidels; and with his death the dissolution of the kingdom was complete. The puppet king Ayub disappeared from the scene, and became a pensioner at the court of Lahore; Dost Mohammed Khan, the most influential of the brothers of Azim, established himself at Cabul, while two less powerful branches of the family ruled at Candahar and Peshawur; Balk, &c., fell to the Ozbegs; Cashmere and Moultan had been subdued by Runjeet Sing, who did not extend his conquests to the west of the Indus; the Balooch and Sind chiefs relapsed into the state of petty independence in which the invaluable work of Sir Alexander Burnes describes them; and of all the widely-extended dominions acquired by Ahmed Shah Doorani, only the single fortress of Herat remained in the possession of any of his descendants.

Thus fell the Doorani kingdom in Afghanistan, the re-establishment of which as an outwork to our Indian dominions is at present the predominant object of our policy in that quarter; but it appears very questionable whether that desirable object might not have been more easily and securely attained a few years since, by strengthening the interests of the present ruler of Cabul, Dost Mahommed, who was then anxious to secure our alliance, than by attempting, at the present juncture, to restore a weak monarch, whose family has no remaining partisans in the country, to a throne from which he has been twenty-nine years an exile.

The sacred clan of the Suddozyes, of which the late royal family is a branch, is insignificant in point of numbers:

the power of the monarch was therefore entirely dependent on popular opinion, and on the allegiance of the chiefs of the more influential races, among whom the Barukzyes have long been pre-eminent. Hadji Jumal, one of their former chiefs, was the principal supporter of Ahmed Shah in his assumption of the regal title: and in the present day the different branches are said to be able on an emergency to bring 30,000 horse into the field: a force which, in the conflicts among the sons of Timur Shah, gave them virtually the disposal of the throne.* To this powerful tribe both the existing branches of the dethroned family are odious: Kamran is more especially detested as the murderer of their renowned chief, the Vizier Futteh Khan: and they have every thing to dread from the restoration to power of Shah Shooja, who owes to them both the loss of his throne in the first instance, and the frustration of his hopes of again regaining it on the abdication of Mahmood. The sons of Shah Zemaun, who, according to European notions, would have a claim to the succession prior to either Kamran or Shooja, have been apparently passed over by all parties, though the eldest of them, Mirza Kyser, bore a distinguished part in the transactions of the reign of Shooja, and would at least have the negative merit of not being personally obnoxious to the Afghans. The concluding remarks of Burnes on the political aspect of Afghanistan, derive additional value from having been written in 1834, at a period when little anticipation was entertained of the importance which that country would speedily assume in oriental relations:—after a summary of the present position of the different chiefs, he continues—"it is evident, therefore, that the restoration of either Shooja or Kamran is an event of the most improbable nature. The dynasty of the Suddozyes has passed away, unless it be propped up by foreign aid; and it would be impossible to reclaim the lost provinces of the empire, without a continuation of the same assistance.

It is more difficult to revive than to raise a dynasty: and in the common chain of events, if the country is to be ruled by another king, we must look for another family to establish its power in Cabul, and this in all probability will be the Barukzyes." The temper of the Afghan people, moreover, has been in all ages essentially republican; and though the genius of Ahmed Shah succeeded in uniting for a time all the clans under one supreme head, the impatience with which the nobles bore the rule of his weak successors, proves that the original establishment of monarchical government was successful, solely through the personal qualifications of the founder, and the favourable opportunity for asserting the national independence, which was presented by the death of Nadir Shah. The patriarchal sway, too, of the Barukzye chiefs, particularly of Dost Mohammed Khan, has endeared them to the people:—the character of the last-named ruler is painted in the following colours, by Burnes, who had good opportunities of observing him:—"His justice affords a constant theme of praise to all classes: the peasant rejoices in the absence of tyranny, the citizen at the safety of his home, and the strict municipal regulations regarding weights and measures; the merchant at the equity of his decisions and the protection of his property, and the soldier at the regular manner in which his arrears are discharged. * * * * The merchant may travel, without guard or protection, from one frontier to another—an unheard-of circumstance in the times of the kings."—It can hardly be supposed, on consideration of all these circumstances, that a warlike and spirited people will tamely submit to receive, at the hands and for the purposes of a foreign power, a monarch whom they have already twice declared unworthy to reign, and whose only claim consists in such a degree of hereditary right as an elevation to the throne, of very recent date, may be supposed to have imparted to his family.

* The want of a tribe particularly attached to the royal family, was so sensibly felt by the earlier kings of the Soofavi dynasty in Persia, that Shah Abbas the Great attempted to remedy the defect, by instituting a new tribe, called Shah-sevund, or *king's friends*: it at one time comprised nearly 100,000 families, and was a principal bulwark of the throne.

The situation of Dost Mohammed and his brothers, pending the late occurrences in Khorassan, was sufficiently embarrassing. If Herat had submitted, or fallen after a short resistance, as was expected, its surrender would have been immediately followed by the irruption of Persian forces into Afghanistan, in pursuance of the object openly declared by the Shah—the re-conquest of all the provinces which had been subject to the Persian monarchy under the Soofavi kings. At the same time, the blood-feud of the Barukzye family with Kamran forbade the affording him aid against the common enemy: and in the event of Kamran repulsing the attack, it was probable that he might avail himself of the reputation for prowess thus acquired to collect to his standard the Western Afghans, and perhaps the Ghiljies (a race of Afghans distinct from, and often at variance with the Abdallis), and attempt the recovery of his father's kingdom—an intention which he is said by Lieutenant Conolly, and other travellers, to have announced on more than one occasion. In this perplexing dilemma, and frustrated in the various attempts which he had made to gain our effective alliance, Dost Mohammed followed the only course which remained open to him, in breaking off his relations with us, and concluding a treaty, by the mediation of the Russian envoy, with the Shah, then encamped before Herat:—his brother, the chief of Candahar (whose territory lay nearer the scene of action, and who had been engaged in hostilities with Kamran, previous to the appearance of the Persians), had anticipated him in this movement, having, as some reports state, joined the Persians with a convoy of a thousand camel-loads of provisions. As British influence is again in the ascendant at Teheran, we presume that the Shah will be required, as one of the preliminaries of reconciliation, to sacrifice this new ally, to whom, indeed, he is no longer in a condition to afford any effectual assistance:—and thus the chief of Cabul (between whom and his brothers of Candahar and Peshawar there exists much jealousy), will be left to resist single-handed the invasion of the English and Seiks on his eastern and southern frontier, and probably an attack from Kamran on the west. There can be little doubt but

that the first-named expedition (the English portion alone of which, exclusive of the Seik contingent, amounts to nearly 30,000 men, English and sepoys), will succeed in occupying, at least temporarily, Cabul and Candahar, and replacing Shah Shooja on the throne: but his rule can have but little chance of permanence, unless secured by the continued presence of a large subsidiary force; a measure to which Runjeet Singh, whose territory would then be nearly surrounded by British cantonments, will not be likely to assent:—and when once the invading troops are withdrawn, nothing but extensive support from the other Afghan chiefs, whom Shah Shooja is not likely to succeed in conciliating, can prevent Dost Mohammed, popular as he is described to be, from resuming his authority: and in this undertaking he would doubtless be supported by Russia, as it is confidently stated in the Supplement to the Asiatic Journal for December, that “a letter has been intercepted from the Emperor Nicholas to Dost Mohammed, offering him ample assistance of men and money on the part of the Russians, to sustain him in his conflict with the English.” In this case, our occupation of Cabul will involve us in greater difficulties than the capture of Herat would have done, as it may bring the Russians, foiled in attempting to establish themselves, by force of arms, in Western Afghanistan, in immediate contact with the Punjab and our frontier.

It must also be remembered that in this proposed settlement of the country, the claims of Kamran, whose pretensions to the crown are at least equal to those of Shooja, have been altogether overlooked; his interests, in opposing the tide of Russo-Persian arms and intrigue, have hitherto been identical with our own; and he has done us good service in bearing the first brunt with a degree of gallantry and resolution of which his previous life had given no promise. Still the restoration of Shooja will be ineffectual for any purpose of our policy, unless Herat, which has been justly characterised as the gate of the road to Hindostan, he included in the limits of his kingdom; and this re-union, it is evident, can only be effected by wresting it forcibly from Kamran; an enterprise, the success of which, from the strength and distant situation of

the city, can only be ensured by a disproportionate expenditure of blood and treasure; and which, whether successful or not, must attach to the British name such an ineffaceable stain of ingratitude and violence, as will be eagerly blazoned forth and disseminated throughout Asia by the emissaries of Russia. In every point of view, our future position in Afghanistan affords grounds for doubt and anxiety; our edifices of policy, if left to itself, will, in all probability, speedily fall to pieces; and, if we are to support it by quartering subsidiary troops in the country, such an extension of our vastly overgrown territory (for to this it will, in fact, amount), will be an evil scarcely less to be deprecated than the other alternative. Had the authorities in India inclined a favourable ear a very few years, or even months back, to the overtures of the different chiefs who were then well disposed to us, the necessity for our present arbitrary and precipitate measures would not have occurred; and a tenth of the sums which we have fruitlessly lavished on a faithless and fickle monarch in Persia, would have secured us honest and able allies in the immediate vicinity of our frontier. The whole story of our recent transactions in Afghanistan, indeed, cannot be more justly and concisely summed up than in the following pithy sentences of the *United Service Journal*:—" * * * Russia and Persia each sent an envoy to this ruler of Cabul. He implored our friendship, and a little money—we refused, and threatened him. Russia and Persia promised aid and money. He, of course, accepted their offers. Here was a gross political blunder, which, as usual, must be repaired at the point of the sword. A little aid would have relieved Herat, which was making so firm a resistance. The Afghan rulers were most desirous of our friendship, and the people, to a man, are inveterately opposed to their 'infidel' neighbours, as they style the Persians" (the Afghans being of the *Sooni*, or orthodox sect of Islam,—the Persians *Sheahs*, or heretics). "The dispositions both of prince and people were thus in our favour, while their country lines our entire frontier, intervening between us and our foes. £20,000 and fair words might have secured their co-operation and averted this crisis."

Our advance into Cabul will place us in a new position with reference to the Seik kingdom in the Punjab. It is well known that the Afghans regard their expulsion from that country, and the proscription of the Moslem faith in the territory where it was first planted in India by the swords of their ancestors, as both a national and religious disgrace: and the promise of support in attacking Runjeet Singh, was one of the principal incentives to the alliance which, unfortunately for himself, Dost Mohammed lately concluded with Persia. It might be anticipated that the security from aggression in this quarter, which our acquiring a paramount influence in Afghanistan would afford him, would insure the hearty co-operation of the old "Lion of the Punjab" in our favour; but recent accounts from India state, that he has shown symptoms of pique and dissatisfaction at being assigned what he considers a secondary part in the campaign, and has in consequence broken off an interview which had been arranged between him and the Governor-general. His interest, however, coincides too nearly with our own in the present case, to admit of any serious misunderstanding arising: and the alliance will probably remain intact during his life-time: but his death, which, from his age and the ravages made in his constitution by excessive indulgence in spirits, cannot be far distant, will be the signal for a scene of anarchy and confusion of which our close neighbourhood will not permit us to remain indifferent spectators. Like Ahmed Shah Doorauni, Runjeet Singh has established an absolute monarchy on the ruins of a republic: but the revolution has extended to the religious as well as the civil administration: he has abolished the convocations, or national diets, at the holy city of Amritsir, thirty miles from Lahore, at which the affairs of the Seik nation were formerly discussed and settled, and destroyed every vestige of that liberty and equality on which the followers of Gooroo Govind used in former days to pride themselves. He has established a disciplined force of 25,000 infantry "fully equal," in the opinion of Burnes, "to the troops of the Indian army," with a due proportion of regular cavalry, and a formidable train of one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery: but this system

is unpopular in the country, and the Frenchmen, by whom the regular troops are officered, are viewed with a jealous eye by the Seik Sirdars, whom they have supplanted in posts of military authority. The whole of the improvements in the administration, both military and civil, are, in fine, hitherto regarded by the great body of the Seiks as at best but hazardous innovations: and it would require the hand and head of a vigorous and talented successor to carry out to the full extent the system which Runjeet Singh has introduced. But his only legitimate son, Kurruck Singh, so far from possessing the qualifications which would enable him to grasp the sceptre of his father, is "almost imbecile, illiterate, and inanimate," "takes no share in politics, and conciliates no party." There is, however, an adopted son, Shere Singh, now governor of Cashmere, whose frank and martial character, and unbounded generosity, have given him great popularity among the soldiery, of which he will doubtless endeavour to avail himself on the death of the Raja, in order to set aside the legitimate son, and seize the kingdom for himself. But this will scarcely be effected without a civil war; and in the confusion thus produced, it may naturally be expected that the numerous partizans of the *ancien régime* will make an effort to oust both the aspirants to monarchy, and restore the old constitution in Church and State. What the result of the struggle may be, cannot of course be foreseen; but it is the opinion of Burnes, the latest and most accurate traveller who has visited these regions, that, "If Shere Singh does not secure a supremacy, this kingdom will probably relapse into its former state of anarchy and small republics," or "be subjected by some neighbouring power." The accession of the Punjab to our own territories, in which all past experience demonstrates that such a state of things must inevitably terminate, would be an acquisition in every point of view most invaluable to the security of British power. Its numerous rivers, and the unrivalled fecundity of the soil fertilized by their waters, have caused the Punjab to be frequently denominated the Netherlands of India; and the pertinacity with which the successive lines of defence, afford-

ed by these rivers, were defended by the natives, in early ages against Alexander, and in later times against the incursions of the early Moslem conquerors, has given the country an additional feature of resemblance to that battle-field of Europe. The extension of the British frontier to the Indus, would give our territory a well defined and defensible boundary, with a series of positions in its rear, which, even if the Indus were crossed by an invading army, would require to be forced in detail; at present, there is not a single fortress, not a river or a mountain, between Delhi and our frontier-station of Loodiana, which could check an invader's progress after crossing the Suttee. Besides the natural advantages to be derived from the possession of the country, the Seiks, naturally martial, and unencumbered by the privileges of caste, &c., which fetter the Hindoo population, would furnish an inexhaustible supply of hardy soldiers to fill the ranks of our native armies; the abundant and regular pay, and the care with which the comforts of the soldiery are provided for, would render our service more popular than that of the disciplined troops of the present Raja, where the pay is often in arrear, and the discipline does not extend beyond the parade ground. Runjeet himself, indeed, once shrewdly remarked to an English visitant at Lahore, that a regular army did not suit the habits of an Eastern prince, as it could not be regularly paid; and some of the Seik officers, at the interview between the Raja and Lord William Bentinck, expressed great astonishment at being told, in answer to an inquiry whether the English troops often clamoured for their pay, that such conduct would be considered mutinous, and visited with severe punishment.

But whatever may be the future destinies of the Punjab, it is fortunate that the shock of the impending war must fall on its soil, in case of a temporary reverse, rather than on any of the districts under the sway of the British. In removing the seat of the conflict to a distance from our territories, the authorities have, beyond all controversy, acted wisely. It is a favourite notion in England, that our equitable institutions and impartial administration of justice, with the security of life and property thereby

afforded, as contrasted with the alternate anarchy and despotic tyranny previously prevailing, have made our rule so popular with the bulk of our Indian subjects, as to ensure their adherence in the event of a foreign invasion; but this is well known to be a mere delusion by those who are practically acquainted with the country. It may be true that the native merchants of Calcutta, and the cultivators of Hindostan Proper, feel some degree of gratitude and attachment to a government under which they are exempt from the various forms of oppression and extortion still exercised in Oude and other semi-independent states; but even among these classes considerable distrust and discontent has lately been excited by the vexatious inquiries instituted as to the tenure of their lands; and at any time, or under any ruler, any thing like European feelings of patriotism and loyalty are utterly out of the question. But in the northern and north-western provinces, on which the storm of invasion would first burst, the case is widely different.

The warlike and turbulent tribes of Rajpootana, forming the military caste of the Hindoo nation, foiled all the efforts of the Emperors of Delhi to complete their subjugation. Even now their principal sovereignties acknowledge only a slight and reluctant dependence on the British power, and would rise against it on the first appearance of a foreign standard on the Indus. During the siege of Herat they openly expressed their satisfaction at the prospect of a change of masters; and it is even strongly suspected that secret agents from several Rajpoot states communicated with the Russian envoy in the camp of Mohammed Shah. The Patans, or descendants of the Moslem conquerors, of whom thousands are scattered over the country, having no profession but arms, and prevented by pride and prejudices from entering our military service, loathe us both as strangers and infidels, whose presence and dominion, in the land where they so long reigned supreme, is a perpetual stigma both on their religion and their prowess. The Mahrattas would eagerly seize the opportunity to avenge their humiliation; and the numerous predatory tribes of central India would soon swell the array of a native insurrec-

tion against that power whose rigid surveillance and omnipresent arms have supplanted

——“the good old rule, the simple plan, That those should take who have the power,

And those should keep who can.”

In short, the first footing gained by a Russian or foreign army in India would be the signal for the instant realization of the state of things predicted thirteen years ago, in the event of Lord Combermere's failing before Bhurtpore, by a great and good man, whose published fragments, notwithstanding a few inaccuracies, afford almost the only clear and practical view extant of our Indian possessions, the late Bishop Reginald Heber:—“Should he fail, it is unhappily but too true that all northern and western India, every man who owns a sword, and can buy or steal a horse, from the Suttee to the Nerbudda, will be up against us, less from disliking us than in the hope of booty.” At the moment when this was written, the mob were shouting in the streets of Delhi, and before the Residency, “the rule of Company is over!” and plunderings on a small scale had already commenced, in anticipation of a second victory to be gained by the defenders of the Jut capital, already triumphant over Lord Lake. The annals of the Pindarry war show how easily a marauding force, held together solely by the hope of spoil, is collected in India. The famous freebooting leader, Ameer Khan (lately dead), on being asked how he contrived to keep together the various tribes and religions found in the ranks of his motley followers, said that he always found the talismanic gathering-word *Loot* (plunder), a sufficient bond of union in any part of India; and in those devastating hordes of cavalry, the Cossacks and Bashkirs would find a similarity not only in habits and pursuits, but even in name, the term *Cosak* being in common use throughout the north of India to indicate a predatory horseman. An outbreak of all the independent tribes, and of the turbulent spirits within the British territories, would be the immediate consequence of the appearance of an invader; and even if not a single foreign soldier survived to recross the Suttee, a second Pindarry war, with years of bloodshed and suf-

fering, would be requisite for the coercion of the revolted and the restoration of tranquillity. But the transference of the seat of war to the right bank of the Indus, and the interposition of the Punjab between it and our own possessions, will avert the possibility, as far as the present aspect of affairs enables us to judge, of this train of calamities.

On the success of the Cabul expedition will probably depend the maintenance of peace on the other frontier; for, whether from secret leagues and a concerted plan of operations, or from an accidental concurrence, it is certain that we are threatened on all sides. The Ghoorkhas of Nepaul, who gave us so much trouble in the last war, are said to be already in motion along the north-eastern frontier; and the language held by the new usurper in Birmah is said to be so equivocal as to have rendered the concentration of a strong force in Arracan, ill as the troops can at present be spared, a matter of imperative necessity. Thus, in every direction, the war-clouds are gathering, and it is only by assuming a firm and determined attitude that we can hope to repel or divert them: a temporizing or purely defensive line of policy is now too late, and would be considered only as an indication of weakness and irresolution. The want of a comprehensive and commanding genius at the helm of Indian affairs will, however, be severely felt; and the warmest friends of Lord Auckland must admit that the present Governor-general is lamentably deficient in the

powers which should enable him to grapple with so momentous a crisis. It is currently reported that, at the present juncture, when every thing depends upon promptitude and decision, both in the cabinet and the field, he has addressed despatches to the Government at home, demanding instructions how to act! Would Hastings or Cornwallis have hesitated thus?

Since the above was written, intelligence has been received that Kamran has actually moved westward since the raising of the siege of Herat, for the purpose of asserting his claims to the throne of Cabul; and it is added that Dost Mohammed, thus pressed on all sides, has preferred reconciliation with his hereditary enemy to submission to the English and Seiks. If this report prove correct, we shall find the whole Afghan population united in arms to repel the intrusive King Shooja; and if Kamran has recourse to Russian aid, as will doubtless be the case, in order to maintain his kingdom, the gates of Herat will be thrown open to Russia by our blundering policy, after having repelled the tide of invasion without our assistance. The political and belligerent interests on the west of the Indus, already sufficiently entangled, will thus be complicated beyond the possibility of unravelment; and it remains to be seen how far the sword will succeed in effectually severing the worse than Gordian knot thus tied by our own vacillation and mismanagement.

OLD ROGER.

OLD ROGER died: but how old Roger lived,
 His wishes satisfied, his wealth derived,
 Sing, Muse, disdaining not the oaten reed,
 Whence humble notes of village song proceed.
 Sly rural Muse, you did not fear to sing
 Of frogs and mice, when Homer touched the string;
 Nor with your Virgil on the grassy plat,
 To hum of bees, and to adorn a gnat.
 Then doom not Roger to a silent ban,
 The verse you gave to insects spare to man.

Got by a Herd, who kept a leash of cows,
 Young Roger herited melodious lows;
 Hence all the music of his after days
 Were lows remodulate in various ways.
 From garments long, from sock to pinching shoe,
 He crawled and walked as other children do.
 At last, despised within the chimney-nook,
 Roger beheld that curious thing—a book.
 With eye distended, and with mouth agape,
 Amazed he pondered o'er the lettered shape.
 For purpose what?—from region where obtain'd
 Those leaves, those scrawls?—were mysteries unexplain'd.
 Hence in the boy begot the thirst to know,
 Chance showed the fountain ere he sought the flow.

A rustic Dame received a pupil new,
 In Roger added to her clownish few.
 She had the elements at her command,
 The elements of grammar, not on land.
 With pointed cap, and most dumbfounding red,
 That wrought more terror than the Jovial nod,
 She ruled. But need I picture to a line
 The art and magic of her discipline?
 One witty bard such mistress deigned to trace,
 And, in describing one, display'd the race.

Now Roger studied at a task well set,
 His mind was bent upon her alphabet;
 His body too, long stooping o'er the leaves,
 That rope to fabricate which wisdom weaves.
 Twelve years found Roger satisfied with lore,
 He knew his letters, and he sought no more.
 That mystery known, he cared not to pursue
 Deep wisdom's labyrinth with lengthen'd clew.
 Words he could spell, pronounce, and read aloud;
 He wrote his sirname, and it made him proud.
 Nor was the conquering worlds to heroes grim,
 A victory more illustrious to him.
 Grown an adept, he sought his father's shed,
 To share with cows the knowledge in his head.

Now when the crocus raised her golden glow,
 To dream of spring upon a sheet of snow;
 Or, when the summer kissed the breeze to hush,
 And, shocked by sun, the cherries learned to blush;
 Or, when the breezes sent the leaves afar,
 And through the trees you saw the shivering star;

Still wander'd Roger, dapper lad and slim,
Minding his cows, his cows ne'er minding him.

The watery drop now drawn into the air,
The pregnant atmosphere shall onward bear,
There to descend in the ambrosial rain,
By shrubs absorb'd upon the growing plain,
Bright in a blossom shall the drop appear,
The new-born glory of the future year ;
Or, taking seed, and gendering with the oak,
Hewn into order by the shipwright's stroke,
As a proud ship, careering o'er the wave,
Bear the strong Briton, and the tempest brave.
Nature's so prone to make the small advance,
That half our greatness seems the work of chance.

Oh happy eve, one stilly eve in June,
When the day-flowers declined the inviting moon,
Young Roger, distant from his village strayed,
Where clustering grass a grateful pasture made ;
There trees tall rising, form'd the dusky rook
A nestling covert in a leafy nook :
There, crouching low, a gypsy band out-spread—
The sky a counterpane, the turf a bed—
Their brawny limbs, luxurious to the blaze
Of stick-fire crackling, mixed with stubble maze ;
While one, arm moving, upward, to and fro,
Struck merry music out at every blow.

Why pondered Roger ? why withheld his feet ?
His eyes to widen, and his heart to beat ?
Why pause to move, yet feel his timid heels
Anxious to leap, confessing what he feels ?
'Twas music, music never heard till now,
Made his steps startle, and his spirit flow.
Thus at Dodona, where the oaks sublime
Bowed their eternal heads at passing time,
The truth-desirer, eager to be made
The slave of knowledge, was at first betrayed :
Music, soft witch, with her allaying tone,
His senses wrought, and willed him for her own.

Time fled, but Roger fled not from the spot :
The night came on, but Roger knew it not.
The cows came home without their usual guide,
The father wonder'd, and the mother cried,
" Where is my Roger ? where my darling care ?"
" Where is my Roger ?"—Echo answered, " Where ?"
The father's bass, the mother's treble wail,
With Roger ! Roger ! terrified the vale.
Not since her name possessed the realms of air,
The raped Eurydice, the poet's fair,
Had nature been so voluble of song,
To weep a loss, or to proclaim a wrong.

Forth went the father, by a lanthorn's aid,
To mark the passages where cows had strayed ;
A weary task, but not a task mispent,
For mirth and music made his ears attent,
As through a hedge he saw, with angry eyes,
His dancing Roger attitudinize,
While up and down, in clumsy shoes, he leapt,
To the swarth fiddler who in motion kept.

Hoarse as a raven, and as loud he spoke—
A raven snared, whom rage and wonder choke—

"Ho! truant idler! doomed to be undone,
Thy mother asks thee, and bewails her son."
But the caught youth the witching fiddle eyed,
And nearer drew him to the gipsy's side.

The fiddle ceased, and Roger's spirit fell;
More had it struck, his mind was to rebel;
Had not the gipsy cautiously retired,
Awed by the light the Senior's anger fired.
The son and sire stood steadfast arm to arm,
The one with dancing, one with anger warm.
The sturdy parent, with relentless hand,
Collared the lout, a bailiff-like command,
No sooner touched than instantly obeyed,
As the King's fiat had the seizure made.

Sullen and slow the twain returned to home,
Forward stept one, whose ears did backward roam,
Roam to the covert and the gipsies' cot,
Bound by the music absent, not forgot:
The mind will wander to past scenes enjoyed,
As Judah weeping o'er her fane destroyed;
The bygone dreams the present overcast,
Though sighs be memory's music of the past.

Sad sat the mother, silent as the mouse,
That deep considers hath a cat the house.
Now for the son her inward heart was torn.
The cows were meek, and bloodless of the horn!
Where had he strayed? What mischief overtaken—
What water drowned him—or, what peril slain?
The ways he knew,—the secret winding wood,
The days of danger, and the time of flood!
Then where withholden? or by what affair?
Her best conclusions only came to—"where?"

Fear fled; red anger kindled to a glow;
Then anger drowned him in a tearful flow.
Warmed from the heart, yet chilly looked the tears,
As the iced fire in shining glass appears.
What hope forego, what prospect to uphold,
Till speech found virtue in "I'll scold! I'll scold!"
Her mind revolved, as with a tinkling sound
The ventilating pane went round and round.

God gave us mothers—I have one to own!
She knew my wants ere I could make them known;
She felt for me ere I could say I feel,
She taught my infant knees at prayer to kneel;
I owe her much, and if I did her wrong,
May God forgive me, and deny me song.

No sooner echo brought the footsteps near,
Music well known to her accustomed ear,
No sooner had the door, e'er either knocked,
Received the shadows, 'twas unbarred, unlocked;
The wife, the mother, with extended arms,
Hugged her two treasures, and forgot alarms.
The frown prepared expressed a ready joy,
A mother's kiss reproved the truant boy,
While Roger shrinking, to his meal betook;
Fagged in his body, thoughtful in his look.

Of why, to wherefore, and for what delay?
The silent boy had no excuse to say.
Shame, and self-will, or inward glowing joy,
For the past scene made questioning annoy.

Silence his safeguard, silence made him strong
 As coated armour, 'gainst the shafts of wrong.
 But much the father to the matron spoke
 Of that adventure, ere the morn awoke—
 Praying the Lord, at many an interval,
 An idle son might not his age befall.

As on sharp faculties a sudden fear,
 While working mischief, hath attuned the ear,
 Till the grand organ feels the beaten drum,
 Stopp'd to one music, but to others dumb;
 So Roger's mind, still tortured and awake,
 Discord discover'd for sweet music's sake,
 As links half chain'd, perplexities increase,
 His sought-for harmony denied him peace.
 His quickened pulse a mighty madness feels,
 A trembling palsy had possess'd his heels,
 His step now totters, now half upward rears,
 And aye the fiddle tingled in his ears.

So when the muse, in the impassioned play,
 Flooded Abdera with Andromeda,
 The waking peasant, red with sleepless eyes,
 Asked of his love, Andromeda replies,—
 The busy merchant, ere his nightly sleep,
 Forgot his gains with Perseus' wife to weep.
 Fictitious wo man's real to believe,
 The actor taught, so skilful to deceive,
 Andromeda produced the doctor's pay,
 The nation's fever was—Andromeda.

The father saw the cows were lean and spare,
 The starving teat produced the watery fare;
 The feeder, leaner than the cows, as one
 Vile spirit, moped his cattle and his son.
 The watchful father, with enquiring eye,
 Follow'd, unseen, in mental scrutiny,—
 What could offend the cattle, what the child,
 What food unhealthy, or what temper spoil'd?
 One day beheld them in the covert space,
 The next day found them in the self-same place.
 The cows drawn up to that peculiar spot,
 Where shade was grateful, but the grass was not.
 That spot so darling to his darling son,
 For music cherished, but for cows undone;
 Still daily here his magnet fancy veer'd
 To touch the point where happiness appeared.

So love-sick girls, whose soldiers, at the war,
 Knee-deep in blood are gaining fields afar,
 Oft downcast, musing, seek the silent grove,
 That first was conscious of their plighted love,
 There vows recalled, and promises to pay,
 Drawn on the heart of one so far away,
 Oaths, smiles, and tears revive the bygone scene,
 Love keeps the spot when summer leaves it, green.

"Why wander here?" the hoary father said—
 Anger, not age, beshook the offended head—
 "Why here? why ever where the barren ground
 With grass uncarpeted the hoofs rebound?
 Are there no plains—no moistened banks of green?
 Is the world dotted to this border'd scene?
 Why, Roger, why these starving hides, and why
 Thy laboured day return thine infamy?"

"Reprove not, father! if the printed hoof
Hath marked the cattle's hunger. Spare reproof.
This sheltered spot, my fancy and my home,
I care not hence, here lingering love to roam.
'Tis haunted, father, by enticing sound
In trees, in flowers, in rocks that ring around.
Here merry music first begot my sense,
All former joys were joy's impertinence.
Nought is substantial but the mirth I miss;
Would the cows substance, then, restore my bliss?
Find me the tones once merry o'er the plat,
I shall be happy, and your cows be fat."

"O son! I've mourned thee since the luckless hour
The wizard people spelled thy native power,
Turned active limbs to infantine and weak,
Cropt the fresh rose, and left the fallow cheek.
Why mourn to follow the despised and bad?
The bird, snare broken, sings for freedom glad.
My son, become not of the idle men,
To prowl for food, to rest you know not when;
O'er hill, down dale, in summer sun or snow,
Marked on the brow the Cain-like wanderers go.
'Tis true they fiddle, but, accursed lot,
The soul lacks music, so it cheers them not."

"Father, I've read within the holy page,
How heavenly songs angelic hosts engage.
Were it but mine to draw such strain to earth,
I'd die contented as my heaven had birth."

"Boy, it will lead thee to the house for ale,
Where jests and air, and men and maids are stale.
'Twill damn thine innocence, and thou be taught
To feel the mischief of thy knowledge sought.
Mothers will curse, and children will bemoan
A father like, and yet not like their own,
As beer bewilders, or as shame returns,
As now he kisses what he drunken spurns.
These, Roger, these, with imprecating rage,
Shall say thy fiddle lost the weekly wage,
Put madness in the heels, and made athirst
A throat for blasphemy and noise accurst.
Heavy thine arm will raise the tuneful bow,
That drew its profit by another's wo."

"Profit, my father! Shall the heavenly strains,
For lucre vile be sacrificed to gains?
No, father, no, such money would I spurn;
Mirth be mine errand, not my bread to earn.
These cows my care, my sustenance, my all,
To tend the pasture, and to keep the stall,
Hence other toil! Sweet music in my heart,
All labour's anguish shall in song depart.
O joyful art! at my returning home,
To bid the merry notes of wonder come,
Till the old cot, and all within it doat,
As magic Roger chose the witching note."

"Vows are well made when no temptation nigh."

"Warned of temptation, father, let me try?"

"The trial made, the longing then extends.

Where without crowds shall find the fiddler friends?"

"Father, I vow." The doubting father heard.

"I swear!" said Roger; and he kept his word.

The fiddle came. The Parson undertook
 To solve the crotchets of the lesson-book.
 Of moody aspect, yet of manners bland,
 Men loved the Parson they could understand.
 Plain truth his teaching saw hot tears pursue,
 Himself oft weeping at the scenes he drew.
 He loved glad faces ; saying, honest mirth
 Was Christian doctrine, showing inward worth.
 He liked good sayings, that were not ill timed ;
 He loved sweet music—and they say he rhymed.

Here had I sung, invoked the violin,
 The end it answers, and the origin ;
 The men illustrious by the viol made,
 The viol which illustrious fingers play'd,
 But that I trembled, when my bow was drawn,
 At critic grinders, and the audient yawn.

What was the sky to Roger ? what the world ?
 What heroes peaceful, or what flag unfurl'd ?
 War, peace, creation bended to his bow,
 To conquer which his only aim to know.
 He conquer'd, too, and as the horse hair laid
 Across the cat, Mirth felt it, and obeyed.

Ah ! Roger old, methinks I see thee now,
 Scarce had the Priest more reverend a brow,
 When, full of zeal, thy hearty voice outpour'd,
 " Sing we the praise and glory of the Lord."

A white smock-frock, neat plaited at the breast,
 Pearl-button'd, heav'd upon his manly chest.
 Around his neck, loose flowing with a swing,
 A kerchief blacker than the raven's wing ;
 In shorts as yellow as the yolky egg,
 In snow-white stockings that adorn'd his leg ;
 The senseless ground, impressive of his tread,
 Confess'd his boots were adequate to lead ;
 As in low hat, with bag beneath his arm,
 That hid at once, and yet display'd his charm—
 His charm that made life harmony and gay,
 To lead at church he led the miry way.

Four vicars did unto the desk succeed,
 Since Roger first acquired power to lead.
 Of habits various, as of various mind,
 Yet all to Roger were respectful kind.
 His fiddle had the comprehensive ease,
 The mild to tickle, and the stern to please.
 Four vicars died, yet Roger fiddled on,
 True as old patrons had been never gone ;
 Nor be it blasphemy, at church, to say,
 Sunday no Sabbath had been away.

Still with three cows he kept away distress,
 The mystic number, neither more or less ;
 Of three possess'd he enter'd upon life,
 Possess'd of three he quitted mortal strife.
 Nor wife had Roger, or a child to show—
 These luxuries lost, consoled for by his bow.
 Dull time rejoiced to hear the ancient sing
 Of Abbot Cantuar and John the king ;
 Of Robin Gray, and Hood's illustrious men,
 Made famous by an unrecorded pen :
 Of William's ghost, at every pointed pause,
 Twinkling his eye with inward bought applause.

Grief knew no neighbourhood where Roger play'd,
His heart was harmless as the mirth he made;
His habits happy, as the well-set chime,
Which each hour tuning, smooths the course of time.

Thus milking cows, and music his employ,
Roger turned ninety might be called a boy,—
A boy, in all his innocent delight,
His day was healthy, undisturbed his night,
When, one sad hour, I heard the tolling bell
Shock the still vale with Death's recording knell.
"Enquire who's dead?"—The news return to hand,—
"Old Roger, sir, has sought the better land."
"Is Roger dead?—sure Roger could not die!"
"Dead in his chair, his fiddle laying by."

His end was sudden, and his will was short;
For will was rummaged, writ in rustic sport,—
"My cot and cows I give to neighbour John,
God grant he prosper like his master gone.
In oaken coffin let me take mine ease.
Let John's bequest be subject to the fees.
And in the coffin let my fiddle rest,
Strung, tuned, the bow reclining on my breast.
This be John's care: to this his heirship bound.
Signed by me, Roger, all in health and sound."

Smiling above, but sorrowful beneath,
The day that Roger sought the house of death.
Sad was the sexton, still the village girls,
The lads uncapp'd, and aired their carot curls.
Each heart was heavy, though it knew not why,
Tears, too, were ready, yet refrain'd the eye.
For Roger's loss, though tearless not unwept,
All felt the village and its music slept.
Kin had he none, yet mourners were supplied,
Whose grief spoke inward what the tongue denied.
So awful death appear'd in Roger dead,
The very tones to call it awful fled.
E'en the vile dog, that used to bay aloud,
At tolling bells, look'd tongue-tied at the crowd,
With tail curled round, he wonder'd at the mass,
As now he moped upon the human grass.

O! cheerful news to my desponding heart,
A flower may one day be my fleshly part;
I on a grave a little daisy blown,
Be cull'd, be kiss'd, admired, though now unknown;
Then rest my muse, rest Roger, rest my tear,
Let the world scorn us, and the critic sneer.

P. S.

Temple Ewell, Kent.

MITCHELL'S SECOND AND THIRD EXPEDITIONS.

In all new countries, the discovery of the course of rivers is most important for many reasons. It is along their borders that the most fertile land is to be found, and in consequence the chief settlements are to be formed. It is by proceeding along their course, that the chief facilities for exploring the country are to be obtained, by boating, &c. The volume of their waters, also, gives strong indication of the country in which their source lies. If it is large, it probably comes from a mountainous region. If its current is slow and placid, that region is probably distant; if rapid, it is probably near. Even the nature of its mud determines the country from which it comes; and finally, if it reaches the sea, or communicates with some other river, it supplies an opening into the land, or leads to the discovery of another stream; and in either case, it offers an advantage to the land, nearly of the same kind as a new artery in the human frame. In 1833 it was suggested to the local authorities at Sydney by the Colonial Office, that the river Darling, which runs to the north-west of the British settlement, might be beneficially explored. Major Mitchell, as Surveyor-General, took upon himself the command and arrangement of the expedition. Two light whale-boats were constructed at the dock-yard of Sydney, and placed in a boat-carriage, or large waggon, made on the ingenious model suggested by Mr Dunlop, the King's Astronomer at Paramatta. The expedition consisted of twenty-one men, besides Mr Cunningham the botanist, Mr Lorimer, a surveyor, and the Major himself. The time will come when those details, apparently trifling as they are, will have a weighty interest; when some great empire, or vast range of powerful communities, will cover the desolate spots traversed by such expeditions, and posterity will look to their solitary wanderings, their indistinct objects, and even their imperfect successes, as we now look to the early history of Greece, or trace the footsteps of the original invaders of Italy.

But another circumstance of immediate interest is, the conduct of the men composing this little troop of discoverers. They seem, on both occasions, to have been chiefly, if not wholly, convicts; yet the Surveyor-General appears never to have had any ground of complaint against them, under circumstances of serious difficulty, severe privations in point of food, water, and rest; trying at all times, but certain to have brought out symptoms of violence and bitterness, if those feelings were in their nature, and incurable by discipline. On his second expedition he even took nine of those who had attended him before; and their conduct deserved the same panegyric which had been given to their former comrades.

We feel a strong interest in directing the public consideration to those facts, coming from so respectable an authority. We point to them, as offering the strongest possible argument against the penitentiary system, which to enormous expense adds enormous cruelty, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred finishes by enormous failure. To take a single instance, the Penitentiary at Millbank on the Thames cost, we believe, upwards of a million sterling; what it has cost since in repairs, in its establishment of governor, officers, and attendants, and what it costs daily in the support of the prisoners, notoriously amounts to a sum that would purchase the simplest of a province. As to the humanity of the scheme, what cruelty can be greater than shutting up a foolish maid-servant, who has purloined a pocket-handkerchief of her mistress, or been tempted by the glitter of a ring, or a brooch worth a few shillings, and condemning this giddy and ignorant creature to an incarceration where she might nearly as well be in her grave, or perhaps better? since no discipline, short of solitary confinement, can prevent her receiving many a lesson of vice; and against solitary confinement the common sense and common feeling of the country protest; for solitary confinement often

* Three Expeditions, &c., into the Interior of Eastern Australia. By Major Mitchell.
VOL. XLV. NO. CCLXXIX.

inflicts insanity, a suffering which the law certainly never contemplated in the sentence. This woman, if sent into the world again, comes without a character, and probably falls into still worse habits. But if sent to Sydney in the beginning of her punishment, she might have been a wife and a mother before the regular term of her penitentiary punishment had half expired; and be leading a life of health, decency, and industry, instead of being turned into a career which can only increase her own suffering, and the shame of society. As to the nonsense talked about gradations of punishment, expatriation, &c. &c., they may figure in the speeches of itinerants, the cheap-charity and wordy-humanity people; but what comparison can be made between the wretchedness of being buried alive in the impure air, and more impure association of a huge prison, and being sent to a country abounding with every advantage for mankind, singularly healthy, unlimited in its extent, offering the hope of competence, and even of wealth, and offering what is perhaps a more powerful and consoling stimulant to the human mind, the consciousness that their past shame may be blotted out, and their course be begun anew?

It is for the last reason among others, that we deprecate the attempts, which we see making, to restrict the colonization of Australia henceforth to settlers of a *better order*; or even to offer peculiar encouragement to settlers of this description in Sydney, and the original convict provinces. The land is wide enough for general emigration, and the new settlements on the South and West are capable of containing all the superfluous population not only of England but of Europe. But the great point is, to preserve a place in which the convict, shaking off the depression which hangs on every man's face publicly humiliated, shall be put to shame no more, but shall be able to recommence life with the hope of attaining character; an object to which all others in the colony ought to give way—a great moral renovation, which is a thousand-fold worth all the commercial or territorial advantages of this mighty settlement; and which alone can entitle it to its highest name, that of an illustrious experiment in the restoration of our fallen fellowmen to the qualities

and merits which fit them for their social duties here, and for the infinite hopes and purposes of their existence, when they shall have passed away from the world.

On the 9th of March, 1835, the party left Paramatta for the journey. The boats were in the carriage, which was followed by seven carts, and as many packhorses, carrying provisions for five months. Two mountain barometers were borne by two men, the only service required of them during their travel. As the point where the operations were to commence was at Buree, 170 miles from Sydney, and the way was over a mountainous country, the Major sent the expedition on before him, and, attending to the business of his department in the meantime, followed them on the 31st of March.

On his way to the point of rendezvous, the Major gives us details of the country, which in that direction is chiefly mountainous, and at present barren, but which may yet form an Australian Switzerland, and be the resource of the fashionable invalidism of the South against the heats of summer. But the heights at last terminate, and Bathurst plains stretch before the eye. Here we have some striking evidences of the progress of civilisation, and some of those observations on settlement, which, from a man of sense and experience, are always so well worth recording. The houses of the people are scattered over the extensive open country, which give a cheerful appearance to what was so lately a vast solitude—"Those open downs, only a few years before, must have been as desolate as those of a similar character are still on the banks of the Nam-moy and Karaula. Peace and plenty now smile on the banks of Wambool (the native name for the Macquarrie); and British enterprise and industry may produce in time a similar change on the banks of the Nam-moy, Gwydie, and Karaula, and throughout the extensive regions behind the coast range further northward, all still unpeopled, save by the wandering Aborigines, who may then, as at Bathurstown, enjoy that security and protection to which they have so just a claim."

Some important remarks are made upon the precipitancy of building before a general plan has been formed; a

precipitancy which has deranged the appearance of some of our own cities, and which cannot be too soon remedied, if we would have them any thing better than a confused mass, scarcely better than a huge suburb. The Major tells us—"The inconvenience of a want of plan for roads and streets is strikingly obvious at Bathurst. A vast tract had, indeed, been reserved as a township, but then, no streets having been laid out, allotments for building could be obtained neither by grant nor purchase." The site for the town was therefore distinguished only by a Government house, jail, court-house, post-office, and barracks; while the population had collected in sixty or eighty houses built in an irregular manner on the Sydney side of the river, at the distance of a mile from the site of the intended town. The consequence of a want of arrangement became equally apparent in the line of approach to the township; for the only one, passing through a muddy hollow called the 'Bay of Biscay,' could not be altered, because the adjacent land had been granted to individuals. Thus, when the good people of Bathurst prayed in petitions for delivery from their Bay of Biscay, and a dry and more direct line for the road had been easily found and marked out, the irregular buildings and private property stood in the way of the improvement."

However, something has been done. The streets are now laid out, a church and many houses are erecting, and a new road leading over firm ground to the site of the intended bridge has been opened with the consent of the owner of the land. Part of the reserved land of the township has been given to small farmers, a class very essential to the increase of population, but by no means numerous in New South Wales. If this was written three years ago, we have not a doubt that by this time it is a flourishing community. The whole settlement is described in simple, yet very inviting terms—"The country beyond the Macquarrie affords excellent sheep-pasturage, the hills consisting chiefly of granite. A number of respectable colonists are domiciled on the surrounding plains, and the society of their hospitable circle presents a very pleasing picture of pastoral happiness and independence." All this is very interesting to those who are

naturally anxious to ascertain the result of this noblest of all experiments in the great cause of human amelioration. The Major had remained for a day or two at the house of Mr Rankin, one of the settlers; and from this point he took his departure into the wilderness. After concluding his business with the people appointed to construct the roads, he says, "I returned to join a very agreeable party assembled by my friend to partake of an early dinner, and witness my departure. Nothing could have been more exciting to an adventurous mind, than the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, and the cheers of the gentlemen, which greeted me when I at length mounted to pursue my journey into the unknown regions to the Westward." His friend Rankin accompanied him for the afternoon. It appears to have been difficult to leave the Major, and we can well understand the gratification of enjoying as much of such a man as they could. At a late hour they arrived at the house of a settler, Charles Booth: there was another instance of the general progress. Some years had elapsed since the narrator had first slept a night at Booth's hut, or cattle station, then an inn for the occasional passer-by. "It was then inhabited by some grim-looking stockmen (cattle-keepers), of whom Charley, as my friend called him, was one. Now the march of improvement had told wonderfully on the place. The hut was converted into a house, in which the curtailed neatness and good arrangement were remarkable in such an out-station. Mr Booth himself looked younger by some years; and we at length discovered the source of the increased comforts of his house, in a wife, whom he had wisely selected from among the recently-arrived emigrants."

All this is highly curious and highly important. Gay dinners and social parties, ladies and gentlemen meeting in numbers sufficient to make society; pleasures and pleasures going on among the better order; curtailed rooms and domestic neatness among the lower; and peace and plenty, to a considerable and to an increasing extent, among all; and those in the wildest of all wild countries, where, till within these few years, no civilized step had ever trod, and where the savage and the kangaroo were the only

wanderers over the soil; and all this new existence of man and new hope of empire is at the antipodes!

The Major at length, on the 5th of April, took leave of his friend, and commenced his march into the solitude. The mountain pass of the Canabolas lay before him, and, on crossing the lofty range which here divides the counties of Bathurst and Wellington, the summit was distant only four miles. The country in the neighbourhood of that mass consists of trap and limestone, and is, on the whole, very favourable for sheep-farming. That to the westward of the Canabolas was still unsurveyed. "Before sunset," the Major says, "I joined my 'merry men in the green wode';" and in my tent, which I found already pitched on the sweet-scented turf, I could at length indulge in exploratory schemes, free from all the cares of office."

The country which opened on him from this height was of a noble character. Ascending the mountain of the Canabolas, he stood on an elevation which rises to 4461 feet. From this point a vast extent of country lay below. A chain of primitive rock extended into the interior, commanding the chief rivers of the horizon—the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee on one side, and the Macquarrie, Bogan, and Darling on the other. On this high chain he determined to shape his course, as affording the safest line of route in the winter to the low interior country, while the heights would enable him to extend his survey westward with the more accuracy. To the southward he saw Mr Oxley's various hills, rising like so many islands from the level country on the Lachlan, for in the north-west the level country exactly resembled an open sea, while westward it was broken by the summits of Croker's and Harvey's Ranges. After examining this wide and wild expanse, he determined to move in a direction bearing west of north. His route in that quarter continued for some days over a fine country, "along beautiful levels and easy slopes," while bold granite peaks, clothed with pine, rose on both sides. On this route they were joined by Charles King, we presume a convict, but a man whose services the narrator had taken some trouble to obtain, and who gave very sufficient proof of his personal qualities, at least for travel, by coming from

Emu plains, a distance of 145 miles, in two days! The Major rewarded this exploit in a characteristic manner, by giving his name to a watercourse on which they had encamped. Thus Charles King is canonized in Australian history.

But the usual difficulty of exploratory travel in this country soon began to be severely felt; water was not to be found except at long intervals. Still, we are to remember that this was in the plain of the desert, and that a winter movement might have exhibited even a superfluity of water. We are to take into consideration, also, the want of all the expedients which civilisation so readily brings along with it for treasuring and conveying that great necessary of life. We shall yet see the reservoir, the aqueduct, the fountain, the dam, and the other simple but effectual means for irrigating the land. Every country in Europe would have a drought every year but for human industry. The party now advanced. They had passed, during the earlier hours of a sultry day, through valleys, where the oat grass, waving yellow, deluded them with the resemblance of a crop of grain. But this only made the real desolation more apparent, abandoned as the scene was by man, beast, and bird. No living thing took refuge in them, for water was wanting there—a want obvious from the dismal silence, for not an insect hummed. On this occasion the Major, who evidently acted not only as the head but the heart of the expedition, galloped forward alone to look for water. He followed a long valley, and there by degrees found the ground grow moister. At some miles further he found water in the crevices of a rock, and, a little lower down, abundance for the cattle in a large pond. After watering his thirsty horse, he galloped back with the encouraging news, and brought up the whole party to the spot of luxury. They had now emerged from those parched spots, come to a fine open country, and had before them enough of water. Simple as this last adjunct seems, it in reality was the prime enjoyment of all. The narrator strikingly and truly observes—"It is on occasions such as these that the adventurer has intervals of enjoyment which amply reward him for his days of hardship and privation. His sense of gratification and repose

must be quite unknown to the man whose life is counted out in a monotonous succession of hours of eating and sleeping *within a house* ; whose food is adulterated by salts, spices, and sauces, *intolerable to real hunger* ; and whose drink, instead of the sweet refreshing distillation from the heavens, consists of artificial extracts, *loathed by the really thirsty man*, with whom the pure element resumes its true value, and establishes its true superiority over every artificial kind of drink."

All this is well told, and all this is partly true. The dullness of the appetite is the origin and the punishment of epicurism ; and no luxury that epicurism ever made a beast of itself to enjoy, is worth the tenth part of the pleasure of the simplest food to real hunger, or the simplest drink to real thirst.

Yet the extraordinary varieties of food, supplied by nature, indicate an allowance for variety of appetite and fulness of enjoyment. It is impossible to doubt that the grape, for instance, was intended for human indulgence in the most peculiar force of the word, for it is fitted for nothing else ; it is not sufficiently substantial for food, and we can discover no other use for it than the one to which it has been applied, by almost a human instinct, from the beginning. Perhaps, the more exact view of the case would be, that though Providence, in its unwearied care for the enjoyments as well as for the higher objects of human life, offers a vast variety of gratification, chiefly restricted to those who, by the result of their own intellectual or physical efforts, or those of their fathers, have been enabled to *purchase* them ; yet it rewards self-denial, vigour, and industry even in the humblest ranks of man, by giving them a gratification even of the senses, fully equivalent to the luxury of the rich who make a proper use of their capacities of enjoyment, and much more than equivalent to the luxury of that portion of the rich who gorge and grossly indulge. Still, we are by no means aware of the advantage of living without houses, or of drinking even the purest water at all seasons and all hours. This fantasy may be forgiven to the enthusiasm of a traveller, but we have no doubt that the Major felt other sentiments rise within him as he returned within view of the smoke even of Sydney.

The party proceeded through verdant vales, increasing in width as they followed the channel of the stream from the mountain, and which, even at this season, contained abundant pools of water. Here the sound of the native's hatchet was heard ; and they met some of the people. The countenance of the first native who came up to them was a fine specimen of man in a state of nature. He had nothing artificial about him but a white band round his brow, in token of mourning for the dead. His manner was grave, his eye keen and intelligent, and as the party were encamping and were about making a fire, he took a burning stick, which one of his tribe had brought, and presented it in a manner expressive of welcome. At a distance their women sat at fires, and the voices of children were heard. "The scene," says the Major, "assumed a more romantic character, when—

' Like a queen, came forth the lovely moon

From the slow-opening curtains of the clouds,

Walking in beauty to her midnight throne.'

The soft notes of the flute of one of the men fell pleasantly on the ear, while the eye was equally gratified by the moonbeams as they shot through the trees, or fell amid the curling smoke of the encampment. The cattle were refreshing in green pastures. It was Saturday night, and next day the party were to rest. We had thus reached, in one month from Sydney, the plains leading to the Darling, having placed all the mountain ranges behind us ; and those reflections heightened our enjoyment of the scene round us, and sweetened our repose."

The reader who shall follow our sketch on the map, will perceive the advance which had been already made, and feel a double interest in what is to come. The expedition, on the 18th of April, turned towards the river Goo-bang in the N. W. direction. The country was still level. They crossed over two eminences, but their carts met with no impediment in a traverse of fifteen miles ; there they were in a "land flowing with honey ;" the natives extracting it from the trees with their tomahawks, and exhibiting no slight ingenuity in discovering the combs. They would catch one of the bees, and attach to it, with some resin

or gum, the down of the swan or owl. The bee thus became marked in its movements, and was watched going into its hive. The spot thus discovered was soon searched, and the honey decided to be good prize.

On the 14th of May, the expedition had one of those encounters with the natives, which, to do them justice, every effort had been made to avoid, but which, in the ignorance and suspicious nature of those wild people, it was extremely difficult to avoid.

They had moved some miles along the Bogan; and as the party were pitching their tents, Major Mitchell went, as was his custom, into the bed of the river with his barometer; when he heard from one of the ponds down its channel some hideous yells, then a shot, and then the voice of the overseer shouting "hold him!" On hurrying up, he saw a native running, bleeding, and screaming most piteously. The overseer came up, limping, and said, that on approaching the pond with his gun, looking for ducks, this native was there alone, sitting with his dog at a small fire; that, as soon as the native saw him, he yelled, and, running in a furious manner up the bank, immediately threw a fire-stick, and one of his bommerangs, the latter of which struck the overseer on the leg, the other going over his shoulder. The native still coming forward with his weapon, the man discharged his gun at him in his own defence, alarmed as any man might have been under such circumstances. Major Mitchell's conduct on this vexatious affair was manly and humane. Notwithstanding the entreaties of the man that he should not trust the savage, he went up to him with a green branch in his hand. The savage evidently understood the sign, for he ceased calling out, threw down his weapon, and sat on the ground. He was found to have received the shot in various parts of his body, but chiefly in his left hand and wrist, which were covered with blood. He was finally prevailed on to go to the tents to have his wounds dressed, which was done, one of the men, whom they called the doctor, applying lint and friar's balsam to them. During this operation, he stared wildly round him at the sheep and bullocks, horses and tents. It was evident that they were all new to him.

One circumstance," says the Ma-

jor, "may serve, however trifling, to give an idea of the characteristic quickness of those people. The savage had asked for a bit of fire to be placed beside him (the constant habit of the naked aborigines), and on seeing a few sparks of burning grass running towards my feet, he called out to me, 'we, we' (fire, fire), that I might avoid having my clothes burnt. This, in a savage, amid so many strange objects, and suffering from so many wounds, received from one of us, was at least an instance of that natural civility which sometimes distinguishes the aborigines of Australia. The man of the woods at last asked my permission to depart, and that he might take a fire-stick; and in going away he said much, which, from his looks and gestures, I understood as expressive of goodwill, or thanks, in his way. He further asked me to accompany him till clear of the bullocks, and so he left us."

It seems probable to the Major, that this unlucky event arose solely from their approaching too suddenly the ponds where the natives usually resort. Whether this arises from jealousy of a possession so valuable in the hot season, or from some share of that superstition by which the celebrated Captain Cook lost his life, if the ponds were "tabooed," the fury of the natives at the approach of a stranger might be accounted for.

Having at length reached the Darling, they proposed to use the boats, which, by the judicious manner in which they had been slung, had thus come across five hundred miles of difficult country, without the slightest injury. Having first erected a stout stockade and blockhouse, for the protection of those whom the exploring party were to leave behind, they launched the boats, which they named the *Discovery* and *Resolution*, after Cook's ships, and took three months' provision on board, leaving the same quantity for the little garrison, and a month's provision for the movement of both parties homeward.

The voyage soon came to a conclusion. Leaving seven men behind, the Major and fifteen had embarked in the boats. But the river, though broad, was soon found to be obstructed by rocks and shallows. In the evening they were forced to give up the at-

tempt in that quarter, and returned to the fort. But they had acquired some knowledge of the river, which being remarkably transparent, they had seen the nature of its bed, masses of ferruginous clay; they had also seen large fishes in shoals, suspended "like birds in the air." On their return they came in sight of two of the natives fishing in two canoes. On observing the boats, they took to their paddles and fled to the bank, leaving their canoes behind them. These vessels were models of the most primitive construction; simply a sheet of bark with a little clay at each end. Yet in each of them there was a fire, as the weather was then very cold. In these canoes the native stands erect, and propels them with his fishing spear. He moves very rapidly. Proceeding once more on horseback, the exploring party came again in view of the Darling, on the 4th of June. On their way they passed what seemed to them an expanse of clover, but with a yellow flower. "The verdure and perfume were new to my delighted senses," poetically observes the Major, "and my passion for discovering something rich and strange was fully gratified; while my horse, defying the rein, seemed no less pleased in the midst of so delicious a feast as this verdure must have appeared to him." But his next gratification, that of finding the river again, with its channel broader and deeper than ever, was rather allayed by his coming into the presence of the blacks. Judging from their fires, he had arrived in the quarters of a large tribe. Their roads appeared in all directions, and their women were fishing in the river. The buzz of population gave the banks the cheerful character of a village in a populous country." The blacks exhibited but little of either surprise or alarm. A sturdy man hailed him from a distance, and came boldly up, followed by seven others, with an old woman. The Major alighted and met them, first sending, at their request, the horses out of sight. The old woman "was a loquacious personage, scarcely allowing the elder of the men to say a word." She was probably his wife, and asserted her sex's privilege; human nature is the same every where.

But all were not content with this strife of tongues. As the party followed the downward course of the

river, the natives became more numerous and more hostile. One of the men, who had been tending the sheep, came in one morning reporting that one of the blacks had pointed a spear at him, and had prevented the sheep from being driven home. On Major Mitchell's hastening to the spot, with three men, he found the black still there, and receiving their pacific approaches and their green branch with manifest contempt. He, and a boy who was with him, threw dust at them with their toes, a singular coincidence with the Oriental style of scorn. The savage, in the meanwhile, talked loud and long. However, the affair ended, for the time, without mischief, the savage retiring, but with his spear still pointed, and evidently retiring only to summon his tribe. Late in the afternoon the result of the morning's meeting was found, in the arrival of a party of the savages, exhibiting the most violent gestures, refusing to sit down as usual with the people, tossing the branches angrily, and spitting. One of them attempting to take the pistols from the Major's belt, he fired it at a tree, to try the effect upon them. The effect was unexpected and extraordinary. "As if they had previously suspected that we were demons, and had at length a clear proof of it, they, with tenfold fury, with hideous shouts and demoniac looks, crouching and jumping to their war-song, repeated all their gestures of defiance, spitting, springing with the spear, and throwing dust at us, as they slowly retired. In short, their hideous crouching, measured gestures, and low jumps, all to the tune of a wild song, and the fiendish glare of their black countenances, now all eyes and teeth, seemed a fitter spectacle for Pandemonium, than for the light of the sun. Thus these savages slowly retired along the river's bank, all the while dancing in a circle, like the witches in *Macbeth*, and leaving us in expectation of their return, and perhaps an attack in the morning."

There are few things more remarkable than that the idea of enchantments and superstitious influences should be discoverable in every part of the globe, however fierce, ignorant, and savage. The idea itself would seem to imply some degree of refinement, as it is scarcely natural, and as it evidently requires some thought,

and that thought of a different kind from any thing connected with the necessities of daily life. The natives advanced on the next day, but with more formality. They came "with a kind of processional chant, slowly moving their green boughs." The appearance of one of the savages was striking. "There was evidently some superstition in the ceremony, the man being probably a *coraje*, or priest. He was an old man, with a large beard, and bushy hair. None but himself, and some other old men, wore any kind of dress, and this consisted only of a small cloak of skins fastened over his left shoulder. While this man of the woods waved his bough aloft, and chanted that monotonous hymn, the idea of the Druids arose in my mind. It was obvious that the ceremony belonged to some strange superstition." He occasionally turned his back towards them, touched his eyebrows, nose, and breast, as if crossing himself, then pointed his arm to the sky, then laid his hand on his breast, all the while chanting, with an air of remarkable solemnity, and as if quite abstracted. This, however, was not followed by any immediate attack, as it was probably a previous devotion of the strangers to their infernal gods.

On the 12th of July, the expedition turned its steps homewards. The course of the river had been traced for upwards of three hundred miles, through a country which did not supply a single stream, and in which there grew but little grass or trees. The hostility of the natives, too, doubtless rendered the advance of so small a party likely to be wholly frustrated. The identity of the Darling with the river seen entering the Murray, seemed nearly ascertained, and the continuation of the survey to that point was not an object worth the peril likely to attend it.

There are few men who feel no gratification in the approach to home; and the sight of the blockhouse, which they had named Fort Bourke, and which they reached on the 10th of August, raised the spirits of the whole party. From the fort they had travelled 600 miles in direct distance. It is true, that they were still 300 miles from the frontier of the colony, which was 170 miles from Sydney. Still they were on their way home. The

Darling was found to have run through a desert, yet the time will come when the use of such a stream to the desert itself will be felt. It had been traced 660 miles without receiving any tributary; its water sparklingly transparent, and its stream undiminished; the bed of the river being at an average depth of 60 feet below the general surface of the country.

Thus ended the expedition of 1835. A vast extent of country had been explored, which, though not exhibiting much fertility, yet in no instance seems to have been incapable of supporting tillage. Immense tracts of it are evidently open to irrigation, and large levels on the river's banks are annually overflowed. This, of itself, gives good promise. But if the soil were more inauspicious than it has ever been found, it will yield—for what has not yielded?—to the intelligence, activity, and patient vigour of British enterprise. From the strong interest which the public take in Australian discovery, we shall now advert to the subject of Major Mitchell's third and most important journey.

Towards the close of the year 1835, Major Mitchell was appointed to conduct a new expedition, for the purpose of ascertaining the course of the Darling. On the 17th of March, he took the field, at the head of an army of two-and-twenty men, prepared to conquer all the resistance which nature could offer, in the shape of the wilderness, and march over territories free and fearless, where in after times, probably, every step would be contested by horse, foot, and artillery, or by some of those still more formidable instruments of warfare, which the ingenuity of man seems to take such delight in inventing. The recollections of a soldier during the last five-and-twenty years, lie amongst stirring scenes. The Major says, "I put the party in movement. We found the earth parched and bad, but a fine cool breeze whispered through the open forest, as we bounded over hill and dale, and this felt most refreshing, after the hot winds of Sydney. Dr Johnson's Abidah was not more free from care on the morning of his journey, than I was on this the first morning of mine, which was also St Patrick's day, and, in riding through the bush, I had again leisure to recall past scenes, connected with

this anniversary. I remembered that exactly on that morning, twenty-four years before, I had marched down the Glacis of Elvas to the tune of "St Patrick's day in the morning," as the sun rose over the beleaguered towers of Badajoz."

At Buree, the expedition was entertained with a dance by the natives. This they call the Corrobory, and is a very curious and fantastic specimen of Australian saltation. It always takes place at night, and by the light of blazing boughs. They danced to beaten time, accompanied by a song. To supply this measure, they stretch a skin very tight over the knees as a drum, which Major Mitchell very naturally regards as the tympanum in its rudest form. The dancers paint themselves white, but with such variety, that no two individuals are like. The sound in darkness seems necessary to the effect of the whole; all those dances being more or less dramatic,—the painted figures coming forward in mystic order from the obscurity of the back ground, while the singers and beaters of time are invisible. Each dance seems progressive. The movement being at first slow, and introduced by two persons, others one by one drop in, until it warms into the truly savage attitude of the Corrobory jump; the legs striding to the utmost, the head turned over one shoulder, the eyes glaring, and fixed with savage energy in one direction, the arms raised towards the head, the hands usually grasping warlike weapons. The jump now keeps time with each beat, and at each leap, the dancer takes six inches to one side, all being a connected line, led by the first dancer. The line is doubled or trebled, according to space or numbers, and this gives great effect; for when the first line jumps to the left, the second jumps to the right, and the third to the left again, and so on until the action acquires due intensity, when they all simultaneously and suddenly stop. The excitement which this dance produces in the savage is very remarkable. However listless, lying half asleep perhaps, as they usually are, when not intent on game, set him to this dance, and he is fired with sudden energy. Every nerve is strung to such a degree, that he is no longer to be recognized as the same individual.

On the 13th of April, they fell in with a large party of the natives. The singular alternations of heat and moisture in Australia, render it difficult to ascertain the exact condition of the country from any previous description. Thus, what Mr Oxley, who had traversed this tract some years before, described, as a "noble lake," was now seen a luxuriant plain, with some water, 'tis true, lodged in one corner of its surface, but not more than a foot deep. But even this was full of life, and must have exhibited a striking and interesting contrast to the vast, lifeless regions over which the party had come. "Innumerable ducks took refuge there, and also a great number of black swans and pelicans, all standing high upon their legs above the shallow water." Another attraction to these birds, as well as to the natives, was an abundance of fresh water mussels, which lay in the bed of what was once the lake. But subsistence in those wild countries is generally an object of jealousy, and wherever any thing was to be found for food, the savages showed ill-will to the expedition; this deepened as they advanced into the interior, but in the beginning was exhibited chiefly in watching their movements. The expedition at length reached the Murray, the principle river of Eastern Australia, into which the Darling flows, and which conveys the chief waters of that great province to the sea by a southerly course. The river here was a fine stream, 165 yards broad, with a bank twenty-five feet high. After passing through a wood, and finding that it encircled "a beautiful lake, full sixteen miles in circumference," they also found that its beach and surface swarmed with natives. As the party continued their march, the natives followed. "Among them were several old men, who took the most active part, and who were very remarkable from that bushy fulness and whiteness of their beards and hair. The latter growing thickly on their backs and shoulders gave them a very singular appearance, and accorded well with that patriarchal authority which the old men seem to maintain to an astonishing degree among those savage tribes. Those aged chiefs from time to time beckoned to us, repeating,

very often and fast, "gowky, gowky, gowky," which means, "come." Notwithstanding this invitation, it may be presumed, as Major Mitchell, states, that they accepted it with peculiar caution, when they discovered that those were the actual tribe with whom they had the skirmish on the Darling. The major had "certainly heard, when still far up the Lachlan, that those people were coming down to fight him;" but he by no means expected that they were to be the first natives whom he was to meet on the Murray, nearly two hundred miles from the scene of their former encounter. "There was something so false in a forced loud laugh, which the more plausible among them would frequently set up, that I was quite at a loss to conceive what they meant by this uncommon civility." In the course of the evening they got together all their women and children in groups before the camp. Among those were two daughters of a woman who had been unfortunately killed in the former encounter. The younger was the handsomest female that they had yet seen among the natives. "She was so far from black, that the red was very apparent in her cheeks. She sat before us, in a corner of the group, nearly in the attitude of Bally's fine statue of Eve at the Fountain, and apparently equally unconscious that she was naked." But a true touch of barbarism follows. "As my eye," says Major Mitchell, "lingered upon her for a moment, while deeply regretting the fate of her mother, the brother of the dead chief, whose hand had more than once been laid upon my cap, as if to feel if it were proof against the blow of a waddy (club), begged of me to accept her in exchange for a tomahawk."

Of course, the party in the presence of those savages was kept in continual expectation of an attack, and the state of men so many hundred miles advanced in the desert, and with every chance of general hostility rising against them, must have been extremely anxious. It seems evident that none of those expeditions were made in sufficient force. Why was there but one man of science attached to each? Why but one botanist? Why a handful of men as the escort? A expedition should have consisted of a hundred men at least, and would

have been only the more effective if it had had twice the number. But, by the starved nature of those experiments in the desert, we find every thing continually on the point of ruin at every change of temper in the savages; the smallness of the escort actually inviting hostility, and the fate of the intelligent officer at their head, and of the brave and faithful men, constantly hazarded, until the return amounted to scarcely more than an escape.

Night had closed in, and the groups hung still about them, having lighted up large fires, which formed a cordon round the camp. Piper (the native interpreter) was desired to be particularly on the alert. At length information was brought in that the savages had sent away all their women, that there was no keeping them from the carts, and that they seemed bent on mischief. Piper also took the alarm, and came to the major, inquiring, apparently with a sense of responsibility, what the governor had said about "shooting black fellows." "These," he continued, "are Myalls" — (wild natives). His wife had overheard them arranging that three should seize and strip him, while others attacked the tents. The major told him that the governor had said positively, that they were not to shoot black fellows, unless their own lives were in danger. He then drew up the men in line, and they were ordered to give three cheers on the sending up a rocket. This proof of their being on the alert, put the blacks to flight. They, however, were not without their savage cunning. For, on escaping out of the immediate contact of those masters of fire, they hailed them from the wood, to come and see their dancing. This artifice not succeeding, which was probably intended for the massacre of them all, the dance soon died away, and the party were left in anxious expectation of an attack.

During the night all was still; but soon after day-break, the tribe were seen to be in motion. Their first manoeuvre was to set the fallen branches on fire. Those in the rear were soon seen busy in setting the thickets on flame, and the party, as the wind blew towards them, were likely to be enveloped in smoke. The major on this ordered his rifle to be brought from the hut, and the men to stand to their arms. Two old savages, who had been kind-

ling the branches, saw this, with the sagacity of foxes, and instantly got out of the way. Eight men were then ordered to advance towards them, and hold up their fire-arms, but not to fire unless they were attacked, and to return at the sound of the bugle. The savages took to their heels, and the party, thus relieved from their presence, returned to the business of the day, and moved forward on their journey. But they were not so easily to get rid of these troublesome guests. On approaching the bank of the Murray, after a march of three miles, they saw the savages in their rear, still keeping at a considerable distance, but with evident hostility—their leader carrying a heavy bundle of spears.

"It was most painful and alarming to me," says the Major, "now to discover that the knowledge which they had acquired of the nature of our arms, by the loss of lives last year, did not deter them from following us with the most hostile intentions, for this was now past all doubt. We had endeavoured to prevent them by the demonstration of the men advancing with fire-arms, yet they still persisted; and Piper had gathered from them that a portion of their tribe was still before us. Our route lay along the bank of a river peopled by other powerful tribes, and at the end of two hundred miles we would only hope to reach the spot where the tribe already following in our rear had commenced the most unprovoked hostilities last season. To attempt to conciliate these people had, last year, proved hopeless. Our gifts had only excited their cupidity, and our forbearance had only inspired them with a poor opinion of our courage, while their meeting us in this place was a proof that the effect of our arms had not been sufficient to convince them of our superior strength. A drawn battle was out of the question, but I was assured by Piper and the other young natives, that we should soon lose some of the men in charge of the cattle."

The river had here taken a wide bend to the south, by which means the route was perplexed for a time, and the day's journey was again through desolation. "No signs of the river were visible, unless it might be a few trees which there resembled the masts of ships in a dark and troubled sea, and equally hazardous was this land

navigation, from our uncertainty as to the situation of the river, on which our finding water depended, and the certainty that, wherever it was, there were our foes before us." This was a sufficiently painful situation. They had travelled from morning till dusk—a storm was gathering overhead. "On all sides the flat and barren waste blended imperceptibly with a sky as dismal and ominous as ever closed in darkness. One bleak and sterile spot hardly afforded room for our camp, but the cattle had neither water nor grass that night." At length the storm came on, and there was no want of water thus poured upon them. On the next day they again found themselves on the bank of the river. At five miles from their resting-place, the broad expanse of the river Murray, with the luxuriant verdure of its margins, came suddenly in view, without any signs of its proximity appearing in the barren track over which they had travelled twenty-three miles. On the next day, as they recommenced their journey, they heard the voices of a vast body of blacks following, with prodigious shouting and war-cries. "I was at length convinced," says Major Mitchell, "that unless I could check their progress in our rear by some attack, which might prevent them from following us so closely, the party would be in danger of being compelled to fight its way back against the whole population who would assemble in our rear, for in that season of drought those people could live only on the banks of these large rivers." He sent half the party to post themselves along the bank, while, with the other half, he proceeded. The multitude, seeing the party thus posted, began to poise their spears; this being considered as the signal of attack, the firing began, which, being perceived by the party in advance, the general fire, though without orders, commenced, and the blacks, suddenly dispersing, rushed into the river, some crossing it, and some swimming down the stream. From the information afterwards obtained by Piper, it was said that seven were shot, among whom was the chief. Much as the Major regretted this collision, it seems to have been unavoidable, and it certainly had the advantage of dispersing the tribe.

In a work of this order, the topographical details must be compara-

tively dry, but the writer has the happy art of giving them a new interest by interspersing them with striking descriptions of scenery and native manners. He is evidently disposed to think the best that he can of the wild men, but he is justly awake to their dangerous qualities. On the banks of the Murray, as he was reconnoitering the ground for a camp, "I observed," says he, "a native on the opposite bank, and without being seen by him, I stood awhile to watch the habits of a savage man at home. His hands were ready to seize, his teeth to eat any living thing; his step, light and soundless as that of a shadow, gave no intimation of his approach; his walk suggested the idea of the prowling of a beast of prey; every little track or impression left on the earth by the lower animals, caught his keen eye, but the trees overhead chiefly engaged his attention. Deep in the hollow heart of some of the upper branches was still hidden, as it seemed, the opossum on which he was to dine. The wind blew cold and keenly through the lofty trees on the river margin, yet that brawny savage was entirely naked. Had I been unarmed, I had much rather have met a lion than that sinewy biped; but I was on horseback, with pistols in my holsters, and the broad river was flowing between us. I overlooked him from a high bank, and I ventured to disturb his meditations with a halloo. He then stood still, looked at me for about a minute, and then retired, with that easy bounding kind of step which may be termed a running walk, exhibiting an unrestrained facility of movement, apparently incompatible with dress of any kind. It is in bounding lightly at such a pace, that, with the additional aid of the wammerah, (a short notched stick), the native can throw his spear with sufficient force and velocity to kill the emu or kangaroo, even when at their speed."

In some instances, however, they wore short cloaks of kangaroo skins, but their being able to endure the climate in such a state of nudity is altogether surprising. It was frequently raining—the winter is stormy—a large portion of at least the eastern territory is swampy—and the winter, in general, seems to be damp and cold. The natives, too, are fully sensible of the gratification of fire, for they carry

it with them whenever they can, sit round it wherever they settle for the night, and clearly regard it as a necessary of life. Yet those people, in a state of complete nakedness, endure, through the winter, cold and wet that would kill a robust European in twenty-four hours.

In another instance Major Mitchell says, "At this camp, where we lay shivering for want of fire," (it was in June, about the middle of the Australian winter), "the different habits of the aborigines and us strangers from the north were strongly contrasted. On that freezing night the natives stripped off their clothes, their usual custom, previously to lying down to sleep in the open air, their bodies being doubled round a few burning reeds. We could not understand how they bore the cold thus naked, when the earth was white with frost; and they were equally at a loss to know how we could sleep in our tents without a bit of fire beside us to keep our bodies warm. For the support of animal heat, fire and smoke are almost as necessary as clothes are to us, and the naked savage is not without some reason on his side; for, with fire to warm his body, he has all the comfort that he ever knows, whereas we require both fire and clothing, and can therefore have no conception of the intensity of enjoyment imparted to the naked body of a savage by the glowing embrace of a cloud of smoke in winter, or, in summer, the luxury of a bath which he may enjoy in any pool, when not content with the refreshing breeze which fans him during the intense heat. In the midst of all this exposure the skin of the Australian native remains as soft and as smooth as velvet, and it is not improbable that the obstructions of drapery would constitute the greatest of his objections to the permanent adoption of civilized life."

The expedition now wound its weary way towards the south; and, after toiling through a succession of swamps, approached a country which put them all in good spirits. One of the most pleasing features of the whole narrative is the almost youthful buoyancy with which this man of science and travel evidently enjoys the beauties of nature. The difficulty of dragging their waggons through the sinking soil had exhausted every one,—

(August 9)—and it was not until sunset that they were enabled to rest from their severe labour. Next morning, however, they were on their route, and they had their recompense. "At a mile and a half from the camp which they had left behind, a scene opened which gladdened every heart. An open grassy country, extending as far as we could see, the hills round and smooth as a carpet, the meadows broad, and either green as an emerald, or of a rich golden colour, from the abundance, as we found, of a little ranunculus-like flower. Down into that delightful vale our vehicles trundled, over a gentle slope, the earth being covered with a thick matted turf. That extensive valley was watered by a winding stream, which glittered through trees fringing each bank. As we went on our way rejoicing, I perceived, at length, two figures in the distance. They proved to be a woman with a little boy; and, as soon as she saw us, she began to run. I presently overtook her; and, with the few words I knew, prevailed on her to stop, until the two women of our party should come up, for I had long been at a loss for the names of localities. She was not so much alarmed as might have been expected, and I was glad to find that she and the women perfectly understood each other. Such was the solitary inhabitant of this splendid valley, resembling a nobleman's park on a gigantic scale. They had at length come in sight of the river which they were to add to British discoveries, and which is henceforth to remain the only trophy of the somnolent Secretary for the Colonies. We presume that with all his official considerations, the remarkable placidity, combined with the remarkable shallowness of this new discovery, may have involuntarily influenced the gallant Major in his giving it the name of the Glenelg. On the 18th of August the boats were launched on the bosom of the stream, and provisions laid in for ten days. Leaving Mr Stapleton, with the remainder of the party, to occupy the point of a hill, which he named Fort Hare, in memory of his commanding officer, who fell at Badajos, in leading the forlorn hope of the light division to the storm, he embarked with sixteen men in two boats. The river soon widened, the scenery on the banks was pleasant and various; at

some points picturesque limestone cliffs overhung the rivers, and cascades were flowing out of caverns hung with stalactities; at others the shores were festooned with green creeping shrubs and creepers, or terminated in a smooth grassy bank, sloping to the water's edge. The river soon opened to an uniform width of sixty yards, its waters being everywhere smooth and unruffled, the current having at length become scarcely perceptible. After rowing about sixteen miles they landed and encamped for the night. The sun set in a cloudless sky, but from the highest cliffs nothing was visible but an undulating woody country. Their position and prospects were now so interesting that through the night they longed for the day. The next day was equally fine, still they continued to descend the stream, the breadth of which was 101 yards, and the mean depth five fathoms. On the whole, considering its permanent fulness, the character of its banks, and the uniformity of its width and depth, it was the finest body of fresh water which they had seen in Australia, and the party were in strong hope that they should find it making its way to the ocean by some noble outlet.

It was long since remarked, that every thing in Australia seemed formed on a plan the reverse of every thing in other parts of the world; that the swans were black, the rivers flowed from the sea-shore into the interior; that the mountains were the most fertile, while the plains were the most sterile parts of the soil; that even the animals were as singular as the country; and the *Ornithorynchus paradoxus*, and the kangaroo, were adduced in proof of the sport of nature. The Glenelg certainly in some degree corroborated this system of contraries; its breadth and beauty were all in the interior. As it approached the sea, with a bend to the south-east, the height of the banks diminished rapidly, and, soon after passing a small bushy island, the stream became shallow; a few low sand-hills appearing before them, they rounded a low rocky point, and through an opening straight in front, saw the "green rolling breakers of the sea." In the two basins at this entrance there was scarcely water sufficient to float the boats, and thus "their hopes of finding a port at the

mouth of this fine river were at an end." The latitude was $32^{\circ} 2' 58''$ S. On re-entering the river to encamp for the night, the Major, by the help of a bottle of whisky given to the men, named the river after the colonial Secretary; thus the name of that functionary has at least one chance of surviving himself in Australia.

Our readers now may easily follow the route of the expedition along the shore. Proceeding round the Bay of Portland, they were struck with "the resemblance to houses afforded by what they conceived to be cliffs. The resemblance was certainly to be considered strong, for they were houses. While the Major was investigating them with his telescope, one of the men said that he had seen a brig at anchor; soon after a shot was heard as they were ascending the cliffs. The nature of the neighbourhood seems to have now been a consideration of some importance, and, becoming apprehensive that the parties might either be, or suppose the Major and his men to be, bush-rangers (fugitive convicts), he ordered them to fire a gun and sound the bugle. But, on reaching the higher ground, he discovered not only a beaten path but the tracks of carts." The mystery, however, was to be soon developed. A man made his appearance, who informed them that the vessel at anchor was the *Elizabeth* of Launceston (in Van Diemen's Land), and that just round the point they would come upon the large farming establishment of the Messrs Henty. The Major accordingly made his way to the house, where he was hospitably received, and where he learned that the Messrs Henty had been established two years. They seem to have made good use of their time. It was obvious from the magnitude and extent of the buildings, and the substantial fencing, that both time and labour had been expended in their construction. "A good garden, stocked with abundance of vegetables, already smiled on Portland Bay; the soil was very rich on the overhanging cliffs, and the potatoes and turnips produced here surpassed in magnitude and quality any I had ever seen elsewhere. I learned that the Bay was much resorted to by vessels engaged in the whale fishery, and that upwards of seven hundred tons of oil had been shipped there that season." But the

business of the Bay seemed to be of importance in other points. "I was informed, that only a few days before my arrival, five vessels lay at anchor together there, and that the communication was regularly kept up with Van Diemen's Land by vessels from Launceston. Messrs Henty were importing sheep and cattle as fast as vessels could bring them over, and the numerous whalers touching or fishing there were found to be good customers for farm produce and whatever else could be spared from the establishment." This is curious; but not the least curious of it is, that the whole affair seems to have been quite unknown to the government of the colony; it was evidently so to the surveyor-general, the chief officer of all settlements in the territory. A flourishing trade, a large establishment, a constant intercourse with the neighbouring island, itself a British colony, and a great fishing station for whalers, all seem to have come upon his knowledge as matters of absolute novelty. Yet these are not things that could be easily concealed, nor was there the least attempt to conceal them. It is true that they may have been out of the immediate jurisdiction of Sydney, but there seems no very adequate reason why they should have been so totally out of its knowledge.

Wild as the natives were, and treacherous as the perils of savage life make them, the feelings of human nature were there, and the feelings, too, of a sense of bettering their condition. This was given in a simple but striking example by one of the women. When Major Mitchell was about to move homewards with a part of the expedition, he observed that "the widow Turandusey, who was to remain with Mr Stapleton's party and the carts, was marked with white round the eyes (the native fashion of mourning), and that the face of her child, Ballandella, was whitened also. This poor woman, who had cheerfully carried the child on her back when we had offered to carry both in the carts, and who was as careful and affectionate as any mother could be, had at length determined to entrust to me the care of her infant. I was gratified with such a proof of the mother's confidence in us; but I should have been less willing to take charge of her child had I not been aware of the wretched state

of slavery to which the native females are doomed. The widow had been long enough with us to be sensible how much more her sex was respected by civilized men than savages, and, as I conceived, it was with such sentiments that she committed her child to my charge, under the immediate care, however, of Piper's gin (wife)."

It is impossible to read these interesting volumes without a glowing anticipation of the future greatness of this more than imperial colony. Its wastes and mountain ranges undoubtedly at present appear desolate, but their condition is not to be decided until it shall have been fairly tried by the energies of a population with British blood in their veins. They may be intended, too, for barriers and defences of future nations. But the land contains vast districts full of the promise of boundless fertility, full of picturesque beauty, and already, by the bounty of nature, prepared for the best prosperity of man. The latter portions of the Journal are crowded with brief but expressive sketches of this fine diversity of soil and landscape.

"*Sept. 25.*—One bold range of forest land appeared before us, and, after crossing it, we passed over several rivulets falling northward, then over a ridge, and then descended into a valley of the finest description. Grassy hills, clear of timber, appeared beyond a stream also flowing northward." This noble country continues, yet with new aspects of luxuriance, and even of grandeur.

"*Sept. 26.*—By diverging a little to the right, we entered upon an open tract of country of the finest description, stretching away to the south-west among similar hills, until they were lost in the extreme distance. The whole surface was green as an emerald." They now meet with some streams watering this tract, and approach two lofty smooth round hills, "green to the sky," the united streams flowing through an open dell, through which the carts passed without meeting any impediment. The Major ascended one of those hills, and "enjoyed such a charming view eastward from this summit, as can but seldom fall to the lot of the explorers of new countries. The surface presented the forms of virgin beauty clothed in the hues of spring, and the shining verdure of the earth

was relieved by the darker hues of the wood with which they were interlaced. . . . The hills seemed entirely of lava, and I named the whole formation, which seemed so peculiar, the Mameloid Hills, and the station Mount Greenock. In travelling through this Eden no road was necessary, nor any ingenuity in conducting wheel-carriages wherever we chose. When we had completed fourteen miles, we encamped on the edge of an open plain near a small rivulet, the opposite bank consisting of grassy forest land."

The same country continues.—"*Sept. 27.* We this day crossed several fine running streams, and forests of box and blue-gum growing on ridges of trapean conglomerate. At length we entered on a very level and extensive flat, exceedingly green, and resembling an English park." This language may occasionally seem too much resembling the usual enthusiasm of discoverers, an enthusiasm which, in the instance of our naval officers, manly and intelligent a class as they are, has often produced disappointment. But, in the present instance, the circumstances are different. A sailor's raptures at seeing any thing that looks like verdure, after having been long wearied by sky and sea, ought to be largely allowed for. But Major Mitchell was fully accustomed to the sight, and he has no hesitation in describing the wilderness in the language of desolation. His sketches vary with the change of scene; and after this description, glowing as it is, we have details of the country which he subsequently passed through in his way north-east, by no means too captivating. That he has a strong sense of natural loveliness is clear, but we altogether doubt that he has coloured a single feature of his first impressions. Our only fault with him, and that a trivial one, is his selection of names for his hills and valleys. A discoverer may certainly be granted some allowance in distributing his new-found realm among his friends; but we wish that the custom were altogether laid aside of giving the names of insignificant officials, however high their station, and in some instances, of officials equally insignificant in station and person. We do not make the remark especially with reference to this able man, but to all; and the future mas-

ters of these great provinces of British discovery will have either to reform their maps, or to bear the stigma of suffering their countries to be burdened with the names of individuals wholly trifling in their own generation, and forgotten by every other. The later voyagers to the north of America have exhibited themselves peculiarly expert in this bastard canonization, and there are maps from which we might almost compile a list of the clerks of the Admiralty. If the discoverer requires names to mark the leading points of his discovery, let him take those great names of his country—the statesmen, orators, warriors, divines, and men of science—the Raleighs and Pitts, the Burkes and Erskines, the Latimers and Cranmers, the Newtons, Watts, Arkwrights, &c., and our Nelsons, Marlboroughs, Wolfes, and Wellingtons—names already established in honour, and whose renown can never decay. When those are exhausted, let him take the names of the great incidents of our history—the Charter, the Reformation, the Revolution, &c. Then let him commemorate our victories—our La Hogue, St Vincent's, Aboukirs, Trafalgars; our Salamancas, Victorias, Waterloos, &c. If his empire demands still more, let him, then, turn to foreign countries, or to ancient times. But let his last and most reluctant resource be either the Admiralty or the War Office. Again we say, that those remarks are with reference solely to the general propriety of the subject. In giving such names we may accomplish the natural and right purpose of keeping illustrious examples and national memories in the mind of those who are to follow us. We have no authority to afflict them with the mere record of our insignificance.

Still advancing (October 23,) they unexpectedly saw a noble cataract. When they had crossed a deep stream which flowed to the northward, and fixed their camp for the night, Major Mitchell, hearing the sound of falling water, rode up along the bank and came to a very fine fall of sixty feet. The river fell more than double that height, but in the lower part the water escaped unseen, flowing among large blocks of granite. "I had visited," he observes, "several waterfalls, including those on the Clyde, and in Devon, but this certainly was the most

picturesque scene of the kind that I had ever witnessed. Yet this effect was not so much in the body of water falling, as the bold character of the rocks among which it fell. Their colour and shape were harmonised into a more perfect picture than nature usually presents. The prevailing hues were light red and purple gray, the rocks being finely interlaced, with a small-leaved creeper of the brightest green.

"Dark-coloured moss, which presents a warm green in the sun, covered the lower rocks, and relieved the brighter hues, while a brilliant iris shone steadily in the spray, and blended into perfect harmony the lighter hues of the rocks, and the whiteness of the torrent rushing over them. The banks of this stream were of so bold a character, that, in all probability, other picturesque scenery, perhaps finer than this, may be found upon it." Oct. 7th, they again met some of the natives, who now seemed never to approach them but with hostile intentions. Presents evidently only sharpened their cupidity, and conciliation was as evidently attributed to fear. A group of seven of them came up to the tents; two tomahawks were given to them to go away, but as usual without effect. They were lingering there to kill the party in their sleep. On this occasion, a contrivance was adopted to drive them away, at once effectual and harmless, and which we recommend to the use of other discoverers.

At a signal, one of the party suddenly rushed forth wearing a gill mask, and holding in his hand a blue light, with which he fired a rocket. The use of the mask, which had been tried several times with success, was suggested to the Major by Sir John Jamieson. Two men concealed behind the boat carriage, bellowed hideously through speaking trumpets at the same time, while all the others shouted and discharged their carbines in the air. The man in the mask marched solemnly towards the astonished natives, who were seen through the gloom but for an instant, as they made their escape and disappeared, but leaving behind them rough-shaped heavy clubs, which they had made there in the dark with the new tomahawks we had given them; and which clubs were, doubtless, made for the sole purpose of beating out their brains.

Thus the scene ended in hearty laughing. The Major observes, "That he was at length convinced, that no kindness had the slightest effect in altering the savage desire of the natives to kill white men, on their first coming among them. That Australia can never be explored with safety, except by very powerful parties, will probably be proved by the treacherous murder of many brave white men."

On October the 17th, they reached the Murray. No one could have mistaken the access; for the vast extent of verdant margin, with its lofty trees and still lakes, could have belonged to no other Australian river which they had met. After reaching this powerful stream, they began to look for the marks of cattle, having heard that the herds of the settlers had already extended themselves even in this remote direction. They at last found tracks of the wheels of a gig drawn by one horse, and accompanied by others, but they were some months old. Such are the minute remarks and trivial objects which excite the interest of men in those solitudes. The full and flowing river, always a source of animation, gave an unusual appearance of life and motion to the desert, where all around was so still. Serpents seem to have been the only tenants of the wilderness, and some were seen of a species apparently peculiar to the river. They invariably take to it, and one beautiful reptile in particular, of a gold colour, with red streaks, sprang from under the Major's horse's feet, and "rode upon the strong current of the boiling stream, keeping abreast of us, and holding his head erect, as if in defiance, and without once attempting to make his escape, until he died in his glory by a shot."

As their route turned homewards, they appear to have been in some fear of the failure of their provisions, and it became a matter of primary importance to fall in with some of the cattle of the out stations. At length they found the tracks not only of cattle but of well-shod horses! The Major now hastened back with the good tidings to the party, brought the carts into the valley, and pushed onward, cheered by finding additional marks, even the

print of young calves' feet. "And at length," as he pleasantly tells, "the welcome sight of the cattle themselves delighted our longing eyes, not to mention our stomachs, which were then in the best possible state to assist our perceptions of the beauty of a foreground of fat cattle." But the view was destined to end in disappointment. "We were soon surrounded by a staring herd of at least 800 wild animals, and I took a shot at one: but my ball only made him jump; upon which the whole body, apparently very wild, made off to the mountains. Symptoms of famine began now to show themselves in the sullenness of some of the men; and I most reluctantly consented to kill one of our poor working animals, which was accordingly shot, as soon as we encamped, and divided among the party."

Still advancing, they at length came in sight of the Murrumbidgee, and in sight of a landscape uniting the wild beauty of nature with some of the aspects of civilisation. Before them spread the "dark umbrageous trees, overshadowing that noble river, and the rich open flats, with tame cattle browsing on them, or reclining in luxurious ease, very unlike the wild herd. Now, we could trace the marks of horsemen on the plain; and as we travelled up the river, horses and cattle appeared on both banks. At length they came to the first *fact* of civilization. They discovered a small house and a stack-yard. An old settler there came out to meet them, named Bill Buckley, with the characteristic welcome of a huge loaf in his hand. All was now *couleur de rose*; some drays just then arrived, coming on the road from Sydney, and containing provisions. Piper, too, had his share of exultation. His joy was great on emerging from the land of savages, and coming among blacks, who no longer threatened to kill him: 'Civil black fellows,' as he called them, 'not Myalls.' He fully exhibited the superiority of a traveller, and enjoyed his lionship prodigiously. Little Ballandella, too, the widow's infant, had been taken good care of by Mrs Piper, and was now feasted with milk, and seemed quite happy."

OUR POCKET COMPANIONS.

No weather more pleasant than that of a mild winter day. So gracious the season, that Hyems is like Ver—Januarius like Christopher North. Art thou the Sun of whom Milton said,

"Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams,"

an image of disconsolate obscurity? Bright art thou as at meridian on a June Sabbath; but effusing a more temperate lustre not unfelt by the sleeping, not insensate earth. She stirs in her sleep and murmurs—the mighty mother; and quiet as herself, though broad awake, her old ally the ship-bearing sea. What though the woods be leafless—they look as alive as when laden with umbrage; and who can tell what is going on now within the hearts of that calm oak grove? The fields laugh not now—but here and there they smile! If we see no flowers we think of them—and less of the perished than of the unborn; for regret is vain, and hope is blest; in peace there is the promise of joy—and therefore in the silent pastures a perfect beauty how restorative to man's troubled heart!

The Shortest Day in all the year, yet lovelier than the Longest. Can that be the voice of birds? With the lark's lyric our fancy filled the sky—with the thrush's roundelay it awoke the wood. In the air life is audible—circling unseen. Such serenity must be inhabited by happiness. Hal there thou art, our Familiar—the self-same Robin red-breast that pecked at our nursery window, and used to warble from the gable of the school-house his sweet winter song!

In company we are silent—in solitude we soliloquize. So dearly do we love our own voice that we cannot bear to hear it mixed with that of others—perhaps, drowned; and then our bashfulness tongue-ties us in the hush, expectant of our "golden opinions," when all eyes are turned to the speechless "old man eloquent," and you might hear a tangle dishevelled itself in Næra's hair. But all alone, by ourselves, in the country, among trees, standing still among untrodden leaves—as now—how we do speak! All

thoughts—all feelings—desire utterance; left to themselves they are not happy till they have evolved into words—winged words—that sometimes settle on the ground, like moths on flowers—sometimes seek the sky, like eagles above the clouds.

No such soliloquies in written poetry as these of ours—the act of composition is fatal as frost to their flow; yet composition there is at such solitary times going on among the moods of the mind, as among the clouds on a still but not airless sky, perpetual but imperceptible transformations of the beautiful, obedient to the bidding of the spirit of beauty;

"But those are heavenly, these an empty dream."

Who but Him who made it known—eth aught of the Laws of Spirit? All of us may know much of what is "wisest, virtuous, discreet, best," in obedience to them; but leaving the open day we enter at once into thickest night. Why at this moment do we see a spot—once only visited by us, and unremembered for ever so many flights of black or bright winged years—see it in fancy as it then was in nature, with the same dew-drops on that wondrous myrtle beheld but on that morning—such a myrtle as no other eyes beheld ever on this earth, but ours, and the eyes of one now in heaven?

Another year is about to die—and how wags the world? "What great events are on the gale?" Go ask our statesmen. But their rule—their guidance is but over the outer world, and almost powerless their folly or their wisdom over the inner region in which we mortals live, and move, and have our being, where the fall of a throne makes no more noise than that of a leaf!

And what tiny volume is this we have in our hand? Collins, Gray, and Beattie! Were they among the number of those of whom Wordsworth thought, when he spoke

"Of mighty poets in their misery dead!
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness?"

Mighty they may not be called by the side of the godlike—but mighty they are, compared with “us poor sons of a day,” and on earth their might endureth for ever.

Assuredly there is something not dreamt of in our philosophy in the character of crows. What can be the meaning of that congregating multitude, on, in, and around that one huge single oak, himself a grove? It is mid-day—and the creatures are not going to set up their roost. Now, all again is mute—save an occasional caw—buried in profound meditation. Reason! Instinct! Man! Bird! Beast! Time! Eternity! Creation! God!

Pray, who may be “THE PROPRIETORS OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS?” This volume is one of the many publications of that mysterious firm, and we are afraid even to whisper a word of blame to the woods. But why will they persist in prefacing poetry all the world delights in, with libels on the genius that produced it? Here we have all Dr Johnson’s stupid slanders on Gray, by way of introduction, that boys and virgins may step across the threshold into the house of his fame, with contempt and scorn of all his poems except the *Elegy*. His estimation of the genius of Collins the poet is not much nearer the truth, though he writes tenderly and admiringly of the character of Collins the man. “He had employed his mind chiefly on works of fiction and subjects of fancy, and by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by passive acquiescence in popular tradition. He loved fairies and genii, giants and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens. This was, however, the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but were not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced, in happier moments, sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence led him to oriental fictions and allegorical

imagery; and, perhaps, while he was intent on description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the description of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviations in quest of mistaken beauties. * * * To what I have formerly said of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harsh, unskillfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete, when it was not worthy of revival, and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some late candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise, where it gives little pleasure.”

There is, we believe, some unconscious confusion here of Collins’ reading and writing, his studies and his compositions; Johnson having huddled together all he had got to say about both, so that he was speaking all the while, without knowing it, in one breath, indiscriminately, of the scholar and of the poet—of his table-talk and of the productions of his genius. His noble verses—mis-named an *Ode*—“On the Superstitions of the Highlands,” do indeed treat of “popular traditions,”—but not of such as “the mind is reconciled to only by a passive acquiescence,” for the imagination all the world over, in all time, creates and clings to such beliefs. “Of giants and monsters” there is not a syllable in the poetry of Collins—“genii” do, indeed, sometimes glide along the glimmer or the gloom, and as lovely as ever fancy feigned—nor can the delicacy of his touch be exceeded when he sings of the Fairies. “The meanders of enchantment,” are words without meaning—pretty as they are—“to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces,” you must go to the works of some other architect—nor is there in all Collins one “waterfall in an Elysian garden,” by which the doctor could have sought repose. The “character of his inclination and his genius,” was one and the same, and no poet ever delivered himself up more de-

lightly to their united inspiration. His only "oriental fictions" are his *Oriental Eclogues*, which were written in early youth, and called by himself his "Irish Eclogues," because so little oriental; though beautiful, they are the least imaginative of his writings, and hardly deserve the name of "fiction." His poetry is throughout imbued with "sentiment," and conversant with the passions—impersonated for the most part, but with wonderful felicity, and to nature true. "Not deficient in fire"—nor "unfurnished with knowledge!" Read the "Ode to Liberty"—lustrous in its learning—and you will almost be disposed to think the doctor a dolt—which Heaven forbid—for he was "*The Sage*." The diction and the versification of Collins are exquisite—a more musical ear and soul were never given to any one of the Muses' sons; and the diction of this poet bath Samuel, with curious infelicity, characterized by harshness—unskilful elaboration—judicious selection of words—and motion-impeding clusters of consonants!—COLLINS being one of "those candidates for fame," who fondly imagined that "not to write prose is certainly to write poetry"—and his poetry such as sometimes "to extort praise when it gives little pleasure"—such praise as the doctor's.

Here, transcribed with a crow-quill, on "the fly-leaf," are a few exquisite sentences of Campbell's on Collins—and we know not which of the two be the more delightful poet. "Collins published his *Oriental Eclogues* while at college, and his lyrical poetry at the age of twenty-six. Those works will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty. If they have rather less exuberant wealth of genius, they exhibit more exquisite touches of pathos. Like Milton, he leads us into the haunted ground of imagination; like him, he has the rich economy of expression haloed with thought, which by single or few words often hints entire pictures to the imagination. In what short and simple terms, for instance, does he open a wide and majestic landscape to the mind, such as we might view from Benlomond or Snowdon, when he speaks of the hut,

"That from some mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods!"

And in the line,

"Where faint and sickly winds for ever
howl around,"

he does not merely seem to describe the sultry desert, but brings it home to the senses. A cloud of obscurity sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery, or the warmth of his feelings. * * * In his Ode to Fear he hints at his dramatic ambition, and he planned several tragedies. Had he lived to enjoy and adorn existence, it is not easy to conceive his sensitive spirit and harmonious ear descending to mediocrity in any path of poetry; yet it may be doubted if his mind had not a passion for the visionary and remote forms of imagination too strong and exclusive for the general purposes of the drama. His genius loved to breathe rather in the preternatural and ideal element of poetry, than in the atmosphere of imitation, which lies closest to real life; and his notions of poetical excellence, whatever vows he might address to the Manners, were still tending to the vast, the undefinable, and the abstract. Certainly, however, he carried sensibility and tenderness into the highest regions of abstracted thought—his enthusiasm spreads a glow even among "the shadowy tribes of mind," and his allegory is as sensible to the heart as it is visible to the fancy.

Thomas Campbell loves the Eclogues. "Nothing," he says, "is commonplace in Collins. The pastoral eclogue, which is insipid in all other English hands, assumes in his a touching interest, and a picturesque air of novelty. It seems that he himself ultimately undervalued these eclogues, as deficient in characteristic manners; but surely no just reader of them cares any more about this circumstance than about the authenticity of the 'Tale of Troy.'" This is, perhaps, rather too bold—yet the "want of characteristic manners" may be compensated by truth of nature—all over the world the same in its chief sentiments and passions—and the poetry that gives us these, without any violation of "characteristic manners," will not fail to please, wherever the scene may be laid, provided only the

imagery be coloured by the clime, and we are made to feel that its inhabitants do not speak like aliens. Therefore, "Hassan, or the Camel-Driver,"

is a true Oriental Eclogue—we feel that the time is mid-day—and the scene the desert.

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry Sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.—
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

True, they are mere boyish productions—but the boyhood of genius is haunted by images of beauty, and there are many such in these eclogues.

"Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear:
Here make thy court amidst the rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for the Queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most: not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone;
Desponding Weakness, with her downcast eyes,
And friendly pity, full of tender sighs:
And Love, the last: by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love."

Collins, in riper age, would not have written these lines—but is it not well that they are written? And are they not redolent of the virtue and happiness of a golden age? And where is a lovelier line than

"Their eyes blue languish and their golden hair?"

A more picturesque line than

"No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear?"

A more appalling image than

"What if the lion in his rage I meet:
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet?"

A more poetical picture of fatigue and despair than

" Oh ! stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart ! oh ! turn thee and survey,
 Trace our long flight through all its length of way !
 And first review that long-extended plain
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain !
 Yon rugged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
 And last, this lofty mountain's weary side ! "

Samuel saith that the poet's " lines are commonly of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants."—Sometimes they are of slow motion, and then may be applied to them Dugald Stewart's fine remark on one of the finest passages in Gray, " I cannot help remarking further, the effect of the solemn flow of the verse in this exquisite stanza, in retarding the pronunciation of the reader, so as to arrest his attention to every successive picture, till it has time to produce its proper impression. More of the charm of poetical rhythm

arises from this circumstance than is commonly imagined." The great Moral Philosopher was a beautiful reader of poetry—especially of what was rich, solemn, or stately ; but there are far deeper reasons for all the varieties of versification, in the fitness and adaptation of sound to sense, and of the measures of words to the moods of passion. Samuel likewise saith, that Collins " puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think that not to write prose is to write poetry." Never.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

" Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

" With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away."

What music!

Take any single verse or sentence of exquisite construction, where the place of every word *doubles its beauty*. There is no explanation can be imagined of the effect of such construction on the Mind, except that in the moment in which it passes upon every successive word, it has the recollection present to it of every word it has passed, with some doubtful yet vigilant expectation of that which is to follow. It bears along with it, in short, *throughout*, the complex impression of all which it has passed over, till it reaches the close; and in that beautiful, expressive, and perfect close, feels the instantaneous completion of that complex impression, which it had borne with it incomplete till that moment. It is difficult to us, indeed, to watch these processes, but there are abundant cases in which it is not difficult to demonstrate that they must have taken place.

When such a passage is learnt by heart, it is evident to ourselves that it is not the mere sequence of *sounds* that fixes itself by reiterated impression in the memory; but the Mind, hovering, as it were, at once over the whole line, and over the succession of lines, imprints that as *one* in the memory which it has conceived as one, though heard in many successive impressions of sense; and even the misplacing of a word, or the substitution of a wrong one, where the verse would bear it, is often detected, not by the derangement or falsification of the sequences of sound, but by the impaired beauty of the whole. This may be observed most easily by every one in respect of the more beautiful and affecting poetry of his own language.

Indeed, it may be said that the chief effect of versification depends upon this power of the mind to remember minutely and to expect exactly as it passes on. Every one who is at all sensible to this kind of harmony will be aware how his ear expects the close of the verse. He will be aware how in any majestic strain he feels that it bears him on, he feels that it *draws to its close*. Many of the remarkable effects of unusual versifica-

tion, in poets who are greatest masters of their art, may be explained by the interruption that is given to the ordinary expectation of the mind listening to the stream of sound; many by the exceeding of that expectation with the riches of an inexhaustible harmony. And as an observation of a minuter kind, we may remark, that in this harmony in the sound of verse, the mind evidently notes the *minutest* transitions of sound as it goes on; the richness and *numerousness* of the harmony depending entirely on the constant instantaneous comparison of *each successive syllable* of sound, with those which have preceded it—showing demonstrably that the mind bears along with it, in the midst of present impression, a constant conception of impressions immediately past.

Who but Collins would have written the

ODE TO SIMPLICITY?

"O thou, by Nature taught,
 To breathe her genuine thought,
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:

Who first on mountains wild,
 In Fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!

"Thou, who with hermit heart,
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
 But com'st a decent maid,
 In attic robe arrayed,
 O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

"By all the honied store
 On Hybla's thymy shore,
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
 By her whose love-lorn woe,
 In evening musings slow,
 Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear;

"By old Cephissus deep,
 Who spread his wavy sweep,
 In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
 On whose enamelled side,
 When holy Freedom died,
 No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

" O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd
hues.

" While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate
band ;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turned thy face, and fled her altered
land.

" No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers
mean :
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile
scene.

" Though Taste, though Genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the
whole ;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting
soul !

" Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale :
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O nature, learn my tale."

O Winter — Spring — Autumn —
Summer — ye Seasons all — weep for
your Druid — now and ever for your
Druid weep !

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave :
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

" In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing
shade.

" Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

" Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreathes is
drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

" And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

" But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

" Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering
near ?

With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

" But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen
tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

" And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

" The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

" Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
' O vales, and wild woods,' shall he say,
' In yonder grave your Druid lies !'"

Thomas Brown was not so good a
critic as Dugald Stewart. He says—

" The different degrees of pleasure received from comparisons, as they appear to harmonize more or less with the natural influence of the principal suggestion in spontaneous trains of thought, is finely shown in what has always appeared to me a very striking imperfection in one of the most popular stanzas of Gray's very popular *Elegy*. I quote, also, the two preceding stanzas :—

' Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire :
Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to extacy the living lyre.

* But knowledge to their eyes her ample
page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

* Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

The two similies in this stanza certainly produce very different degrees of poetical delight. That which is borrowed from the rose blooming in solitude pleases in a very high degree, both as it contains a just, beautiful similitude ; and still more, as the similitude is one of the most likely to have arisen to a poetic mind in such a situation. But the simile in the two first lines of the stanza, though it may, perhaps, philosophically, be as just, has no other charm, and strikes us immediately as not the natural suggestion of such a moment and such a scene. To a person moralizing amid the simple tombs of a village churchyard, there is, perhaps, no object that would not sooner have occurred than this piece of minute jewellery—a gem of purest ray serene, in the unfathomed caves of ocean."

In the first place, we object decidedly to the expression "this piece of minute jewellery :"

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,"

is a line which, whether aptly introduced or not into this description, is unexceptionable in itself—there is nothing minute in it—but, on the contrary, it is a line conveying a very splendid and gorgeous image. But, passing from that, why does this image strike us in a moment as one not belonging to the moment and the scene? If it were taken by itself, perhaps it might strike us ; though we see no reason why a churchyard, however rural or simple, being a place of *graves*, might not suggest any idea whatever, let its wildness, depth, or vastness be what it may. But we opine that if the whole pervading and progressive spirit of the stanzas be considered, they will be felt to contain no imperfection, but finely to exemplify how emotions and passions of the mind connect ideas much more powerfully than mere conceptions or ideas

ever can—as is elsewhere properly remarked by Dr Brown. The mind of the poet is here possessed with one great and sublime, though melancholy and mournful thought—the earthly extinction of virtue, power, and genius which fate had hindered from acquiring their glory on earth. Now, this is a thought which is worthy and capable of filling the whole mind. Nor can there be imagined any image or conception, however great, which would be uncongenial with it. The humble character of the village churchyard is for a while forgotten, or remembered only so faintly as to be a kind of dim accompaniment to the scene of the poet's excited imagination ; and no image from the external world could be out of place, however splendid or august.

The critics of the day accused Gray of borrowing the idea of his *Elegy* from Collins's *Evening* ! Oh dear ! And they found fault with Collins's *Evening* for being in blank verse. Alas !—So perfect is its music that the ear never misses the rhyme—the soul forgets that there is such an artifice as rhyme ; and the imagination is so gradually filled to overflowing, that it feels but thinks not of the beauty of the medium through which its visions arise—the lucid and transparent veil of inspired words.

ODE TO EVENING.

" If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,

Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

" O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-
hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

" Now air is hush'd, save where the
weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill akriek flits by on leathern
wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

" As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
hum :
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

" Whose numbers, stealing through thy
dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !

" For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

" And many a nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lover-
lier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy
scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

" Or if chill blustering winds, or driving
rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

" And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks
o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

" While Spring shall pour his showers, as
oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous
air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes.

" So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling
Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

Gray stole from this the idea of his
Elegy !

" The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.

" Now fades the glimmering landscape on
the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

" Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
tower
The moping owl does to the moon com-
plain
Of such as, wandering near her secret
bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Lord Brougham—that universal
genius—does not approve of these
stanzas—and criticises them in his
Inaugural Discourse. He has been
wisely commending the great Greek
orators for their "abstinent use of their
prodigious faculties of expression. A
single phrase—sometimes a word—and
the work is done—the desired impres-
sion is made, as it were, with one
stroke, there being nothing superfluous
interposed to weaken the blow, or
break its fall." And after some strik-
ing illustrations, he goes on to praise
"the great poet of Modern Italy,
Dante, for having approached in this
quality nearest to the ancients. In
his finest passages you rarely find an
epithet; hardly ever more than one,
and never two efforts to embody one
idea. 'A guisa di leon quando si
posa,' is the single trait by which he
compares the dignified air of a stern
personage to the expression of the lion
slowly laying him down. It is re-
markable that Tasso copies the verse
entire, but he destroys its whole effect
by filling up the majestic idea, adding
this line, 'Girando gli occhi e non
movendo il passo.' A better illustra-
tion could not easily be found of the
difference between the ancient and
modern style. Another is furnished
by a later imitator of the same great
master. I know no passage of the
Divina Comedia more excursive than
the description of evening in the *Pur-
gatorio*; yet the poet is content with
somewhat enlarging on a single thought
—the tender recollections which that
hour of meditation gives the traveller
at the fall of the first night he is to
pass away from home—when he hears
the distant knell of the expiring day.
Gray adopts the idea of the knell in
nearly the words of the original, and
adds eight other circumstances to it,
presenting a kind of ground-plan, or,

at least, a catalogue, an accurate enumeration (like a natural historian's) of every one particular belonging to nightfall, so as wholly to exhaust the subject, and leave nothing to the imagination of the reader. Dante's six verses, too, have but one epithet, *dolci*, applied to *amici*. Gray has thirteen or fourteen, some of them mere repetitions of the same idea which the verb or the substantive conveys, as *drowsy tinkling lulls*—the *moping owl complains*—the ploughman *plods* his weary way. Surely, when we contrast the simple and commanding majesty of the ancient writers with the superabundance and diffusion of the exhaustive method, we may be tempted to feel that there lurks some alloy of bitterness in the excess of sweets."

Dante's image of the lion is worthy of all Brougham's admiration. But we beg to tell his Lordship that he "destroys its whole effect," more inexcusably than Tasso. Dante says nothing of "the expression of the lion slowly laying him down." "Expression" is verily a pauper version of "a guisa;" and "slowly laying him down," is a pompous paraphrase of "*si posa*." It is as bad, in another way, as Tasso's "*non movendo il passo*." But how could his Lordship have blinded himself to the essential difference between Dante's and Gray's condition, aim, object, and feeling, when composing each his celebrated and immortal lines? A few words did the business, and Dante had other fish to fry. Gray had his time at his own disposal—he hurried no man's cattle—and the evening being calm he enjoyed it. 'Twas a pity he mentioned

the curfew at all—for there was none—and had there been, it would not have tolled till honest people had supped and undressed for bed. But he could not resist the temptation of borrowing an image from the great Florentine whom he revered; and, after all, faulty as it is, that opening line has an imposing effect on the imagination, which, when taken by surprise, believes any thing that is solemn, unquestioning of the truth. Let that pass, and all that follows is as good as can be—both in sentiment and expression. So far from natural, in his placid mood, would it have been to describe the coming on of the evening by some single stroke or touch, that the beauty of the picture is felt to lie in the completeness gradually effected by the natural succession of images—each with its characteristic epithet—which were you to delete, the charm would be broken and the vision gone. It is not true that some of the epithets—which his Lordship has counted and found to be fourteen—are mere "repetitions of the same idea which the verb or substantive conveys;" they all intensify the feelings accompanying the ideas; they all deepen the repose, not excepting the moping owl, whose complaint to the new-risen moon—for we add an epithet to the long dozen—surely disturbs it not—her fine ear open to every footfall—even the poet's—though he enters the churchyard almost as noiselessly as a ghost.

Here is the famous opening of the Eighth Canto of the *Purgatorio*, with three translations:—

"Era già l' ora che volge 'l disio
A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il cuore
Lo di ch' han detto a dolci amici a Dio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

WRIGHT.

"It was the hour that wakes regret anew
In men at sea, and melts the heart to tears,
The day whereon they bade sweet friends adieu;—
And thrills the youthful pilgrim on his way
With thoughts of love, if from afar he hears
The vesper bell, that mourns the dying day."

BYRON.

"Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day

When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's return."

MERIVALE.

" 'Twas now the hour when fond desire renews
 To him who wanders o'er the pathless main,
 Raising unbidden tears, the last adieu
 Of tender friends, whom fancy shapes again ;
 When the late-parted pilgrim thrills with thought
 Of his loved home, if o'er the distant plain
 Perchance his ears the village chimes have caught,
 Seeming to mourn the close of dying day."

Here is the noblest Ode in our language.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

" Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
 And call in solemn sounds to life,
 The youths, whose locks divinely spread-
 ing,

Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
 At once the breath of fear and virtue
 shedding,

Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to
 view ?

What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
 Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
 At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame con-
 cealing,

(What place so fit to seal a deed re-
 nown'd?)

Till she her brightest lightnings round
 revealing,

It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her
 prompted wound !

O goddess, in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy
 ears,

Let not my shell's misguided power
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.

No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
 How Rome, before thy face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race,
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil
 awoke,

And all the blended work of strength
 and grace

With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand
 fragments broke.

EPODE.

" Yet, e'en where'er the least appear'd
 Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd ;
 Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were
 found ;

They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
 How wondrous rose her perfect form ;

How in the great, the labour'd whole,
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul ;
 For sunny Florence, seat of Art,
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
 Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,
 (Oh, who could fear it!) quench'd her
 flame.

And, lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade !
 See small Marino joins the theme,
 Though least, not last in thy esteem ;
 Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
 To those, whose merchants' sons were
 kings ;

To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride :
 Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure :
 Nor e'er her former pride relate
 To sad Liguria's bleeding state.

Ah, no ! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's mountain bleak :
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice ;
 Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled.)
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those to whom thy stork is dear :
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruise'd,
 Whose crown a British queen refus'd !
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 The holier name alone remains ;
 One perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail, nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

" Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works, the wizard Time has wrought !
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse
 strand,

No sea between, nor cliff sublime and
 hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our
 land.

To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,

Where Orcas howl, his wolfish mountains
rounding ;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan
rise,
A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self con-
founding,
Withering her giant sons with strange un-
couth surprise.
This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows
borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona, once hid from those who search the
main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the westering
tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each
bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride :
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd,
thy last abode !

SECOND EPODE.

" Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul enforcing goddess, stood !
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet :
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self-o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet, still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky ;
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains,
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

" How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told ?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd ?
E'en now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise !
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design ;
The secret builder knew to chuse,
Each sphere found gem of richest hues :
Whate'er Heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;

There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, 'grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
" Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand !
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain :
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
E'en Anger's blood-shoot eyes in sleep !
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow
calm ;
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
' O, how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the West ! "

Let no man presume to soliloquize
a comment on that Ode. But it sets
us to dissert a little on poetical lan-
guage.

That the mind in a state of emotion
is liable to suggestions of analogy, is
well stated by Dr Thomas Brown in
one of his Lectures ; and indeed the
language of poetry, which either is,
or ought to be that of passion, is full
of all such analogies, and so is the
language of ordinary life when the
mind is under emotion. But what is
the reason of this fact ? It is this :
The mind under the influence of pas-
sion or emotion, is wholly and vividly
possessed by one feeling. It lives in
one warm, bright, entire state. Its
whole discernment, therefore—power
and wish of discernment—is confined
to one emotion. Whatever thoughts
or conceptions, therefore, do natural-
ly belong to that emotion, crowd in
upon it—and " possess it merely." In
this overcharged and heightened
condition of emotion, it must hap-
pen, that when the mind looks
abroad over external nature, or for a
moment glances inwardly on other
conceptions not exactly the same as
those or that one which rule predomi-
nantly over it, that it will behold these
in the light of its chief emotion, and
diffuse over them the qualities, as it
were, of that emotion. It will thus
bestow on external nature qualities
which exist only in itself—and where
certain acknowledged analogies do
absolutely exist, it will earnestly seize
upon these, and then burst forth vehe-

mently and ardently in figurative and metaphorical language. Now we know that by such natural tendency of the mind, all languages are full of figures and metaphors, expressive of analogies between qualities or states of mind and mere appearances of external nature. Accordingly, when language has been so formed, the mind under the influence of emotion has no longer these analogies to seek or find—but has them ready prepared for it in language. But we know that language itself is full of those causes of association or suggestion, which the mind obeys. Accordingly when the mind, under the influence of emotion, begins to clothe its emotion in words, its first analogical expressions do of themselves continue to suggest others, and thus to feed the emotion, whatever it may be, and to lead the mind on in a continued strain of what may be called poetical language. The first tendency of the mind under emotion is to transfuse itself into whatever it beholds or conceives, and when it does so not only in thought but in expression, then the very language which it employs for that purpose, having been originally formed by minds similarly situated or affected, begins to act as a new power upon its associations—and carries it on, even perhaps after the strength of the original emotion has ceased, into the wide field of analogy. If, agreeably to those views, the mind under emotion were to remain hushed and silent, and to confine itself to the one single emotion or passion that possessed it, then one of two effects would follow: either the passion would die away altogether, or it would become a sort of blind, brooding disease, in which all the other emotions and faculties of the soul were lost and swallowed up. For either the emotion would languish and die, being denied that food which, in other cases, the mind supplies to it from its excursive thoughts, or it would grow to such excess from being agitated entirely, and at all times, by a few deep, black, and gloomy thoughts, repelling from them every suggested thought which did not closely and grimly coalesce with it, that the mind would be kept in a condition approaching to that of insanity. Now this happens in nature. When, for example, grief is so intense as to prostrate the heart—as

when a widow mother loses her only child—that grief, silent, and almost thoughtless, eats away like a cancer into her heart, and she dies—as many have died—of grief. Or quite an opposite effect may follow. After a while this silent, quiet, and deep grief sinks into resignation—religion tells her that it is impious—and accordingly all those trains of thought, which otherwise the mind would have suggested, being stopt, arrested, or at least modified, the heart is restored to itself. But if an intermediate state of mind exists—one neither perfectly calmed by resignation, nor yet utterly abandoned to despair, then the passion of grief finds food for itself in every thing submitted to the eyes of the mourner; and mournful resemblances and analogies are found in all living things to the dead; a coffin, a procession, and a funeral are alike seen in the embers on the hearth and in the clouds of heaven.

It should be added, that the mind, when under the strong power of passion of various kinds, is also under the power of high Imagination. In such excited and elevated moods, it is impossible to set any bounds to the analogies which it will discern between its own feelings and all created nature. It then feels itself, as it were, the ruling spiritual essence of this scene of existence; and sees in the sky, the earth, and the ocean—its clouds, storms, mountains, and waves, only the reflection of its own power and greatness. Indeed, it is the theory of Mr Alison, that all beauty and sublimity in external nature are but the reflections of mental qualities, and that the pleasures of the imagination consist of those emotions which arise in us during our association of mental qualities with lifeless things. This theory, so beautifully illustrated by Mr Alison, is certainly, in a great measure, true; and therefore almost every word we use and every feeling which we express is a proof of the discernment by the mind, in a state of imagination, of analogies subsisting between the objects of the external world and the attributes of our moral and intellectual being.

We said that Mr Alison's theory is in a great measure true. The principle is true—but we suspect that there is something fallacious in its applica-

tion. There is a popular opinion, or rather an unconsidered impression, that lights and sounds are beautiful and sublime in *themselves*, but this disappears before examination. A sound is or is not sublime, as it is, or is not apprehended to be thunder. That is association. But thunder itself would not be sublime, if there were no more than the intellectual knowledge of its physical cause—if there were not ideas of power, wrath, death, included in it. The union of these ideas with thunder is association. Those ideas by association, carry their own ideas with them. All fixed conjunction, therefore, of ideas with ideas, and of feelings with ideas, is the work of association—nor is it possible to dispute it. But when the advocates of this theory assert that trains of thought, or distinct personal recollections, are absolutely necessary to make up the emotion, then they assert what appears to us to be contradicted by the experience of every man. The impression is collective and immediate. We know that all our acquired perceptions are at first gained by long processes of association—that the eye does not of itself see form or figure. When, therefore, we see a rose to be a rose, it may as well be said that we do so by a process of association, as that we see it to be beautiful by a process of association. In both cases—the perception of the rose, and the emotion of its beauty is equally instantaneous—and independent of any process of association—though we know that both our perception of it, and our emotion could only have been formed originally by such a process. As, therefore, we cannot be said, by our instructed senses to perform any mental operation when we see an object to be round—so neither can we be said to perform any, when we feel an object to be beautiful. Voluntary associations may, doubtless, be added to our unreasoned and unwilld perception of beauty, as of a rose, or a human countenance—and these trains of thought, of which Mr Alison so finely speaks, will add to the emotion. But the emotion arises independently of them. We admire the beauty of a rose just as thoughtlessly as we see it to have a slender stalk, circular flower, and serrated leaves. While, therefore, we admit the truth of the prin-

ciple of Mr Alison's theory, we seek to limit the application of it.

It is farther remarked by Dr Brown, in his Lecture on Resemblance, as a law of association, that, "though in a state of emotion, images are readily suggested, according to that principle of shadowy resemblance, it must be remembered as a rule which is to guide us in the use of figures, that in this case the mind seizes the analogy with almost unconscious comparison—and pours it forth in its vigorous expression with the rapidity of inspiration. It does not dwell on the analogy beyond the moment—but is hurried on to new analogies, which it seizes and deserts in like manner." Now this observation is too general. In the first transport of any passion—at its *acmé*—during its unsubiding turbulence—when the mind is scarcely in possession of itself, and obeys rather than commands, is led rather than leads—it does grasp and quit analogies thus suddenly; but though passion, blind and headlong at first, speaks in broken, disjointed, and prerrupt discourse, starting from one image to another—yet, when the mind has begun to understand and to enjoy its passion, it is then exceedingly apt to indulge in the steady, and, perhaps, triumphant contemplation of some one analogy which seems suited to it, to sustain and exalt it. The mind, then, acts under the combined power of passion and imagination—and, contemplating its own workings with a proud delight, will not dismiss hastily any image round which it can collect its feeling, and thereby give it a more permanent and vivid existence. A passion sometimes calms itself by this very means. The mind partakes of the dignity of the image which it contemplates—and thus the transport of emotion is subdued into what can now be called only an elevated and excited state of the imagination. This being the case, we ought to be cautious how we condemn any delineation of passion, on the grounds of its seeming to dwell too long, or with too much self-possession on one comparison, or image, or metaphor, or simile,—for, in many cases, the mind does consciously, and with pleasure, dwell on images which, in its first burst of passion, it grasped unconsciously, or with pain—and from which it then

flew off in restlessness and agitation. In Shakspeare this occurs constantly—and no greater metaphysician than Shakspeare ever exhibited by examples the laws of passion and of thought.

We are resolved next summer to visit Iona again—and for the first time St Kilda. Collins was a Scotsman—so was Home.

“ Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill
 Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
 From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
 To that hoar pile which still its ruins shows :
 In whose small vaults a Pigmy-folk is found,
 Whose bones the deliver with his spade upthrows,
 And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground !
 Or thither, where beneath the show'ry west
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
 Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs ærial council hold.

“ But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
 Go ! just, as they, their blameless manners trace !
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 And all their prospect but the wintery main.
 With sparing temperance at the needful time
 They drain the scented spring ; or, hunger-prest,
 Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
 And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest,
 Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
 Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare ;
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there !

In strains, beautiful as thine own,
 wert thou lamented, O Bard of Pity,
 of Fancy, and of Grief ! many years
 after all thy troubles had found rest,
 by the youthful Wordsworth.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES, NEAR
 RICHMOND.

“ Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
 O Thames ! that other bards may see
 As lovely visions by thy side,
 As now, fair river, come to me.
 O glide, fair stream, for ever so,
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
 Till all our minds for ever flow
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.

“ Vain thought ! yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene !
 Such as did once the poet bless,
 Who, murmuring here a later ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress
 But in the milder grief of pity.

“ Now let us, as we float along,
 For him suspend the dashing oar ;
 And pray that never child of song
 May know that poet's sorrow more.
 How calm ! how still ! the only sound
 The dripping of the oar suspended !
 The evening darkness gathers round,
 By virtue's holiest powers attended.”

1789 !

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NEW EDITION OF BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON by Barry Cornwall! This is really too much. The most masculine of intellects *edited* by the most effeminate—one of the greatest of England's poets patronized by one of her smallest poetasters.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE by Thomas Campbell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER by Robert Southey.

These are felt to be fitting conjunctions of names and natures, and we rejoice to hail the advent of auspicious times, when the most illustrious of the living perform pious service to the most illustrious of the dead; when star is seen joining star, never to set, in the Great Constellation, Genius, from age to age in widening splendour that wanes not glorifying the Heavens.

But mercy on us! BEN JONSON, by Barry Cornwall? an eagle heralded by a wren; or is it absolutely a tom-tit?

What a MEMOIR!

"The life of Ben Jonson,"—quoth he,—*"has been repeatedly written; sometimes carelessly, and not unfrequently in a hostile spirit."* *Always* carelessly, and *always* in a hostile spirit, till Gifford took it in hand, and then it had justice done it—not *"extreme justice,"* as this *"feckless body"* says—for these are words without meaning—but the character of the man and the genius of the poet were brought forward in the broad daylight of truth.

"Hereafter, the *Memoirs* of Mr Gifford must constitute the foundation for all arguments touching the poet's moral charac-

ter. In regard to his *literary* pretensions (a question depending on opinion, rather than facts), something must be deducted, we think, from the amount of Jonson's merits, as summed up by Mr Gifford. The critic's indignation at the many calumnies propagated, during so many years, against his favourite author, led to his rendering him (so to speak) *extreme justice*.

"Mr Gifford's work commences with a motto, extracted from the eulogy of Cleland. And this, although not strictly a sample of the biography itself, announces to the reader the spirit in which it is written. Ben Jonson lived at the same 'time' with almost all our eminent dramatists who preceded the Commonwealth (including Shakspeare himself); and yet we find him characterised, in the eulogy above referred to, as

'The Muses' *fairest* light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; *the line*
Which none can pass; the most proportioned
wit;
To Nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The *deepest*, plainest, *honest*, clearest pen,
&c.

phrases which, however sincerely bestowed, are, to say the least, injudicious in themselves; and, moreover, do not seem well adapted to herald a critical narrative, in which strict testimony and 'the rigour of the game' are very fiercely insisted upon, at the hands of every opponent.

"We think that Mr Gifford has estimated Jonson too highly. But we shall venture an opinion on the old poet, before we conclude the present memoir; and, in speaking of his qualities as a writer, we may perhaps advert to those points in his moral character which his last biographer has so anxiously defended. In the mean time (and lest want of space or other circumstance should prevent this), we acknow-

ledge, with pleasure, that Mr Gifford has successfully vindicated him from many charges of baseness and ingratitude, and has presented his hero to the public in a new and pleasing light. It is a pity that all this was not accomplished with less acerbity towards other critics, and accompanied with more moderate pretension on behalf of the poet himself."

True "that hereafter the memoirs of Mr Gifford must constitute the foundation for all arguments touching the poet's moral character." More than that—they furnish all the arguments necessary for its vindication, and to those arguments Barry Cornwall could not add one efficient word. Yet he ought to have shown how Gifford scattered, in his ire, all the accumulated calumnies of ages, like chaff before the wind. "We may perhaps advert to those points in his moral character which his last biographer has anxiously defended. In the mean time (*and lest want of space or other circumstances should prevent this*)," &c. &c. Who ever heard before of a biographer prefacing his memoirs of a great man, with an avowal of the uncertainty of his finding room to advert to any disputed points in his moral character!

Mr Barry Cornwall is pleased to object to the motto of Mr Gifford's book — which "announces to the reader the spirit in which it is written." He wisely says, the motto "is not strictly a sample of the biography itself;" and then pretending to quote it, leaves out the lines which Gifford printed in capitals, to show that they were, in his opinion, the most characteristic of the poet's powers.

"The voice most echoed by consenting
man,
THE SOUL WHICH ANSWERED BEST TO ALL
WELL SAID
BY OTHERS, AND WHICH MOST REQUITALLY
MADE."

There is something very mean in the omission.

But he knows not what he would be at—and after all agrees with Gifford in his, "to say the least of it, injudicious," estimate of Jonson. It was absurd in Gifford to take Cleveland's lines for a motto, because "Ben Jonson lived at the same time with almost all our eminent dramatists who preceded the Commonwealth, &c." Well—what then? Barry bravely says, forgetting his fault-finding with Gif-

ford's injudicious, excessive and undue eulogium, "it is small disparagement to Jonson to say that he stands second only to so wonderful a man (Shakspeare), and we think, on the whole, he must be held, in the drama, to occupy the *second* place. The palm should always be assigned to originality, and among the contemporaries of Shakspeare, Jonson was the most original." *This is no slight praise!* considering that amongst these were Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marston, Decker, Middleton, Massinger, Tourneur, Ford, and others. Yet he says, "We think Mr Gifford has estimated Jonson too highly." Has that critic placed him, then, on the same level with Shakspeare? No—he has said over and over again, that he stands far below Shakspeare—and scarified all the malignant fools who falsely accused Ben of enviously aiming at rivalry with the Unreachable.

"We shall now enter upon our brief Memoir, premising that we are quite aware of the difficulties attending a task of this nature, and begging the reader to understand, that all the merit which we claim for ourselves, is the having spoken with sincerity on a subject, upon which it has already been the lot of many men to differ." No man should undertake a difficult task, without a well-founded assurance that he can accomplish it. It is not enough to "speak with sincerity;" he must speak with knowledge and power. Why should he be insincere? And what avails sincerity, if you show yourself to be a sumph? But there are no difficulties of any moment attending the "task" of writing *now* a brief memoir of the Life and Writings of Ben Jonson. The materials, and far more than the materials, are in Gifford. Is the subject, on which "it has been the lot of many men to differ," the character of the man? Of that he declares, "with pleasure," that Gifford's vindication has been complete. Is it the genius of the poet? Upon that "it has *not* been the lot of many men to differ"—they have been unanimous in declaring it of the highest order. But Mr Cornwall has no rightful claim to the merit of sincerity—that virtue cannot exist along with prejudice and ignorance—and he has shewn himself very ignorant—and very prejudiced—equally regarding Ben Jonson's writings and his life.

"Ben Jonson was born in the City of Westminster, in the year 1574. His father, a Scottish gentleman from Annandale, was imprisoned, and deprived of his estate in the reign of Queen Mary (on account of his religious opinions, as is supposed), and died about a month before *our author came into existence*!"—that is "before Ben was born." Gifford says, "*His grandfather* was a man of some family and fortune, originally settled at Annandale, in Scotland, from which place he removed to Carlisle, and was subsequently taken into the service of Henry VIII. *His father*, who was probably about the Court, suffered a long imprisonment under Queen Mary, and was finally deprived of his estate. If religion was the cause, as is universally supposed, persecution only served to increase his zeal; for he entered, some time afterwards, into holy orders, and became, as Anthony Wood informs us, 'a grave minister of the gospel.'" What does Barry Cornwall mean, then, by saying that Ben Jonson's *father* was a gentleman from Annandale? Why does he sink the *grandfather*? And why omit to tell that "the Scottish gentleman from Annandale," after his imprisonment became a clergyman? All this is wilful blundering with his eyes open, for Gifford's Memoir was lying on his table, and he had no other means of information with regard to these or any other facts.

Gifford's statement—taken from the "Heads of a Conversation"—of which more anon—is meagre and unsatisfactory enough—but 'tis stupid thus to misrepresent it. Gifford had no authority for saying that Jonson's grandfather "was a man of some family and fortune," though he may have been so; and there is no such "place" as Annandale "at" which the family of the poet's progenitors is said to have been "settled." Annandale, Nithsdale, Tweeddale, Clydesdale, are *districts*—bordering each on its own beautiful river. Neither do we understand how Queen Mary of England could deprive a "Scottish gentleman" of his estate in Scotland. All that Ben Jonson said to Drummond was, that "his grandfather came from Carlisle, and, *he thought*, from Annandale to it; he served King Henry VIII., and was a gentleman. His father *lost all his estate* under

Queen Mary, having been cast in prison and for-faithed; at last turned minister, so he was a minister's son." "All his estate" must mean merely "property;" and here we cannot help quoting a significant note of Sir Walter Scott's:—"By the way, if Jonson's grandfather actually came from Annandale, his name must have been Anglicized on his expatriation. There are no Jonsons, or Johnsons, in that district, but Johnstones full many." Was Ben, after all, an Englishman?

Heaven forbid! We believe that, like most great poets, he was of Scottish extraction; but we have a very doubtful account of his lineage.

Barry then takes Ben to Westminster, and removes him thence "either into St John's or Trinity College;" but he says that "the records of the University do not enable us to determine *precisely* where, nor how long he was a resident at Cambridge." They do not; for his name is not to be found in its records; and we agree with Mr David Laing, that "there is no evidence that he ever had the benefit of an academical education." Gifford gives plausible reasons for believing that he had been at Cambridge for many months—probably not less than a year. Barry Cornwall, who of himself knows nothing about the matter, sets them aside, or it is more likely never attended to them, and says that Jonson "was compelled, after a short stay of a few weeks or months, to quit the University." Had he been a Cantab, we think, he would have gloried in declaring it in the magnificent dedication of his *Volpone*, "To the most noble and most equal sisters, the two famous Universities."

Ben's mother, as all the world knows, having married a master brick-maker—no unequal match—Ben—Cantab or no Cantab—"could not endure the occupation"—and in his 16th year joined the army in Flanders as a volunteer. Gifford says that having, "both from birth and education, probably been encouraged to look to the Church for an establishment, he was exceedingly mortified at this new destination"—that of a brick-maker. Therefore he gave both up, and became a soldier and then a player. Barry says—

"After a campaign or two, he returned home, having signalized himself, in the

interim, by vanquishing an enemy in single combat, and killing him and bearing off his spoils, in the presence of both armies. It does not appear that he obtained any rank or advantage, or indeed any especial reputation, either for this gallant action or for his general services in the field. Yet, there can be little doubt but that the combat took place, as stated by Jonson to Drummond; for Ben was a fellow of a fine masculine character, and however he may have possessed the 'Roman infirmity' of boasting, as Howell relates, he would not willingly mistake a fact."

Here it is said that Ben "signalized himself," but that it does not appear "he gained any especial reputation, either for this gallant exploit, or for his general service in the field." It is rather too much to expect of a private soldier, that he shall be distinguished "for his general services in the field;" and rather too much to say, that a private soldier "signalizes himself," without gaining any especial reputation—the act by which he signalizes himself, having been the "killing an enemy in single combat, and bearing off his spoils in presence of both armies." That valorous gentleman, Mr A. Chalmers, observes, that "one man's killing and stripping another, is a degree of military prowess of no very extraordinary kind." Old Gifford, who was steel to the back bone, thinks that in days when great battles were rarely fought, and armies lay for half a campaign in sight of each other, and when it was not unusual for champions to advance into the midst and challenge their adversaries, we may venture to admit the gallantry of the youthful volunteer. Barry Cornwall goes a step farther than Alexander the Small, and says, "*there can be little doubt* but that the combat took place, as stated by Jonson to Drummond"—for, "that Ben would not willingly mistake a fact"—that is, tell a vain-glorious lie. Is there *any doubt*? What does the man mean?

"He returned once more, as we have said, to his mother's house. Whether he ever resumed the bricklayer's trade, or sought for any employment in which his learning could help him, is uncertain. If the former were the case, it was during a short interval of time only; for he soon afterwards, according to the general account, took refuge on the stage. At this time, he was about nineteen years of age.

"The commencement of Jonson's dra-

matic career is hid in obscurity. It is probable that he acted at the theatre called 'The Green Curtain' in Shoreditch, and it is tolerably certain that he made additions to existing plays, and wrote others, in conjunction with contemporary poets. These, in fact, were his sole or principal means of support. Whether he acted badly, as is asserted by some, or wrote unsuccessfully, as is alleged by others, remains uncertain; and, in effect, these matters are not very important. There is no entire play, traceable to his pen, anterior to *Every Man in his Humour*, which was not produced till November, 1596. Previously to that time, however, he seems to have established a footing at the theatres. Amongst other things, he was employed to make additions to a play, by Kyd, called *The Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo is mad again*. It has been stated by some authors, that he took Mad Jeronymo's part. This is denied by Mr Gifford, who quotes several passages to show that the personator of Jeronymo must necessarily have been of small stature. Now, to show how careful critics should be who deal hard measure to their brethren of the craft, the passages quoted by Mr Gifford are taken from *another* play, entitled (when it was subsequently printed in 1605) *The first part of Jeronymo*,—a production which has not been established to be the work of Kyd,—to which Jonson did not make additions,—and in which certainly Jeronymo is not mad at all. In the other play—a continuation, indeed, of the history contained in the 'First Part'—there is no mention of any stature peculiar to Jeronymo, and therefore the character might have been played, without any inconsistency obvious to the audience, by an actor of any bulk or height."

This is wretched writing. "He took refuge on the stage!" From what? "It is tolerably certain that he made additions to existing plays, and wrote others, in conjunction with contemporary poets." "These, in fact, were his sole or principal means of support." "Whether he acted badly, as is asserted by some, or wrote unsuccessfully, as is alleged by others, remains uncertain, and in effect THESE MATTERS are not very important." "He seems, however, to have established a footing at the theatres." What? By acting badly and writing unsuccessfully?—And supposing he had done both, "were these matters not very important" to a penniless youth, who "had taken refuge on the stage?"

It seems at first sight incredible,

that Barry Cornwall should correct William Gifford. Yet in the above passage he does so—not of himself—but through Mr J. Payne Collier. That gentleman, in his excellent *Annals of the Stage*, says, “that the First Part of *Jeronimo* is the first play upon record that bears evidence of having been written for a particular performer—a man of unusually small stature—and in many places this circumstance is brought forward. Now, it is evident, that if there be any truth in Dekker’s assertion (controverted by Gifford), that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of *Jeronimo*, he must allude not to the tragedy now under consideration, but to the Spanish tragedy, where nothing is said regarding the personal appearance of the hero or his representative.”

Still it is not quite certain that Gifford committed any mistake. Mr Collier says rightly, that the *Spanish Tragedy* “may be fitly termed the second part of *Jeronimo*.” What, then, would an audience have thought of Big Ben personating in the second part of a tragedy, the character which, in the first part, had been acted by and written for a dwarf?

Barry Cornwall is pleased to say in the above pompous passage—exulting in his victory over Gifford—that “the First Part of *Jeronimo*” is a production which “has not been established to be the work of Kyd.” He knows nothing about the matter—but Mr Collier knows every thing about it that can be known—and he says “it is undoubtedly the work of Kyd.”

Of the “Spanish Tragedy,” Mr Collier says truly, that “it is a very powerful performance. The story has many incongruities and absurdities, and various passages and situations were made the laughingstocks of subsequent dramatists; but parts of it are in the highest degree pathetic and interesting.” It went through more editions than perhaps any play of the time. It is shown in Malone’s *Shakspeare* by Boswell, that on the 25th September, 1601, Ben Jonson was paid 40s. for “writing his additions” to it; and Mr Collier says, “that the precise amount of the additions is ascertained by comparing the older printed copy of 1599 with that of 1602, which professes to be ‘newly corrected, amended, and enlarged, with the new addition of the Painter’s

part, and others.’ The Painter’s part was consequently the last improvement made by Ben Jonson.”

Hawkins, in his *Origin of the English Stage*, not knowing that those additions were by Jonson, contemptuously says, “that they were foisted in by the players,” and degrades them to a note. Gifford passes them over almost without notice. Barry Cornwall, taught by Charles Lamb, who calls them the “very salt of the Play,” and conjectures they might have been written by Webster, says, that “neither Jonson nor any of his contemporaries—always omitting Shakspeare—need have scrupled to confess himself the author.” He says, at the same time, with his usual ignorance, “that Jonson is supposed to have made additions to the Spanish Tragedy”—and, with his usual imbecility, that “it contains a passage or two that deserve to be remembered;” which “passage or two” are, in his opinion, worthy of any man save Shakspeare. Mr Collier says well, that “these very striking and characteristic additions represent Ben Jonson in rather a new light, for certainly there is nothing in his own entire plays equaling in pathetic beauty some of his contributions to the Spanish Tragedy.” That the passages added in the edition of 1602 are by Jonson we believe—the proof seems positive—that it is so with regard to “the Painter’s part” is indisputable—and that part is in the same strain with what immediately precedes it.

And here it is only worth while farther to observe, that Mr Cornwall, who will blunder, if blundering be within human reach, tells us in the above passage, on which we have written, we perceive, without intending it, an unmerciful critique, that Ben Jonson had been employed to make additions to the Spanish Tragedy, before he wrote *Every Man in his Humour*, which was brought out in 1596—whereas, we have seen that he was not employed to do so till 1601 and 1602. Barry is the *facile princeps* of Chronologers.

He then, with his usual want of judgment, quotes some twenty lines or so—without saying a single syllable to enable readers who see them, for the first time, to know what they are about, or what has happened to the two persons appearing before them,

to make the one so miserable and the other so mad. The passage being a pet one with him, and his masters, he opines it must be familiar, and every thing else, too, before and after it in the play, to all the rest of mankind. Let us give it nearly entire: A father has gone mad on finding his murdered son hanging on a tree in his own orchard.

"Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those

Insatiate humours: he loved his loving parents:

He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house—
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
When his strong arm unhors'd the proud Prince Balthazar;

And his great mind, too full of honour, took
To mercy that valiant but ignoble Portuguese.

Well, heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape, that's some comfort.

Ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals,
Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

[Exit.

"JAKES and PEDRO, servants.

"Jag. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus

At midnight sends us with our torches lit,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

"Ped. O Jakes, know thou that our master's mind

Is much distract since his Horatio died:
And, now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man
Grows lunatic and childish for his son:
Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him,
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out, Horatio, where is my Horatio?
So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,

There is not left in him one inch of man:
See here he comes.

"HIERONYMO enters.

"Hier. I pry thro' every crevice of each wall,

Look at each tree, and search thro' every brake,

Rest on the bushes, stamp our grandame earth,

Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven:
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.

How now, who's there, sprights, sprights?

"Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

"Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark?

"Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

"Hier. No, no, you are deceived, not I, you are deceived;

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?

Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.

"Ped. Then we burn daylight.

"Hier. Let it be burnt; night is a murderous slut,

That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale fac'd Hecate there, the moon,

Doth give consent to that is done in darkness.

And all those stars that gaze upon her face,

Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train:
And those that should be powerful and divine,

Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

"Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words,

The heavens are gracious; and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.

"Hier. Villain, thou liest, and thou doest nought

But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad:

I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jakes.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?

Where was she the same night, when my Horatio was murder'd?

She should have shone: search thou the book:

Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,

That I know, nay, I do know, had the murder'er seen him,

His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,

Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death;

Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,

What shall we say to mischief?

ISABELLA, his Wife, enters.

"Isa. Dear Hieronymo, come in a doore,
O seek not means to increase thy sorrow.

"Hier. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;

I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jakes:
Not I, indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

"*Isa.* How? be merry here, be merry here?

Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd?

"*Hier.* Was, do not say what: let her weep it out.

This was the tree, I set it of a kernel;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,

But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water:

At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore:

Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son.

It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant.

See who knocks there.

(*One knocks within at the door.*)

"*Ped.* It is a painter, sir.

"*Hier.* Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,

For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.

Let him come in, one knows not what may chance.

God's will that I should set this tree! but even so

Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

The Painter enters.

"*Pain.* God bless you, sir,

"*Hier.* Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?

How, where, or by what means should I be blest?

"*Isa.* What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

"*Pain.* Justice, madam.

"*Hier.* O, ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that

That lives not in the world?

Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of Justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.

I tell thee, God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,

And there is none but what comes from him.

"*Pain.* O then I see that God must right me for my murder'd son.

"*Hier.* How, was thy son murder'd?

"*Pain.* Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.

"*Hier.* What, not as thine? that's a lie,

As massy as the earth: I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons, and he was murder'd.

"*Pain.* Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

"*Hier.* Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine

Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro, Jaques, go in a doors, Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here, and I,
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,

Like two she lions reaved of their young.
Go in a doors I say. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Painter and he sit down.*
Come, let's talk wisely now.

Was thy son murder'd?

"*Pain.* Ay, sir.

"*Hier.* So was mine.

How dost thou take it? art thou not sometimes mad?

Is there no tricks that come before thine eyes?

"*Pain.* O lord, yes, sir.

"*Hier.* Art a painter? canst paint me a tear, a wound?

A groan or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

"*Pain.* Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:

My name's Bazardo.

"*Hier.* Bazardo? 'fore God an excellent fellow. Look you, sir.

Do you see? I'd have you paint me in my gallery, in your oil colours matted, and draw me five years younger than I am: do you see, sir? let five years go, let them go,—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this, or some such like purpose; *God bless thee, my sweet son;* and my hand leaning upon his head thus, sir, do you see? may it be done?

"*Pain.* Very well, sir.

"*Hier.* Nay, I pray mark me, sir:

Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree:

Canst paint a doleful cry?

"*Pain.* Seemingly, sir.

"*Hier.* Nay, it should cry; but all is one.

Well, sir, paint me a youth run thro' and thro' with villains' swords hanging upon this tree.

Canst thou draw a murd'rer?

"*Pain.* I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains, that ever lived in all Spain.

"*Hier.* O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art,

And let their beards be of Judas's own colour,

And let their eye-brows jut over: in any case observe that;

Then, sir, after some violent noise,
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown

under my arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword rear'd up thus,—

And with these words; *What noise is this? who calls Hieronymo?*

May it be done?

"*Pain.* Yes, sir.

"*Hier.* Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me thro' alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap.

"Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve.

"And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tott'ring, and tott'ring, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down.

"And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.

"There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion.

"Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying, the house is a fire, a fire, the house is a fire; and the torch over my head; make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke, and in the end leave me in a trance, and so forth.

"*Pain.* And is this the end?

"*Hier.* O no, there is no end: the end is death and madness;

And I am never better than when I am mad;

Then methinks I am a brave fellow;

Then I do wonders; but reason abuseth me;

And there's the torment, there's the hell. At last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers;

Were he as strong as Hector,

Thus would I tear and drag him up and down.

(*He beats the painter in.*)

True, as Mr Collier says, there is nothing in Jonson's entire plays equaling the best parts of this "in pathetic beauty;" but in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, his only surviving tragedies, there could not be; and what forbids us to believe that his genius was equal to the production of this—the wonderful, the woful, and the wild—inspired by its imaginations of misery and madness? Nothing.

We return to the Memoir.

"What Jonson's success was at this period, as an author or an actor, is doubtful. It is clear, however, that his progress was interrupted by a melancholy event, arising out of a quarrel with a player. This person (whose name is not known) sent him a challenge, and the consequence was that a duel took place, in which Jonson slew his antagonist, receiving at the same time a severe wound in his own arm. In recounting the transaction to Drummond, he says, that opponent brought into the field a sword

ten inches longer than his own. Be that as it may, he himself, in consequence of the man's death, was thrown into prison, under an accusation of murder.

"It was during this incarceration that he was induced to renounce the Protestant for the Romish Church. In his prison, he was visited by a Roman Catholic priest, under the influence of whose arguments or persuasions, and the melancholy induced by his own precarious situation, he became a temporary convert to the Church of Rome. He appears to have been beset by dangers, or else full of apprehensions, at this period. Spies were set to catch him, according to his own account; but he was warned against these emissaries by his jailer and saved. How far this was a matter of fact, or imagination, we have no means of ascertaining. But it seems singular that Jonson, who was then liable to be tried for his life for murder, and who was beyond a doubt a Protestant on his entering prison, should excite such serious and sudden suspicion of being connected with any Popish conspiracy, as to induce the government to surround him with spies. And had even that been the case, one does not well see, first, how his jailer should learn that the persons alluded to were spies; or, secondly, why he should communicate the matter to Jonson, to whom he was a stranger, and thus compromise himself with the persons above him. We are inclined to treat the matter as altogether very doubtful; the more especially as the attempt never was repeated after Jonson was delivered from his imprisonment. It was never known to what circumstances our author was indebted for his deliverance; unless, as has been thought, it was that he was the party challenged, a circumstance that must have operated in his favour before a jury, but which would scarcely have saved him from a trial."

Here, again, we have some more of Mr Barry Cornwall's impertinence to Ben Jonson. "In recounting the transaction to Drummond, he says that his opponent brought into the field a sword ten inches longer than his own. Be that as it may," &c. Was it not true? Was Ben bouncing? What does he know "of the melancholy induced by Ben's precarious situation?" Ben does not say he was melancholy—but that he took the priest "at his word." What does he mean by a "temporary convert?" Ben continued in his adopted creed for twelve years. The prisoner himself said he was beset with spies—"they placed two damned villains to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper; of the

spies he hath an epigram." "How far this was matter of fact or imagination," quoth Barry, "we have no means of ascertaining." That is very true—two hundred and forty years, and upwards, have elapsed since then, and Barry Cornwall the sceptic, is left without any means of ascertaining the fact. But let him not be hurried away by the force of his own reasoning powers. That Ben "was, beyond doubt, a Protestant on his entering prison," may be true—though Barry might be puzzled to tell how he came to know it; but the more suspicious, for that very reason, to a suspicious Government might seem the visits of a seminary priest. "The years 1693-4," says Gifford, "were years of singular disquietude and alarm. The Catholics, who despaired of effecting any thing against the Queen by open force, engaged in petty conspiracies to take her off by sudden violence. The nation was agitated by those plots, which were multiplied by fear; and several seminaries, as the Popish priests educated abroad were then called, were actually convicted of attempts to poison the Queen, and executed." "One does not well see," quoth Barry, "first, how this jailer should learn that the persons alluded to *were* spies; or secondly, why he should communicate the matter to Jonson, to whom he was a stranger, and thus compromise himself with the persons above him." Why, we humbly venture to suggest, that jailers are "'cute fallers enough in their way," and have a sharp eye for spies, informers, and peachers: and if "the persons alluded to" were not spies, pray, may we ask who they were, and how the devil they came there? *Secondly*, why the jailer "should communicate the matter to Jonson, to whom he was a stranger," does not seem so unaccountable to Christopher North as to Barry Cornwall—seeing that the prisoner, who had got into an awkward hobble, and might be hanged, was a youth in his twentieth year, a brave youth and a bright—a learned youth and an eloquent—such a "broth of a boy" as it had never been the lot of the said jailer to converse withal, since he first mounted a bunch of keys at his girdle. "Thus to compromise himself with the persons above him," was rash; but his wife would not, on that offence, read her husband a curtain lecture, for the

sex is pitiful; and then we trust the jailer, in his humanity, was prudent, and warned Ben simply by putting his finger to his nose, or cocking his eye at each ugly customer, thereby expressing more forcibly than by words—"Hic niger est—hunc, tu Romane, caveto." Such worthy jailers there have been in this wicked world—fearless of "compromising themselves with persons above them"—incredible as such folly may seem to Barry Cornwall.

"Two will I mention dearer than the rest,"

That Egyptian, who was kind exceedingly to Joseph, the son of Jacob; and that Saxon, in whose eyes John found favour, even John Bunyan, the tinker, and the son of a tinker, who, being a prisoner, was yet free, and, without bail, walked to and fro even as a man whose legs were unacquainted with bonds.

"That he escaped, however, is very certain, and returned to his old occupation of providing matter for the theatres. He married, moreover, at this time, a young woman who was a Catholic, and who brought him a female child in 1595, and a son in the following year. Both these children died young."

"That he escaped, however, is very certain"—hanged he was not—and in his twentieth year "he returned to his old occupation." Pray, wherein lies the charm of calling a daughter "a female child?" Is not a son "a male child?" Then, why not say so? We hate all such invidious distinctions.

In 1596, was produced "Every Man in his Humour"—which, in 1598, was recast—the scene having been wisely transferred from Italy to England. Hear Barry on this matchless Comedy.

"In regard to '*Every Man in his Humour*,' it is a fair sample of the author's style, and betrays the peculiar character of his genius. It is the only one of his dramas, except '*The Alchemist*' (the latter, however, reduced to a farce), which has kept possession of the stage. Once in a season, perhaps, some actor, desirous of exhibiting the diversity of his powers, undertakes the character of Kitely, and extracts from a patient audience a moderate portion of applause. But the play is rarely repeated, until after the lapse of one or two succeeding years. In truth, amongst a good deal of sound sensible writing, and with little to object to, there is nothing to stimulate curiosity or excite

any rapturous admiration. There is a deficiency of passion, and not much delicacy of character; and there is no heroism or strong feeling of any sort. With the exception of Bobadil, who is a brave bit of humour, the characters are of a level order; never rising much beyond the line in which they set out, but nevertheless uttering, in their course, a good many shrewd, and even some witty things. The persons of the drama speak partly in blank verse, and should therefore be occasionally poetical; yet they seem for the most part to be of the opinion of the elder Knowell, who thus declares himself at the outset of the play:—

'Myself was once a student, and, indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry;
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to its professors,
Which then I thought the mistress of all know-
ledge;
But since, Time and the truth have wak'd my
judgment,
And Reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from th' useful learnings.'

He appears from all this not to have the slightest conception of the character of this inimitable comedy—and does what he can to underrate it—and at the same time the *Alchemist*—by telling us that it now produces no effect on the stage. We know not, and care not how that may be—nor yet who has “reduced the *Alchemist* to a farce.” “There is deficiency of passion,” he says—what! in Kiteley? Bah! “There is no heroism.” And why should there be any heroism? There is no heroism in *Hudibras*. Bobadil is “a brave bit of humour.” And he afterwards admits he is “a braggart of the first water,” worthy to “march in the same regiment with Bessus and Pistol, and Parolles and the Copper Captain.” Now hear Gifford.

“Bobadil has never been well understood, and therefore is always too highly estimated; because he is a boaster and a coward, he is scurvily dismissed as a mere copy of the ancient bully, or what is *infinitely more ridiculous*, of Pistol; but Bobadil is a creature *sui generis*, and perfectly original. . . . Bobadil is stained with no inordinate vice, and is besides so frugal that ‘a bunch of radishes and a pipe to close the orifices of his stomach,’ satisfy all his wants. Add to this, that the vanity of the ancient soldier (in the *Greek Comedy*) is accompanied with such deplorable stupidity, that all temptation to mirth is taken away; whereas Bobadil is really amusing. His gravity, which

is of the most inflexible nature, contrasts admirably with the situations in which he is thrown; and, though beaten, baffled, and disgraced, he never so far forgets himself as to aid in his own discomfiture. He has no soliloquies like Bessus and Parolles, to betray his real character, and expose himself to unnecessary contempt; nor does he break through the decorum of the scene in a single instance. He is also an admirer of poetry, and seems to have a pretty taste for criticism, though his reading does not appear very extensive, and his decisions are usually made with something of too much promptitude. In a word, Bobadil has many distinguishing traits; and till a preceding braggart shall be discovered with something more than big words and bearing to characterize him, it may not be amiss to allow Jonson the credit of having depended entirely on his own resources.”

Gifford is equally just and discriminating on Kiteley. “Jealousy is the humour of Kiteley; but it is no more the jealousy of Ford than of Othello: original it neither is nor can be, for it is a passion as common as the air, and has been the property of the stage from the earliest times; yet what but a jaundiced eye can discover any servile marks of imitation? Kiteley’s alarms are natural, for his house is made the resort of young and riotous gallants; yet he drew his suspicions with great delicacy; and when circumstances ‘light as air’ confirm them, he does not bribe a stranger to complete his dishonour, but places a confidential spy over his wife, to give notice of the first approach to familiarity. In a word, the feelings, the language, and the whole conduct of Kiteley, are totally distinct from those of Ford, or any preceding stage character whatever. The author drew from nature; and, as her varieties are infinite, a man of Jonson’s keen and attentive observation was under no necessity of borrowing from her at second hand.” Sound, manly criticism—how different from the cockney conceit that disgusts equally in Barry’s praise and his censure.

“The persons in the drama,” quoth Barry, “speak partly in blank verse, and should, therefore, be occasionally poetical.” And are they not?—Knowell is a “scholar and a gentle-

man," and adapts his language to his subject, and to his hearers; yet even in his advice—and admirable advice it is to all men—to Master Stephen, a country gull, he warms into poetry—as, for example, when he says finely,

"Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing
From dead men's dust and bones, and none
of yours,
Except you make or hold it."

Then, what can be better than this—and is it not sufficiently poetical for blank verse in a comedy?

"I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent means to stay
Th' unbridled course of youth on him;
for that

Restrained proves more impatient; and
in kind

Like to the eager, but the generous grey-
hound,

Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's
throat."

Or again,

"My presence shall be as an iron bar
'Twixt the conspiring motives of desire:
Yea, any look or glance mine eye ejects
Shall check occasion, as one doth his
slave,
When he forgets the limits of proscrip-
tion."

Take a longer passage.

"*Dame K.* Pray Heaven it do.

"*Kit.* A new disease! I know not,
new or old,

But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from
thence,

Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more
strive,

In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes
me." [*Exit.*

And again—

"*Kit.* O, that is well; fetch me my
cloak, my cloak!—

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;

Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet,
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleeting Opportunity,
I will not give your subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's
eyes?

I will not go. Business, go by for once.
No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open.
Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leap you with his bur-
den.

You must be then kept up, close, and well
watch'd,
For, give you opportunity, no quicksand
Devours or swallows swifter!"

And so in a hundred other instances
where the thought, feeling, and ex-
pression are full of force and fire.

Perhaps Barry Cornwall does not
know that in the quarto there is a pas-
sage—afterwards omitted—probably
because too poetical—of which Gif-
ford truly says, "it would be unjust
to Jonson, as well as to the reader, to
suppress the passage, which is full of
noble feeling, at once rational, fervid,
and sublime. It breathes the very
spirit of high antiquity, and forms one
of those numerous sources from which
Milton (the unwearied though unno-
ticed follower of this great poet) de-
rived inspiration and vigour."

"I can refell opinion; and approve
The state of poesy, such as it is,
Blessed, eternal, and most true divine:
Indeed, if you will look on poesy,
As she appears in many, poor and lame,
Patch'd up in remnants and old worn out
rags,
Half starv'd for want of her peculiar
food,
Sacred invention; then, I must confirm
Both your conceit and censure of her
merit:

But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy; and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a
soul,

That hates to have her dignity prophaned

With any reliash of an earthly thought,
Oh, then, how proud a presence doth
she bear.

Then she is like herself, fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes.
Nor is it any blemish to her fame,
That such lean, ignorant, and blasted
wits,

Such brainless gulls, should utter their
stolen wares

With such applauses in our vulgar ears;
Or that their slubber'd lines have current
pass,

From the fat judgments of the multitude;
But that this barren and infected age,
Should set no difference 'twixt these em-
pty spirits,

And a true poet: than which reverend
name

Nothing can more adorn humanity."

"The persons of the drama speak
partly in blank verse, and there-
fore should occasionally be poetical."
Oh! Barry Cornwall! Barry Corn-
wall, oh!

Let us now hear him on the *Silent
Woman, The Fox, and The Alche-
mist*.

"In 1605, appeared *Volpone, or the
Fox*; in 1609, *Epicene, or the Silent
Woman*; in 1610, *The Alchemist*; and
in 1611, *Catiline*. In regard to *Epi-
cane*, we think that, with considerable
humour and some diversity of character,
the entire drama is a fatiguing and impro-
bable work. The first scene contains
those delightful lines, which everybody
knows:—

'Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.'

There is something like Molière in the
character of Morose; and the quarrel be-
tween Otter (the land and sea captain)
and his wife, is a curious leaf stolen out of
the mysterious book of married life. This
is the captain's account, in private, of Mrs
Otter:—"She takes herself asunder still
when she goes to bed, into some twenty
boxes; and about next day at noon is
put together again, like a German clock;
and so comes forth, and rings a tedious
'larum to the whole house, and then is
quiet again for an hour, but for her quar-
ters."

"*Volpone* and *The Alchemist* pass,
by general assent, as the two best dramas
of Jonson. They are full of sharp,
weighty, vigorous writing, and may justly
be placed,—together, we think, with '*Se-
janus*' and '*Every Man in his Humour*'
(the latter on account its stage qualifica-

tions), at the head of his dramatic compo-
sitions. We do not [recollect to have
seen it remarked, that *The Alchemist* and
Volpone are essentially alike in their con-
stitution; the whole material and burthen
of each play consisting of a tissue of cheats,
effected by two confederate sharpers, upon
various gulls gaping for money, who come
successively before them, in order to enable
the author to exhibit the wit and roguery
of his two principal characters, and the
simplicity or greediness of the victims.
This is done in a series of scenes, 'long
drawn out.' Of the two plays, notwith-
standing some powerful writing in the early
part of *Volpone*, we prefer, we confess, *The
Alchemist*. It has more probability—it is
fuller of character—it is better constructed
—and it comprises poetry of a higher
order. The learning of Jonson unfolds
itself very happily in the gorgeous visions
of Sir Epicure Mammon—which are as
magnificent and oriental as an Arabian
dream."

Without wasting a word on this
disparaging and derogatory drivel,
let us quote a screed from *The Fox*.
The argument of this glorious drama
is given in an acrostic.

"V olpone, childless, rich, feigns sick,
despairs,
O ffers his estate to hopes of general
heirs,
L ies languishing: his Parasite receives
P resents of all, assures, deludes; then
weaves
O ther cross plots, which ope themselves,
are told.
N ew tricks for safety are so bought!
they thrive; when bold,
E ach tempts the other again, and all are
sold."

The Play opens thus:—

"SCENE I.—*A Room in VOLPONE'S
House.*

"Enter VOLPONE and MOSCA.

"*Volp.* Good morning to the day; and
next, my gold!—

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

[*Mosca withdraws the curtain, and
discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels,
&c.*

Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad
than is

The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Shew'et like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relick

Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the
best ;

Thou being the best of things, and far tran-
scending

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth :

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thou-
sand Cupids ;

Such are thy beauties and our loves ! Dear
saint,

Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men
tongues,

Thou canst do nought, and yet mak'st men
do all things ;

The price of souls ; even hell, with thee to
boot,

Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue,
fame,

Honour, and all things else. Who can get
thee,

He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——

“*Mos.* And what he will, sir. Riches
are in fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

“*Volp.* True, my beloved Mosca. Yet
I glory

More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain

No common way ; I use no trade, no ven-
ture ;

I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no
beasts,

To feed the shambles ; have no mills for
iron,

Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into
powder :

I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships

To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea ;

I turn no monies in the public bank,

Nor usure private.

“*Mos.* No, sir, nor devour

Soft prodigals. You shall have some will
swallow

A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it ;

Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive

In some kind clasping prison, where their
bones

May be forthcoming, when the flesh is
rotten :

But your sweet nature doth abhor these
courses ;

You loathe that widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their pite-
ous cries

Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for ven-
geance.

“*Volp.* Right, Mosca ; I do loathe it.
“*Mos.* And besides, sir,

You are not like the thresher that doth
stand

With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest
grain,

But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbe ;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his
vaults

With Romagna, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar :
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and
worms

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft
beds ;

You know the use of riches, and dare give
now

From that bright heap, to me, your poor
observer,

Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maintenance——

“*Volp.* Hold thee, Mosca,

[*Gives him money.*]

Take of my hand ; thou strik'st on truth in
all,

And they are envious term thee parasite.

Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my
fool,

And let them make me sport. [*Exit Mos.*]

What should I do,

But cocker up my genius, and live free

To all delights my fortune calls me to ?

I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,

To give my substance to ; but whom I make
Must be my heir : and this makes men ob-
serve me :

This draws new clients daily to my house,

Women and men of every sex and age,

That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,
jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they
expect

Each greedy minute) it shall then return

Ten-fold upon them ; whilst some, covetous

Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,

And counter-work the one unto the other,

Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love :

All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,

And am content to coin them into profit,

And look upon their kindness, and take more,

And look on that ; still bearing them in hand,

Letting the cherry knock against their lips,

And draw it by their mouths, and back
again.——

How now !”

Corvino, a greedy merchant, be-
lieving Volpone to be, as he appears,
a sick, decrepit, and impotent volup-
tuary, to gain favour with the Fox
brings him his own beautiful and
chaste wife, Celia, and offers to submit
her to his embraces.

“*Cel.* O God, and his good angels,
whither, whither,

Is shame fled human breasts ? that with such
ease,

Men dare put off your honours and their own?

Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now placed within the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made for money?

"*Volp.* Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-
fed minds, [*Leaping from his couch.*
That never tasted the true heaven of love,
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a copeman.
Why art thou mazed to see me thus revived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;
'Tis thy great work; that hath, not now
alone,

But sundry times raised me, in several
shapes,

And, but this morning, like a mountebank,
To see thee at my window: ay, before
I would have left my practice, for my love
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.
Now art thou welcome.

"*Cel.* Sir!

"*Volp.* Nay, fly me not.

Nor let thy false imagination

That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am
so:

Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valois,
I acted young Antinous; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and
footing. [*Sings.*

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain;
Suns, that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys,
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?—

'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal:
But the sweet thefts to reveal;
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

"*Cel.* Some serene blast me, or dire light-
ning strike

This my offending face!

"*Volp.* Why droops my Celia?

Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.

See, here, a rope of pearl: and each more
orient

Than that the brave Egyptian queen car-
roused:

Dissolve and drink them. See a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St Mark;
A diamond, would have bought Lollia Pau-
line,

When she came in like starlight, hid with
jewels.

That were the spoils of provinces; take
these,

And wear, and lose them: yet remains an
ear-ring

To purchase them again, and this whole
state.

A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat such at a meal.

The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of ostriches,
Shall be our food: and could we get the
phoenix,

Though nature lost her kind, she were our
dish."

"*Cel.* Good sir, these things might move
a mind affected

With such delights; but I whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th'
enjoying,

And which, once lost, I have nought to lose
beyond it,

Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:
If you have conscience——

"*Volp.* 'Tis the beggar's virtue;

If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.

Thy bath shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,

The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;
Which we will take, until my roof whirl
round

With the vertigo; and my dwarf shall
dance,

My eunuch sing, my fool make up the satiric,
Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovid's
tales,

Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
So, of the rest, till we have quite run
through,

And wearied all the fables of the gods.

Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attired like some sprightly dame of France,
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes, unto the Persian saphy's wife;
Or the grand signior's mistress; and, for
change,

To one of our most artful courtesans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wandering
souls

Out at our lips, and score up sums of
pleasures, [*Sings.*

That the curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

"*Cel.* If you have ears that will be pierced
—or eyes

That can be open'd—a heart that may be
touch'd—

Or any part that yet sounds man about
you—

If you have touch of holy saints—or heaven—
Do me the grace to let me 'scape—if net,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were:
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your
lust.

(It is a voice comes nearer manliness),
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these
hands,

With what may cause an eating leprosy,
E'en to my bones and marrow: any thing,
That may disavour me, save in my honour—
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay
down

A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;
Report, and think you virtuous—

"*Volp.* Think me cold,

Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst
think.

I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long;
I should have done the act, and then have
parley'd.

Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*]

"*Cel.* O, just God!

"*Volp.* In vain—

"*Bon.* (*rushing in.*) Forbear, foul ravish-
er, libidinous swine!

Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impostor.
But that I'm loth to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance
Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den

Of villany; fear nought, you have a guard;
And he, ere long, shall meet his just reward.

[*Exeunt BON. and CEL.*]

"*Volp.* Fall on me, roof, and bury me in
ruin!

Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to beggary, to infamy"—

O RARE BEN JONSON!

We must go back a few years—
having omitted to mention, at the
right time and place, "a brave
bit" of Barry's impertinence. "The
next drama produced (1599), was
Every Man out of his Humour,
which appears to have succeeded, and
to have attracted Queen Elizabeth to
the theatre. To please 'his Sove-
reign' (Davies says) 'he altered the
conclusion of his play into an elegant
panegyric.' To our thinking, the
panegyric is the very worst part of
the play." Bravo! Now when Barry
judited this impudent "dictum," he
had the following words by Davies
before his eyes:—"Mr Collins the
poet first pointed out to me the pecu-
liar beauty of this address." But
what cares Barry for Mr Collins
the poet? We daresay he thinks
the *Ode to the Passions*, but a
poor affair—not sufficiently *intense*.
The Address is a fine one—and pos-
sesses "the peculiar beauty" pointed
out to good Master Davies by Mr
"Collins the poet." It is in fact an
epilogue spoken by *Macilente*, "a
man well-parted, a sufficient scholar,
and travelled; who, wanting that
place in the world's account which he
thinks his merit capable of, falls into
such an envious apoplexy, with which
his judgment is dazzled and distasted,
that he grows violently impatient of
any opposite happiness in another." But
subdued by the gracious presence
of the virgin Queen, he exclaims,—

"Never till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content: but in her graces
All my malicious powers have lost their stings.
Envy is fled my soul at sight of her,
And she hath chased all black thoughts from my bosom,
Like as the sun doth darkness from the world.
My stream of humour is run out of me,
And as our city's torrent, bent t' infect
The hallow'd bowels of the silver Thames,
Is check'd by strength and clearness of the river,
Till it hath spent itself even at the shore;
So in the ample and unmeasured flood
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd;
And I have now a spirit as sweet and clear

As the more rarefied and subtle air :—
 With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
 Yet humble as the earth, do I implore,
 O heaven, that she, whose presence hath effected
 This change in me, may suffer most late change
 In her admired and happy government :
 May still this Island be call'd Fortunate,
 And rugged Treason tremble at the sound,
 When Fame shall speak it with an emphasis ;
 Let foreign polity be dull as lead,
 And pale Invasion come with half a heart,
 When he but looks upon her blessed soil.
 The throat of War be stopt within her land,
 And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy rings
 About her court ; where never may there come
 Suspect or danger, but all trust and safety.
 Let Flattery be dumb, and Envy blind
 In her dread presence ; Death himself admire her :
 And may her virtues make him to forget
 The use of his inevitable hand,
 Fly from her, Age ; sleep, Time, before her throne ;
 Our strongest wall falls down, when she is gone."

[Kneels.

Long live VICTORIA, our Gracious Queen !

And here we must pause for a minute or two on our progress, a little before [this] time (1598) when *Every Man in his Humour* was brought out—recast—at the Blackfriars—Shakspeare's name standing at the head of the principal performers in it.

" In the year 1598, Jonson became acquainted with Shakspeare ; and it was through his medium that '*Every Man in his Humour*' was brought out. This arose, as some authors assert, from generosity on Shakspeare's part ; whilst Mr Gifford asserts that his ' merits must be confined to procuring for his own theatre an improved copy of a popular performance.' This is not a very liberal interpretation of the great poet's motives ; but Shakspeare does not appear to be a favourite with Mr Gifford. In either case, however, the event was productive of advantage to Jonson, for it seems to have led to his acquaintance with persons of rank and merit. His old associates, indeed, or some of them, ranged themselves in opposition to him ; but whether this is owing to envy on their parts, or to unreasonable pretensions on his, we will for the present forbear to inquire."

Barry should have let Gifford alone. The old gentleman found that a foolish fable, with variations, had long been afloat—too foolish to be here reported—in which Shakspeare the illustrious was represented as extending a helping hand to Jonson the obscure. He soon demolished the fable, and with it fell Shakspeare's generosity, on this

occasion, to poor Ben. In saying of Gifford's account of the matter, " this is not a very liberal interpretation of the great poet's motives," Barry speaks nonsense—Gifford states a fact implying neither praise nor blame. Would Barry Cornwall still childishly cling to the old wife's tale ?

And here we must again pause on our progress, only a little farther on, to point out another oversight, for which it does not seem possible to account otherwise than by the supposition of a latent ill-will to Jonson in his magnanimous biographer.

" It was in the interval, between these two events—the reconciliation and the new outbreak—that Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, produced their joint comedy of '*Eastward Hoe*,' for which, because it happened to contain a few words reflecting upon Scotsmen, Ben and his two coadjutors were sentenced to imprisonment, or rather they were at once sent to prison, without the tedious preliminary of a judicial inquiry. The three culprits were, however, speedily pardoned ; although it was, at first, reported that their ears and noses were to be slit—an indignity which so excited Jonson's mother, that she designed, had the threat been carried into execution, to have mixed some ' strong and lusty poison' with her son's drink. The play which gave rise to this hubbub (by the way, it was the foundation of Hogarth's *Industry and Idleness*), was a very harmless performance, comprehending little that could offend the sorest vanity. It has a scene or two of considerable humour, which Jonson may possibly have supplied or revised."

"Jonson, Chapman, and Marston produced their joint comedy of *Eastward Hoe*." Jonson had little or nothing to do with it; and Barry must know that he told Drummond he had no hand in the offensive passages, whatever they may have been; that they were entirely Chapman's and Marston's. Barry must likewise have known that Jonson was not sentenced to imprisonment (indeed, neither were Chapman and Marston—only committed), but that he voluntarily accompanied his friends, because he considered himself to be "an accessory before the act." That noble trait of a kind and generous spirit Barry omits to mention. "This is not a very liberal interpretation of the motives of our great poet."

Barry says, as if he knew all about it, that the three were imprisoned because *Eastward Hoe* contained "a few words reflecting on Scotsmen." The only passage now in the play about Scotsmen is so harmless, that we do not believe, "slavish as was the subjection of the stage in those times," that it could have been the cause of their imprisonment. It is not probable that the most offensive words would be printed—for it had been thought likely to prove a nose-slitting concern.

And here we must pause for a moment longer, on our progress, to say that Barry does not think it worth his while, so far as we can see, to tell that not long after Ben's liberation, he was again imprisoned with Chapman for reflecting on some one in a play—and wrote to the Earl of Salisbury, "I am here, my most honoured Lord, unexamined and unheard, committed to a vile prison, and with me a gentleman (whose name may perhaps have come to your Lordship), one Mr George Chapman, a learned and honest man." The letter concludes with this characteristic sentence,—"if in your wisdoms (the Earl's and the Lord Chamberlain's), it shall be thought necessary that your Lordship will be the honoured cause of our liberty, when freeing us from one prison you will remove us to another; which is eternally to bind us and our names to the thankful honouring of you and yours to posterity, as your own virtues have by many descents of ancestors enabled you to time."

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Of Jonson's two noble tragedies—*Sejanus* and *Catiline*, it was not to be supposed that such a critic could feel aught of the true Roman grandeur. But he makes an effort to do his worst—we mean his best.

"*Sejanus* is a lofty production, and built up of strong materials. It has its foundation in the *Annals* of Tacitus, and the historical characters are carved out with great care and labour. The author has, in this play, brought his learning to good account, and has told his story 'after the high Roman fashion.' The mistress of the world never, indeed, produced a great tragic writer; but the present drama might have been the work of one of the rhetoricians of old Rome, for any thing that we see to the contrary, either in its sentiments or general construction. It is, beyond comparison, better than *Catiline*. At the same time it is too laboured: it wants vitality, activity, ease, and that indefinable air of reality and truth, which gives such charm to the wonderful dramas of Shakespeare. In effect, it is too like a translation. Each single sentence might perhaps have been uttered by the person to whom it is ascribed in the play; but not one of the characters would have uttered all that is written down for him. The entire dialogue wants fluctuation and relief. The great master-spirit of Imagination, which fuses and moulds every thing to its purpose, and which produces force and character, consistency and harmony, from meagre facts and shapeless materials, is not there."

"It has its foundation in the annals of Tacitus." Indeed! All that is here said about "the great master-spirit of Imagination" is, we daresay, very fine; but we have seen it scores of times within these dozen years in all the Journals of Little Britain—and we turn from it, fine as it is, to some sentences of Thomas Campbell's philosophy—"musical as is Apollo's lute." "The reception of *Sejanus* was at first unfavourable, but it was remodelled, and again presented with better success, and kept possession of the theatre for a considerable time. Whatever this tragedy may want in the agitating power of poetry, it has a strength and dramatic skill that might have secured it, at least, from the petulant contempt with which it has been too often spoken of. Though collected from the dead languages, it is not a lifeless mass of antiquity, but the work of a severe and strong imagination, compelling shapes of truth

and consistency to rise in dramatic order from the fragments of Roman eloquence, and history; and an air not only of life but of grandeur is given to those curiously adjusted materials. The arraignment of Caius Silius before Tiberius, is a great and poetical cartoon of Roman characters; and if Jonson has translated from Tacitus, who would not thank him for embodying the pathos of history in such lines as these, descriptive of Germanicus?—

“O that man!

If there were deeds of the old virtue left,
They lived in him.

What his generals lacked
In images and pomp, they had supplied
With honourable sorrow—soldiers' need-
ness,

A kind of silent mourning, such as men
Who know no tears, but from their cap-
tives, use

To show in such great losses.”

“The tragedy of *Catiline*,” says Mr Campbell, “appeared in 1611, prefaced by an address to the ordinary reader, as remarkable for the strength of its style, as for the contempt of popular judgments which it breathes. Such an appeal from ordinary to extraordinary readers ought, at least, to have been made without insolence; as the difference between the few and the many, in matters of criticism, lies more in the power of explaining their sources of pleasure than in enjoying them. *Catiline*, it is true, from its classical sources, has chiefly to be judged by classical readers; but its author should have still remembered that popular feeling is the great basis of dramatic fame. The haughty preface, however, disappeared from later editions of the play, while its better apology remained in the high delineation of Cicero's character, and in passages of Roman eloquence which it contains; above all, in the concluding speech of Petreus. It is said, on Lord Dorset's authority, to have been Jonson's favourite production.”

The concluding speech of Petreus is indeed most magnificent.

“*Pet.* The straits and needs of Catiline
being such,
As he must fight with one of the two
armies,
That then had near inclosed him; it
pleased fate

To make us the desperate object of his
choice,

Wherein the danger almost poised the
honour:

And, as he rose, the day grew black with
him,

And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her
quarry.

At this we roused, lest one small minute's
stay

Had left it to be inquired, what Rome was;
And, as we ought, arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle
stood;

Whilst Catiline came on, not with the
face

Of any man, but of a public ruin.

His countenance was a civil war itself,
And all his host had standing in their looks
The paleness of the death that was to
come;

Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged
on,

As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for them: but him-
self

Struck the first stroke; and with it fled a
life,

Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of
land

Had broke between two mighty seas, and
either

Flow'd into other; for so did the slaugh-
ter;

And whirl'd about, as when two violent
tides

Meet, and not yield. The Furies stood
on hills,

Circling the place, and trembling to see
men

Do more than they; whilst Piety left the
field,

Grieved for that side, that in so bad a
cause

They knew not what a crime their valour
was.

The sun stood still, and was, behind the
cloud

The battle made, seen sweating, to drive
up

His frighted horse, whom still the noise
drove backward.

And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
Consumed all it could reach, and then it-
self,

Had not the fortune of the common-
wealth

Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman
thought:

Which Catiline seeing, and that now his
troops

Cover'd that earth they had fought on,
with their trunks,

Ambitious of great fame to crown his
ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in,
Arm'd with a glory high as his despair,
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives
about him,
Till he had circled in himself with death;
Then fell he too, 'embrace it where it
lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant-brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight, and
new
Almost made stone, began to inquire,
what flint,
What rock it was, that crept through all
his limbs,
And ere he could think more, was that
he fear'd;
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb: yet did his look re-
tain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still
moved,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts."

We shall take another opportunity to speak of Jonson's "Masques," which, in this Memoir, are in some respects highly commended, but so poorly, that it is evident our critic cares not for them; indeed he confesses, "the dialogue in the Masques generally strikes us as being tedious and somewhat too pedantic, even for the classic subjects represented." This is harmless want of perception; but what follows demands severe reproof.

"On referring, after an interval of many years, to these old masques, we find ourselves somewhat staggered at the character of the jests, and the homely (not to say vulgar) allusions in which they abound. The taste of the times was, indeed, rude enough; and we can easily understand, that jests of this nature were tolerated or even relished by common audiences. But when we hear that the pieces which contain them were exhibited repeatedly, with applause, before the nobles and court ladies of the time (some of them young unmarried women), we are driven to the conclusion, that civilisation must have failed in some respects, and to fear that the refined and graceful compliments which our author so frequently lavished upon the high 'damas' of King James's court, was a pure waste of his poetical bounty. It is scarcely possible that the ladies who could sit and hear jokes, far coarser than Smol-

let's, uttered night after night, could ever have fully relished the delicate and sparkling verses which flowed from Jonson's pen."

This is neither more nor less than downright nonsense and senseless slander. The "Masques" are perfectly pure. A small shock, indeed, must suffice to "stagger" Missy Cornwall. An occasional coarse or indelicate allusion occurs, not thought to be such, or not distasteful in those days, and 'tis easy to overlook them now; they are exceedingly rare; and the prevalent expression, as well as spirit of those exquisite productions is that of consummate grace, elegance, and beauty. With the omission of, perhaps, not more than half a dozen audacious or licentious phrases, in which no harm was meant, there is not one of them that might not be represented *now*, before and by the most delicate-minded of women; and the greater number of them are throughout as chaste in their glowing language, as the *Arcades* or *Comus* of Milton.

Some pages back we quoted, without comment, a remark of Mr Cornwall's, which he thinks is new—"We do not recollect to have seen it remarked that *The Alchemist* and *Volpone* are essentially alike in their constitution; the whole material and burthen of each play consisting of a tissue of cheats, effected by two confederate sharpers, upon various gulls gaping for money," &c. The remark was not worth making, it is so obvious and trivial; they are "alike, but oh how different!" Between *Volpone* the Fox, and *Subtle the Alchemist*, though both sharpers, how wide the distance! And what gull, in the other play, may be compared with Sir Epicure Mammon? The forms of the two plays are cast in a somewhat similar mould—but that is all; and we are lost in astonishment at the genius that, from beginning to end of both, in the proud consciousness of power, keeps ceaselessly pouring forth its inexhaustible riches.

"SCENE I.—An Outer Room in LOVEWIT'S House.

Enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON and SURELY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore

In *Novo Orbe*; here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't.

Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.

This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI.
You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping

The livery-punk for the young hair, that must

Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more
If he deny, have him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloke,
To be display'd at madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,

Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,

And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly.

And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH.
Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!
Face. (*Within.*) Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

Mam. That is his fire-drake,
His lunge, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,

Till he firke nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night, I'll change

All that is metal, in my house, to gold:
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Loth-bury

For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,

Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum:
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.

But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving them no occasion, sure I'll have
A whore, shall piss them out next day.

Mam. Ha! why?

Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,

He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;

Give safety, valour, yes, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days,

I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.

Sur. No doubt; he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters.

Young giants; as our philosophers have done,

The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a-week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pict-hatch would thank you.

That keep the fire alive, there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret

Of nature naturis'd against all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague,
Out of the kingdom in three months.

Sur. And I'll

Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.

Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Mean-time,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—

Sur. As he that built the Water-work, does with water?

Mam. You are incredulous.

Sur. Faith I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax [*my*] Surly,

Will you believe antiquity? records?

I'll shew you a book where Moses and his sister,

And Solomon have written of the art;

Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam—

Sur. How!

Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, Sir, in High Dutch?

Mam. He did;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

Sur. What paper?

Mam. On cedar board.

Sur. O that, indeed, they say,

Will last 'gainst worms.

Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-akin, a good fat ram-vellum.

Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our
furnace,
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the
dragon:

The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the
biting;

And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
The alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his
field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they're
fix'd.

Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus'
story,

Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus'
eyes,

Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone."—

But hear Barry.

"In enforcing a proposition, however, he accumulates sentence after sentence, thought after thought, till the original idea is lost or looks impoverished, amidst the wealth with which it is surrounded. This not only injures the idea, but mars the truth of his characters. It is the fault even of Sir Epicure Mammon's splendid visions. There is nothing savouring of luxury which the Roman writers have put upon record, that he does not treat us with. A true epicure would have had a more select taste, we think, and have contented himself with fewer delicacies. At all events, he would not have placed all things upon a level; for that shows that he had a true relish for none. He who appreciates wines, likes the best wines, which are few. He who really loves "the sex," loves but one woman—at a time."

That is rich. An original idea, looking impoverished amidst the wealth with which it is surrounded! or lost—and—only think—injured by being lost! Sir Epicure Mammon is not, it seems, a true epicure after all—perhaps neither is he a true Mammon. A true epicure would have "had a more select taste"—"contented himself with fewer delicacies"—some *recherchés entremets*. Sir Epicure Mammon "placed all things upon a level"—therefore he had a true relish for none. "O rare Ben Jonson!" what a dunce wert thou! as ignorant of meats as of wines. "He who appreciates wines, likes the best wines, which are few!" So says the sage of the East—Sir Epicure Barry Cornwall—nay, shade of Benjamin the Ruler! with a

thin shrill voice, he cries, "He who really loves 'the sex,' loves but one woman at a time." O Ben! heard ye ever of such a ninny! And this is the identical philosopher who was prating a few pages ago of the great master-spirit of Imagination. Sir Epicure Mammon contented with "one woman—at a time"—and two or three *entremets*. Poor dear Charles Lamb! thou wert spared the hearing of this. "What a towering bravery!"—such were thy words, speaking of Sir Epicure—"there is in his sensuality! He affects no pleasure under a sultaun!" Behold, O shade of Elia! your much-admired imaginative lord of a harem of houris, bound by Barry to one woman—at a time—and weep. Well didst thou once say in thy "Specimens" "the judgment is perfectly overwhelmed by the torrent of images, words, and book-knowledge with which Mammon confounds and stuns his incredulous hearer. They come pouring out like the successive strokes of Nilus. They 'doubly redouble strokes upon the foe.' Description outstrides proof. We are made to believe effects before we have testimony for their causes: a lively description of the joys of heaven sometimes passes for an argument to prove the existence of such a place. If there be no one image which rises to the height of the sublime, yet the confluence and assemblage of them all produces an effect equal to the grandest poetry."

"He affects no pleasure under a sultaun." Barry Cornwall says there is no true epicurism in such sensuality—and, certes, there is much virtue in the word *true*. He who loves but one woman has much the best of it in taste, morals, reason, and religion. But that is not the question—and here there are loud cries of "Question!" "At a time!"—aha! who could have suspected such lax—such licentious ethics from so innocent a creature? He more than insinuates that the true epicure may change his mistress as often as he pleases—and live in perpetual fruition of honeymoons.

But he does not seem to be aware that Sir Epicure Mammon at had first no mistress at all—not even "one woman—at a time." It was his imagination he was feeding with those voluptuous dreams; and we know "such tricks hath strong imagination." Neither had he a dinner to sit down to—deserving

the name—merely cold mutton, or a greasy chop—for he was out at the elbows; and butcher, baker, and poulterer, were all inexorable; but he gloried in the prospect of the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE—"far off its coming shone"—now he is as a son of the morning—and he riots and revels in all conceivable extremes and varieties of all sensual passion and sensual bliss. That is the poetry—the philosophy of the play. Barry, a little while ago knew it was, for he spoke "of the gorgeous visions of Sir Epicure Mammon, which are as magnificent and oriental as an Arabian dream." Oriental as an Arabian dream! What's that?

Hear Mammon—again—pouring himself out to Face.

Face. Yes, sir.

Mam. For I do mean

To have a list of wives and concubines,
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercule, to encounter fifty a night.—
Thou art sure thou saw'st it blood?

Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up,
net stuff:

Down is too hard: and then, mine oval
room

Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephants, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my succubæ. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the
room,

To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like
pits

To fall into; from whence we will come
forth,

And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—
Is it arrived at ruby?—Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,
Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that
fellow

I'll send a thousand pound to be my
cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it?

Mam. No. I'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers; they will do it
best,

Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My mere
fools,

Eloquent burgeses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that
subject.

The few that would give out themselves
to be

Court and town-stallion, and, each-where,
bely

Ladies who are known most innocent for
them;

Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten ostrich
tails

A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the
med'cine.

My meat shall all come in, in Indian
shells,

Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and
rubies.

The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels'
heels,

Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd
pearl,

Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:

And I will eat these broths with spoons
of amber,

Headed with diamond and carbuncle.

My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd
salmons,

Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will
have

The beards of barbels served, instead of
sallads;

Oil'd mushroom; and the swelling unctuous
paps

Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poignant
sauce;

For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's
gold,*

Go forth, and be a knight.

Face. Sir, I'll go look

A little, how it heightens.

[Exit.

Mam. Do.—My shirts

I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,

It shall be such as might provoke the
Persian,

Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes and birds' skins,
perfumed

With gums of paradise, and eastern
air"——

We must have an article on these
two plays—mean-while a parting page
or two with Mr Barry Cornwall about
his treatment of the Poet of Hawthornden.

"He set out, on foot, it seems, for that
country in the summer of 1618; passed
some months with Mr Stuart and other
friends in the north; and finally arrived at
the house of Mr William Drummond, the
poet of Hawthornden, in April, 1619.
Jonson spent the greater part of this
month with Drummond; and, in the confi-

dence of familiar intercourse, entrusted him with various particulars of his life, and with many of his opinions on men and books. All this social fireside talk Drummond privately set down in writing, and afterwards published in his notorious *Conversation*. Now, considering that parts of this communication consisted of Jonson's free strictures upon his brother poets and contemporaries, and that the whole was given to the world without explanation or softening of any sort; and that it was, in fact, set down from Drummond's memory (in which case, all the censure would naturally be divested of the ordinary qualifying phrases which probably accompanied it), we think that the publication was as complete a piece of treachery as can be found in the history of literary men. Drummond of Hawthornden has written poems of much merit; but we trust that, whoever may read them hereafter, will never forget that he was a traitor to his friend and guest, and that he has discredited the name of poet, and tarnished the hospitality of his hospitable country."

"All this fireside talk, Drummond *privately* set down in writing, and afterwards published in his notorious *Conversation*." Why, he could not well have set it down *publicly*; so there was no offence in the mere privacy, had there been none in the thing itself. Neither do we see the enormous wickedness of "setting it down from memory"—for how else can you set down any thing you hear? Barry Cornwall, it appears, "sets down" much of what he reads, from imagination. He does not even know the *title* of the unlucky leaves which probably he never perused. However, considering this, and that, and t'other thing, Barry comes to the conclusion, that "the publication was as complete a piece of treachery as can be found in the history of literary men." And how is the sinner to be punished? Whoever may read his verses, must keep in his mind one predominant feeling of reprobation and scorn of the unhallowed traitor. This it is more especially the bounden duty of all Scotsmen to do, as the Poet of Hawthornden has "tarnished the hospitality of their hospitable country." What! Is there to be no forgiveness? Scotland is not only a hospitable, but she is a Christian country; and must she never forget the offence of a favourite son?

What would Barry Cornwall think of us were we to call on Christendom

never to forget that he is an ignorant calumniator of the distinguished dead? He too "has written poems of much merit"—though his genius is not for a moment to be compared with that of Drummond of Hawthornden—a memorable name in our poetical literature. He too is a worthy private character—so was Drummond. "His memory," says Sir Walter Scott, "has been uniformly handed down to us as that of an amiable and retired scholar, loved by his friends, and respected by the literary men of his time." Why seek, then, to affix an indelible stain on a name of which his country has reason to be proud? And why, in particular, all this boiling indignation in the breast of Barry Cornwall? Gifford was a bitter creature; and then he was entitled to resent any injustice done to Jonson, for he was likewise a good creature, had studied Ben, knew and loved him well, and was his triumphant champion against a host of calumniators whom he slew and trod into the mire. Conceiving Drummond, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, to have been the most culpable of them all, he waxed so exceeding wroth, that, with red eyes, he saw in him an absolute fiend. In short, he fell into *monomania*. You had only to utter the word "Drummond," in order to see him "into such vagaries fall as he would dance." But the gentle Barry! Why should he be transformed into such a virago? "What is Hawthornden to him, or he to Hawthornden?" At this moment he knows little—and seems to care less about Ben Jonson,—and it is laughable, and something more, to see him sporting the indignant, to hear his yelp after the growl of Gifford—to behold the lap-dog affecting the lion.

By the bye with what indignation and horror must not the high-souled Barry Cornwall gaze at the vignette which insults the shade of Ben Jonson, on the very title-page of this edition of his works! Mr Moxon having "hired a poetaster" to traduce Drummond, and to excommunicate the gentle bard for ever from the sympathies of his kind, at the same time engages a painter and an engraver to exhibit, to the eyes of all posterity, the abode of this traitor to friendship and violator of all the most sacred observances of domestic life! There

"stands Hawthornden—engraved by Finden from Harding—that the "tribe of Ben" may feast their eyes on a sight of the place where their father was decoyed, cozened, and betrayed. It is but a sorry affair—without either beauty or grandeur. But, in nature, the place is fair, and seems a fit habitation for gentle spirits delighting in peace.

But Barry must not be let off with this mild rebuke—for his offence has not yet been mentioned—and he must strip to receive the knout. His main accusation against Drummond is FALSE. This "Notorious Conversation"—(the "Heads" of it) was set down in the year 1619—and first given to the world in 1711, upwards of sixty years after Drummond had been laid in his grave!

Where can Barry Cornwall have been living, during the last twenty years, not to have heard a whisper of all the many discussions respecting Ben's visit to Hawthornden, that ever and anon kept rising and falling before the eyes and ears of the literary public, since the appearance of Gifford's edition in 1816? In the Second Volume of *Maga*, the question was for a while set at rest; and Drummond's character released from the *gravamen* of the charge so incessantly insisted on by that truculent critic. Thomas Campbell, in an article in *Brewster's Encyclopædia*, showed its foolish injustice; Sir Walter Scott followed in the *Border Antiquities*, and his vindication is reprinted in the 7th volume of his *Prose Works*; David Laing, with his usual accuracy and acumen, set the affair over again in its true light, in a paper printed in the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*; and in almost every literary journal in Britain has it been stated that the *Heads of a Conversation* did not see the light till more than half a century after Drummond had been gathered to his fathers. "Where ha'e you been a' day, my boy Barry?"

But perhaps he was led wrong by Gifford. Not at all; he shut his eyes, and blindfold stumbled into the exploded blunder. Gifford knew that the *Heads* were first published in the folio of 1711; but such was his inveterate hatred, that he would not plainly say so, and at times he writes as if he desired to avert his eyes from the fact.

"Such," says he, "are the remarks of Jonson on his contemporaries—set down in malice, abridged without judgment, and published without shame;" and Barry supposes that to mean, "published without shame" by Drummond. Did this blindest of biographers never see these words of Gifford,—“At any rate, he seems to think that there is nothing unusual or improper in framing a libellous attack on the character and reputation of a friend, *keeping it carefully in store for thirty years, and finally bequeathing it, fairly engrossed, to the caprice or cupidity of an executor.*” It never was fairly engrossed—nor bequeathed; nor was it published from cupidity—that is a childish charge; and now in the year 1838, "with visage all inflamed," steps forth, crow-quill in hand, Mr Forceible Feeble, and lets dribble from it snib, in wishy-washy, an anathema couched in the form of a sickly falsehood.

It used to be said, and believed, that Ben Jonson made a journey on foot to Scotland, solely to visit Drummond in his own house at Hawthornden. The notion is too absurd, and has long been discarded by the most credulous. There is no positive evidence of his having been at Hawthornden at all—though nobody doubts he was—and tradition has consecrated the scene—
"When Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade."

According to Gifford (and, of course, *s. c.*), Ben passed the chief part of April, 1619, at Hawthornden. Barry says, with infantile simplicity, "he set out on foot, it seems, *for that country*, in the summer of 1618; passed some months with Mr Stuart and other friends *in the north, and finally arrived* at the house of Mr William Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden, *in April, 1619.*" "In the north" does not here mean the north of Scotland, but merely "that country;" for towards the end of September, Taylor the Water Poet, saw Jonson, who was then living, he says, with a Mr Stuart in Leith. So *seven months* afterwards "*he finally arrived* at Hawthornden," distant about two hours' smart walk from that ancient port!

Jonson left Leith on his return to London, on the 25th of January, 16 9—as we are informed in a transcript, by Sir Robert Sibbald, of Drummond's own MS. notes of his conversations

with Ben, discovered by the indefatigable David Laing, and inserted by him (1831) in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The story of the Poet's three weeks' stay at Hawthornden in April falls to the ground. Gifford, so far as we can see, had no other reason for fixing on April, but this—Ben writes to Drummond from London *on the 10th of May*, 1619, mentioning his safe arrival, and his having had a gracious interview with the King—and Gifford, allowing him between a fortnight and three weeks for a walk of four hundred miles (not bad work for a man nearly fifty years of age, and twenty stone weight), confidently affirms that he passed the greater part of April at Hawthornden. But no where have we been able to find any ground for the mistaken assertion that he went there in the beginning, and left it towards the end of April. We have seen from Sibbald's Transcript, that he left Leith on the *25th of January*—in the same shoes in which he had arrived there probably in September, 1618—that he had purchased the said shoes on his way down, at Darnton—which we believe is near Berwick—that they had excoriated his feet sadly—and that he purposed to drop them at Darnton—on his way up—and provide himself there with a new pair. They had probably seen some service on his many tramps over Scotland. Loch Lomond, we know, he visited; and can there be any doubt that he walked into the heart of the Highlands? What a book his "Discoveries" would have been! That fatal fire

destroyed a glorious wreath about to be woven round the head of Scotland.

Taylor, the Water Poet, left London, on his penniless pilgrimage, on the 14th July, 1618, and, it was said by some witty rogues, in imitation and ridicule of Ben Jonson, who, therefore, must have left London before that date—say about the end of June—and we find him again in London early in May of the following year. His excursion to and fro, and through Scotland, occupied about ten months; and as it appears he was three months on his journey from Leith to London—probably he was three months on his journey from London to Leith. In what town of any size in Britain would he, the most eminent man of genius of his age, not have been welcomed? In what house or hall would he not have been an honoured guest? In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, we know from himself, as well as from the grateful Taylor, that he was in the midst of the best society; and many a jovial night must his presence have illumined in the city or suburban dwellings of our nobility and gentry, besides the "low-roofed house" of Hawthornden. No doubt he and Drummond met many a time and oft; for who more fit to converse with the illustrious English poet than his brother bard—a man who had seen something of the world too, an accomplished scholar, and a devoted loyalist? There is no reason for believing that Drummond's notes were all notes of conversations at Hawthornden.

DILEMMAS ON THE CORN LAW QUESTION.

SINCE the Manchester demonstration, it is apparent to every body that this great question is rapidly drawing to a crisis. In this most practical of countries, when any question is once transferred from the arena of books, pamphlets,—controversy, in short, conducted by the press,—to the official arena of public institutions, “chambers of commerce,” authentic committees of any denomination, sanctioned by the presence of great leading tradesmen, we all know that such a question must very soon agitate the great council of the nation; agitate the landed aristocracy; agitate the thinking classes universally; and (in a sense peculiar to this corn question) agitate that class to frenzy, amongst whom “Give us this day our daily bread” is the litany ascending for ever to heaven. Well it will be for us, and no thanks to some sections of the press, if this latter class do not pursue the discussion sword in hand. For they have been instructed, nay provoked to do so, in express words. And they are indirectly provoked to such a course by two separate artifices of journals far too discreet to *commit* themselves by any open exhortations to violence. But in what other result can popular fury find a natural out-break, when abused daily by the representation, that upon this question depends the comfort of their lives—that the Corn Laws are the gates which shut them out from plenty—and abused equally by the representations, that one large class of their superiors is naturally, by position, and by malignity of feeling, their deadly enemy? We, of this British land, are familiar with the violence of partisanship; we are familiar with its excesses; and it is one sign of the health and soundness belonging to those ancient institutions, which some are so bent upon overthrowing, that the public safety can bear such party violences without a tremor reaching its deep foundation. But there are limits to all things; or, if it were otherwise, and the *vis vite* were too profoundly lodged in our frame of polity to be affected by local storms and by transitory frenzies, even in that case it is shocking to witness a journal of ancient authority amongst ourselves—

a journal to which, not Whigs only, but, from old remembrances of half a century, we Tories acknowledge a sentiment of brotherly kindness—the old familiar Morning Chronicle of London—no longer attacking *things*, and parties, and doctrines, but *persons* essential to the composition of our community: not persons only, but an entire order of persons: and this order not in the usual tone of party violence, which recognises a worth in the man while it assaults him in some public capacity; but flying at the throats, as it were, of the country gentlemen in a body, and solemnly assuring its readers, that one and all are so possessed by selfishness, and even by malignity to the lower classes, that they would rather witness the extinction of the British manufacturing superiority, or (if it must be) of the British manufactures, than abate any thing of their own pretensions. As a matter of common sense, putting candour out of the question, why should the landed aristocracy be more selfish than other orders? Or how is it possible that any one order in a state should essentially differ from the rest, among which they grow up, are educated, marry, and associate? Or, in mere consistency, what coherency is there between the assurances that our own landed interest will not suffer by the extinction of the Corn Laws, and these imputations of a merely selfish resistance to that extinction? This dilemma is obvious. Either the landlords see or they do not see the necessity of the changes which are demanded? If they do not, what becomes of their selfishness? Not being convinced of the benefits to result, they must be doing their bounden duty in resisting them. On the other hand, if they do—besides that in such a case they have credit granted to them for a clear-sightedness which elsewhere their enemies are denying them—the conclusion must be, not that they are selfish, but insane. The prosperity of manufacturing industry is, upon any theory, the *conditio sine qua non* of prosperity to the agricultural body. In the case, therefore, supposed, that the landlords are aware of a peremptory necessity in the manufacturing interest for a

change in the Corn Laws, it is not selfishness, it is not "malignity" (comprehensible or incomprehensible) in that class towards the lowest class which could stand between them and their own inalienable interest. So that upon either horn of the dilemma—seeing or not seeing the soundness of the revolution demanded—the landlords could find no principle of action, one way or other, in selfishness. Selfishness, in fact, could operate only upon the case of a *divided* interest: whereas all parties have sense enough to admit, that the interest of land and manufactures are bound up together. Or, if they were not, it would be the clear right of the landlords, and no selfishness at all, to prefer their own order. But the case is imaginary.

One other monstrous paralogism, let me notice, in this Manchester Chamber of Commerce, *subsequent* to the public meeting: they have hired a public room, and are making other arrangements for an exposure to the public eye of continental wares corresponding to our own staple manufactures, labelled with the prices here and on the Continent. Well, what is the inference which the spectator is to draw? This—that our empire, our supremacy as manufacturers is shaken. Be it so. I enter not upon the question of fact or of degree; let the point be conceded. What then? The main question, the total question, remains untouched. *viz.* Under the operation of what CAUSE has this change been accomplished? The Chamber will answer, That the cause lies in the different prices of bread;—but that is the very question at issue. Did ever man hear of such a *petitio principii*? Wages are but one element of price—bread is but one element of wages.

On this subject I shall remark briefly, that it is not true, as the ordinary calculation runs, that one-half, or nearly one-half of the working-man's expenditure goes in bread; potatoes, more and more in each successive year, are usurping upon bread: as an average, one-fifth part would be nearer to the truth. Then, again, bread could not, on an average of years, be had 50 per cent cheaper, as is assumed; but 20 per cent, or 25 per cent at most, all expenses allowed for. Thirdly and finally, wages cannot be assumed as, on an average, making more than 1-4th of price. The result of which three

considerations is, that the difference on manufactured goods generally might, perhaps, at most turn out 1-5th of 1-5th of 1-4th on the present price; total about 1-100th part of the existing price: and this, observe, on the supposition, that the total difference went to the benefit of the consumer, and not, as in fact it would, to the benefit of profits. However, allow even his own extravagant calculations to the enemy. Then, because bread, according to him, will sink one-half, and because bread he affirms to be one-half the outlay of the workman, and because wages constitute (suppose him to say) one-third of the price generally, this would amount to one-half of one-half of one-third, or—but remember, by a most extravagant assumption as the basis—to 1-12th discount upon the present prices.

Hence—that is to say, by this last argument—it appears, that, conceding the very largest postulates, the enemy has made 1-12th—or a fraction more than 8 per cent is the total amount of difference which this enormous change in the policy of the country can effect in our manufactures.

Suppose, for example, upon 100 shillings, a sum of 33 goes on wages, 15 on profits, and 52 on raw material, (including the wear and tear of machinery). The loaf sinks from a shilling to sixpence (though the most impudent of the enemy hardly goes so far). The workman, he affirms, has hitherto spent 16s. 6d. on bread, he now spends 8s. 3d.; so far the 100 shillings sink to 91s. 9d. Upon this sum 15 per cent will amount to about eightpence less than before, that is, to 13s. 6d. Total discount upon 100 shillings, 9s. 9d.

Yet, again, consider that this presumes the total saving to be allowed to the purchaser. But, if that be so, how is the workman benefited? Or, if that be not so, and the total saving (which, for many reasons, is impossible) should go to the workman, then how is the manufacturer benefited?

In the first case, what motive has the working class—now under such excitement—to stir in the matter? In the second case, what motive has the Chamber of Commerce to stir? If the whole 9s. 9d. be given to the workman, how would the manufacturing interest be aided? The Continent cares nothing about the particular distribution

of the 100 shillings. The Continent must have the 9s. 9d. for its own continental benefit, or else farewell to the supposed improvement of English commerce.

This, we fancy, will prove an ugly dilemma to answer; and thus far the argument applies to the *immediate* results of the change proposed.

But now for the principal argument contemplated, which applies to the *final* results of the change.

This argument requires a preliminary explanation for the majority of readers, in order to show its nerve and pressure, how you stand affected to the doctrine of Rent. Many persons think the doctrine of Rent baseless, some upon one plea, some upon another. For the present purpose, it is immaterial whether that doctrine be true or false, notwithstanding our argument is built upon it. For we offer it as an *argumentum ad hominem*—as an argument irresistible by a particular class of men, viz. the class who maintain the modern doctrine of Rent; and that class it is to a man, (the Colonel excepted) and, generally speaking, no other, who lead the agitation against the Corn Laws. Now if these men are answered, so much at least is gained, and practically all that is wanted, “the engineers hoist upon their own petard.”

Let us say, then—with the modern economists—that the law of Rent is a fine illustration of that providential arrangement so well illustrated by Paley, under which compensations are applied to excesses in any direction, so as ultimately to restore the equilibrium. The expenditure of man's daily life lies in two great divisions—in manufactured articles and in raw products. Corn, coals, wood, for example, are entirely raw products;—other articles equally raw in their earliest form, as grapes, sugar, cotton, flax, hides, undergo processes of art so complex, that very often these processes utterly obscure the original cost of the material. These two orders of products, into which human expenditure divides itself, are pursuing constantly an opposite and counteracting course, as to cost. Manufactures are always growing cheaper—and why? Because, these, depending upon human agencies, in which the lights of experience and of discovery are for ever at work to improve, it is impossible that the mo-

tion should be retrograde. Who has ever heard of a progress from good machinery to worse? On the other hand, as to all raw products, the opposite course prevails; these are always growing dearer—and why? Partly, because land and mines, &c., are limited; partly, because, from the very beginning (unless where extreme remoteness from towns, &c., disturbs this order) men select for cultivation the best lands, &c., first. Here, therefore, the natural movement is from good to worse.

Suppose, then, the best land taken up, and that this produces a quantity of wheat [X] for one shilling. The population expanding, it becomes necessary to fall back upon a lower quality of land [No. 2], which, to produce X, must go to the expence of fifteenpence. Another expansion of population calls into action No. 3, which produces the same X for eighteenpence. And so on.

This basis is sufficient to reason upon. It will strike every man, as one result from this scale of descents, that the worst quality of land (No. 3) must give the price for the whole. X is the same quantity and the same quality of grain in every case; only it costs an increasing sum to produce it as the quality of land decreases. Now, in a market, the same quantity and quality, at the same time, must always command the same price. It is quite impossible for No. 3 to plead that No. 2 grows at a less cost; X, however produced, will obtain the same price; and the price of eighteenpence, as the cost of the worst land, will be the price for the whole. By the supposition, fifteenpence was sufficient to reimburse No. 2; and twelpence was sufficient to reimburse No. 1. What then becomes of the extra threepence on No. 2? What becomes of the extra sixpence on No. 1? Answer, *that is rent*.

Now, it is evident that this scale of degradations could not take place in manufacturing industry; because here, beginning from the worst, the scale travels upwards; and, when No. 2 is discovered, No. 3 is laid aside; and so on. In land, or in mines, or fisheries, this course is impossible, for the simple reason that land and mines are limited in quantity, while machinery may be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

The next consequence which a

thoughtful man will detect, perhaps, for himself, is—that always the lowest quality in cultivation (No. 3, in this case,) will pay no rent. This has furnished the main stumbling-block to the reception of the doctrine; “there is no such land,” say multitudes; “all land pays rent.” Not so. One consideration may convince any man that there is always land which pays no rent. For it cannot be disputed that it will be a sufficient inducement to any man who combines the characters of proprietor and farmer (that is, who cultivates his own ground), to raise grain. He has the same inducement as any body else; that is, he obtains Profits and Wages; and who obtains more?

It is clear, therefore, that, however low the quality of land may be upon which population forces culture, let it be No. 25 suppose, eternally there will be a lower than the lowest of the rent-paying lands [No. 28] which will be capable of culture under the single condition of paying no rent.

However, at this moment, and for the present purpose, no matter whether there be non-rent paying land under culture or not: it is quite enough if it be granted that the *worst* quality of land, and not any average quality, or superior quality, determines the price for the whole: common sense will extort this concession from every body. The price, in other words, must always be such as to cover the worst and *least* advantageous circumstances of culture, not the best and *most* advantageous.

What follows? Why, that, as the differences of land increase by descending lower and lower, regularly these differences swell the price. The doctrine is familiar to many: for those to whom it is not, a short illustration to the eye will suffice.

The diagram below represents the total price of corn, and it is divided into two sections, in order to represent to the eye the two elements of its price—wages and profits; which two are all that exist, or can exist, so long as only one quality of land is used. At any risk of tediousness, I repeat the reason: it is because, so long as a capitalist will always find a sufficient motive for employing his funds on what produces him the usual rate of profit, a moral impossibility exists that rent can be paid. The man who farms

his own land has no rent to pay, and can always undersell and drive out of the market him who charges rent also in the price of his corn. And if it is not charged in the *price*, if the grower takes his outlay in rent out of his profits, then it is *not* rent in any but a verbal sense.

No. 1.

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Soon comes the time when No. 1 is found insufficient for a growing society; No. 2 is then resorted to of necessity; that is, an inferior soil; and now the case, as to price, stands thus: No 2 pays no rent now, for the same reason as No 1 paid none, when *that* had no inferior competitor. But because No. 2 costs, by its very definition, more to produce the same result (else how is it No. 2?)—that more becomes, on No. 1, rent, which is represented in the diagram by the darker space, cor-

No. 1.

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2.

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responding exactly in amount to the excess of costs on No. 2. No. 2 divides into wages and profits only; but the wages (in which is included all other expenses) are more than the corresponding section in No. 1; and precisely that “more,” that excess, becomes rent upon No. 1.

One farther stage we will take, and have done. Population increasing, calls at length for No. 3, and then the diagram will stand thus:—

No. 1.

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2.

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3.

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That is, just as No. 2 exceeded No. 1 in cost, so does No. 3 exceed No. 2; and the excess becomes rent upon No. 2, and two rents upon No 1.

Were No. 4 called for, that would create rent upon No. 3, two rents upon No. 2, three upon No. 1, and so on for ever; the rent always expressing the exact difference in cost between any one number and that immediately below it.

ARGUMENT ON THE CORN QUESTION, FOUNDED ON THE PRECEDING EX- PLANATION.

Let us apply all this to the corn question, after first pausing to notice, that even the followers of Ricardo

have often failed to perceive in public questions of great moment—the extensive application of this very doctrine.

For example, twenty years ago, when the China question was at times under discussion, some eminent economists said, by way of meeting a particular argument, “Of what consequence to this mighty Chinese nation, of perhaps three hundred millions, is the little demand of Great Britain?” That demand is *not* little; neither in an absolute sense little, nor in relation to the domestic consumption of China. But suppose it *were* little—suppose that (instead of forty millions pounds’ weight annually) it were but one million, still if this small addition to the native demand should happen so to operate as to push back the culture upon but one degree lower of soil, and that this were to make a difference of but one dollar an acre in the rent, then let it be remembered *now*, looking to the way in which rent acts, how vast might even that slight addition prove in its results?—and vast, for the very reason alleged in proof that it would be trivial; viz., in proportion to the vast population of China, and its consequent vast consumption of tea (even admitting that the majority of the people are not rich enough to taste it). For such as is the consumption of tea, such will be the scale of soils employed. The dollar additional, by the supposition, on the penultimate quality of land, would be two dollars an acre on the ante-penultimate, three on the land next above, four on the next, and so on. If the vast extent of the tea-drinking population should force the culture upon seventy grades of soil, as it might, how tremendous might be the result, even from a single additional grade being called into action! And the reason why nations are only by degrees made sensible of such changes, is, that leases or other contracts (which as to land must always be of some duration) do not suffer the total effects to appear at once: a certain proportion of the subsisting contracts falls in every year; and until then, until rents are revised and suited to the new price, the advantage flows, of necessity, into the channel of profits.

Now, apply all this to the great question before us. Multitudes of men, like Mr Jacobs, building upon

accurate statistics, will dismiss the dispute in this summary way;—“It is idle to ask what were best—corn laws or none—to import freely or to exclude—for the whole project is a chimaera: it is out of our power to import in the extent proposed: so we need not lose time and temper in discussing the policy. America never was able to furnish flour for more than three days’ consumption of Britain; the Baltic and all other resources never yet furnished grain for six weeks’ consumption.” This answer, however, or evasion, will serve us no longer. The Philistines now meet us with this reply:—“True; but whose fault was that? Our own. Nobody will grow what he has no prospect of selling. But let England make it fully understood in the Baltic, that she will take all the foreign grain which can support a fair market competition with her own, neither party drawing artificial helps from duties, bounties, or any fiscal imposts whatever, in that case we shall see a different scene.”

Well; how different? To what extent? Here comes the pinch of the inquiry. Some imagine that foreign grain, unrestricted, would drive out the English as completely as the Norway rat has driven out or exterminated the old aboriginal rat: our sheaves, as in the Scriptural dream, would bow to the Polish. Upon this basis it is that some argue this question: they contemplate the result of English agriculture being *literally* annihilated. And if you ask, what then becomes of that part of our rural population?—they answer, “Oh! the cheapness of bread will leave money disposable for butcher’s meat: there will be more extensive grazing and fattening. In that way we dispose of part: the other part will go into towns and make the cotton or iron goods, by which we shall pay the Poles for manufacturing our bread.”

But this result would not take place in this extent, even if the restrictions on foreign corn were *totally* removed. Imagine two equal vats—one full, one empty; let off the water of the one into the other, the level of subsidence will be found when each becomes half full. Invert the operation of rent, as just explained; imagine it retrograding through the very same steps by which it advanced, and it will be seen that English corn itself, after a

very few steps, will have declined much nearer to continental prices. The common price at which wheat has settled of late years, is 60s. Now; a very few of the lower qualities of soil withdrawn, even on that sole change, English corn would fall to 45s. and 40s.

But now comes the ugly fact to meet the Philistines,—that, *just as rent unthreaded its steps in England, so and inevitably would rent on the Continent travel on through those very stages which, in England, have raised our corn to a higher level than elsewhere.* It is no matter where the corn is grown, so far as regards this inevitable effect, that, in Poland, as every where else, land presents us with a scale of large varieties. This monstrous deception is practised upon us at present: we see little grain (little wheat, at any rate) which has not come from the higher qualities of soil; and naturally enough, because in Poland the population, as a whole, is scanty (relatively to the extent of ground), and the population, as a wheat-consuming population, is quite trivial. Hence it is that the development of rent has but commenced. But let England transfer her agriculture to Poland, instantaneously the very same cycle of effects will be traversed which in England has been traversed since 1775; soils of every quality will be called into action; rent will arise in its graduated series upon every separated quality; a race of wealthy farmers, stout yeomen, happy labourers, aristocratic landlords, will again arise;—but unhappily, however, it cannot be added—and no mistake, for there will be the capital mistake that, instead of our own natural brothers, this race will be all *owshis* and *wishis*. That, however, is a collateral theme; what I now wish to notice is—simply the effect upon price. Were the plan realized which is sanctioned by the present revolutionists, the grossest delusion would be unmasked which has ever duped a people. *This delusion consists in reasoning upon the basis of Baltic prices as they are or have been, though they themselves admit (by making it our crime) that never yet has a forty days' consumption been grown on our account.* Are these men maniacs? Do they suppose that the three hundred and sixty-five days' consumption of a race

like the British can be produced by the Poles without a far worse development of rent and costs than with us? Land has been often, and most conveniently for purposes of argument, treated as a corn-manufacturing machine, subject only to the condition that these machines are of various powers. Now at present, merely the best machines are used. But a permanent demand from England, eight times and a-half greater than the greatest and most memorable ever heard of, would at once create a run upon these machines, which in one revolving year would far more than reproduce the highest prices known amongst ourselves.

But this is not all: the pressure of rent advances slowly, and only in correspondence with the population, and, at any rate, this pressure is met and, relieved by the opposite process in manufactures. But, besides this compensation, in England, where agricultural skill is great and capital overflowing, we have other compensations, *sufflamina*, or drags, which retard the motion of price upwards, in the continual application of improved machinery or improved processes to our agriculture. The full weight of declension in the soil has never been suffered with us to make itself felt; it has been checked, thwarted, kept down in every stage by growing knowledge and growing wealth. In Poland none of these *sufflamina* will be available. I need not say that every thing will have to be created; that without our laws and institutions and national energy it cannot be created, any more than an academy of belles lettres in Caffraria. And thus the full weight, unbroken, unimpeded, will descend upon prices from the decreasing qualities of the soil ranging through all the gamut, and from the absolute defect of the vast apparatus in roads, fences, canals, &c., as well as the more intellectual parts of that apparatus, which in Scotland and eastern England has travelled through centuries to a point of perfection.

This upon the unconditional adoption of the new proposals. But it will be urged in reply,—Suppose it conditional, and the importation to go on until the two prices, ours and the Baltic, meet in one level. I have already said, that in that case much fewer additions will need to be made in Poland,

much fewer to be laid aside in England than is commonly supposed. A very moderate change in each country, a few of the worst qualities abandoned in England, a few of the upper qualities taken up in Poland, would bring the two countries to a level. But then the evil here will be (an evil as regards the absurd expectations of the poor), that exactly in proportion as the level will be easily accomplished, and without much convulsion to existing rights, exactly in that case will the relief be small. If two or three qualities of soil cashiered in England, and two or three added in Poland, bring the two vats to a level (and possibly no greater change would be required), in such a case 50s. or 48s. might be the permanent price in both countries. Now take the difference between that and 60s. (for as to our present prices, they are mere anomalies), and consider it in the way I have suggested at page 171; then one-fifth of the price being saved in bread,* and one-fifth of the poor man's expenditure being on bread, he *might* receive one-fifth of a fifth, or a twenty-fifth part more on his daily expenditure. And suppose wages to enter even to the extent of a half into the elements of price (as upon some rare articles they may), the result would be the half of a twenty-fifth, that is, a fiftieth part in the price of goods.

But that calculation is of less importance. The main argument upon which we take our stand, is this dilemma built on the doctrine of Rent: the cycle of changes to be run through in transferring our agriculture in whole or in part to the Baltic provinces, is either wide or it is narrow, either great or small. Suppose it great, suppose, in fact, our corn manufac-

tory absolutely transferred as a whole to Poland, and a cotton, iron, &c., manufactory substituted at home,—in that case the whole ladder of descent upon inferior soils must be run down in Poland, which has caused our own prices at home; and the whole series of increments in rent be traversed, which is the very ground of our domestic murmurs, but—for this must never be overlooked—with aggravations of this evil as much less mitigated than ours as Poland is less civilised, less enlightened, less wealthy, than Great Britain. On the other form of the dilemma, the case is not so bad, simply because it is not so thoroughly carried out: but, however, though a better result, it will be one of pure disappointment. For if there should be a long series of changes before the prices of England and Poland met at the same level, then there would be an approximation made to the enormous evil just stated; and if the series should turn out small, that would be because the level of coincidence would soon be effected; and then the alteration of price would be proportionately trifling.

Such is our argument from political economy, against the proposed change; but, were the change in itself better, every body wishing well to England, must thoroughly disapprove the intemperate (in some quarters the incendiary) mode of pursuing it. That, however, is a different theme. The upshot is this: it would cause a dreadful convulsion, if we could transfer our corn manufacture to a really cheaper country; but, by the argument here applied from Rent, it appears that there is no known country which in that case would be cheaper: we add, *or nearly as cheap*.

* But observe, a declension of one-fifth on wheat would not give a declension of three-tenths on bread.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER.

FASCICULUS THE FOURTH.

"By the contemplation of antiquity, the mind itself becomes antique"
Edmund Burke.

I NEVER could, for the life of me, discover why inquisitive ruin-hunters and rubbish-excavators must be at the trouble of crossing the sea, and rattling along stony-hearted roads to *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, while there is so much interesting rubbish and neglected ruination at home. You have been to *Herculaneum*, of course—and *Vesuvius*, of course—and *Pompeii*, of course. You have seen the skeletons with gold bracelets, and the real Roman penny rolls "all hot."—You have been to the Royal Museum at *Naples*, of course, and have seen the gigantic cameo cut out of an oyster shell, as broad as the brim of Mr *Fyssche Palmer's* white hat, and nearly as thick as the Right Honourable Mr *Forcible Feeble's* skull—you have seen a papyrus unrolled, and, although you look at it very gravely for half an hour, with your head on one side, you can make neither head nor tail of it. Your Guide-book informs you, that No. 1019 is a bill of fare from the *Cato's Head Tavern* and *Chop-house, Pompeii*—it may be—and for all you know to the contrary, it may with equal probability be the story of *John Gilpin* turned upside down. Go home, sir, I advise you as a friend, mind your business, if you have any, and don't stay here, to make a fool of yourself.

The Irish *Pompeii*, which, of course, you have not seen, for no other reason than because it lies under your nose, is situate, lying, and being in that part of the United Kingdom called *Ireland*, and is occasionally called and known the *Earl of Meath's Liberty*, or, simply, *The Liberty*. It is bounded to the north by *Thomas Street*, the scene of the *Rebellion of Emmett*, in 1803; to the south, by *Harold's Cross*, and the *Royal Canal*; to the east, by *St Patrick's Cathedral*; and, to the west, by the *New Market* and the *Circular Road*, and contains, upon a moderate computation, the ruins of not less than ten thousand houses, and a pauper population of probably sixty thousand

souls. It is termed, with great propriety, *The Liberty*—I presume, from the free and easy style, of the tenements and their inhabitants. The most unbounded hospitality would prevail, if there happened to be any thing to give, for every body literally keeps open house all the year round, the doors having long since been removed to facilitate the practice of their peculiarly Irish virtue of hospitality; and the window-frames have in like manner disappeared, in search of another situation. Street after street of these tenements present themselves to the eye of the curious stranger, naked of window as of door; and save that they are densely inhabited, and still retain staircases and floors, more like a city sacked by fire than the result of any ordinary process of gradual desolation and decay. The sewers are long since impervious, and a mantle of chickweed verdantly luxuriates over the stagnant puddle that fills the various avenues from side to side—it is no stroke of imagination to say, that you breathe an atmosphere of typhus—contagion is palpable—you may cut the malaria with a knife.

If I were to tell you of the solitary rambles I have had in this metropolis of utter desolation—of the sights I have seen—of the sermons I have drank in with my eyes, that with mute eloquence would melt the very stones under our feet—half-grown boys literally naked, in their buff, about the streets—and grown girls hiding their nakedness under dirty straw, within doors—exanimate wretches, dragging their carcasses along, holding on by the wall, attenuated by no disease, sick of the want of food alone;—if I were to particularize an instance from this mass of misery, and concentrate its hideousness before you, I dare say you would conclude me deranged or drunk.

Gracious God! is it not enough to drive a man mad, to hear the frantic buffoonery of liberators, agitators, demagogues, and paid patriots, whose lives pass away in the contrivance to give variety to extortion—who aban-

don their own trades, to seize upon the trades of the brewer, the banker, and the beggar, whose gluttonous thirst of gold would drink up all the land and the produce thereof—the echo of whose mendicancy never dies!

Shade of Andrew Marvel—the poor, the unpurchasable—the patriot! Can your pure spirit behold the vulgar herd of mercenary profligates that polute, in our degenerate days, that sacred name! Behold them in the commencement of their career, provoking the senseless yells of poor misguided men, exciting them to an unequal contest with power, intelligence, and wealth, and leaving them to the not uncertain issue. See them winging their meridian flight between the Treasury bench and Downing Street, like a flock of wild-geese; and, finally, in the evening of their agitation, behold them settling down into contented hirelings, polluting, it may be, with their presence, the asylums of warriors out-worn in their country's battles; or, perched behind a west-end omnibus, agitating the peripatetic population with outstretched index, and a parrot-like repetition of "Charing Cross, Charing Cross," "Paddington," or "Bank!"

Tripoli, lies between Pimlico and the Puddle, being three distinct and separate denominations of streets within the Irish Pompeii aforesaid; and in Tripoli our reduced family had located themselves, after the death of my father, and the departure of my mother, who, finding that the hereditary glories of the Snakes of Galway were somewhat slightly regarded in the Liberty of Dublin, had accepted the situation of housekeeper, being a bouncing young widow, and very well qualified for that kind of thing, to her sixteenth cousin, Mr Snake Bodkin, a gentleman horse-jockey of nearly two hundred a-year, and hereditary Prince of Ballinamuck—a title which had come down to the present Mr Bodkin through successive generations of Bodkins, in unbroken succession, from the venerable old King Cole, the last independent king of Connaught, and Lord of Connemara. Mr Snake Bodkin and the Snakes of Galway agreed marvellously—they were both old families—so very old, indeed, that it was considered altogether hopeless to attempt keeping them in repair—not one of them had ever been known to de-

mean himself with any sort of exertion more profitable than that of running after a fox, or clearing stone walls at the risk of their precious necks, for a sweepstakes, or a rump and dozen. There are two undoubted tests of comparative excellence in use among great Connaught families, and, in particular, the great family of the Bodkins—the first is, how high can you jump? and the second, how deep can you drink?

If your hunter can clear a six foot stone-and-lime wall, you are a promising youth; if he tops six feet and a half, the whole country side unanimously determines that you'll do; but if, by miraculous elasticity of sinew, he scrambles over seven feet, your reputation extends as far as Ballinasloe, while in your own immediate vicinity you are booked as neither more nor less than "the Devil himself." In drinking, claret was formerly the standard liquor for the determination of the tippler's specific gravity, but, alas! you might as well expect poteen at the royal table as claret beyond the Shannon, now-a-days, whiskey-punch being the medium universally substituted. The same rule, however, holds in drinking as in jumping, imperial being adopted instead of superficial measure, or, in other words, tumblers for feet—half-a-dozen being considered the regular thing, which, if you cannot put beneath your belt as a matter of course, you are fit for nothing but to go under a cow. Eight tumblers are expected of every gentleman who is ambitious of being pulled up to "half-cock," while he that can "do the dozen" is "a top sawyer"—a "real blood;" and if he get the loan of a qualification, or what is all the same thing, can manufacture one out of his own head, and sets up for the county, his potatory prowess puts him at the head of the poll, and you may behold him any day during the session in a sixpenny chop-house near Westminster, "a knight of the shire girt with sword."

Whatever might have been the exact amount of the remuneration allowed by Mr Snake Bodkin to his housekeeper, it was not understood, I presume, as being payable in the current coin of this realm, as no money was ever received by my aunt for our support, that is to say, the support of

my brother and myself—the female progeny having been taken out of Tripoli by another aunt, who resided in the county Tipperary, and upon whose shoulders devolved the pleasing and profitable duty of supporting this moiety of the family of her beggarly relations, in addition to her own, as usual and customary all over Ireland. In other countries poor and honest people are sometimes seen enriched in their old age by the successful exertion of their relatives who have struggled into independence, and, it may be, perished in the struggle, in some far distant and pestilential clime; in other countries, you see the wealth accumulated by daring adventurers, who left their native land without a rag to their backs, returning to enrich, in schools, hospitals, and colleges, the land that knows no other preference with them than it was the land of their birth. In other countries, you see the successful adventurer himself, whom God has blessed with life and the fortune of war crowned with wealth, coming home to diffuse happiness every where within his sphere—to look about him for young men to assist and send forth upon the sea of life—to solace the aged and the unfortunate; or, it may be—tender and delightful hope—to renew the loves of his purer and happier days with the betrothed partner of his heart—to wander with her through scenes consecrated by their early loves—to lament together the bitter lot that separated them so long and joined them so late—to press lip to lip and heart to heart, in the proud consciousness that they have held sacred their plighted faith, and enjoying the little that of life remains, look beyond this poor earthly habitation, in the anticipated enjoyment of a prospect that knows no horizon—a spring that tastes not of change.

In Scotland now—perhaps you have shot grouse on the Scottish moors—I don't accuse you, mark ye, of having really shot any, but only of firing with intent to kill—but you have purchased a few brace from the village poachers, and sent them off like Jack in the box, which does quite as well. When you are at breakfast next morning you are sure to hear from the chambermaid, if you have had the brains to insinuate yourself into her good graces, the entire village gossip;

but first and chiefly that “there is a double letter in the post for Mistress Mackintosh frae her son the Major.”

Mind I have presumed in this case that you are one of those acute grouse-shooters who can look over the bridge of their own noses, otherwise you would never think of following with your eyes that venerable lady in widow's weeds who keeps the crown of the causeway, holding up her dress a very little with her left hand, while a reticule embarrasses her right, and from the fold of her bosom peers something white, like the corner of a despatch.

There she comes—Mrs Mackintosh herself, straight from the post-office—and there she goes, without stop or stay, straight into the little shop with three watch dials hanging by bits of string in the window. Heaven help you, Saunders MacIntyre, if the good lady's specs are not “bused” and ready in the case! What a time she stays with Saunders to be sure. Here she comes at last, spectacles on nose, steering right for our hotel. Yes—no—she is gone into the county bank, and there she is again coming out. She fumbles with her bosom—her spectacles are dim—she takes them off, wipes her eyes stealthily, and puts them on again. Off again! Ah! poor old lady, I see how it is. Here, Carlo, Carlo—Grouse—down, you old beast—whew! come in to heel!—Poor body! her heart is at the other side of this world, and her little remnant of worldly hope and pride is with the Major in Hindostan—he is grateful, and she is happy. You are friends with that Major, I'll lay you half-a-dozen of champagne, although you never heard of him before, and if you don't devote your second caulker—the first is for a little blue-eyed minx—to the Major's health, and prosperity to him, all I can say is—you are not the sportsman I took you for!

In poor unfortunate Ireland, on the contrary, if you were to shoot snipe and cocks—there are no grouse worth looking at—from this date until [the ensuing illustration is private property, and all poets, play-wrights, or penny-a-liners, found trespassing, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law] I say, until you *blue-mould*, your eyes would never be blessed with the sight of a double letter worth the postage; in fact, if you only

look about, you cannot fail to observe that in three out of the four provinces, every man who is getting his head in the least above water, is instantaneously submerged by a crew of drowning relations, and "people in law" who will neither work nor want—a herd of squandering, coshering, wandering blackguards, without industry, push, or behaviour—neither useful nor ornamental—a drug in the market of society.

And what astonishes me more than any thing else is this, that industrious and well-doing men, who have struggled to a competence, in the face of difficulties unknown in prosperous countries, seem not at all aware of the mortal sin against society they commit in giving aid, countenance, or protection to these traitors against the commonwealth. What is national wealth? The surplus of every man's accumulation after the satisfaction of his wants—and it is a crime not merely against a man's own family, but against the national credit of his country, to suffer himself to be drawn into beggary by an apparently humane toleration of mendicants by marriage or by blood. There is now no excuse on the ground of necessity. Pack them all off to the workhouse. And when they are gone, buy a fierce mastiff of the neighbouring butcher, and chain him over against your gate. You will then be enabled to get wealth, and to be of use to your country in spite of herself. Nor do I fear to assert that the man who accumulates wealth, be it little or much, by honest industry and saving in Ireland, is a truer patriot and a better man than all the demagogues that ever brayed a mob into riot and confusion. If the opportunity does not present itself at home, the world is young and wide, and you have hands. There is Australia for men with some money, Canada for men who have a little, and Texas for those who have none. I can tell you three little words that command success at home or abroad—firstly, push—secondly, push—thirdly, —you know the rest.

My excellent aunt, then, upon whose broad shoulders devolved the burden of the masculine moiety of our unfortunate family, contrived to keep soul and body as nearly as possible together by letting very respectable second-rate lodgings in a very respect-

able third-rate street. Occupying to her own use the back parlour and back kitchen, the other rooms of her house formed the poor woman's entire stock in trade, being let to various grades of occupants, at weekly rents, in the inverse ratio—excuse me, Professor de Morgan, for a moment—I say, in the inverse ratio of their proportionate distances from the attic, and directly as the squares of their capacities—Ahem! The front parlour was usually occupied by the Chinese Jugglers, the Great Magician, or the Wandering Piper; and when these diverting vagabonds did not arrive in perpetual succession, one down and the other come on, which, indeed, was seldom the case, my aunt was accustomed to sit there and receive company. In the first floor lived a gentleman who had half-pay from some regiment of militia, and whose present occupation was, as my aunt used to express herself, "dandering about the corners, and living upon his money," to which he added, in the afternoons, the more ingenious and equally lucrative employment of blowing the German flute.

The two-pair front was held by a couple of juvenile medical gentlemen from the north of Ireland, as tenants in common, who were in attendance upon the hospitals and classes in Dublin, and were nurtured in a primitive style of sustentation from a large barrel of pickled pork and a firkin of salt butter, which their humble parents had transmitted with them to town—oatmeal they purchased fresh and fresh as they needed it, for breakfast and supper, while at Christmas, New Year's-day, and Easter, parcels of fat geese from the country diversified a little their somewhat unvaried fare. I never recollect my aunt to have had so much pleasure with any of her inmates as with these pursuers of "knowledge under difficulties," but she could hardly abide them, under an impression that they were heretics and scoffers at religion. Of their heretical tendencies she was convinced by the fact of hearing them pray somewhat tediously over the pickled pork and porridge; but the charge of scoffing at religion never had any more solid ground than I know of, than the incaution of one of the young gentlemen in rashly emptying my aunt's holy water bottle, for the pur-

pose of supplying the place of that beatified liquor with a halfpenny-worth of ink. Nor, when I think of it again, was the indignation of my aunt altogether without cause, for there are no two fluids in nature more thoroughly incompatible than your holy water and your ink;—wherever the popularity of ink is established the holy water dynasty falls rapidly to decay;—the two grand antagonising powers in spiritual matters, whose conflict for the possessions of immortal souls began with Beelzebub and Saint Dunstan, and which has continued without intermission to this blessed day, appear to me to be no other than His Holiness the Pope, and His High Mightiness the (printer's) Devil!

The press groans, and well it may, under the temporal oppression of the one; and wherever throughout the world you find ignorance, beggary, desolation, and strife, you have an opportunity of doing homage to the spiritual tyranny of the other.

To which of these potentates the ultimate triumph must belong, is a speculation upon which posterity may employ itself with more advantage than our cotemporaries. In a world of cant, hypocrisy, and humbug, his Holiness the Pope must long play an important part—wherever intelligence is flooded over the vast expanse of the popular mind, and man rejoices in the glorious fertilization that waits upon its overflow, the Printer's Devil must be regarded with the profoundest veneration. The ignorant, the imbecile, the aged, and the unfortunate, seek consolation from the one; the intelligent, the vigorous-minded, the young, and the hopeful, enlist their energies and their prayers in the success of the other. For myself, I take no part in the struggle on either side. Your Holiness must excuse me. To hold your triple gossamer merely?—with the greatest pleasure; fair play's a jewel, and civility costs nothing—make a ring, there, gentlemen, make a ring—now, stand clear—all ready—pull away, Pope; pull away, Devil!

My aunt had demised, set, and to farm let her two-pair back to a morning or daily governess of a certain age, very popular in the families of several licensed victuallers, and a pawn-broker of long standing, whose young ladies she was employed to instruct in the lady-like accomplish-

ments of vulgar-fractions, thorough bass, and the use of the globes, at the rate of one shilling sterling per head per week, finding her own India-rubber and slate-pencil.

Miss Cobbe, for that was the name of the governess, had a sad antipathy to washing her face, and no less a strong propensity to moisten her clay—perhaps the one was a set-off against the other, and before you get too virtuously indignant upon the subject, let me do Miss Cobbe the justice to say that she never drank in the morning, that she never was drunk in the evening, but merely “comfortable,” and that nobody ever saw her drink, because she bought her own liquor, broke her own sugar, put on her own kettle, and then—turned the key in her two-pair back, and made herself “comfortable” at her leisure. Poor, desolate thing! friendless, homeless, husbandless, at the corner of life, turning into Old Street, who can be surprised if she came home from her hopeless task, to accomplish the female bumpkins of punch-sellers and pawnbrokers, and sought in her bottle for a few moments of ideal happiness, of which the cold and heartless world denied her the reality! Who can tell with what bright hopes and cheery prospects the poor thing may have set out in life—who knows by what successions of heart-blights those hopes and prospects have, one by one, like the tints of the rainbow, faded in a shower of tears—who has heard (for the poor girl is proud and will not complain) the story of her love and lost affections, or the tissue of undeserved misfortunes that have made her that she is? In regarding fallen man, or, saving your ladyship's virtuous indignation, fallen woman, let me implore your reverences of both sexes, over your claret and ratafia, to keep this little bit of dogmatic morality uppermost in your heads, so that it may have a chance to fall down by its own weight and mollify your hearts—where one individual walks voluntarily into vice, one thousand are deceived into it by unsuspected villany, or forced into it by the pressure of irresistible misfortune.

So much for the lodgers; now as to the landlady. My aunt was one of that tribe of helpless animated beings who get through life like a vegetable or a zoophyte, without forethought,

intelligence, hope, fear, or exertion. My aunt was as poor as a rat, and this circumstance, so far from quickening her apprehension or awakening her industry, was used by her as an instrument of sottish devotion, and as a thing not to remedy, if possible, but to squat down on her hams and thank God for. God loved the poor, she delighted to say, and nobody is poor but him that God hates; accordingly she held it equally as a point of honour and of conscience to do nothing whatever that would expose her to the danger of falling under the Divine displeasure by any profitable exertion of the faculties of mind or body. She was a voteen, and remarkable for her constant attendance to the duties of religion—very pious and very dirty.

She went to confession once every week, and washed herself occasionally once a fortnight—her house was never washed by any chance, and seldom or ever swept down, as my aunt nor none

of her family had ever been used to scrubbing, she was accustomed to observe. Her lodgers, if they made any complaints, were civilly told to try the next shop; and long experience had taught them, that in a nation of dirty people nothing was to be gained by change. Her house presented the same attractions as to externals as nine out of every ten houses in Dublin—the area was filthy, and the kitchen windows broken, or patched with brown paper—the pannels of the hall door stuck full of cobwebs and dust—all the upper windows opaque with want of cleaning—all the blinds torn, dirty, and awry—a *l'interieur* general filthiness universally prevailed, a blind man might smell his way from cellar to attic—and as to fleas, nothing but the want of resolute leaders, and a sufficient organization, precluded them from pulling my aunt's lodgers out of bed by the heels.

FASCICULUS THE FIFTH.

"Paddy Byrne was a man
Of a very great big knowledge,
And behind a quickset hedge
In a bog he kept his college;
He could tell the moon's age,
Cut corns, and could bleed, Sir,
And could teach a pig to whistle
Just as much as it could read, Sir."
Irish Minstrelsy.

Education becomes a topic of intense interest when in connection with the life of a man so justly eminent as—ahem—as myself; the most trivial topics attending the school-boy days of a genius are devoured with the intensest curiosity; the old woman who taught him his A, B, C, from a pictured book, participates in the glories of her breechless pupil's immortality, and to this day it is a matter of fierce and learned disquisition among contemporary editors and biographers whether the earliest production the embryo genius got by rote, was "Little Jack Horner," or that equally sublime conception of the poet, "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon." The interest that will attach to the records of my education, however, is not of this limited and individual character—my education is identified with the national education of my country, such as it is; and such as it is, such am I. It is to the elevating and moralizing tendency of

the systems of education which have successively followed each other, one down and another come on, in my unfortunate country, that I owe my happy and respectable position in society—the great genius of a porter and punch house—the oracle of an oyster tavern, and the monarch of pot companions.

It is no less due to those excellent, wise, and beneficent institutions for the diffusion of useful knowledge than to myself, to take a short and cursory view of the rise and progress of public instruction in Ireland, to which we may safely and solely attribute the present high position of that country in the empire of thought and in the republic of letters.

It is the poor prerogative of an unfortunate people to be solaced by the glorious recollections of the past, and to find relief from the contemplation of their contemporary degradation in the exulting remembrances of remote antiquity. As there are few indivi-

duals who cannot look back from surrounding desolation upon some bright moment in the retrospect of the past, so there are not many nations in whose sad histories do not occur glorious passages upon which posterity delights to dwell with the tenderness of filial affection. To this, or to some such amiable passion, are we most reasonably to attribute the prevalent disposition to exult over the faded glories of Irish literature, sanctity, and poesy; and to dwell vaguely upon those illustrious times, and no less illustrious men, of whose works, lives, or times, we in reality know nothing, whose reputation depends solely upon the remoteness of the age in which they lived, if, indeed, many of them lived at all, and who are judged by a partial posterity solely on the principle, "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*." The poet, antiquarian, and writer of romance may, and the patriot ought, perhaps, to foster and encourage this disposition to exaggerate the works which our fathers have done in the past times, and in the old days before them; but it is the privilege of the citizen of the world to demand upon what existing monuments, of what value, and to what amount, Ireland pretends to claim an intellectual elevation among the nations in times when her inhabitants were, to all appearance, ignorant of the more ordinary and necessary arts of life, when her peasantry lived in holes in the rocks, and her palaces, of which we hear such bombastic eulogies—her Emania and her Tara were royal residences of wattles plastered with cow-dung—and of which, at this day, not the most trivial trace can, by the most energetic enthusiast, be detected.

The learned Romans left evidences of their learning, records of their glory, and monuments of their power—the learned Greeks did the same—the learned Egyptians perpetuated the memory of their amazing folly and superstition—the learned Irish, "*insula doctorum atque sanctorum*," the isle of the erudite and the holy, have left nothing, or, which is the same thing, nothing worth any thing, unless it is determined to affix a reputation to the unread and incompatible trumpery of O'Flaherty and O'Connor, or to the long-winded hypothetical argumentations of a Leland or a Valancey.

In fact the learned old Irish had no

learning at all—we ask for evidence, and we get nothing but eulogy; and the publication of their minstrelsy by Mr Hardiman, proves to a demonstration how very little poetry will make a big book—there is not, in the whole collection, one stanza worth a two-penny tack, for vigour of thought, terseness of expression, or harmony of versification. If there be, let us have it published, and give in an account of the sale; the public are the best possible judges of national poetry.

How the religion of the learned old Irish was exhibited, remains to be proved. We presume they could have no religion whatever, until the captivity of Saint Patrick, by Nial of the Nine hostages; from which time, until the adventure of the English under Strongbow, cow-stealing and man-slaying are the only good works upon record. The testimony of a partial and national historian, Mr Moore, to the learning, poetry, and devotion of the ancient Irish, might have set the question at rest. He has left it, however, as he found it, giving nothing more than a confused jumble of obscure names, arbitrary dates, and unproved traditions. Yet, for the elucidation of this negative quantity, has public money been voted, Royal Academies chartered, and learned societies embodied, where papers upon the probable uses of the round towers are to be found, longer and more nonsensical than the round towers themselves, from the erudite pens of the Counsellor O'Rubbishies of their day—than whom the merest cotton-factory boy, at three and sixpence per week, does more for his species and for himself.

The antiquarian, it is true, triumphantly refers the sceptic to monkish manuscripts which he has never read, but which may, he conceives, be valuable because they are voluminous. But the best proof of the utter worthlessness of these spoiled sheepskins is, that they have never been thought worthy any other notice from the public at large, than that ignorant curiosity which is expressed on seeing them by casual visitants to the libraries of antiquaries. There is, no doubt, a considerable number of these useless documents scattered about Ireland, but they are all, without exception, mere dry chronicles of long-forgotten family pedigrees, of no sort of value whatever, not even to the owners.

The earliest, and, indeed, the only

early encouragement of education in Ireland, is contained in a statute of HENRY VIII., wherein it is expressly declared and provided, "That each and every incumbent shall contribute, at the least, forty shillings per annum towards erecting and maintaining a school in each and every vicarage, parish, or incumbency." One has only to contrast the terms of this enactment with that of the Scottish Estates, wherein it was enacted "that a good and sufficient school shall be erected and maintained in every parish," and wherein it was declared that a certain sufficient contribution for the teacher should be a fixed charge upon the heritor, or owner of the first estate of inheritance, to be convinced that some curse has hung over Ireland, in matters of legislation, as in every thing else. To these five little words, "*a good and sufficient school*," introduced into an Act of Parliament, not longer than my thumb, is Scotland indebted at this day for nearly every solid glory she possesses.

In these few words, the pride of her statute-book, must she confess the source of that proud pre-eminence which her sons are enabled to struggle for and to attain in every land under heaven, while the poor Irish are seen hewers of wood and drawers of water. While the very name of an Irishman raises prejudice and disgust, and is considered synonymous with drunkenness, riot and confusion,—the Scot, by the discipline of his good and sufficient school, is raised above the labour of the hands, receives the superior remuneration and respect due to the nobler labour of the head, and gloriously repays his careful country for the pains she bestowed upon his instruction, by carrying her credit and her honour to whatever station and whatever land his natural and national enterprise directs his steps. In the same spirit that inflicted upon Ireland the "forty shilling" enactment, drawn up, in all probability, by some unfledged owlet of a secretary of state, has every subsequent act relating to education in Ireland been concocted; with this difference, that whereas the "forty shilling" statute did incalculable harm in two or three words, later acts of Parliament have had their mischievous tendencies so enveloped in an ocean of verbiage, that it is difficult to say which was the greatest oppression—to read or to obey.

Of late, too, they are equally pernicious and extravagant,—if the "forty shilling" statute did no good, it wasted no money,—whereas, in our own day, we have seen, and indeed may see every day, fifty thousand a-year voted away by the servile adherents of a blackguard faction, which it is the courtesy to call a Government, for the purpose of being melted by a herd of stipendiary sycophants and swindlers, and of setting the various sects of Christians more bitterly together by the ears, than ever.

Of course nothing could be done for the establishment of schools in consequence of that accursed "forty shilling" enactment, and nothing was done: the people beheld the spectacle of a richly endowed establishment for spiritual instruction, in which two pounds a-year was the fixed and unalterable stipend for the temporal instruction of an entire parish, and in this very circumstance began that hostility to the Church Establishment which has pursued her steps unremittently ever since.

The next brilliant adventure of the Educational Legislators of Ireland—generally half-grown whelps, who go over there like medical students, for the purpose of getting a diploma, by virtue of which they may set up shop on their own account and do as much legislative mischief as possible elsewhere,—was the conversion of the public money to the wholesale manufacture of Protestants, under circumstances that could not possibly have failed to render a manufactory of cherubim and seraphim equally odious and unsuccessful.

This was the establishment of the Protestant Foundling Hospitals and the Protestant Charter Schools, which together, have hopelessly and utterly consumed more money than would have well and truly established in every parish in Ireland a good and sufficient school for each of the separate denominations of Protestant, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic, where necessary. And this, too, with the additional misfortune of demoralizing the people they were intended to convert, and of making bastardy an inducement to the prosperity of Protestantism. But it would not do; that which begins by becoming odious, will surely end by becoming contemptible; and contributing to render Protestantism odious and contemptible, was all

that the charter schools and foundling hospitals were ever able to accomplish.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise? If one glimmer of common sense, that most uncommon quality in legislators, had ever visited the perpetrator of these abominable "brat-houses" and kidnapping schools, he must have been convinced that any attempt to force a trade in Protestantism by the encouragement of bastardy, by the tyranny of landlords, or by the kidnapping of children, must have fallen to the ground. Why?—For no other reason than because it ought to fall to the ground. I often wonder that zealous people, who can be very angry people, too, if you tell them they are as blind as moles, will not see, that by uniting Protestant Christian interests with Protestant legal interests and Protestant political interests, they have precluded every possible chance of advancing the reformed religion upon its own merits, and have rendered its ministrations not merely unprofitable, but positively detestable. There is, by a great deal, too much zeal, tempered with by much too little discretion and want of consideration for the feelings of the people whose eternal enlightenment is the end in view. Popular prejudices in religion are as much a point of honour as a matter of conscience—probably more of the former than the latter; nor can they with success be opposed abruptly, but rather retiringly, as the obstinate waves of ocean are repelled, not by a perpendicular wall, but by a receding resistance.

After the smash of the charter schools and the foundling hospitals, nothing was done for educating the poor of Ireland until the establishment of the Kildare Place Society, upon the amalgamating or hocus-pocus theory of education. The hocus-pocus philosophy of national education was conceived in the brain of some ignorant old woman, who took it in her wrinkled old noddle that it would be a benevolent thing if little Popish brats and little Protestant brats could misspell the same words out of the same Universal Spelling Book, in the same school—could have an opportunity of spitting in each others' dear little Protestant and Popish eyes, when the master's back was turned, and also of quarrelling and boxing about their respective

religions as they went to their respective homes. The most odious, disgusting, and idiotic cant was set a-going by this benighted old she-owl, whom some people will have it was no other than my Lord Fingal, while others contend hard for the claims of Doctor Troy—about the vast advantages, in a distracted country, of little pauper vagabonds, of different creeds, being permitted to spit reciprocally down each other's gullets, which they facetiously called the United System of Education. Well, the hocus-pocus promised public plunder, and that was enough. The vermin that creep in and out of that loathsome nest of human debasement, Dublin Castle, began to be on the *qui vive*—rival churchmen laid down their arms, and came to a temporary and hollow-hearted truce, for the purpose of testing the hocus-pocus—and, it must honestly be confessed, with every secret disposition on both sides to a contraband proselytism. An army of officials, a model school most excellent of its kind, and a staff of inspectors were organized instantler—schools every where built—teachers of both sexes instructed at the Central Model School in Dublin, and dispatched to the provinces—an annual hocus-pocus report read and adopted—and, to all appearance, the Kildare Place Society was going on swimmingly; when, alas for the hocus-pocus theory of education! a bull got loose at Rome, cleared his way to the Kildare Place Society House, broke into the Model School, gored the masters and mistresses, put the little brats of all denominations to flight, and demolished the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations.

The next and last grand hocus-pocus, was the Board of National Hocus-pocus, composed of a parcel of tractable adherents of the Whig faction, whose common interest in politics might counteract, it was hoped, the centrifugal tendency of their various creeds, and that party might join whom theology put asunder.

This hocus-pocus did all that was or could be expected of its heterogeneous constitution—set the whole country in an uproar, and added one more bone of contention to the many already contended for in Ireland. Protestant and Presbyterian utterly repudiated all connexion with it, on the high and holy

ground of its impudent interference with the unrestricted use and integrity of Holy Writ. The Roman Catholics gave it a Jesuitical reception, as a thing to be used so far as taking the money, and violated so far as regarded the rules of united hocus-pocus laid down, but have never, either by manifesto of their bishops, or by their accredited theological organs, recognised the principle or given a hearty assent to its practical development. The Arians and Socinians, who took the money and conformed to the rules of the Kildare Place Society, now take the money and conform to the rules of the National hocus-pocus. It is not impossible that if the public money was distributed by Turks, they would do the government the favour still to accept the public money. Men who believe little, will ever find countenance and support from men who believe less.

As far as the immediate interests of Whiggery are involved, the National

hocus-pocus has succeeded to a miracle. The whole island has been converted into one vast arena for jobbing in school business. Every appointment connected with the department, and their name is Legion, is a subject-matter of private canvassing, favouritism, and adoption. In short, a job.—

Je suis jobber,
Tu es jobber,
Il est jobber,
Nous sommes jobbers,
Vous êtes jobbers,
Tout le monde sont jobbers.

This is the only result of the National hocus-pocus—the multiplication of jobs, jobbers, hacks, sycophants, and subordinates. Let our inestimable government only drag on a precarious existence for a few years longer, and happy man be his dole who can skim his pot without a government mercenary eyeing him down the chimney!

FASCICULUS THE SIXTH.

As bends the young sprig,
So the tree grows when big—
————— do you twig! —

O.E.

I think—to resume my personal narrative, which, like a true patriot, I have postponed to the preceding short dissertation concerning the origin and abuses of National Education in Ireland, because it cost me nothing — I say, I think it was about the seventh year of my age that my aunt was compelled, by a majority of the House of Commons, that is, of the lodgers in our house, to send me, very much against her will, to learn my alphabet at Lady Harberton's school, in Summer Hill. Lady Harberton was an excellent lady, and maintained at her own costs and charges an excellent school—her object was, to educate, not to convert. She knew better than to try to cram her religion, whatever it was, down other people's children's throats, and the consequence was, other people sent their children to Lady Harberton's school with much gratitude, and “no questions asked.” What with blackguarding about the streets, as customary with young gentlemen of my rank and station in Dublin, and sitting all day long upon

the quay wall, with a crab tied to a string, bobbing for eels, I imbibed a natural and instinctive abhorrence of all sorts and sizes of book learning, which has continued to this very day. I mention this to propitiate critical readers, who may cavil at the looseness of my style, and want of rotundity of my periods. I hope for their indulgent consideration, when I assure them, upon my honour and conscience, that I never learned my English Grammar, that I am an untaught oyster-eater, and that my whole literary career has been the pursuit of oysters under difficulties.—To school I went, however, with great reluctance, and had got as far, I think, as round O in the Pictorial Spelling Book, when one unlucky day, coming home from Lady Harberton's, I stumbled and fell, cutting my juvenile proboscis upon the pavement. My aunt insisted that I had been whipped, in spite of all my asseverations to the contrary, and straightway went off to the police magistrates to get a warrant against Lady Harberton for

"murdering" her darling sister's son, a full cousin, thirty-three times removed, of Sir Orson Snake, Baronet, of Corkscrew Lodge, head and chief of the real, *ould*, ancient, good-for-drinking-and-nothing-else Snakes of Galway. The warrant being, of course, refused, my aunt declared she would "skiver the heart" of Lady Harberton, for allowing her darling boy to be "thumped;" whereupon she was very properly bound over to keep the peace towards his Majesty's subjects, and to her ladyship in particular, and I was graciously permitted to return to my primitive education of blackguarding about the streets and bobbing for eels.

At these pursuits I might have continued long enough, had not a charitable neighbour of ours promised me threepence a-week while I went regularly to the Model School of the Kildare Place Society. Here I actually learned to read, and to perform a series of eccentric evolutions with the tip of my fore-finger, in a platter of sand, which I was led to imagine nothing less than signing my own name. I also came to understand that the world had two halves, and four quarters, and indeed, to this very day, I cannot well imagine how the world could, by any possibility, have more or less.

All this, and very little more, I was bribed to attain by the stimulus of threepence per week; for, although I hated learning as a National school-master hates the gospel, I had sense enough to know that threepence a-week was an income not to be sneezed at. Of course I kept the threepence a-week a profound secret from my aunt, but that did not save me from the mischievous exercise of the unhappy creature's folly and absurdity. Some good-natured friend had told her that pauper children were received at the Kildare Place Model School, and educated in the same classes as her sister's son, a scion of the noble Snakes of Galway. My aunt's blood was up in a twinkling. She wondered who had dared to induce her sister's son to "demean himself in a school with ragamuffins," and informed me that if I put my foot over the threshold of a school where "beggars' brats" were permitted to enter I need never darken her door. There was nothing for it but to give up my aunt, or give up the threepence a-week and the Model School. The latter

I did not care so materially about, but the loss of my little independence was a thing not to be thought of,—so sensibly does self-interest touch us at the earliest age,—threepence a-week was a halfpenny a-day, for every working-day. My aunt, to be sure, was—my aunt, and that was all; so, with small deliberation, to the devil I pitched my aunt, her second-rate lodgings in a third-rate street, her devotion, her dirt, her insufferable pride, and the Snakes of Galway!

With tears in my eyes, I lamented my hard fate to my benefactor—tears, which the good easy man attributed to the laudable emotion of a love of learning, acting upon an ingenuous and sensitive mind,—never dreaming that the probable loss of the six halfpence per week had opened the fountains of mine eyes on this occasion. Instead, however, of withdrawing his bounty, he advised me to try some profitable line of life, towards which he munificently presented me with a capital, in ready cash, of half-a-crown. After some time spent in consideration of the various avenues to fortune which might be opened by the magic of two and sixpence, I determined in favour of literature;—I had thoughts of stay-tape, needles, pins, buttons, and buckram; but all gave way to my attachment to literature, not from any love for letters, but because letters were associated in my mind with the celestial music of six weekly "browns" harmoniously chiming in the left-hand pocket (for I am left-handed, like Col-kitto) of my corduroy "smalls." Accordingly I embraced literature, the trade of great men, and began professional life as a newsman. If you have never been in Dublin you are not probably aware that the regular trade of a news-vender is there unknown,—subscribers to the various newspapers are furnished with their copies direct from the newspaper office, while casual readers depend upon peripatetic news-mongers who go about shouting the names of newspapers at the top of their lungs, from one end of the city to the other. These people are also accustomed to lend the various papers to those who require them for a short time, at the rate of one penny or two-pence per paper, as may be agreed on, and in this way make a profit of from twopence to eighteenpence per diem. I was obliged to be up by peep

of day to await the opening of the newspaper offices, for our hope of sale depended much on being early in the market; the morning coaches were next to be attended to, and canvassed for purchasers; then, if I had luck, I was accustomed to indulge in a "penny dog," a "crubeen," and a "cropper," which, it may be proper to apprise the uninitiated, are terms translatable, respectively, by—a penny roll, a boiled pig's trotter with the skin on, and a glass of raw whisky. When sales were dull, I contented myself with the "cropper" only, and thus you see how it is that poverty and drunkenness come to be so constantly associated.

If I had the good fortune to take breakfast, which always depended upon the humour of the passengers by the early morning coaches—it was now nine o'clock, at which hour I was expected to deliver the morning papers with my respective customers—running from house to house to receive and re-deliver my papers, standing a little while at the hall doors until the lazy servants tumbled up, in which interval, I improved my political information by a cursory glance at the leading article, occupied me until dinner time, when a bowl of beef broth with cabbage in it, and another "dog," served me for dinner, and then I was off like a shot to be first for the evening papers. When these were issued, my rounds recommenced, broken in upon only by attendance on the exit of the evening mails, and occasional aberrations into the punch-houses in search of "a cropper;" until midnight, when I received my last *Evening Post*, or *Evening Mail*, as the case might be, from the hands of the sleepy footman or worn-out waiting-maid, and slunk home, very often wet through and through with a long winter-day rain, to balance my account on my ten fingers with the publishers of the Dublin newspapers, and strike a balance in my own favour, after a hard day's work, of—fivepence halfpenny.

I spare you a description of my three-pair back in Golden Lane, where I was accustomed to repose on "half a bed" (for a bed, read straw-matress with a counterpane slung over it), at ninepence sterling per week, because there was really nothing to describe. I have seen in print, to be sure, very picturesque and elaborate

descriptions of the habitations of unshaven highwaymen and juvenile pick-pockets, but I have lived in places of this kind myself, and never saw any thing describable, although I can enumerate very many things that are not. The places were poor and not very clean, to be sure, but at ninepence a-week I saw no opportunity of doing better.

I hope I will not be construed into having any intention to disparage the Cockney school of prose by these observations. *The Newgate Calendar*, and the *Lives of Eminent Housebreakers and Highwaymen*, I take to be historical works of a very high order, of an undoubted accuracy and research in matters of fact, great probability and truth in the deduction of inferences, manly vigour of sentiment, and elegant terseness of expression. Even as to minor literary graces, I think it impossible for any refined and feeling mind to peruse the account of "Dorothy Hastie" in the *Newgate Calendar*, who smoked three pipes of tobacco, and imbibed two pots of half-and-half, sitting up in her coffin, having been an hour before turned off at Tyburn, without confessing that in pathetic passages, that spirit-stirring work is no less great than in simple narrative and unexaggerated description.

But I am no less bound in candour (sitting for a moment in the critical chair) to confess, that when I see murdering pedagogues, who taught Hebrew and astronomy, and cut their neighbour's throats—hunted highwaymen, whose chief recommendation to the public seems to be their great capabilities for running away—sentimental house-breakers, talking platronics, and keeping mistresses, degraded from their natural and legitimate immortality in the *Newgate Calendar*, and *got up*, for the trade, in all the trumpery namby-pambyism of fashionable novels, faded dialogue, stale jokes, and melo-dramatic tricks, borrowed from the penny theatres and inserted by way of plot, I am not a little inclined to turn to the last few pages of the last volume in the hope of finding the sentimental author and his sentimental felon "turned off" in eternal enjoyment of each other's very delectable society. Of course, as I said before, I would not by any means

be understood as putting the era of Addison, Swift, and Steele, Smollet, Richardson, or Goldsmith, in competition with the exalted Cockney literature of our day, which, together with the Cockney school of architecture, inspires the awe-struck spectator, or reader, as the case may be, with mingled sentiments of exalted reverence and rapture—

"With my sentimentalibus pickpocket-
orum,
And pathos and bathos delightful to see—
With my stucco and paint, à-la-mode
Cockney-orum.
Sing hi-diddle, ho-diddle, pop diddle
dee."

I went on in the literary line of life for about three years and three quarters with fluctuating success. In the Parliamentary season, when trade was brisk, I eat always one, and occasionally two meals a-day, and kept my toes within their appropriate leathers. About Christmas and in the long vacation, I assure you solemnly, I was obliged occasionally to take to ballad-singing, to raise a penny. I daresay you think this cursed low—and I agree with your worship—but business was slack, and times dull, and if it were not for the dreadful murders in Tipperary, which averaged in my time about five per week, and went off briskly at a halfpenny a-piece, may I never taste a drop of any thing stronger than my aunt's congo if I could have made the two ends meet.

During all this period I made great progress in the study of leading articles and the whole mechanism of newspaper manufacture, which it will be my duty to detail to you at more length in connexion with my distinguished career as sub-editor, foreign correspondent, and city intelligencer of the "*Flare-up*" Metropolitan Sunday paper, of which more in its proper place.

My old patron, to whose munificence I was indebted for the half-crown with which I established myself as a "diffuser of useful knowledge," continued to be very kind to me on all occasions, and indeed I must have gone for a soldier many times if he had not now and then volunteered the loan of a sixpence.

On Christmas day, New-year's day, Easter Sunday, and Whit Monday, as sure as those long-expected festi-

vals came round, my generous Mæcenas gave me a dinner—not a dirty plateful of trimmings and potato skins, as if I had been co-equal with the pigs in a sty (the coin in which a great many pious alms-givers lend to the Lord), but the joint on which his own good-hearted family had regaled themselves, brought to a little back parlour by one of his rosy-cheeked daughters—may I never prosper in love if I have seen so fine a girl before or since—with a black jack of sound beer, potatoes, and bread—as the beggarly Mounseers say, "*à discretion*." When I had tucked in a week's victuals, at the very least, the rosy-cheeked darling entered, bearing a full, hearty, honest tumbler of punch, with her father's compliments, hoping I had made a good dinner; whereupon it was my custom to drink healths a piece to you, miss, to your good father and mother, and all belonging to them, prefaced with what I observed the newspapers to call a "neat and appropriate speech."

To see what honours and dignities a man may arrive at in this free country! here you see me, the little newspaper boy—now a big boy—recording his various efforts in search of bread in a production as widely diffused as civilisation itself—admitted to the participation of *MAGA*, bound up in the same reverend wrapper (let me speak it exulting humbly), with the critic, the orator, philosopher, naturalist, statesman, philanthropist, poet—with, in two imperishable words, CHRISTOPHER NORTH himself!

Let us have none of your Radical trash about aristocratic exclusion—the fashionable world, it is true, is exclusively aristocratic, and it ought—three thorough-bred generations, at the least, are indispensable to the constitution of a visitor at Almack's; and sooner than let "faggot peers" or mushroom baronets quiver a metatarsal bone within those crimson cords that limit the gay confusion of the dance—strike me hideous—or, it is all the same—amputate my whiskers!

Political, legal, magisterial honours—employments, civil and military—every man that *can*, even an oyster-eater, aye, or an oyster-seller, if he chooses to try, *may* win. Come on, then, my generous rivals in the pursuit of honourable fame—the contest is noble, and does equal honour to the

vanquished and the victor. Forward, charge—pick up the pieces, and the devil take the hindmost!

You have been thinking, no doubt, of Edmund Burke, who rescued, to his eternal glory be it trumpeted, Barry from obscurity and Crabbe from famine—perhaps it is your good fortune to be able to look back, in all the luxury of complacent reflection, upon the success of some friendless youth to whom you have been a friend—at any rate, you are ready to jump out of your skin, with a natural and laudable curiosity to become acquainted with my *Mæcenas*, and to join with me in perpetuating his name.

Who could he be? Perhaps the dispensary doctor, a class of men who do more unostentatious good than bishops,

and are worse treated than hand-loom weavers—perhaps it might be the Honourable Tom, the—devil, or Sir Booby Buckskin? None of these! The rector of the parish, it may be, or the church-warden, or some kind gentleman of the press? No, indeed, he was none of these—neither dispensary doctor, Honourable Tom, nor Sir Booby Buckskin, rector, church-warden, or gentleman of the press, but simply and only head billiard-maker in Crampton Court, with nine children and a wife, on a salary of one guinea per week—and his name—his name, gentle reader, was not, as I stated, by mistake, *Mæcenas*, but — *Rafferty*!

“Blush, grandeur blush, ye peers withdraw your blaze;

Ye little nobles, hide your diminished rays.

REFLECTIONS ON PUNCH—MORALS AND MANNERS.

THE gravest man, if his gravity arise not from villany, must yield up the muscles of his face to the will of merry Punch. I have been amused for an hour with one of these street exhibitions of vulgar humour. I watched his regular followers and the spectators. His regulars are boys, and mostly those sent on errands, as is plain to observe, by the parcels closely pressed, a matter of preparatory caution, under their arms, and a necessary precaution too, for, when the full influence of the show is upon them, the hand would surely relax its hold in wonder, and nothing would be safe. This body-guard of boys is every moment increased, from every neighbouring street and lane; for, like soldiers off duty, they have a great alacrity and readiness to hear and obey the sound of punch's trumpet. The spectators are men of all grades; and of women, but few. And why is this? Do they think it best to set their faces against the practices of Punch, or, have they an instinctive dislike of this rehearsal of their domestic play? I could not help thinking, as I walked away when the show was over, that if I were a woman of the lower grade, in which alone men are privileged to beat their wives, I would raise a female mob, and draw the merry ruffian from the streets. There must

have been many a one present, who, when the mirth was out of him, and ill-humour in him, would see, in the general applause, an excuse for beating his wife. And if they are, thought I, brought up from boyhood to look upon this brutality as a good joke, and all the abominable doings of the licentious rascal Punch as pardonable means of exhibiting his vulgar graces, what is to be expected of them when men? What vices are not covered, countenanced, and engrafted into the hearts of the young, by this accustomed levity! Punch is a scoundrel, a villain, and can have no kinship to any of human society. There is not one of woman born to do his deeds, and be humorous. If so, then it may be said, what harm can the example of the fictitious personage do? Much, because it may possibly bring, or help to bring men into a condition to do his deeds, and not to laugh, like him. Consider what he is—at best, an unfeeling wretch; in his extremes, a thief—a murderer. And yet, whether it be to the credit of a more virtuous neighbourhood, in which the exhibition may take place, or to the proprietor of the show, may be doubtful, he is not always represented in his worst colours. But, at best, he is bad enough. Now, the question arises, does he represent the standard of our age's vulgar mo-

erals, or are they so far above his, that they can afford to laugh and be uncontaminated? I really fear we can afford to do no such thing with impunity. Good-humour and joviality are the masks the devil wears every day, and in which he is most successful, up to a certain point. There is a degree of villany, where the power of assuming those characters is impossible; and that is an awful state. But here the resources of the devil do not fail him—he makes in fiction what cannot be in reality, sets up his wooden idol, unites the incompatibilities, mirth and utmost villany, and deteriorates human nature by an example beyond human nature. Such had been my reflections when I reached home; I threw myself into a chair, hoping that things were not quite so bad, and was willing to give up all my conclusion, when, without troubling my head further about the matter, I took up the newspaper of the day. I was first led to notice the Police Reports. I was struck with the coincidence in certain respects between them and the exhibition I had seen. The reporters had been each severally acting the peculiar parts of their proprietorship, and dressed up and pulled the strings of their puppets as they pleased, and put what words they liked into their mouths; or, verily, the manners of Punch and his proprietors had infected the whole community, and set off justices and culprits to enact buffooneries, before the scarcely sober world. I came to this case—and such are to be seen in every day's report: After many had been fined and punished for drunkenness and general disorderly conduct—some first offences, dull dogs who had nothing to say for themselves—a notorious offender is brought up; he has the gift, and in his peculiar way uses it; by a few quaint answers, gets the laugh on his side, and is let off, and with a burlesque virtuous admonition, that reads as if it were shortened to save magistracy from the downright indecency of a horse-laugh. We shall have H.B. caricaturing Virtue "holding both her sides," and Justice dropping the scales, no longer able to stand upright, from indulging in risibility at seeing the broad farce of Humour enacted by Vice. Quit the reports, turn to the politics—there too is the stage set up, the puppets worked, their trickeries exhibited, and with buffoonery for argument, sober truth

is hissed off the stage; mumping mummery and braggadocio impudence are the favourite characters, allowed to do any thing, or do nothing, as long as they can amuse the people by pocketing their money with a jerk and a trick. I have been gravely told, that a good, lying, filthy, successful newspaper joke against the Tories, is as good to an editor as a treasury warrant for a thousand pounds. "What serious is we turn to farce." We are become the most humorous people, excepting in our caricatures—there our humour is very small, indeed, and our wit may run in a curriole with our humour, well matched ponies. Punch had a language of his own—it is said to be partly obsolete, and that some of our most ingenious and clever writers have been employed in enriching his vocabulary. For this, they have sought expressions suited to his practices; they have therefore dived into those dens of iniquity where they would be most likely to meet with them, and, it must be confessed, they have brought back an ample store: They have entered, too, into the very mystery and power of the jovial villain, and as they have learnt from him the value of covering ill deeds with odd gestures and funny names, it is very hard to know things by what they are called; and slang words, and, if the expression may be allowed, slang apparel, so pass off meretricious morality, that half the world take her for real virtue. Some, in other respects elegant writers, seeing the thing become a sort of fashion, have been bolder still, and not only brought back the language from those dens of iniquity, but have actually brought the characters themselves, and made them speak and act pretty much as they do, perhaps, in real life, occasionally for the purpose of making them more interesting, engrafting upon them the manners of what is called a higher society, and, that there may be a fair reciprocity, occasionally engrafting upon more polished characters the manners, the slang included, of scoundrels and pickpockets. Punch himself, therefore, to keep pace with the fashionable world who have taken to his walk, is obliged to undergo changes. It is to be hoped they will be for the better, but, it is to be feared, the examples set him lead to the worse. From this adoption in our modern novels and fashionable writings of every descrip-

tion of this lowest London slang, as it may be called in their own style "the London particular," we may be considered at present in a transition state from one great class of ideas to another, of which the bounds and limits are yet undefined. Real morality is a sort of neutral ground, for the present tacitly abandoned, until the new sets of names shall be properly located by our new high commissioners. Until then, there is great confusion of things and of words. It cannot be expected, therefore, that we should be so shocked as we used to be at either. Our good-nature is sadly suffering from our good-humour. We prefer laughing with the facetious rogue, and fall into his view of cases that ought to excite our better sympathies. And thus we adopt a sort of scorn of virtue; we excuse our lack of charities, by turning into ridicule those that should be the objects of them. You will see one scrutinize with his glass his father's friend, now old and poor, and not seeing under the shabby coat the heart of worth and perhaps of extreme suffering, shall coldly pronounce, as he thinks wittily, the slang, that the old gentleman is a little "seedy." It would be better for him if he could construe the lines of the Roman Satirist.

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius
in se.

Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."

There is an assumption of heartlessness in this "humour" that, it is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, has not a corresponding reality within. But kind feelings grow kinder by cultivation, and cold feelings become quite benumbed, and benumbing all that comes in contact with them, by being ever kept in this brilliant ice. Brilliant, indeed!—it is paying it a compliment it little deserves. Those who, early in life, are ashamed to show feelings, are soon ashamed to have them, take the lesson they are taught, and first talk themselves and soon act themselves out of them. I have been quite astonished at the tone and language in which I have of late years heard young persons speak of their parents. Reverence is gone. The spendthrift son, and the cheated old father of the Roman stage, are coming up again, emerging stronger than ever into real life. Brothers and sisters are "bores." A gentleman not long since told me that he

had to entertain a youth just returned from Eton. He asked him if he had any brothers or sisters. What was his reply? He "believed there was a chap at home." Now, is it possible that this affectation, even if for the present it be affectation only, should not engender cold-blooded selfishness? A youth, such as I have described, has been evidently under a deteriorating system of artificial education—I speak of education as not of books only—every thing is education that is said or done by or before the young. He will read slang, and think himself sufficiently learned; he will talk slang, and think himself a wit; he will grimace it, and pronounce himself a gentleman; he will look it, and fancy himself independent. He will put it on him with his very clothes, will eat it, drink and smoke it, sleep upon it, and wake upon it, till he is little better than an ape, with worse feelings than an ape—and an ape will he be to the end of his life, for even his walking upright is artificial, and not as nature intended he should.

I said, that were I a woman in the lower ranks of life I would make a mob, and drive Punch out of the streets—were I a woman at all I would move my whole sex against the heartless gay, the jovial profligate. Their existence in society is a dishonour to their own sex, and an insult to the other. The age of chivalry was the golden age of virtuous sentiment, in comparison with the cold calculating age that is coming, or well-nigh come upon us. Time was when our youth at least were generous, and by an innate virtue, the remains of a better instinct, felt respect for woman as woman, and acknowledged without shame the chain that bound them to do her service. They owed allegiance to the sex as champions of virtue; and the more tender were their sentiments, they were the more manly. The general casts of their minds was, as happily the poet of a romantic age describes his own:—

"Naught is there under Heaven's wide
hollowness

That moves more dear compassion of
mind,

Than Beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedness

By Envy's frowns, or Fortune's freaks
unkind—

I, whether lately through her beauty
blind,

Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great
agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could
die!"

Spenser.

These are beautiful lines—but who will now-a-days read and acknowledge them? Nine young men out of every ten one meets with would not for a trifle read them, and own their virtue before each other. Our modern poets of "the fashion" have not dared to treat of love, as love should be treated of, and felt, but have given its name, to cover the deceit, to a silly fancy, and have sought out beauty in an Eastern harem, as if they were incapable of conceiving the real, the noble, and ennobling passion, that ever brings with it into the mind it enters, tenderness, generosity, courage—lifting, raising human character, and illuminating it with almost angelic brightness. We see little indeed of this now. And what do we see in its stead? Take the following dialogue which took place a short time since in my presence—A and B, two youths, ages about twenty-one. Oxford term over.

A. "Well, B, glad to see you. Stay long in town?"

B. "No, I'm off to-morrow. Going to hunt in —shire. Then go for pheasant-shooting to — Hall—Sir P. P.'s—good fellow—gives capital feeds."

A. "I only stay here a week just to see the fun, and am off for Brighton."

B. "For Brighton are you? why, George Sighaway is gone there—quizz him out of his love. The fool of a fellow is deucedly taken with some girl there."

A. "What—is he going to be married first and janned after, or janned first and married next, or take the two black jobs at once?"

Here both laughed heartily.

B. "No, no! not so bad as that—I don't think he's going to marry the girl. He isn't quite such a fool as that."

A. "Well, perhaps we shall see you taken in one of these odd days."

B. "No objection, if you can but tell me of a good spec—not less than twenty thousand."

A. "I suppose you'll take a 'Byron Beauty' with fifteen?"

VOL. XLV. NO. CCLXXX.

B. "I think I should go too cheap, and one mustn't underrate one's-self."

And so away they walked—and away I walked; they in their conceit, I in disgust. Are these men? thought I—were they of "woman born." Have they sisters? Sisters, oh no—that must be impossible. They might have slandered their mothers—but the words "taken in" could not have come from one who had sisters to love and to protect. They could not have been quietly and unblushingly heard by one who had a sister whose pure character was dear to him. Indignation at the suspicion implied, that a sister could "take in" any one, would have roused in a brother the little remnant of the dormant man within him. And if the being blessed with a sister only, lovely as the title is, and as the bond is, that name confers, shall it be asked if either of them love even one dearer than sister? It is impossible! The thought is a profanation. If half of our modern young men were choked in some of their "deuced good feeds," and the world left to be peopled by the other half, the ensuing generation would not inherit too much goodness. Our modern young gentlemen are but ill plants, grow like cucumbers, more to belly than head, and have but little pips for hearts. It was quite different in my younger days. Who would believe it now? but we were certainly in some way gifted then. We saw angels—and now one scarcely even hears of them. It was an angel-seeing age; I have myself seen many. I first began to see them about seventeen years of age, and that was in the year—but no, there is no occasion to mention the year, the angels might not like again to visit me, if I did—and I still live in hope. I cannot exactly say how many I saw before I was twenty, but they all struck me as having very beautiful hair—their eyes were heavenly; but if the first sight was enchanting, the first touch of the little finger of one, thrilled me all over, and then I knew and felt it was an angel. What is extraordinary is, that I have seen them of all ages, and up to a certain point, they seemed to advance in age as I did, and after that, to grow somewhat younger. I have seen them in cities, and towns, in villages, in the country, in theatres, at concerts, in churches, and chapels;

and some few, some very few at balls, private and public; yet at balls I have seen many that at the first glance had an angel look, particularly those in cerulean blue, as they stood up in those days in the long country-dance, but their mothers mostly sat behind them, and seemed to disenchant them by resemblance, and you could then see right through the seeming angels to the mothers in perspective. Those were happy days—sorry am I to say I have not seen one for some years; sorry, and ashamed too, for were I worthy, they would perhaps sometimes give a glimpse of their persons. Their persons—it was then not the least extraordinary thing that we angel-seers could read their minds—and it was the very first conception we ever had of the wonderful power of all the virtues united—united in one angelic form—not one left out. The sight did infinite good to the youth of that generation; that angels of the very same kind still walk the earth cannot be doubted, but the gift of discerning them is removed.

Philosophers tell us that vision remains active after the removal of the object—that is, we fancy we see what we do not see. It cannot be denied that this occasionally took place in the gifted. The last angel left a something upon the vision which was imparted to a new object, and the seers even fancied those angels that were none. I remember well an incident of this kind that happened to myself—being then under twenty-one years of age, I had been conversant long enough with one of those wonderful creatures to excite the suspicions of my parents, who wished for no angels in their family, and had no notion of their son's building castles in the air. I was therefore consigned to a relative at a great distance, with whom I resided some months. I was under a promise not to correspond with my beloved, and they were under promise that if, at the end of a twelvemonth, I was in the same mind, they would no longer oppose my wishes. Away I went with a heavy heart, and the angelic vision ever present. After I had been with my relations a few weeks, in a delightful country of hills and plains, rivers and woods, some visitors arrived at the house, and I must confess that the vision daily became rather faint, and seemed to require some substance

upon which it might throw its air of reality. Such substance was not long wanting. As Adelaide — was stepping out of the carriage, the vague image upon my mind was caught in her person; and ere a week had passed, she was the established idol of my heart. All the cerulean virtues of my former love were still there, embodied anew—the charm was transferred. The image that before possessed me did not become faint, but was absolutely absorbed in the other. Never was I under stronger enchantment: by degrees even the little differences between her manners and Julia's (which had at first occasionally *shocked* me) became additional beauties and merits. Julia was all softness, the gentlest of creatures, and as she turned her blue eyes upwards, I could fancy that she was communing with her native skies. Adelaide was rather brusque; I thought her, therefore, more free, and of a superior order. In all respects I took her for an angel of the first quality. But I was deceived. It was the radiance of my first love which would no longer be expended on the desert air, and had illumined an earthly object. And how did I discover this? Was she less beautiful? Quite the reverse; more lovely features were seldom to be seen, such brilliant eyes, such ringlets, whose very tangles were love-nets, and whiter or more even teeth I never beheld! Yet I did discover my error, and as follows. We were much thrown together—one day we were to ride to view a ruined castle at some distance—Adelaide liked spirited horses—I, therefore, put her upon my bay mare. The creature had no vice, and was just what she described as most to her liking. We proceeded leisurely at first; Adelaide became desirous to have a canter; I did not think her seat remarkably good; but had never questioned inability for any thing in such a being. The bay mare was hot, the canter became a gallop, I tried to keep near, fearing an accident. This made the matter worse. I saw her become unsteady in her seat; she caught hold of the mane and leaned forward; the mare threw up her head, and I heard a cry for help. I forced my horse on, and was at the moment of seizing the mare by the bridle when—what did I see? What horrible mischief, what irreparable damage had I, as I rapidly thought,

caused? I was Beauty's murderer. I saw the beautiful ringlets torn from her head, and, oh, the horror of the sight! Her teeth and the whole jaw hanging out of her mouth. It was terrible. In despair I threw myself before the mare and stopped her, when Adelaide alight down from the saddle. I stood aghast, looking at her face, when suddenly, with a jerk and a snap, in went jaw and teeth, and all was right again; and, giving me a cuff on the ear, she exclaimed in rather a shrill voice, "What the devil are you staring at, you fool?" I was suddenly disenchanted. The lost vision of Julia returned to me. We rode home somewhat silently. I gained my Julia, and Adelaide lost me and two fine ringlets, which she probably thought would as soon take root in the ground as upon her head, and did not deign to pick up. I had seen ruin enough without proceeding to that of the castle.

It is said we are progressing dally towards perfection. Our speed may be too great to allow us to stop and look; or for any thing besides "deuced good feeds," "shares," and "good specs." The age takes that turn—and so words change their meaning. The "golden age" in one sense is not the "golden age" in another. Our most romantic writers, that would fain follow "the course of true love," as far as they find it navigable, would as soon think of endeavouring to discover the source of the Niger, as to sail their little frail-boats a mile beyond Matrimony Point—as if it there terminated in a huge swamp. Where is the true loyal historian of the sweet passion, who shall faithfully delineate all the home tenderesses, and show the sunlit play of the perennial fountain in the ever-blooming garden of wedded love, whose infants are endearing cupids, such as Bartolozzi drew and painted in a fleshy red, as patterns for connubial bliss? He never told their parentage. They were so innocent they must have been the progeny of the angels; or, more probably, of some of Angelica Kauffman's pairs. Modern historians of the passion stop short at the most interesting point, when examples would be really servicable; and there we are, obliged to embark upon a perilous sea, without star, unless they be evil stars, and with no compass at all. Great as the state of wedded happiness must, in most cases, be, when not only hands

and arms, heraldic and otherwise, are united, but souls too are united, we have not a dozen pages in literature, after Homer, that give us any notion of it. Meagre, indeed, are the accounts of our Portias and Arrias, with their Pæteses and Brutuses, of whom our Sir John Brutes are no descendants. I say, since Homer, for he does all things well, and tells us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and we have lovely portraits of Andromache with her Hector and Astyanax—and of the ever-loving and chaste Penelope, whose suitors, by the bye, may very much resemble our modern young men, for they did not care three farthings about Penelope for Penelope's sake, but had "deuced good feeds," and intrigued with the maid-servants. And Helen—there is a history beyond courtship! It was a perpetual courtship by her devoted goodman Menelaus, who never ceased running after her, when Paris had run away with her, and against her consent, by the bye—all the wickedness of the thing was Venus's doing. We do not lose our interest for Helen, though she had been married, and run away with after. She is still the very animating soul and beauty of the "Tale of Troy divine." So wonderful was she, that Æschylus, who takes us into Menelaus's palace, shows us the bewildered husband walking his deserted halls, feeding his love only by a look at her many statues. That, too, must have been the age of angel-seeing; or Priam and his old counsellors would never have paid her the worship they did. And no one speaks ill of her but herself—*καὶ ἑαυτὴν*—which, translated, is nothing more than calling herself a female dog—what everybody now calls everybody from unsweet lips. Still there must be in life some evil examples—and, accordingly, we find them in Homer. Clytemnestra had a strong arm—no more need be said. His very gods had their differences of opinion, but still Jupiter was Jupiter, and Juno, Juno—and they made up their minds, and had undoubtedly a very fine family. The Greeks had magnificent and tender women—and how they loved them! Yet was their love nothing to the love the women bore them. Look at Medea; her history, too, is post-conubial—she murdered her own children rather than see them under a step-mother. And dear Alcestis—and the beautiful tale—the loveliest, the most

perfect of her sex, dying that her husband might live. Thrice happy, thrice loved, living dead, and living again. I know of no more delicate compliment than that of our philosopher, Sir Kenelm Digby, who well knew sympathies. Behind a portrait of Lady Venetia, his wife, he had written—"Uxorem vivam amare, voluptas, defunctam religio." I do not wonder that men of sense have ever (and men of sense are alone worthy of their regard), almost adored the sex. Consider for a moment what wonderful endowments they must necessarily have—what gifts of nature to conduct themselves as they do. They must have, as the wise Medea says, a sort of witchcraft about them—and yet a strange witchcraft, for they cannot divine, she asserts, into whose house and home they shall walk, nor whether they shall meet with bad or good husbands—and yet they must, and they do, adapt themselves to all the ways, whims, and vagaries of their husbands, and, oftentimes, of all their husbands' relations. They are called upon to act in a thousand capacities which they never dreamed of; they have too often to unlearn courtship, and to learn hard duties. To serve, literally, in every grade of life, and in every situation—the treasury, the nursery, and even the pantry—

"The Queen of Hearts put by those tarts," and the kitchen, for she made them. They are required to have at ready command real smiles for home, and artificial good-humour for company; tears are their own, and almost all they can call their own—their power and their privilege. In higher life they must be content with a thousand friends at home, instead of one husband, who is at his club; in low life, with a sorry cinder and lonely fire, and a sickly infant, for the sot of a husband is at the pot-house. All these capabilities and superhuman powers are expected of women; and, happy as the state of wedded life must be in general, or must at times have been, though now deteriorating, who can doubt that women have had, and have, all these duties to perform, and that they do perform them with patience, with every virtue—in one name, with love! Take the best man the world ever saw, and, were it possible, convert him into a woman, and let him retain his own inward character, and he would be nothing—worse than nothing. Then how would

the feminine virtues and graces shine, as seen by the side of this defective creature! The man-woman couldn't go through a day with patience, nor without discomfiture and disgrace. As to nursing his sick children, he would whip them, and forget to put them to bed. No—the sex must bear all our pains, and we inflict upon them all the penalties too. They bear all—the least we can give them is our love. Our love, if I speak to a degenerate race, let me say your love—our love, that is the love of us who have been angel-seers, is quite a different thing. Women do not always know this, but there really is no other love worth their having. They do not know it. Many a time have I seen them turn away from one of us, who would have even died for them if necessary, and have bound ourselves to do so in unalterable verse. Yes, I have seen them turn from one of us, under the fascinations of a pert, prating, empty-headed coxcomb, with no more feeling than his buttons—a grinning, teeth-showing coxcomb, incapable, utterly, of loving any but himself—who could twist, and turn, and waltz, and look impudent, which the sweet innocents could not perceive nor understand. And then the coxcomb would turn away, and say to another coxcomb, "Devilish fine girl that; I've been making an impression, I conceive, but don't intend to go too far, and be trapped—not to be trapped, hey!" Oh, this insufferable state of things! When the one who would have been the real true and good lover, suitor, husband, and father, for lack of grace in these minor accomplishments, either dies a bachelor, or, in romantic despair of any better angel, marries late in life "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." Let me give this one friendly hint to the dearest sex:—Do let the scholar, the gentleman, the man of sense, if he be not irreconcilably ugly, have a fair hearing. You will find such your best and truest worshipper. He will not saunter listlessly up to you, nor run, nor jump, nor skip up to you, grinning, and roaring his loud inanities of thought; he will not be voluble in slang to you, for that is the language in which he has not been a candidate for honours; he will not send you presents of jewellery for which he does not pay, because he is a man of principle; he will not deceive you in any way, much less

in flatteries, because Nature moulded his lips for truth; they are, therefore, rather of a manly shape, which you will quite love when you know their character, than of that versatile and changeable grimace, which, when you do understand, you will no more like than you do the unnatural evolutions of tumblers—both alike the effects of early distortions from the original stamp of truth. And, when such a one does utter sweet things to you—how sweet—[they will not come from a mouth tainted with cigar. His soft and pure breathings will need no fumigation—they will have a natural enchantment. You will be spared the incense of tobacco—the odious incense of a lying breath—the insult of tobacco. Were I a woman, I had rather be a widow and wear weeds, such as might become a widow, than admit a filthy fellow to blow his weed into my nostrils. But oh! I am raving like an impatient, ill-conditioned man, and showing how unfit we are for conversion into women. They have patience—can endure that and a great deal more. Do I forget Griselda—patient Griselda! Every woman is a “patient Griselda” who has a smoking husband. It must be the poison of that noxious weed that has pinched in, and deteriorated to such a degree as we see them, the bodies of the young men of the present day. Half of them are dwindling fast into shadows, nipt, cast off, smoking away their own epitaphs—“*Fumus et umbra sumus*”—we are but smoke and shadow.

Who shows disrespect to woman-kind insults his own mother; who shows disrespect to age, offers his own person for scorn to shoot at, at twenty paces. For to that age is he progressing, and some twenty paces will bring him to the point. Yet, is such disrespect too common. It is a mark of a selfish heart and a mean mind. Whence comes it, and to what degradation is it to lead? We never shall go on as we ought to do, until there be in our manners and feelings an infusion of the spirit of chivalric days. Men were then brave and gentle that could neither write nor read. And now we read and write ourselves out of all that is good. There never can be a better time to commence a change. Have we not a young Queen? A more “Glorious Gloriana.” So even in our homes let the empire of woman-kind be restored—fully restored. That

elegant and amiable dominion will demand our delicate attentions which will grace us like reflected beauty, even perhaps the best beauty. The habit of pleasing is ever rewarded by the habit of being pleased. Where there is a due deference to the sex, and a romantic caution not to offend, of how little consequence will be a few discrepancies of taste and temper. Things that are not quite pleasant in themselves, will be gilded over with agreeability. I have seen the happy effects of pursuing the deferential system. I knew a gentleman much given to study and reflection—there was a charm to him in silence. But he was wedded to one who knew it not. He was the most polite listener, even when what he heard was not to his own praise. He neither could nor would see a fault in the wife of his bosom, and though her incessant speech was a sad interruption to him for years, and perhaps deprived the world of valuable inventions, so far from complaining of or to her, he rather called himself to task for feeling it an annoyance. Now, one of the bruteschool would have plainly said, “My dear madam, your talk is a great bore,” and perhaps used still coarser language. Not he. He bore it smilingly for years, rather than endure the cruelty of making her aware of it; and at last, most happily invented an instrument which secured enjoyment to both. It was made of wire, and passed over the head, reaching on either side to each ear, where the wire was ingeniously turned inwards, and formed at the same time a coil, which was thickly padded, and pressed in upon the ears; they were, in fact, ear-dampers. The wire was so slight as not to be visible under the hair, and so likewise by a little arrangement were the dampers themselves concealed. He told me he had worn them for years, that he could think and reflect with perfect security, without interruption, merely occasionally bowing his head politely as in assent to what in reality he did not hear; and his dear talkative wife spoke in raptures of his sweetness of temper, for he never contradicted her. I have described the instrument that it might be useful in cases of domestic discord. Oh! M. Gisquet! M. Gisquet! did you really kick and cuff your *chère amie*? Did you really propose to a virtuous woman, with whom you could

not boast of any familiarity, to defame her own character, in order to enable you, with a double falsehood, to make your mistress jealous? And did you do this affecting sentimentality, for the indulgence of which you had insulted, and ruined the peace and welfare of your "amiable" wife and family? In England, if it were possible that such a letter as M. Gisquet's to Mad. Focaud could be written, the writer would be in a lunatic asylum. But in France—France, once the polite, now under the new regime of "Young France"—persons in their sober senses enact monstrosities against morals and manners; and, what is worse, their sanity is not doubted. Brutality, that in the first French Revolution sent out boat-loads of accomplished and beautiful women, guilty only of aristocratic manners, to be sunk, has grown to a very refined monster; and has learnt to cover with a gauzy sentimentality the innate depravities of a base and cowardly heart. Happy is the nation that cherishes female influence! Chivalric, heroic, romantic, are epithets of one great virtue arising from devotion to woman, and faith in her purity and exceeding loveliness. The possessor of this virtue will be happy in the thoughts it engenders—he will deeply love one woman, and will deem all, as partaking of her nature, to be endowed with a portion of her goodness; and for her sake will think himself bound to protect all. It pains, it angers me, to hear people speak as they do contemptuously of old maids and old women. It surely ought to be enough that men virtually reject all, to whom they might make offers of themselves, and do not, need not add unnecessary insult. For my own part, I see in every elderly maiden an object of admiration or of sympathy—one who has been bereaved by death or evil circumstances of all she loved; or one who in saintly blessedness has devoted her life to a gentle and extensive benevolence. If there were not some few such, richly endowed, to perform this assigned task, how cheerless would be many a secluded and miserable home and corner of human life, where man will not, perhaps cannot enter; and the married could only do so ineffectually. As to an aged, or, as she is in mockery called, "an old woman," I would view her with the eye of an antiquary, who pays the more devoted

attention to the ruin, and loves it a it is, while he feels within him the charm of imagining its former perfection. Oh, if women were but more scarce, we should fight for them as the greatest, the best riches—but we are thankless, and abuse the prodigality of nature. There are in England, Wales, and Scotland, four hundred and ninety thousand two hundred and seventy more women than men! So that because every man may have at least one, many will perversely have none—and how many ill-use those they have! We shall never, as I before said, go on well till feminine dominion be restored. There is love and gentleness even in its most severe enactments. The submission it exacts ennobles. I will venture to offer two examples, the one from high, the other from low life. They will show the tenderness and reasonableness of the sex, how fit they are to direct, and how much the happiness of mankind is maintained by concessions to them. That of low life will be given in a dialogue which actually took place, and, that it may not lose an iota of truth, it shall be given in the proper dialect, and verbatim. The scene is in that part of Devonshire which borders on the county of Somerset. A gentleman who had not seen his nurse for some years, happening to be in the village where she lived, called on her, when this conversation ensued:—

Nurse. "Lor a massy, sir! is it you? Well, sure, I be cruel glad to zee ye! How is mistres—and the young ladies—and maister?"

Master. "All well, nurse, and desire to be kindly remembered to you. You are quite stout, I am glad to see—and how is your husband?"

Nurse. "My husband! Ou, mayhap, sir, you ha'n't a heard the news?"

Master. "The news! No. I hope he is not dead?"

Nurse. "Oh no, sir, but he's dark."

Master. "Dark? what, blind!—How did that happen?"

Nurse. "Why, there now, sir, I'll tell ye all about it. One morning—'tis so long ago as last apple-picking—I was a gitting up, and I waked Jahn, and told un 'twas time vor he to be upping too. But he was always lazy of a morning: zo a muttered some'at and snoozed round agin. Zo, arter a bit, I spoked to un agin. 'Jahn,' says I, 'what be snoozing

there vor?—git up.' 'Zo,' says he, 'what's the use of gitting up bevore 'tis light?' 'Oh,' says I, 'tisn't light, is it? Thee'st know what's behind the door. I'll soon tell thee whether 'tis light or no, you lazy veller.' 'Then,' says he, turning his head, 'why, 'tis zo dark as pitch.' Now that did pervoke me—I'll tell your honour the truth—and I beginned to wallop un a bit. But—Lor a massy—God forgive me! in a minute the blid gushed to my heart—and g'id me zitch a turn, that I was vit to drap! Vor, instead of putting up his arms to keep off the stick, as a used to do, there was he, drowning 'em all all abrodd!—and a said 'Don't ye—don't ye—I can't zee! If 'tis light I be dark!' 'Oh,' says I, 'my dear, you ben't, to be zure.' 'Ees,' says he, 'I be, zure enough.' Well, I was a-gushed—zo I put down the stick, and looked to his eyes, but I couldn't zee nort in 'em. 'Zo,' says I, 'why, there's nort in your eyes, Jahn, you'll be better by'm bye.' Zo I got un up, and dressed un, and tootk un to the winder. 'There,' zaid I, Jahn, can't ye zee now?' But no, a zaid, a couldn't. 'Then,' says I, 'I know what 'tis. 'Tis your zight's a-turned inward.' Zo I tootk a pair of zizzers, not sharp-tapped ones, your honour, and poked to his eyes to turn the zight outward agin—but I couldn't. Well, then I brought un down-stairs into this here room, your honour. 'Zo,' zays I, Jahn, 'can't ye zee in this room, neither?' and a zaid no, a couldn't. Well, then I thought of the picturs—he was always cruel vond of picturs—thinks a, pr'aps a may zee they; zo I tootk 'um up to thin. 'There,' zays I, 'Jahn, don't ye zee the pictur?—'tis Taffy riding upon his goat.' But a zaid no, a couldn't. Zo then a' tootk un up to t'other pictur. 'There'—sir, he was always very vond of thin—and I pushed his nose close to un; 'there,' says I, 'to be sure you zee this pictur, can't ye?' But a zaid no. 'Why,' zaid I, 'tis Joseph and his brethren; there they be—there be twelve of 'em—can't ye zee ne'er a one of 'em?' But a zaid no, a couldn't zee none of 'em. 'Then,' says I, 'tis a bad job—your zight's a turned inward.' Zo we pomsterred with un a bit, and then tried some

doctor's trade, but it didn't do un no good; and, at last, we was told there was a vine man at Exeter vor zitch things—zo we zent un up to he. Well—there—the Exeter doctor zeed un, and tootk his box of tools, and zarched about his eyes a bit; and then a zent un home with this word, that he couldn't do un no good, and nobody else couldn't do un no good, vor a'd got a gustavus." Zo he's dark ever since, your honour, but he's very well to health."

I take the next example from the, *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and by it will be seen how sadly the power of women has been reduced.

Sir John Spencer was Lord Mayor of London in 1594, commonly called, from his great wealth, rich Spencer. He had by his lady (Alice Bromfield) one sole daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, of whom there is a tradition, that she was carried off from Canonbury house in a baker's basket, by the contrivance of William, the second Lord Compton, Lord President of Wales, to whom, in the year 1594, she was married. The following letter from her to her lord, without date, but written probably in or about the year 1617, shows the extravagant expectations of women of the seventeenth century:—

"MY SWEET LIFE,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. In considering what care I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which, both by the laws of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me L. 1600 per annum, quarterly to be paid. Also I would (besides that allowance for my apparel) have L. 600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid), for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for.

"Also I will have three horses, for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or

have some other lett ; also believe that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed this lord and lady with a good estate.

"Also, when I ride a-hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending ; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have a horse for either of them.

"Also I will have six or eight gentlemen ; and I will have my two coaches—one lined with velvet for myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with sheet cloth—one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watered lace and silver, with four good horses.

"Also I will have two coachmen—one for my own coach, the other for my women.

"Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly ; not pestering my things with my women's—nor theirs with chambermaids'—nor theirs with washerwomen's.

"Also for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe ; and the chamber-maids, I will have go before with the greens, that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or in country. And I must have two footmen, and my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel ; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse L.2000 and L.200, and so for you to pay my debts. Also, I would have L.6000 to buy me jewels, and L.4000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I am *so reasonable* unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling ; and also my servants (men and women) their wages. Also, I will have my houses

furnished, and all my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like ; so for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch canopy, glass, carpet, chair cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay all my debts, build Ashby house, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, (Thomas Earl of Suffolk) who would have all, perhaps your life from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me when you was at Tilt Yard—if you were dead, he said, he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friend so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-house, but that is the least ; he wished me much harm ; you know him. God keep you and me from such as he is ! So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is I would not have, I pray that, when you be an earl, to allow me L.1000 more than I now desire, and *double attendance*.

"Your loving wife,
ELIZA COMPTON."

I will not add more than to remark with what tender delicacy she would provoke her husband to just so much jealousy as should make him proud and happy in her virtues ; and that she shows the virtue of a prudent woman, in requiring *quarterly* payments, well aware that "short accounts make long friendships." This circumstance, too, reminds me of the strict prudence of an elderly maiden lady, who, with a pride above being dependent upon wealthier relatives, retired daily to her chamber to pray for a "comfortable competency," which she always explained in these words, and with a more elevated voice. "And lest, O Lord, thou shouldst not understand what I mean, I mean Four Hundred a-year paid quarterly."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

PART VI.—CHAP. I.

PHILOSOPHY has long ceased to be considered a valid and practical discipline of life. And why? Simply because she commences by assuming that man, like other natural things, is a passive creature, ready-made to her hand; and thus she catches from her object the same inertness which she attributes to him. But why does philosophy found on the assumption that man is a being who comes before her ready-shaped—hewn out of the quarries of nature—fashioned into form, and with all his lineaments made distinct, by other hands than his own? She does so in imitation of the physical sciences: and thus the inert and lifeless character of modern philosophy, is ultimately attributable to her having degenerated into the status of a physical science.

But is there no method by which vigour may yet be propelled into the moribund limbs of philosophy: and by which, from being a dead system of theory, she may be renovated into a living discipline of practice? There is,—if we will but reflect and understand that the course of procedure proper to the physical sciences, namely, the assumption that their objects and the facts appertaining to these objects, lie before them *ready-made*—is utterly inadmissible in true Philosophy—is totally at variance with the scope and spirit of a science which professes to deal *fairly* with the phenomena of Man. Let us endeavour to point out and illustrate the deep-seated contra-distinction between philosophical and physical science; for the purpose, more particularly, of getting light thrown upon the moral character of our species.

When an enquirer is engaged in the scientific study of any natural object, let us say, for instance, of water and its phenomena, his contemplation of this object does not add any new phenomenon to the facts and qualities already belonging to it. These phenomena remain the same, without addition or diminution, whether he studies them or not. Water flows downwards, rushes into a vacuum under the atmospheric pressure, and evolves all its other phenomena, whe-

ther man be attending to them or not. His looking on makes no difference as far as the nature of the water is concerned. In short, the number and character of its facts continue altogether uninfluenced by his study of them. His science merely enables him to classify them, and to bring them more clearly and steadily before him.

But when man is occupied in the study of the phenomena of his own natural being, or, in other words, is philosophising, the case is very materially altered. Here his contemplation of these phenomena *does* add a new phenomenon to the list already under his inspection: it adds, namely, the new and anomalous phenomenon that he is contemplating these phenomena. To the old phenomena presented to him in his given or ready-made being—for instance, his sensations, passions, rational and other states—which he is regarding, there is added the supervision of these states; and this is itself a new phenomenon belonging to him. The very fact that man contemplates or makes a study of the facts of his being, is itself a fact which must be taken into account; for it is one of his phenomena just as much as any other fact connected with him is. In carrying forth the physical sciences, man very properly takes no note of his contemplation of their objects; because this contemplation does not add, as we have said, any new fact to the complement of phenomena connected with these objects. Therefore, in sinking this fact, he does not suppress any fact to which they can lay claim. But in philosophising, that is, in constructing a science of himself, man cannot suppress this fact without obliterating one of his own phenomena; because man's contemplation of his own phenomena is itself a new and separate phenomenon added to the given phenomena which he is contemplating.

Here, then, we have a most radical distinction laid down between physics and philosophy. In ourselves, as well as in nature, a certain given series of phenomena is presented to our obser-

vation, but in studying the objects of nature, we add no new phenomenon to the phenomena already there; whereas, on the contrary, in studying ourselves we *do* add a new phenomenon to the other phenomena of our being,—we add, to wit, the fact that we are thus studying ourselves. Be this new phenomenon important or unimportant, it is, at any rate, evident that in it is violated the analogy between physics and philosophy—between the study of man and the study of nature. For what can be a greater or more vital distinction between two sciences or disciplines than this; that while the one contributes nothing to the making of its own facts, but finds them all (to use a very familiar colloquism) *cut and dried* beneath its hand—the other creates, in part at least, its own facts—supplies to a certain extent, and by its own free efforts, as we shall see, the very materials out of which it is constructed.

But the parallel between physics and philosophy, although radically violated by this new fact, is not totally subverted; and our popular philosophy has preferred to follow out the track where the parallel partially holds good. It is obvious that two courses of procedure are open to her choice. Either following the analogy of the natural sciences, which of themselves add no new fact to their objects, she may attend exclusively to the phenomena which she finds in man, but which she has no hand in contributing—or else, breaking loose from that analogy, she may direct her attention to the novel and unparalleled phenomenon which she, of herself, has added to her object, and which we have already described. Of these two courses philosophy has chosen to adopt the former: and what has been the result? Surely all the ready-made phenomena of man have been, by this time, sufficiently explored. Philosophers, undisturbed, have pondered over his passions,—unmoved they have watched and weighed his emotions. His affections, his rational states, his sensations, and all the other ingredients and modifications of his natural frame-work have been rigidly scrutinised and classified by them; and, after all, what have they made of it—what sort of a picture have their researches presented to our observation? Not the picture of a

man; but the representation of an automaton, that is what it cannot help being,—a phantom dreaming what it cannot but dream—an engine performing what it *must* perform—an incarnate reverie—a weathercock, shifting helplessly in the winds of sensibility—a wretched association-machine, through which ideas pass linked together by laws over which the machine itself has no control—any thing, in short, except that free and self-sustained centre of underrived, and therefore responsible activity, which we call *Man*.

If such, therefore, be the false representation of man which philosophy invariably and inevitably pictures forth, whenever she makes common cause with the natural sciences, we have plainly no other course left than to turn philosophy aside from following their analogy, and to guide her footsteps upon a new line and different method of enquiry. Let us then, turn away the attention of philosophy from the facts which she does *not* contribute to her object (*viz.* the ready-made phenomena of man); and let us direct it upon the new fact which she *does* contribute thereto—and let us see whether greater truth and a more practical satisfaction will not now attend her investigations.

The great and only fact which philosophy, of herself, adds to the other phenomena of man, and which nothing but philosophy can add, is, as we have said, the fact that man *does* philosophize. The fact that man philosophizes, is (so often as it takes place) as much a human phenomenon as the phenomenon, for instance, of passion is, and therefore cannot legitimately be overlooked by an impartial and true philosophy. At the same time, it is plain that philosophy creates and brings along with her this fact of man; in other words, does not find it in him ready-made to her hand:—because, if man did not philosophize, the fact that he philosophizes would, it is evident, have no manner of existence whatsoever. What, then, does this fact which philosophy herself contributes to philosophy and to man, contain, embody, and set forth, and what are the consequences resulting from it?

The act of philosophising is the act of systematically contemplating our own natural or given phenomena.

But the act of contemplating our own phenomena *unsystematically*, is no other than our old friend, the act of consciousness: therefore the only distinction between philosophy and consciousness is, that the former is with system, and the latter without it. Thus, in attending to the fact which philosophy brings along with her, we find that consciousness and philosophy become identified,—that philosophy is a systematic or studied consciousness, and that consciousness is an unsystematic or unstudied philosophy. But what do we here mean by the words *systematic* and *unsystematic*? These words signify only a greater and a less degree of clearness, expansion, strength, and exaltation. Philosophy possesses these in the higher degree, our ordinary consciousness in the lower degree. Thus philosophy is but a clear, an expanded, a strong, and an exalted consciousness; while, on the other hand, consciousness is an obscurer, a narrower, a weaker, and a less exalted philosophy. Consciousness is philosophy nascent; philosophy is consciousness in full bloom and blow. The difference between them is only one of degree, and not one of kind; and thus all conscious men are to a certain extent philosophers, although they may not know it.

But what comes of this? Whither do these observations tend? With what purport do we point out, thus particularly, the identity in kind between philosophy and the act of consciousness? Reader! if thou hast eyes to see, thou canst not fail to perceive (and we pray thee mark it well) that it is precisely in this identity of philosophy and consciousness that the merely *theoretical* character of philosophy disappears, while, at this very point, her ever-living character, as a *practical* disciplinarian of life, bursts forth into the strongest light. For consciousness is no dream—no theory; it is no lesson taught in the schools, and confined within their walls; it is not a system remote from the practical pursuits and interests of humanity; but it has its proper place of abode upon the working theatre of living men. It is a real, and often a bitter struggle on the part of each of us against the fatalistic forces of our na-

ture, which are at all times seeking to enslave us. The causality of nature, both without us, and especially within us, strikes deep roots, and works with a deep intent. The whole scheme and intention of nature, as evolved in the causal nexus of creation, tend to *prevent* one and all of us from becoming conscious, or, in other words, from realising our own personality. First come our sensations, and these monopolise the infant man; that is to say, they so fill him that there is no room left for his personality to stand beside them; and if it does attempt to rise, they tend to overbear it, and certainly for a time they succeed. Next come the passions, a train of even more overwhelming sway, and of still more flattering aspect; and now there is even less chance than before of our ever becoming personal beings. The causal, or enslaving powers of nature, are multiplying upon us. These passions, like our sensations, monopolise the man, and cannot endure that any thing should infringe their dominion. So far from helping to realise our personality, they do every thing in their power to keep it aloof or in abeyance, and to lull man into oblivion—*of himself*. So far from coming into life, our personality tends to disappear, and, like water torn and beaten into invisible mist by the force of a whirlwind, it often entirely vanishes beneath the tread of the passions. Then comes reason; and perhaps you imagine that reason elevates us to the rank of personal beings. But looking at reason *in itself*,—that is, considering it as a straight, and not as a reflex act,* what has reason done, or what can reason do for man (we speak of kind, and not of degree, for man may have a higher degree of it than animals), which she has not also done for beavers and for bees, creatures which, though rational, are yet not personal beings? Without some other power to act as supervisor of reason, this faculty would have worked in man just as it works in animals,—that is to say, it would have operated within him merely as a power of adapting means to ends, without lending him any assistance towards the realisation of his own personality. Indeed, being, like our other natural modifications, a state of mo-

nopoly of the man, it would, like them, have tended to keep down the establishment of his personal being.

Such are the chief powers that enter into league to enslave us, and to bind us down under the causal nexus, the moment we are born. By imposing *their* agency upon us, they prevent us from exercising *our own*. By filling us with *them*, they prevent us from becoming *ourselves*. They do all they can to withhold each of us from becoming "I." They throw every obstacle they can in the way of our becoming conscious beings; they strive, by every possible contrivance, to keep down our personality. They would fain have each of us to take all our activity from them, instead of becoming, each man for himself, a new centre of free and independent action.

But, strong as these powers are, and actively as they exert themselves to fulfil their tendencies with respect to man, they do not succeed for ever in rendering human personality a non-existent thing. After a time man proves too strong for them; he rises up against them, and shakes their shackles from his hands and feet. He puts forth (obscurely and unsystematically, no doubt), but still he puts forth a particular kind of act, which thwarts and sets at nought the whole causal domination of nature. Out of the working of this act is evolved man in his character of a free, personal, and moral being. This act is itself man; it is man acting, and man *in act* precedes, as we have seen, man *in being*,—that is, in true and proper being. Nature and her powers have now no constraining hold over him; he stands out of her jurisdiction. In this act he has taken himself out of her hands into his own; he has made himself his own master. In this act he has displaced his sensations, and his sensations no longer monopolise him; they have no longer the complete mastery over him. In this act he has thrust his passions from their place, and his passions have lost their supreme ascendancy. And now what is this particular kind of act? What is it but the act of consciousness—the act of becoming "I"—the act of placing *ourselves* in the room which sensation and passion have been made to vacate? This act may be obscure in the extreme, but still it is an act of the most *practical* kind, both in itself

and in its results; and this is what we are here particularly desirous of having noted. For what act can be more vitally practical than the act by which we realise our existence as free personal beings? and what act can be attended by a more practical result than the act by which we look our passions in the face, and, in the very act of looking at them, *look them down*?

Now, if consciousness be an act of such mighty and practical efficiency in real life, what must not the practical might and authority of philosophy be? Philosophy is consciousness *sublimed*. If, therefore, the lower and obscurer form of this act can work such real wonders and such great results, what may we not expect from it in its highest and clearest potency? If our unsystematic and undisciplined consciousness be thus practical in its results (and practical to a most momentous extent it is), how much more vitally and effectively practical must not our systematic and tutored consciousness, namely philosophy, be?—Consciousness when enlightened and expanded is identical with philosophy. And what is consciousness enlightened and expanded? It is, as we have already seen, an act of practical antagonism put forth against the modifications of the whole natural man: and what then is philosophy but an act of practical antagonism put forth against the modifications of the whole natural man? But further, what is this act of antagonism, when it, too, is enlightened and explained? What is it but an act of freedom—an act of resistance, by which we free ourselves from the causal bondage of nature—from all the natural laws and conditions under which we were born: and what then is philosophy but an act of the highest, the most essential, and the most practical freedom? But further, what is this act of freedom when it also is cleared up and explained? It turns out to be Human Will—for the refusal to submit to the modifications of the whole natural man must be grounded on a law opposed to the law under which these modifications develop themselves—namely, the causal law—and this opposing law is the law called human will: and what then is philosophy but pure and indomitable will? or, in other words, the most practical of all conceivable acts, inasmuch as

will is the absolute source and fountainhead of all real activity. And, finally, let us ask again—what is this act of antagonism against the natural states of humanity,—what is this act in which we sacrifice our sensations, passions, and desires, that is our *false selves*, upon the shrine of our *true selves*—what is this act in which Freedom and Will are embodied to defeat all the enslaving powers of darkness that are incessantly beleaguering us—what is it but morality of the highest, noblest, and most active kind? and, therefore, what is human philosophy, ultimately, but another name for human virtue of the most practical and exalted character?

Such are the steps by which we vindicate the title of philosophy to the rank of a real and practical discipline of humanity. To sum up:—we commenced by noticing, what cannot fail to present itself to the observation of every one, the inert and unreal character of our modern philosophy—metaphysical philosophy as it is called—and we suspected, indeed we felt assured, that this character arose from our adopting, in philosophy, the method of the physical sciences. We, therefore, tore philosophy away from the analogy of physics, and in direct violation of their procedure we made her contemplate a fact which she herself created, and contributed to her object, a fact which she did not *find* there—the fact namely, that an act of philosophising was taking place. But the consideration of this fact or act brought us to perceive the identity between consciousness and philosophy, and then the perception of this identity led us at once to note the truly practical character of philosophy. For consciousness is an act of the most vitally real and practical character (we have yet to see more fully how it makes us *moral* beings). It is *κατ' ἐξουσίαν* the great practical act of humanity—the act by which man becomes man in the first instance, and by the incessant performance of which he preserves his moral status, and prevents himself from falling back into the causal bondage of nature, which is at all times too

ready to reclaim him; and, therefore, philosophy, which is but a higher phase of consciousness, is seen to be an act of a still higher practical character. Now, the whole of this vindication of the practical character of philosophy is evidently based upon her abandonment of the physical method, upon her turning away from the *given* facts of man to the contemplation of a fact which is *not* given in his natural being, but which philosophy herself contributes to her own construction and to man, namely, the act itself of philosophising, or, in simple language, the act of consciousness. This fact cannot possibly be given: for we have seen that all the given facts of man's being necessarily tend to suppress it; and therefore (as we have also seen) it is, and must be a free and underrived, and not in any conceivable sense, a ready-made fact of humanity.

Thus, then, we see that philosophy, when she gets her due—when she deals fairly by man, and when man deals fairly by her—in short, when she is rightly represented and understood, loses her merely theoretical complexion and becomes identified with all the best practical interests of our living selves. She no longer stands aloof from humanity, but, descending into this world's arena, she takes an active part in the ongoing of busy life. Her dead symbols burst forth into living realities—the dry rustling twigs of science become clothed with all the verdure of the spring. Her inert tutorage is transformed into an actual life. Her dead lessons grow into man's active wisdom and practical virtue. Her sleeping waters become the bursting fountain-head from whence flows all the activity which sets in motion the currents of human practice and of human progression. Truly, *γινώσκωντας* was the sublimest, the most comprehensive, and the most practical oracle of ancient wisdom. *Know thyself*; and, in knowing thyself, thou shalt see that this self is not thy *true* self; but, in the very act of knowing this, thou shalt at once displace this false self, and establish thy true self in its room.

CHAPTER II.

Philosophy, then, has a practical as well as a theoretical side; besides being a system of speculative truth, it is a

real and effective discipline of humanity. It is the point of conciliation in which life, knowledge, and virtue meet,

In it, fact and duty,* or, that which *is*, and that which *ought to be*, are blended into one identity. But the practical character of philosophy,—the active part which it plays throughout human concerns has yet to be more fully and distinctly elucidated.

The great principle which we have all along been labouring to bring out—namely, that human consciousness is, in every instance, an act of antagonism against some one or other of the given modifications of our natural existence—finds its strongest confirmation when we turn to the contemplation of the *moral* character of man.

We have hitherto been considering consciousness chiefly in its relation to those modifications of our nature which are impressed upon us *from without*. We here found, that consciousness, when deeply scrutinised, is an act of opposition put forth against our sensations; that our sensations are invaded and impaired by an act of resistance which breaks up their monopolising dominion, and in the room of the sensation thus partially displaced, realises man's personality—a new centre of activity known to each individual by the name "I," a word which, when rightly construed, stands as the exponent of our violation of the causal nexus of nature, and of our consequent emancipation therefrom. The complex antithetical phenomenon in which this opposition manifests itself, we found to be the fact of perception. We have now to consider consciousness in its relation to those modifications of our nature

which assail us *from within*; and here it will be found, that just as all perception originates in the antagonism between consciousness and our sensations, so all morality originates in the antagonism between consciousness, and the passions, desires, or inclinations of the natural man.

We shall see that, precisely as we become *perceptible* beings, in consequence of the strife between consciousness and sensation, so do we become *moral* beings in consequence of the same act of consciousness exercised against our passions, and the other imperious wishes or tendencies of our nature. There is no difference in the mode of antagonism, as it operates in these two cases; only, in the one case, it is directed against what we may call our external, and, in the other, against what we may call our internal, modifications. In virtue of the displacement or sacrifice of our sensations by consciousness, each of us becomes "I"—the *ego* is to a certain extent evolved—and even here, something of a nascent morality is displayed—for every counteraction of the causality of nature is more or less the developement of a free and moral force. In virtue of the sacrifice of our passions by the same act, morality is more fully unfolded—this "I," that is, our personality, is more clearly and powerfully realised, is advanced to a higher potency,—is exhibited in a brighter phase and more expanded condition.

Thus we shall follow out a clue which has been too often, if not

* Sir James Mackintosh, and others, have attempted to establish a distinction between "mental" and "moral" science, founded on an alleged difference between fact and duty. They state, that it is the office of the former science to teach us *what is* (*quid est*), and that it is the office of the latter to teach us *what ought to be* (*quid oportet*). But this discrimination vanishes into nought upon the slightest reflection; it either incessantly confounds and obliterates itself, or else it renders moral science an unreal and nugatory pursuit. For, let us ask, does the *quid oportet* ever become the *quid est*? does *what ought to be* ever pass into *what is*—or, in other words, is duty ever realised as fact? If it is, then the distinction is at an end. The *oportet* has taken upon itself the character of the *est*. Duty, in becoming practical, has become a fact. It no longer merely points out something which *ought to be*, it also embodies something which *is*. And thus it is transformed into the very other member of the discrimination from which it was originally contradistinguished; and thus the distinction is rendered utterly void; while "mental" and "moral" science—if we must affix these epithets to philosophy—lapse into one. On the other hand, does the *quid oportet* never, in any degree, become the *quid est*—does duty never pass into fact? Then is the science of morals a visionary, a baseless, and an aimless science—a mere querulous hankering after what can never be. In this case, there is plainly no real or substantial science, except the science of facts—the science which teaches us the *quid est*. To talk now of a science of the *quid oportet*, would be to make use of unmeaning words.

always, lost hold of in the labyrinth of philosophy—a clue, the loss of which has made enquirers represent man as if he lived in distinct sections, and were an inorganic agglutination of several natures,—the percipient, the intellectual, and the moral—with separate principles regulating each. This clue consists in our tracing the principle of our moral agency back into the very principle in virtue of which we become percipient beings—and in showing that in both cases it is the same act which is exerted—an act, namely, of freedom or antagonism against the caused or derivative modifications of our nature. Thus, to use the language of a foreign writer, we shall at least make the attempt to cut our scientific system out of one piece, and to marshal the frittered divisions of philosophy into that organic wholeness which belongs to the great original of which they profess, and of which they ought to be the faithful copy—we mean man himself. In particular, we trust that the discovery (if such it may be called) of the principle we have just mentioned, may lead the reflective reader to perceive the inseparable connexion between psychology and moral philosophy (we should rather say their essential sameness), together with the futility of all those mistaken attempts which have been often made to break down their organic unity into the two distinct departments of “intellectual” and “moral” science.

Another consideration connected with this principle is, that, instead of being led by it to do what many philosophers, in order to preserve their consistency, have done—instead of being led by it to observe in morality nothing but the features of a higher self-love, and a more refined sensuality, together with the absence of free-will: we are, on the contrary, led by it to note, even in the simplest act of perception, an incipient self-sacrifice, the presence of a dawning will struggling to break forth, and the aspect of an infant morality beginning to develop itself. This consideration we can only indicate thus briefly; for we must now hurry on to our point.

We are aware of the attempts which have been made to invest our emotions with the stamp and attribute of morality; but, in addition to the testimony of our own experience, we have the highest authority for holding that none of the natural feelings or modifications of the human heart partake in any degree of a moral character. We are told by revelation, and the eye of reason recognises the truth of the averment, that love itself, that is, *natural love*—a feeling which certainly must bear the impress of morality if any of our emotions do so;—we are told by revelation, in emphatic terms, that such love has no moral value or significance whatsoever. “If ye love them,” says our Saviour, “which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?” To love those who love us, is natural love: and can any words quash and confound the claim of such love to rank as a moral excellence or as a moral development more effectually than these?

“But,” continues the same Divine Teacher, “I say unto you, *Love your enemies* ;” obviously meaning, that in this kind of love, as contradistinguished from the other, a new and higher element is to be found—the element of morality—and that this kind of love is a state worthy of approbation and reward: which the other is not. Here then we find a discrimination laid down between two kinds of love:—love of friends, and love of enemies: and the hinge upon which this discrimination turns is, that the character of morality is denied to the former of these, while it is accorded to the latter. But now comes the question: *why* is the one of these kinds of love said to be a moral state or act, and why is the other not admitted to be so? To answer this question we must look into the respective characters and ingredients of these two kinds of love.

Natural love, that is, our love of our friends, is a mere affair of temperament, and in entertaining it, we are just as passive as our bodies are when exposed to the warmth of a cheerful fire. It lies completely under the causal law; and precisely as any other

* “You may understand,” says S. T. Coleridge, “by *insect*, life in sections.” By this he means that each insect has several centres of vitality, and not merely one; or that it has no organic unity, or at least no such decided organic unity as that which man possesses.

natural effect is produced by its cause, it is generated and entailed upon us by the love which our friends bear towards us. It comes upon us unsought. It costs us nothing. No thanks to us for entertaining it. It is, in every sense of the word, a *passion*; that is to say, nothing of an *active* character mingles with the modification into which we have been moulded. And hence, in harbouring such love, we make no approach towards rising into the dignity of free and moral beings.

But the character and groundwork of the other species of love—of our love, namely, of our enemies, is widely different from this. Let us ask what is the exact meaning of the precept: "Love your enemies?" Does it mean, love them with a *natural* love—love them *as* you love your friends? Does it mean, make your love spring up towards those that hate you, just in the same way, and by the same natural-process as it springs up towards those that love you? If it means this, then, we are bold enough to say, that it plainly and palpably inculcates an impracticability; for we are sure that no man can love his enemies with the same direct natural love as he loves his friends withal; if he ever does love them, it can only be after he has passed himself through some intermediate act which is not to be found in the natural emotion of love. Besides, in reducing this kind of love to the level of a natural feeling, it would be left as completely stripped of its character of morality as the other species is. But Christianity does not degrade this kind of love to the level of a passion, neither does it in this, or in any other case, inculcate an impracticable act or condition of humanity. What, then, is the meaning of the precept—Love your enemies? What sort of practice or discipline does this text, in the first instance, at least, enforce? What but this? *act against your natural hatred of them*—resist the anger you naturally entertain towards them—quell and subjugate the boiling indignation of your heart. Whatever subsequent progress a man may make, under the assistance of divine grace, towards entertaining a *positive* love of his enemies, this *negative* step must unquestionably take the precedence: and most assuredly such assistance will not be vouchsafed to him, unless he first of all take the initiative by putting

forth this act of resistance against that derivative modification of his heart, which, in the shape of hatred, springs up within him under the breath of injury and injustice, just as naturally as noxious reptiles are generated amid the foul air of a charnel-house.

The groundwork, then, of our love of our enemies, the feature which principally characterises it, and the condition which renders it practicable, is an act of resistance exerted against our natural hatred of them; and this it is which gives to that kind of love its moral complexion. Thus, we see that this kind of love, so far from arising out of the cherishing or entertaining of a natural passion, does, on the contrary, owe its being to the sacrifice of one of the strongest passive modifications of our nature: and we will venture to affirm, that without this sacrificial act, the love of our enemies is neither practicable nor conceivable: and if this act does not embody the whole of such love, it at any rate forms a very important element in its composition. In virtue of the tone and active character given to it by this element, the love of our enemies may be called *moral* love, in contradistinction to the love of our friends, which, on account of its purely passive character, we have called *natural* love.

And let it not be thought that this act is one of inconsiderable moment. It is, indeed, a mighty act, in the putting forth of which man is in nowise passive. In this act, he directly thwarts, mortifies, and sacrifices, one of the strongest susceptibilities of his nature. He transacts it in the freedom of an original activity, and, most assuredly, nature lends him no helping hand towards its performance. On the contrary, she endeavours to obstruct it by every means in her power. The voice of human nature cries—"By all means, trample your enemies beneath your feet," "No," says the Gospel of Christ, "rather tread down into the dust that hatred which impels you to crush them."

But now comes another question: What is it that, in this instance, gives a supreme and irreversible sanction to the voice of the Gospel, rendering this resistance of our natural hatred of our enemies *right*, and our non-resistance of that hatred *wrong*?

We have but to admit that freedom, or, in other words, emancipation

from the thralldom of a foreign causality—a causality which, ever since the Fall of Man, must be admitted to unfold itself in each individual's case, in a dark tissue of unqualified evil—we have but to admit that the working out of this freedom is the great end of man, and constitutes his true self; and we have also but to admit, that whatever conduces to the accomplishment of this end *is right*; and the question just broached easily resolves itself. For, supposing man not to be originally free, let us ask how is the end of human liberty to be attained? Is it to be attained by passively imbibing the various impressions forced upon us from without? Is it to be attained by yielding ourselves up in pliant obedience to the manifold modifications which stamp their moulds upon us from within? Unquestionably not. All these impressions and modifications constitute the very badges of our slavery. They are the very trophies of the causal conquests of nature, planted by her on the ground where the true man ought to have stood, but where he fell. Now, since human freedom, the great end of man, is thus contravened by these passive conditions and susceptibilities of his nature, therefore it is that they are wrong. And, by the same rule, an act of resistance put forth against them is right, inasmuch as an act of this kind contributes, every time it is exerted, to the accomplishment of that great end.

Now, looking to our hatred of our enemies, we see that this is a natural passion which is most strongly forced upon us by the tyranny of the causal law; therefore it tends to obliterate and counteract our freedom. But our freedom constitutes our true and moral selves—it is the very essence of our proper personality: therefore, to entertain, to yield to this passion, is wrong, is moral death, is the extinction of our freedom, of our moral being, however much it may give life to the natural man. And, by the same consequence, to resist this passion, to act against it, to sacrifice it, is right, is free and moral life, however much this act may give the death-stroke to our natural feelings and desires.

But how shall we, or how do we, or how can we, act against our hatred of our enemies? We answer, simply

by becoming conscious of it. By turning upon it a reflective eye (a process by no means agreeable to our natural heart), we force it to faint and fade away before our glance. In this act we turn the tables (so to speak) upon the passion, whatever it may be, that is possessing us. Instead of its possessing us, we now possess it. Instead of our being in its hands, it is now in our hands. Instead of its being our master, we have now become its; and thus is the first step of our moral advancement taken; thus is enacted the first act of that great drama in which demons are transformed into men. In this act of consciousness, founded, as we have elsewhere seen, upon will, and by which man becomes transmuted from a natural into a moral being, we perceive the prelude or dawning of that still higher regeneration which Christianity imparts, and which advances man onwards from the precincts of morality into the purer and loftier regions of religion. We will venture to affirm that this consciousness, or act of antagonism, is the ground or condition, in virtue of which that still higher dispensation is enabled to take effect upon us, and this we shall endeavour to make out in its proper place. In the mean-time to return to our point:—

In the absence of consciousness, the passion—(of hatred, for instance)—reigns and rages unalloyed, and goes forth to the fulfilment of its natural issues, unbridled and supreme. But the moment consciousness comes into play against it, the colours of the passion become less vivid, and its sway less despotic. It is to a certain extent dethroned and sacrificed even upon the first appearance of consciousness; and if this antagonist act manfully maintain its place, the sceptre of passion is at length completely wrested from her hands: and thus consciousness is a moral act—is the foundation-stone of our moral character and existence.

If the reader should be doubtful of the truth and soundness of this doctrine—namely, that consciousness, (whether viewed in its own unsystematic form, or in the systematic shape which it assumes when it becomes philosophy,) is an act which of itself tends to put down the passions—these great, if not sole, sources of human wickedness; perhaps he will be willing

to embrace it when he finds it enforced by the powerful authority of Dr Chalmers.

"Let there be an attempt," says he, "on the part of the mind to study the phenomena of anger, and its attention is thereby transferred from the cause of the affection to the affection itself; and, so soon as its thoughts are withdrawn from the cause, the affection, *as if deprived of its needful aliment*, dies away from the field of observation. There might be heat and indignancy enough in the spirit, so long as it broods over the affront by which they have originated. But whenever it proposes, instead of looking outwardly at the injustice, to look inwardly at the consequent irritation, it instantly becomes cool." *

We have marked certain of these words in italics, because in them Dr Chalmers appears to account for the disappearance of anger before the eye of consciousness in a way somewhat different from ours. He seems to say that it dies away because "*deprived of its needful aliment*," whereas we hold that it dies away in consequence of the antagonist act of consciousness which comes against it, displacing and sacrificing it. But, whatever our respective theories may be, and whichever of us may be in the right, we agree in the main point, namely, as to the *fact* that anger *does* vanish away in the presence of consciousness; and, therefore, this act acquires (whatever theory we may hold respecting it), a moral character and significance, and the exercise of it becomes an imperative duty; for what passion presides over a wider field of human evil, and of human wickedness, than the passion of human wrath? and, therefore, what act can be of greater importance than the act which overthrows, and puts an end to its domineering tyranny?

The process by which man becomes metamorphosed from a natural into a moral being, is precisely the same in every other case: it is invariably founded on a sacrifice or mortification of some one or other of his natural desires,—a sacrifice which is involved in his very consciousness of them, whenever that consciousness is real and clear. What is the sacrifice?

ral hatred. In the same way, generosity, if it would embody any morality at all, must be founded on the mortification of avarice or some other selfish passion. Frugality, likewise, to deserve the name of a virtue, must be founded on the sacrifice of our natural passion of extravagance or ostentatious profusion. Temperance, too, if it would claim for itself a moral title, must found on the restraint imposed upon our gross and gluttonous sensualities. In short, before any condition of humanity can be admitted to rank as a moral state, it must be based on the suppression, in whole or in part, of its opposite. And, finally, courage, if it would come before us invested with a moral grandeur, must have its origin in the unremitting and watchful suppression of fear. Let us speak more particularly of Courage and Fear.

What is natural courage? It is a passion or endowment possessed in common by men and by animals. It is a mere quality of temperament. It urges men and animals into the teeth of danger. But the bravest animals, and the bravest men (we mean such as are emboldened by mere natural courage), are still liable to *panic*. The game-cock, when he has once turned tail, cannot be induced to renew the fight: and the hearts of men, inspired by mere animal courage, have at times quailed and sunk within them, and, in the hour of need, this kind of courage has been found to be a treacherous passion.

But what is *moral* courage? What is it but the consciousness of Fear? Here it is that the struggle and the triumph of humanity are to be found. Natural courage faces danger, and perhaps carries itself triumphantly through it—perhaps not. But moral courage faces fear—and in the very act of facing it puts it down: and this is the kind of courage in which we would have men put their trust; for if fear be vanquished, what becomes of danger? It dwindles into the very shadow of a shade. It is a historical fact (to mention which will not be out of place here), that nothing but the intense consciousness of his own natural cowardice made the great Duke of Marlborough the irresistible hero

that he was. This morally brave man was always greatly agitated upon going into action, and used to say, "This little body trembles at what this great soul is about to perform." About this great soul we know nothing; and, therefore, pass it over as a mere figure of speech. But the trembling of "this little body," that is, the cowardice of the natural man, or, in other words, his want of courage, in so far as courage is a mere affair of nerves, was a fact conspicuous to all. Equally conspicuous and undeniable was the antagonism put forth against this nervous bodily trepidation. And what was this antagonism? What but the struggle between consciousness and cowardice?—a struggle by and through which the latter was dragged into light and vanquished—and then the hero went forth into the thickest ranks of danger, strong in the consciousness of his own weakness, and as if *out of very spite* of the natural coward that wished to hold him back, and who rode shaking in his saddle as he drove into the hottest of the fight. Natural courage, depending upon temperament, will quail at times, and prove faithless to its trust; the strongest nerves will often shake, in the hour of danger, like an aspen in the gale; but what conceivable terrors can daunt that fortitude (though merely of a negative character), that indomitable discipline, wherewith a man, by a stern and deliberate consciousness of his own heart's frailty, meets, crushes, and subjugates, at every turn, and in its remotest hold, the entire passion of fear?

Human strength, then, has no positive character of its own; it is nothing but the clear consciousness of human weakness. Neither has human morality any positive character of its own; it is nothing but the clear consciousness of human wickedness. The whole rudiments of morality are laid before us, if we will but admit the fact (for which we have Scripture warrant), that all the given modifications of humanity are dark and evil; and that consciousness (which is not a given phenomenon but a free act) is itself, in every instance, an acting against these states. Out of this strife morality is breathed up like a rainbow between the sun and storm. Moreover, by adopting these views, we get rid of the necessity of postulating a moral sense, and of all the other hypothetical subsidies to which an erroneous philosophy has recourse in explaining the phenomena of man. Our limits at present prevent us from illustrating this subject more fully; but in our next Number we shall show how closely our views are connected with the approved doctrine of man's natural depravity. In order to penetrate still deeper into the secrets of consciousness, we shall discuss the history of the Fall of Man, and shall show what mighty and essential parts are respectively played by the elements of good and evil in the realisation of human liberty; and we shall conclude our whole discussion by showing how consonant our speculations are with the great scheme of Christian Revelation.

IRELAND UNDER THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE—THE POPULAR PARTY, THE
ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS, AND THE QUEEN'S MINISTERS.

HISTORY affords us no example of rebellion conducted to a successful issue on the principles which are now in action in Ireland. Hence, perhaps, it is that so many of our "practical" politicians have been influenced to regard the troubles and outrages, by which that country is afflicted, as local and accidental in their origin, and, in their tendency and character, "desultory and driftless." Hence, too, in the prevailing indisposition to receive with favour, or even with ordinary attention, speculations or statements on matters connected with Irish politics. If there were "precedents on the file," by which the object of such politics could be easily inferred, and their issue historically prognosticated, every reflecting man in the British Empire would become sensible of their paramount importance; but, seen as they are without the aid of lights derived from "old experience," they appear "formless and void," having no coherent plan or adequate purpose—the processes of crime, by which their petty and seemingly conflicting ends are wrought out, not affording indications of design and government plainer or more certain than may be discerned in "skirmishes of kites and crows," and repulsing curiosity by those spectacles of violence and barbarism and cruelty, which seem to assign to them their most distinguishing characteristics.

Of the aversion to Irish politics, thus induced, we have good reason to be aware. It creates an opposition between the duties, for which the conductors of a periodical like ours have made themselves answerable, and the projects in which they might be tempted to engage, in order to the attainment of literary or commercial success, or the maintenance of a laboriously earned reputation. Many a time we have occupied pages with statements and strictures, which, faithful and well-designed as they were, the subject had rendered distasteful, which we knew well might have been devoted to matter more generally acceptable, and which some of our readers would have received with greater favour if we had left them "a blank." Still we per-

severe in these unpopular labours, fully confident that a day will come, when the most fastidious will acknowledge their propriety and importance; and encouraged in the mean-time by occasional and most welcome assurances that they are not, even now, altogether fruitless.

It is to one of these cheering testimonies the reader is indebted, with whatever feelings he may regard it, for the article which now solicits his attention. The truth is, we had not designed to encumber ourselves with "Irish" in our present adventure. The Canadas, we felt, would be likely to engross the whole political market. Principles, we have been long aware, have far less power to excite interest than personalities. And while Lord Brougham could, in all probability, be seen, in the joy of an armed and offensive neutrality, launching well-merited and most impartial sarcasms alternately at the fugitive governor of the Canadas, and at the friends who sent him to do their business, and who, to use an idiom which has more force than elegance, strove to *do his business* in return; and, while Lord Durham could be heard, with that strident voice, which, even were it musical, would be of "sweet and threatening harmony," rousing the ready though short-breathed vehemence of the Premier, torturing Lord Glenelg into the moody and mystic eloquence of a rare somnambulism, we felt that the commonplace, though tragic, interest of the affairs of Ireland must have even less than their ordinary attraction. Accordingly, we had made up our minds to let them rest for a more convenient season. A communication, altogether unexpected, and of the value of which the reader shall be enabled to judge, has induced us to change our purpose.

Some years since, we knew, by reputation well—slightly by acquaintance—a gentleman connected with Ireland by birth and fortune, withdrawn by his tastes and the habits of his life from Irish party contention; but, so far as fashion can tolerate political enthusiasm, an enthusiast in the sect of that movement party who were then

called Liberal, but who were not then known to have exemplified the term by liberating themselves from the obligations within which, in politics as well as in morals, honest men feel restricted. Circumstances caused us to remember the principles of this gentleman, and the heat with which, notwithstanding his Sybarite refinement, he sometimes asserted them; and, when we were informed that he had taken up his residence in Ireland and addressed himself to the duties of a landed proprietor, we felt some desire to know whether arguments, which we had vainly addressed to him in gayer times, would be remembered when he had ampler opportunities to test them. In former years our arguments were met by the vehement contradictions of adversaries. Now, the contending statements could both be tried by the standard of actual fact. We recently learned the result. The fashionable Liberal of the Clubs has matured into the rational Liberal—a Conservative country gentleman; and, in testimony of the approbation with which he regards our once unacceptable truths, he has forwarded to us a collection of valuable documents (permitting us to use them freely), through which we have no difficulty in tracing the processes and stages by which he was reclaimed to sane views of justice and policy, from the delusions of over liberal and too confiding youth.

One of these documents, that with which we propose to make the reader acquainted, is a comparative view of the activities of that terrible personification which is called the Irish people, and of the abstraction which, before it had become "identified with the popular party," was visible, and invested with something of authority, in what is styled the Irish government. The selections of our correspondent are taken from the public prints, but they are taken cautiously, and are authenticated by convincing evidence. They are also taken fairly, without partiality or exaggeration. We lay, in substance, the history of a single year, or rather part of a year, before the reader. It shall be that of the year past, or of eleven months of it. So much may serve as a specimen. Within that space of time, or, to be more exact, within ten months and twenty-four days (up to November 24), our correspondent has observed

in the newspapers' reports, which he has found to be current, and which he has forwarded to us, of

Attempts to murder, . . . 242
Acts of incendiarism, . . . 17

Threatening notices, arsons, cases of sacrilege, riots, brutal assaults, &c. &c., almost innumerable.

Attempts to murder, ascertained to have been successful, . . . 102
Attempts not known to have occasioned the death of the object, 142

The Irish government appears to have offered rewards in seventy-seven instances.

Murder, . . . 44
Attempts to murder, . . . 26
Arson, . . . 6
Sacrilege, . . . 1

The reader is not to suppose that these statements contain returns from which the number of offences in Ireland can be learned. A single county could, perhaps, present a larger and more appalling catalogue of crime than that which our correspondent has furnished. He has, indeed, guarded us effectually against the idea, that we are to look upon his notices as containing an enumeration of offences, by accompanying them with a return from Tipperary. In that one county, it appears, that, at the spring and the summer assizes for 1838,

The number of Coroner's Inquests returned, (for which the county paid), was, . . . 224

The number of presentments for malicious injuries to property, also paid, . . . 59

Such a return would, of itself, teach us to infer, that the statements of our correspondent, gathered from reports of crime in every part of Ireland, contain not an enumeration of capital offences, but a selection from them. It is a fearful thing to be thus reminded, that the details of 242 attempts (of which 102, at least, were successful) to murder, occurring within a space of less than eleven months, are to be regarded as no more than specimens of the offences perpetrated in Ireland. Yet so it is. Enormous as this amount of crime ought to be considered, it is perhaps not a tenth, we believe certainly not a fifth part of the offences of which it is a selected specimen.

The principle of selection adopted by our correspondent, appears to us, if we have rightly divined it, eminently sound and good. It has assisted us much in ascertaining the acts which are held as capital offences, by what has been termed the "de facto government of Ireland." The details with which we have been favoured, are of cases in which the cause of the murderous assault had been discovered, or was surmised. They rarely have reference to crimes of which private malice or revenge was the instigating cause. The murderous assaults of which our correspondent has given us the details were *punishments*, it would seem, *visited by a community for a breach of its laws*. These laws are not plainly and authoritatively promulgated, but, although failing in this important requisite, and, in consequence, appearing often somewhat capricious in their operation, they are, nevertheless, vigilantly administered, and may be learned by all who take pains to study them, as the laws of nature herself are studied, in their effects, in the dreadful execution of their penal sentences. In this necessary study, our valued correspondent is evidently a proficient. His papers establish the truth, that the following, as well as other seemingly innocent acts, are held to be capital offences in Ireland, by a body powerful enough to punish for them.

1. Enforcement, or being instrumental in the enforcement, of rights of property.

2. Unpopular exercise of the elective franchise.

3. Prosecuting or giving evidence against one accused of what is termed an insurrectionary offence.

4. Delivering, as a juror, an obnoxious verdict on a capital charge.

5. Protestantism—with or without the aggravation of having embraced the heresy as a convert.

6. Refusal to enter into certain secret societies, or even ignorance of their signs and pass-words.

We shall, painful as the task must be to writer and reader, select and arrange under each of these heads, some details illustrative of the principle expressed in it.

1. ENFORCEMENT, &C., OF RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

The evidences of the existence

and authority of this law are so numerous, that our difficulty would be to select from them; and they are so notorious, that, were it not indispensable to other parts of our subject, we should not have thought it necessary even to make selections. It appears that every individual at all concerned in the enforcement of the obnoxious rights is a party in the crime, and liable to the severest penalty. The tenant who enters into possession of the farm from which a predecessor has been evicted—the bailiff who has served notice of ejectment, or who has given the intruder possession—the agent who has superintended the processes—the landlord who has directed or authorised them—all have rendered themselves liable to the penalties of insurrectionary law;—nay, the individual who may be so bold as to continue a friendly intercourse with a delinquent placed under ban, must be upon his guard—the excommunication is strict.

LANDLORDS.

County Waterford.—Mr Keffe of Mountain Castle, in the county of Waterford, had committed a breach of the agrarian laws, and was condemned for the offence. His age (he was eighty-two years old) could not move compassion; and an attempt, which proved abortive, was made to assassinate him.

"Our informant states," we give the report as extracted from the *Waterford Mail*, "that, a short time since, Mr Keffe purchased a large estate in the county, and that, on the leases falling into his hands, the occupying tenants would not pay more for the land than what they had previously paid, which, we have been informed, was only 5s. per acre. Mr Keffe, who was a wealthy man, and of course purchased the property as any other man might, expected an advanced rent. The tenants objected to any advance, and some were ejected. On Sunday last, on Mr Keffe's way to chapel, about five miles from Dungarvan, as he was riding, he was accosted in the middle of the road by a person in a blue coat, who had a blunderbuss concealed, with, 'What do you mean to do with the man in jail?'—alluding to the former assassin—on which Mr Keffe attempted to dismount, saying, at the time, 'spare my life and his shall be spared.' The fellow instantly levelled his blunderbuss, which he discharged, killing the horse, and lodging part of the contents in Mr

Keeffe's body, who, we understand, died the same night. This occurred on the main road, in the sight of several persons within the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, and the fellow was allowed to depart, without the smallest interference to arrest him, into a neighbouring wood."

County Tipperary.—The following extracts, from a provincial paper and the *Gazette*, will tell their own story:—

"*The Excellent Population again.*—On Sunday last, as Mr John Scully was riding in from his place at Dualla, to attend mass at the chapel, he was attacked by some men in arms, with their faces blackened, who handed him a written document, to the contents of which they ordered him to swear. Mr Scully courageously refused. They then told him to dismount, and go upon his knees, till they would shoot him; whereon he replied he would not, but would die as he was, adding, that if they spared him, he would acquit himself honourably with regard to the business in question. They replied they would give him a trial, and departed. Mr Scully is a Roman Catholic, and one of the magistrates recently appointed by Lord Mulgrave, notwithstanding which, he was thus treated by the noble peasantry."

(From the *Dublin Gazette*.)

"*Dublin Castle, June 19, 1838.*—John Scully, Esq., of Dualla, in the county of Tipperary, was stopped within a mile and a half of Cashel, at eleven o'clock A.M., on the 17th instant, by two men, having their faces partly blackened, and one of them armed with a pistol, which he placed to Mr Scully's breast, and threatened him if he would turn a Widow Cody from her land.—One hundred pounds."

*Queen's County.**—It is enough to name the late lamented Earl of Norbury, a nobleman and a landlord whose high and benevolent qualities even bigotry and political opposition confess. Generosity and forbearance, and the great benefits flowing from the residence of a wealthy and munificent proprietor, could not avail to protect him. Within his own demesne, in open day, the generous and unsuspecting nobleman was assassinated. This, we believe, is the first instance, since the butchery of Lord Kilwarden in 1803, when rebellion

was openly avowed, in which a nobleman has been murdered.

The agrarian system has been well directed. Its ministers have walked warily. Their first punishments were visited upon the poor and helpless—on those whom necessity forced to break their laws—on tenants who must perish if they gave up the residence which the "people" required them to surrender—and on bailiffs, and those other humbler servants of a landed proprietor, whose only means of living were derived from employments by which they were sometimes transgressors against the "agrarian" law. This was a species of tactique in which the gentry could not imitate them. They would not punish tenantry, or servants, or dependants who kept the secrets of the conspiracy, or who contributed to the funds by which agitators were hired and insurrection was extended. They used to say, "We cannot visit, on these poor defenceless creatures, penal consequences of misdeeds to which they are compelled." The cruelty of the insurgents was, for its purpose, wiser. It gradually weakened the dependence of the poor upon the rich—loosened the attachment which should subsist between them—sowed the seeds of mutual distrust—embarrassed the operations of law—and, in time, brought the whole rural population under the authority of the system to which it ministered.

As the power of the confederacy increased, its victims were selected from higher stations. Within the last year the number of gentlemen who have been murdered, or assaulted, or threatened, is so considerable, as to indicate a very alarming degree of confidence in the directors of the movement. The *Dublin Evening Mail* gives publicity to a report that Lord Carew, a well-known Liberal, received threatening notices, in consequence of which he left the country. The Government offered a reward for the writer of a threatening notice, or, as the document might be interpreted, a friendly warning to Lord Bloomfield. Other noblemen and gentlemen have been similarly admonished; and, as a

* In this one instance we depart from the lists furnished by our correspondent. In all others we limit ourselves within the events of last year.

comment upon these dreadful misdeeds, and a notice that the power and purposes of the confederacy of assassination have reached their height, murder commences its operations upon the most exalted class of society, by the execution of Lord Norbury, for the "crime," or, rather, false suspicion of the "crime" of landlordism.

We extract from the *Dublin Evening Mail* a representation given of this enormity by an organ of the popular party, and will have a word of comment to offer upon it. We add, also, a note from the correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Mail* :—

"The public are yet ignorant of the peculiar features of daring and audacity which characterised this dreadful murder. The high road was within sixty yards of the spot on which the assassin stood. It was an open space—at least there was no thick plantation, or a particle of under-cover. The trees are fir—without lower branches, and growing far apart from each other; so that any one passing the road, necessarily commanded a view of the position of all the parties, before and after the shot was fired. It should be borne in mind that the day was a holiday, and that therefore it was to be calculated that many might be going to and fro on the road. But there was a second road, at the other side of the field in which Lord Norbury was shot, called the Abbey Road. There was on this road a funeral passing at the very moment that the fatal deed was being perpetrated. It appears that at this funeral from forty to fifty persons were in attendance, every one of whom must have heard the shot, and most probably seen the assassin escape; for it is physically impossible that he could have gotten up out of the dyke and against the hedge towards the other road. Indeed, the trace proves distinctly that he went along the field, and in view of every person attending this funeral; and yet ignorance of the whole transaction is affected, and an appearance of innocence as to the cause, and regret at the event assumed, to an extent calculated to mislead the most acute and diligent."

"When the body had been laid in the vault, the Rev. Mr Rafferty, parish priest of Tullamoore, addressed the assembled meeting at considerable length, and with much propriety. I understand he delivered a similar address at his chapel on Sunday last. Amongst other observations, in reference to Lord Norbury, he said—

"I have known this illustrious nobleman in private and in public—his life has been spent in acts of charity, kindness, and

liberality, and every one here must feel and mourn his loss, as he would that of his father, benefactor, protector, and best friend. No one act of his life was calculated to give offence, and in managing his estate every act of his was necessary and just; nay, he would not say one unkind word, much less do any unkind act towards any one."

"We extract the following palliation—indeed it amounts to a justification—of the murder of Lord Norbury from the *Pilot* of Friday evening. We shall not offer a single observation upon the article, but leave it to meet that fate to which the honest portion of public opinion must award it.

"The first notice was (as our readers will recollect) headed 'Lord NORBURY wounded,' and ended with ascribing 'jealousy' as the cause of the attack. The second notice is under the head—

"'MURDER OF LORD NORBURY.—Unfortunately, murder we must now call it—Lord Norbury is dead. He died at twelve o'clock yesterday, wounded by five swan drops, one of which touched the lungs and proved fatal. The circumstances, the motives, are still involved in considerable mystery. Various reports were in circulation on Wednesday; we gave them as reports, attaching to each just the proportion of weight they received from the public, and no one that day knew any thing else. Little more than reports, except as to the manner of the murder, is known as yet. It is known that his Lordship was walking with his Scotch steward through a shrubbery, when a man just raised his head and shoulder above a bush, and fired the fatal shot. This fact is ascertained.

"The rest is rumour; but one rumour gradually displaces all others: it is, that the murder arose out of the landlord crime of extermination. It is said that Lord Norbury had got infected with the horrible exterminating mania, and had got 250 notices to quit served on his tenants. We do not vouch for the statement; but, if true, heavens! what a scene of crime, cruelty, calamity, and human suffering is presented by the ejection—houseless, homeless, and foodless—of 250 families to starvation and death. We shall not dwell on it. We do not notice it to excuse, but to account, for such a horrid crime. It is not that we abhor the single murder less, but that, if possible, we deprecate the system of wholesale murder more."

The allegations against Lord Norbury, in this execrable passage, the correspondent of the *Evening Mail* pronounces utterly false. When the lamented nobleman, some years since, came into possession of his property,

he found it absolutely necessary for the peace of the country to disposses some persons of notoriously bad character. From that time, on an estate of a rental of from L.12,000 to L.14,000 per annum, more than one or two removals have not taken place in any year, and at present there is not more than one, or at the most two, ejectment cases pending. So much for a negative of the expressed falsehoods in the *Pilot*—now for the not less abominable suppression of truth. Every individual in the neighbourhood willing to labour had employment in the works on Lord Norbury's house and demesne, the disbursements to the workmen and labourers amounting to the sum of two hundred pounds per week. This expenditure, as was naturally to be anticipated, now ceases. A thousand human beings are probably deprived, at this inclement season, of their ordinary means of subsistence—means supplied to them from the resources of the noble victim. Yet, at such a price, the power of bringing destitution upon so great numbers, is the conspiracy willing to execute sentence of death; and its minister of vengeance is free to effect his purpose within hearing, and probably in the sight, of many, whom his crime deprives of the means of life, and who dare not, or will not, defeat his attempt, or deliver him up to justice.

On the intention with which the extract from the "popular journal" was written we offer no remark. We do not accuse the writer of recommending the assassination of every gentleman whom rumour accuses of purposing to exercise the right of removing a bad tenant, but we have no hesitation in affirming that the manner in which he speaks of Lord Norbury's murder is calculated to have a most injurious effect upon the minds of the people. If the editor of the *Pilot*, or Mr O'Connell, his intimate friend and adviser, for whose offences he is said to have vicariously suffered the penalty of a long imprisonment, knew any thing of the proceedings of treason in 1797, it would not, perhaps, have failed to suggest itself to them, that the mandates to assassinate, in the rebellion of those years, were expressed in a form not very unlike that which they have inadvertently adopted for the manifestoes of modern agrarianism. Neither the *Union Star*

nor the papers likely to be read by the Precursors of the present day (we mean, of course, the stamped newspapers), directly affirm that assassination is in itself a good. It is described as only the lesser of two evils. The modern papers will not, in all probability, proscribe by name the nuisances to be abated, at least they will not do so in every instance; but if they teach the people that what they term "the landlord's crime" is a worse evil and a fouler sin than the retaliation which they represent as the tenant's natural though sinful remedy and revenge, they offer all the encouragement to crime which is compatible with a care to exempt themselves from being convicted of conspiracy to murder, and more mischief is done by leaving suspicion upon all the landlords of Ireland, and permitting circumstances to mark out, from time to time, the requisite victims—than if, by naming certain individuals who were to be taken off, they were to abridge their own occupation, and cause a persuasion to spread abroad that the landlords, not named in the lists of Precursory proscription, were to be regarded popular and unattainted.

In the old time matters were managed thus—

Appendix (No. 27), Secret Committee of Ireland.—Union Star.

The *Union Star* appeared at irregular periods, was printed on one side of the paper, to fit it for being pasted on walls, and frequently second editions were published of the same numbers. It chiefly consisted of names and abusive characters of persons supposed to have been informers against united Irishmen, or active opposers of their designs: and to such lists were generally added the most furious exhortations to the populace to rise and take vengeance on their oppressors. Each number commences with the following words:—"As the *Union Star* is an official paper, the managers promise the public that no characters shall be hazarded but such as are denounced by authority, as being the partners and creatures of Pitt, and his sanguinary journeyman, Luttrell. The *Star* offers to public justice the following detestable traitors, as spies and perjured informers. Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest may reach his heart and free the world

from bondage." Then followed the lists of proscription, of which, from the wanton cruelty with which individuals are brought forward, as objects of popular odium, it is impossible to give an example. The exhortations with which each number concluded, may be judged of from the following extracts. From these extracts, which are numerous and pertinent, we can find space but for one. "*We certainly do not advise, though we do not decri assassination, as we conceive it is the only mode at present, within the reach of Irishmen to bring to justice the royal agents, who are constantly exercising rapes, murders, and burnings, through our devoted country. We appeal to thy noble and venerated name, O Brutus!*"

We, without offering any comment on this document, return to our subject. Indeed it was not a departure from it to cast a passing glance upon an Irish newspaper.

From a mass of instances in which landlords, for enforcing or for being suspected of a design to enforce their rights, have suffered in person, property, or peace of mind, we have chosen three. These cases we have selected, not merely because of the station and respectability of the several actual or meditated victims, but because there was, with some diversities, one principle of agreement in all, which tends to exhibit, in a very striking point of view, the inflexible determination and impartiality of Irish agrarian justice. Mr Keeffe and Mr Scully were Roman Catholics actually on their way to their places of worship when the one was murdered and the other threatened. Lord Norbury was not a Roman Catholic, but at his own expense (if we are to credit a statement in the *Dublin Evening Mail*), "he had built a Roman Catholic chapel. To "love their nation," however, and to "have builded them a synagogue," was not to win favour or mercy from them. This is not the time nor the place in which we could feel at ease in commenting on the indulgence of the lamented

nobleman towards an unscriptural and demoralising religion. Whatever the act may have been in itself, it should have been in the sight of Roman Catholics meritorious. They did not regard it. They did not regard the religion of Mr Keeffe. In granting Mr Scully a reprieve, they gave him the benefit, most probably, of his political services rather than of his religious belief. This is a peculiarity which should not be overlooked or forgotten; the agrarian confederacy in Ireland, which has not admitted, since perhaps 1803, a single Protestant into its ranks, consisting exclusively of Roman Catholics, is not to be propitiated by the building of a chapel to spare a Protestant landlord, and will not have mercy on a condemned Roman Catholic, although he is upon his way "to mass."

AGENTS.

County Tipperary.—*Austin Cooper and — O'Keeffe, Esqrs.*—Mr Cooper, the victim of this foul murder, indeed one of the two, for Mr Weyland, a gentleman of irreproachable character, also died, appears to have been one of those rarely-gifted men who win upon the affections of persons of all classes and dispositions. He was an extensive land-agent, and sustained with unblemished reputation a high place in society; but, although personally of the most intrepid character, he was so sensible of the difficulties and perils he must encounter in the discharge of his duties, that he had resolved to give up his agencies, with their emoluments, rather than retain them amidst the dangers to which they must expose him in so perturbed and vicious a state of society. All accounts concur in representing him as one to whom an uncharitable, or even a harsh action, was scarcely possible, one in whom the poor were ever sure to find a faithful friend and protector. And it is said that they most freely availed themselves of his liberal bounties even to the very day and hour in which it was arranged that they should take his life.* We

* It is said that, at the moment when the lamented gentleman was about to enter his carriage on the morning of his death, he was arrested by a female, who came with a story of a sick person in want of nourishment and medicine. Mr Cooper, though in haste, delayed to converse with and supply her. The woman was a stranger, and had come as a spy to learn his intended road, and to betray him.

shall have occasion to refer to the case of Mr O'Keefe elsewhere, and will therefore spare the reader an unnecessary repetition.

"County Tipperary.—The Barbarous Murder of Austin Cooper, Esq., and attempt to Murder two others.—The following are additional particulars of this atrocious transaction:—As Austin and Samuel Cooper, Esqrs. (brothers), of Kilmore, in the county of Tipperary, were proceeding together in a gig from Kilmore to Tipperary, at about seven o'clock yesterday morning, accompanied by Francis Weyland, Esq., on horseback, they were fired at by four fellows whose faces were blackened, and who had previously concealed themselves inside a ditch on the left side of the road. Each of these fellows levelled and discharged his piece almost at the same instant. Three of the shots took effect. One of them struck Mr Weyland's horse in the eye, another struck Mr Weyland in the small of the back, which tumbled him off his horse, and the third—melancholy to relate—shot Mr Austin Cooper dead. It appears the ball perforated his head a little above the ear. On the discharge of the shots, Mr Samuel Cooper leaped out of the gig, and fired two shots at the fellows from a short double-barrelled gun he had in his possession, one of which took effect, and wounded one of the ruffians in the face and breast, on which he dropped his piece and reeled to the ground. He, however, afterwards took up the gun and decamped. Mr Weyland, when down, also fired a pistol he fortunately carried in his coat pocket at one of the ruffians, by which, in all probability, he saved his own life; for, at the time, the fellow he fired at was taking deliberate aim at him, but ran off with the rest the moment Mr Weyland was in the act of firing off his pistol. There were seven shots fired altogether, and there can be no doubt that had not Mr S. Cooper and Mr Weyland fired so promptly on the assassins, they would all three have been murdered. So deliberately had the fellows planned the business, that they cut port holes in the ditch, and allowed the gentlemen to pass a few yards beyond the place where they were lying in ambush, before they fired. Mr Weyland was subsequently removed to Golden, but, we regret to say, that serious apprehensions are entertained for his recovery, as the ball had not been extracted when our informant wrote, and as it was feared, from the direction in which it lay, it had entered the spine.

—*Limerick Standard.*

"The Tipperary Murder.—Fifteen hundred pounds (in addition to the three hundred by Government) have been offered by the magistrates and gentry of the county

of Tipperary, for the discovery and conviction of the murderers of Mr Cooper. What a contrast to this is presented in the conduct of the 'excellent population' on the same occasion:—'A curious circumstance (says the *Tipperary Constitution*) connected with this dreadful and long-concocted murder is, that immediately after the several shots had been fired, Mr Cooper distinctly heard shots fired in the direction of Ballintemple road, also several shots evidently proceeding from another party of six persons, who had undoubtedly been placed on that line in case Mr Cooper should have gone that road. There were also scouts placed in different directions, and on Mr Cooper's return with the dead and wounded gentlemen, he met two of those. Mr Weyland said to them, 'Boys, this a bad business; won't you bring on the bats, and catch the horse for us?' To which they returned a most impertinent and brutal answer, and said, 'Bad luck to them if they'd have any thing to say to them!!' When the police and magistrates went to search for the ruffians they were mocked by the women, who used to call to them, and, in a jeering manner, say, 'Why don't you come in here, may be you'd find them here. Some said—'One of the nobs was shot and there would soon be more of them.' In fact, the entire conduct of the farmers and peasantry, before and subsequent to this tragical circumstance, fully demonstrates the league which exists for the persecution of those concerned with rents or otherwise."

BAILIFFS.

County Dublin.—"Outrageous attack upon Bailiffs.—On monday last, a warrant was entrusted to a bailiff named Day, with two assistants, to seize for rent due by Daniel O'Connor, for lands at Ticknock, county Dublin, the property of Mr H. Bentley. The bailiffs made their capture good, and were in possession: but, on Wednesday, the tenant replevined. In the course of that day, several persons came to the place, and threatened to beat the bailiffs unmercifully. In the evening, between nine and ten o'clock, the writ of replevin was handed to the bailiffs, and they gave up the seizure, and left for Dublin. They had not proceeded one hundred yards from the house, when they were waylaid by nine or ten ruffians, armed with bludgeons; one of them had an iron bar, and carried their threats into execution. Two of the unfortunate men were left for dead on the road, the third escaped by running away. The bailiffs were taken into a cabin on the road side for the night, and this morning were conveyed in a very dangerous state to the County Dublin Hospital."

County Longford.—"Drumlish, 17th Oct., 1838, *Newtonforbes.*—On yesterday evening, in the village of Drumlish, William Morrison, a bailiff to Lord Lorton, was barbarously murdered at the hour of seven o'clock, by a number of armed persons, who entered the house in which he had been taking some refreshment, put out the candles, and proceeded to the room in which he was. They actually beat his brains out with the ends of their muskets, one of which was broken, as appeared by the piece of it found. And from the fact of balls having been found on the floor of the room, we can form some idea of the ferocity of those savages, who were thus doubly prepared for the destruction of their victim.

"After the principal actors in this barbarous murder had satisfied themselves that they had done their worst, they were about to leave the house, but were ordered back by a person at the door. They re-entered the room, and left the fate of their unfortunate victim beyond all manner of doubt, by breaking his skull into atoms, and scattering his brains over the bed in which he lay."

These instances we have taken from incidents in the province of Leinster. We return to give one from Munster, from Tipperary, which we lay before the reader as much to exhibit the effrontery with which law is defied, as the ferocity with which it is resisted. This is a case in which we find the landlord acting as his own bailiff; a case describing a state of things in which the persons on whom he could have previously relied, would not dare to act without the encouragement of his presence.

"*Outrageous Assault upon a Landlord.* On Friday last, Palliser Wayland, Esq. of Knockerville, near Cashel, accompanied by his son and two bailiffs, proceeded to the lands of Moyne, in the neighbourhood of Killenaule, for the purposes of collecting rents and serving a man named John Cahill with an ejection. Immediately after effecting the service, they were attacked by a number of men armed with reaping-hooks, who commenced assailing the Messrs Wayland, and made the bailiffs eat the ejection which had just been served. One ruffian put his reaping hook around the neck of the elder Mr Wayland, and was in the act of drawing it, when Mr Wayland, presented a pistol at him, order-

ing him to desist, or he would shoot him—this had the effect of making the savage forego his deadly purpose. Messrs Wayland and their assistants were, however, outnumbered, and their assailants grappled them, and dragged them across the country, through hedges, and over ditches, though their vehicle was awaiting them on the road side: The elder Mr Wayland, by the time they had come near Killenaule, sank exhausted, from the fatigue he had been subjected to by his heartless persecutors, and was unable to proceed further. *One of the fellows immediately went to the Ballyhenty petit sessions, where the magistrates were sitting, and was about to lodge informations against Mr Wayland, sen., for presenting a pistol at him, but Mr Wayland, jun., had gained the court-house as soon; and, on stating the real circumstances of the case, his informations were taken against the principals in the outrage, who were committed for trial at the next quarter sessions.*"

TENANTS.

County Armagh.—A tenant was dispossessed for non-payment of rent from the lands of William Armstrong, Esq., County Armagh, refusing to accept fair and reasonable terms of accommodation, on the plea that, "*if right were to take place, the property was his, and not Mr Armstrong's.*" This farm was taken by a highly respectable man, who had served eleven years as a mounted policeman, with the best character, and who, in the beginning of the year 1835, with his wife, her father, George M'Farland (an old man aged seventy-seven years), and three children, came to reside upon it. During a space of nearly three years, Johnson was not molested, except that, from time to time, some persons expressed a fear of working for or with him, and told him that he had done wrong in taking the farm. On the evening of December 27, 1837, Johnson had left his home to settle some business with a neighbour, and while engaged with him, saw a number of persons pass, who called out to the proprietor of the house to close his door. There was a "month's mind" (a commemoration and prayer for the dead) held in Johnson's immediate neighbourhood, indeed, in the next house but one to

* The idea of a right to the forfeited lands, and the hope of recovering them, are frequently found influencing the peasantry in Ireland.

his own (distant about forty perches), and he supposed that the party he saw were going to join the assemblage. After about twenty minutes they returned. When they passed the door, a shot was fired, and a shout of ferocious exultation was raised.

During this short interval the party had gone to Johnson's house, and, finding the door open, walked into the kitchen, where they found his wife, with an infant on her lap, three other children, and her aged father. One of the party addressed Mrs Johnson, and said that the night was fair. She said, "Yes—come forward and warm yourselves." There was no answer; and, for a space of one or two minutes, armed men continued to enter the house in a strange and alarming silence. When all had entered, one rushed forward with a bludgeon, and, uttering an execration, struck Mrs Johnson a heavy blow; a second, while she was crying for mercy, felled her to the earth. While down, she saw that her father was struck, and heard him say, "May God have mercy on me!" One of the daughters, a girl of thirteen years of age, held a spinning-wheel over the feeble old man. This drew the attack upon herself, and the poor child was knocked down, dreadfully mangled, and beaten almost to death. McFarland, however, was the only actual victim of the night. The first blow he received was from a hatchet. After receiving it, he struggled towards his bed, where he was pursued, the blows from the same deadly weapon repeated; and his skull, as the surgeon said, cloven into a hundred pieces. A man held a candle for the murderer while he perpetrated the butchery; and he said to him, when it was done, "Ha! ha!—he's over!"

In the mean-time others were not less cruelly engaged; some beating Mrs Johnson—two striking at the child who had endeavoured to defend her grandfather, while one held her to prevent her from falling, calling upon her to say where the arms were; and, when incommoded by the blood which streamed from her, or alarmed by its

staining his clothes, crying out, "Keep your blood from me, you ——."

But we must pause. The details are, indeed, too full of horror. Those which we have given, we have taken, scarcely altered, except by a slight abridgment, from the thrilling, and, we are assured, not more than simply true narrative, in a highly respectable provincial paper, the *Newry Telegraph*. In the end Mrs Johnson's life was spared, on condition of swearing that she would leave the farm. The paper from which we have extracted our narrative, conducts its recital through subsequent horrors of the night. It mentions, also, the promptitude with which the Irish government acted on the occasion, and praises its offer of a liberal reward. But what is a reward for information, if accompanied by contrivances like those, which enable a culprit in Ireland to pack his jury. No criminal has suffered for the crime of McFarland's murder; and, it is said that the wretched and broken-hearted Johnsons are making preparations to leave, not only their residence, but their country, in which they feel that they cannot hope to be protected.

The instance of punishment which we shall next lay before the reader we select from the proceedings of a southern district. We give it as the *Dublin Evening Mail* has extracted the report from a provincial journal. The locality of the incident will not be doubted. It will be at once recognised that "Tipperary loquitur."

"*Incendiarism.—An Attempt to Burn a Man and his Family to Death.*—On the night of Tuesday, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, a dwelling-house on the lands blood-stained Curraghneddy was set in flames. Michael Quinlan, the occupier, and family being in bed and asleep at the time, they would in all probability have been burned alive, had not a portion of the thatch fallen in a fiery flake on Quinlan's face. On starting up and looking about him, all around was one red glare of light, and there was an intense heat like that of a red-hot furnace, which rendered breathing difficult. He was stupified and almost suffocated. What was he to do? Beside him lay his wife

* And yet a doubt is possible. Similar cruelties are ascribed to other counties. An attempt was made in Mayo to burn a widow, and, we believe, seven children, to death; and, as in the Tipperary outrage, the door was fastened from without.

and children, still in profound sleep. There was a crackling of timber, a tumbling in of the rafters in one corner, a dense smoke, and a swarm of fiery and scorching particles. Quinlan leaped out of bed, and dragged his sleeping wife and children to the middle of the floor, all naked as they lay. He then rushed to the door, unbarred it, and thought to open it; but it was fastened on the outside. He dragged and tugged—but in vain. At last, with that superhuman strength which despair alone can give, he tore the door off its hinges, and rushed out, almost enveloped in white wreathing smoke and eddying sparkles. On the outside every thing was rendered distinct by the crimson glare of light from the flaming roof. Three men, armed to the throat, were opposite the door, one of whom levelled him to the ground with the butt-end of a carbine. He was struck senseless for some minutes by the blow, but, when he recovered, the armed incendiaries were gone. He arose confused by the red light, and half blinded by the blood which was streaming from the wound he got. He again rushed into the flames, and succeeded in rescuing his wife and children from the devouring element. One moment later and all would be lost, for he was scarcely outside the threshold, when crash, crash went the roof, and a volume of dense smoke, mingled with flame, shot up to Heaven, and made the night luminous. Quinlan retreated to the police barrack which is about a quarter of a mile from the scene of conflagration. The house was consumed to ashes; and a calf, twelve geese, and a number of poultry shared the same fate. Quinlan we have seen—he is all over in one blister. He reminded us of some unfortunate white man who had fallen a victim to the cannibals of Malacca, but who had been rescued from the fiery stake when about half roasted. Quinlan's only crime was that he had assisted at the levelling of a house by his landlord's directions, from which a fellow named Gleeson has been ejected."

We have been somewhat diffuse in examples of punishment for this, the first class of offences created by the agrarian law, because we hold it to be that which is accounted, permanently, of most moment, and because it serves our purpose equally well with any other, as an occasion of exhibiting the manner in which the provisional, or insurrectionary government in Ireland will see its laws carried into execution. Henceforth we shall be more sparing in our selections.

2. UNPOPULAR EXERCISE OF ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

"*County Sligo.—Atrocious Murders—Ribbonism.*—Edward Coughlin had been at Sligo on the first instant, and returning about ten o'clock, he was attacked by some person or persons as yet unknown, who struck him several blows of stones on the head, and on the other parts of his body; his hat was knocked off, but being so near Ballymote he hoped to have reached it before he should become exhausted; he rode furiously almost a mile and a half after being assaulted, and then, from weakness and loss of blood, fell off his horse dead. I attended the inquest, and saw that the wound he received, which caused his death, was a blow from a weighty stone in the back of the head, causing a large fracture of the skull. The verdict is, 'wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.' It is needless to inform you that this is the respectable Roman Catholic, who, with his brother, were denounced by a certain priest in the following pathetic anathema,—'Let the Neddys and Johnnys go to hell and damnation their own way.' And it is the same individual who was held up by a Popish priest to the ridicule and contempt of his parishioners on a Sunday, as 'the man having the hare-lip, whom he would have painted on the chapel walls, so that all his flock might point the finger of scorn at him, for voting for the Orange Perceval.' The very day poor Coughlin was murdered, he complained to several respectable Protestants, friends of his, of the dread of assassination in which he was continually kept by the denunciations of the Popish clergy. Our readers will recollect (says the *Sligo Journal*), that shortly after the election, when Government influence was so shamefully and mischievously applied to prop up Radicalism and Popish hopes, the peasantry were forced by their task-masters not to work for Coughlin during the harvest. This persecution being hinted to Colonel Perceval, the gallant and much honoured member promptly proceeded, with fifty or sixty attached supporters, to reap and save the man's grain."

EVIDENCE.

The agrarian system directs that not only the crime of giving evidence, but suspicion of an intention so to do, nay, even the expression of a feeling which, if indulged, might lead to such a crime, shall be visited with condign punishment.

"*County of Limerick.—Barbarous Anecdote.*—A man who had given some evidence at the petty sessions of Hospital, was

barbarously murdered on his way home therefrom on Monday night last. Six of the murderers were brought into this city last evening, and lodged in the county jail, for trial at the approaching assizes."—*Limerick Standard*.

"**Shocking Murder.**—On the night of Friday, the 9th inst., Patrick Feeney, of Ballinamore, in the county of Galway, was brutally murdered near his own door. The unfortunate man was heard to express his regret for Richard Martin, his neighbour, who had met with most savage treatment on the previous evening, from persons named Loughan. On the evening above named, the deceased had only walked out a short distance when he was waylaid by two men, who sprang from behind a stone wall, and one held him while the other fractured his skull with a tonga. The inhuman ruffians, thinking they had dispatched their victim, then made off. The poor man got on his limbs, but fell dead before he could gain his own door. An inquest was held on the following day, before William Kenny, Esq., coroner, and a respectable jury, when the facts above stated were fully proved, and the tonga with which the deadly wound was inflicted was produced. Surgeon Heisse having examined the body, pronounced it as his opinion that death was caused by compression of the brain. A verdict of wilful murder was returned against John and Patrick Loughan, who have absconded. The coroner has issued his warrant for their apprehension. This is the third murder that has been perpetrated in this neighbourhood since Christmas-day."

"**Murder again.**—On the 17th of March last, a man, named Connor, was murdered near Ashlypark, about half-way between Burrisokane and Nenagh. His wife identified some of the murderers, had them apprehended, and they were to be tried at the last assizes. However, a few days before the assizes, two men came to the deceased's wife, with a false token, and told her that her sister wanted her on particular business; she, thinking their story was correct, went with them, and has not been since heard of."

—*Tipperary Constitution*.

"A notice, of which the following is a literal copy, was sent to us for publication, by a correspondent who took it down off a gate where it had been posted:—'Take notice that all persons given ivindence agen they brav felys who went to pettygo to defend their religion from they budy orange herrytucks on the tweltt july will be kild as ded as ould bill th third—their saint of an orange king—by order of Capt. Starlight.'"—*Ballyshannon Herald*.

4. JURY—OBNOXIOUS VERDICT.

In this department, the cases supplied by our correspondent furnish

little direct evidence, simply, it would appear, because the authority and terror of the agrarian system is such that obnoxious verdicts are scarcely ever returned. There are numerous complaints that juries have not done their duty—that they were intimidated—that accomplices of the prisoner in his crime were on the jury which was sitting to try him—that even intelligible signals passed between the prisoner and the juror; but there is no account of a juror murdered for his verdict, or of a verdict having been given such as was likely to provoke the chastisement of murder. We shall select but one case under this department, with a view to illustrate the state of society in which "such things can be."

"Nothing in the history of the most feudal states of barbarism could find a parallel to the savage scene exhibited at a place called the Lough, two miles from the town of Templemore, on Monday last. On this spot, Mr Cormack, one of the coroners of this county, summoned a jury to hold an inquest on the body of a man of the name of Ryan, who became accessory to his own death, by intoxication, and resisting by brutal force six policemen in the discharge of their duty, conveying him as a prisoner to the bridewell of Templemore. It is strange that whenever the police are concerned, no matter how forbearing, how mild and exemplary their conduct may heretofore have been, the moment that the death of a civilian (however remote the cause) is associated with their name, the savage cry of ruffianism and barbarianism is yelled and shouted out against them, and they are pronounced convicted murderers, even before trial. Such was the feeling at this memorable place of the Lough, where the coroner, notwithstanding the mild repeated remonstrances of magistrates to the contrary, insisted on holding his court! Here it was that several respectable jurymen, from the town of Templemore, were summoned, who, the moment they made their appearance, were threatened with assassination, and obliged to return home without the appearance of a single policeman or soldier to protect them. On the arrival of Mr Smith, the solicitor for the police, a general buzz spread through the whole field, and he was met at what is called the *basin gap*, by about fifteen hundred persons, who demanded his business there? Having answered, in the mild manner possible, that he came as the agent for the police, as he might in their own case, he was ordered to retire immediately, or to abide the consequences. At this moment Mr Tiant, a chief of police, came to his protection, &c. Mr Smith at length reached the room, or kitchen, where the coroner held his court,

and which baffles the power of human description. It was crammed to suffocation. There were a half dozen of attorneys' clerks assisting the friends of the deceased in striking the jury, yelling, bellowing, arguing, fighting, shouting, &c. &c. Messrs Tabiteau and Willington, magistrates, having quitted the room in disgust, afforded an opportunity to Mr Smith to leave it also under their protection. After getting out he was again surrounded by a denser mob than on the former occasion, and threatened, in presence of the magistrates, that if he dared to go back again to assist the police murderers he would not come off as before. Mr Tabiteau endeavoured, by reason, to convince them of their folly; but the more he said, the more their determination seemed fixed, and Mr Smith had but the choice of alternatives left, to abandon his clients to their fate, or suffer a glorious martyrdom on the plains of the Lough."—*Nenagh Guardian*.

PROTESTANTISM.

Our selections, although very few in comparison with the multitude of notices from which they are taken, must be numerous. In return, we shall spare the reader all comment from ourselves.

"*County Sligo.—Ribbon Outrages.*—James Reynolds and Edward Lloyd, both Protestant farmers, residing in the neighbourhood of Collooney, were returning from the fair of Tubberscanavan, on the night of Tuesday, the 18th instant, when they were assailed by a mob of 'Precursors,' who commenced to hoot and call them turncoats, and every opprobrious epithet which their attention to the sermons at the different mass-houses made familiar. The mob increasing, surrounded their intended victims, who were both knocked down and dreadfully injured with stones, when their pistols, for which they had license, and which their forbearance prevented them from using in self-defence, were forcibly taken from them. These men were guilty of being Protestants. Lloyd is a reformed Papist, hence the cry of 'turncoat;' and Reynolds, who holds a situation under Mr Cooper, came forward at the late registries to oppose the fictitious claims of the Popish party. By the exertions of some of the Collooney Protestants, friends to Mr Reynolds, two of his assailants were arrested and given in charge to the police.—On the night of Saturday last, two men named Phillips and Banks were returning from the market of Sligo, and on passing through Collooney (that 'peaceable neighbourhood') they called in to take some refreshment at the house of Mr Robert Anderson, a respectable innkeeper. After remaining for about

a quarter of an hour, they proceeded homewards, but did not go far till they were attacked by a number of persons, one of whom was armed with a large tongs. After inflicting several wounds on the heads of their victims while prostrate on the road, the inhuman wretches went away, one of them exclaiming—'*Take that for going to leave your money with Orange Anderson.*' Two of the police hearing of the occurrence, proceeded to the place, and succeeded in arresting one of the party; but they were met by a large mob, who rescued the prisoner, and knocked down the police with stones; one of them, sub-constable Vaugh, was seriously injured."

(*From the Gazette of Friday*).

"*Dublin Castle, June 6th, 1838.*—Whereas it has been represented to the Lords Justices, that James Anderson, parish clerk of the Rev. Joseph Wright, of Killencooile, in the county of Louth, was barbarously murdered between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th instant, outside the garden wall of Mr Travers Wright, near to which the body was discovered on the following morning, about half-past five o'clock.—Two Hundred Pounds and a Free Pardon.—By their Excellencies' command,

"T. DRUMMOND."

"The Rev. Richard Wright, of Killencooile, county of Louth, upon the decease of his late parish clerk, who was murdered near his door, took under his care one of deceased's sons, William, with a view to plant him in his father's situation, and for that purpose sent him to a Protestant school near Glyde-farm. On Friday last, while on his way from school, the lad, about fifteen years of age, was followed by five men, who overtook him near Corballis, and compelled him to swear he would never go again to any but the national school, and that he should never again be seen at church. This is a specimen of the working of the system for the extirpation of Protestantism. The dominion of Popery in Louth is nearly complete."—*Packet Correspondent*.

"*County Carlow.—Another Attack on Carlow Church.—Romish Toleration.*—On Wednesday evening last, while the congregation were assembled during the performance of divine worship, some ruffians created the greatest alarm among those assembled, by smashing the window over the communion table with a large stone, which fell near one of the pews. Several persons rushed out of the church to secure the offenders, but we regret to say, they escaped. *This is the third time similar outrages* have been committed on the parochial church, during the hours of

divine service, within the past year, and the cowardly villains who have perpetrated those outrages through a sheer spirit of wantonness, if not brutal bigotry, are in the habit of insulting respectable females approaching the church during divine service; and to such an extent have they dared to carry their violent proceedings, that several respectable females are prevented from attending the house of worship, apprehensive of being attacked by these ruffians. If the Protestants of the parish would adopt our advice, they would meet, with as little delay as possible, and would lead to the detection of the perpetrators of this sacrilegious outrage."—*Carlow Sentinel*.

"County Meath—Brutal Outrage.—We have been informed that on Wednesday last, two persons, usually denominated Scripture Readers, were, on their way from this town to Navan, assaulted by some ruffians, and beaten in a shocking manner. One of them, after sustaining a great deal of abuse, succeeded in making his escape, and is now lying in the Navan Infirmary. His companion has not since been heard of, and all that is yet known of him is from the statement of the former, who says, the last time he saw him, he was lying on the road senseless, whilst the savages were beating him. We trust every exertion will be made to bring the actors in this foul deed to condign punishment."—*Drogheda Journal*.

"PROTESTANTISM AND POPEERY IN THE ISLAND ACHILL.

"To the Editor of the Standard.

"Missionary Settlement,
Achill Island, Nov. 3.

"SIR—Having sent you a copy of my letter to Lord Morpeth, complaining of a murderous attack which was made upon John Connor, a schoolmaster in my employment, I now forward his lordship's reply, lest an impression should be made on the public mind that my complaint was unheeded. I also send you a second letter to Lord Morpeth, describing another outrage which has since been committed on one of our people, and connecting the resident priest of this island with the persecution to which Connor is now subjected. It may interest your readers to know that the Roman Catholic curate of the island was convicted the other day at the petit sessions of Newport of an assault upon Connor, and that this is the same person who is noticed in Dr M'Hale's recent letter to Lord John Russell, as the national schoolmaster of Baffin Island, who became a Protestant. With many thanks for the service which you have rendered to the Protestant cause in this district, by directing public opinion to the injuries sought to be inflicted on those who are

engaged in forwarding it.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant in Christ,

"EDWARD NANGLE."

—
"Dublin Castle, Oct. 25.

"SIR—I am directed by the Lord-Lieutenant to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, calling attention to an attempt which was made to injure a schoolmaster in your employment, on Monday, the 15th of this month. And I am to inform you that immediate inquiry will be made into the circumstances to which you advert.—I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

(Signed) "MORPETH."

"The Rev. Edward Nangle, Achill,
Newport, Mayo."

—
"To the Right Hon. Lord Morpeth.

"Missionary Settlement,
Achill Island, Oct. 28, 1838.

"MY LORD—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's letter of the 25th instant, in reply to a communication from me, informing your lordship of an attempt which was made to injure a schoolmaster, John Connor, employed by me in this island. I have to regret that another outrage has occurred, which obliges me again to address your lordship. As the postman of this colony, Alexander Lendrum, was returning from Newport this day, he was assaulted near the village of Cashel, in this island, and so severely wounded in the head, that our physician, Dr Adams, declares that he could not for a few days pronounce him out of danger. In my former letter I alluded to a report of discourses delivered by Dr M'Hale and the Rev. Mr Hughes of Newport, in which the people were incited to violence against us. I stated that I was ready to prove that such language was used; and, as the islanders manifested no peculiar hostility up to that period, I must naturally connect the outrages and the incessant insult to which we have since been subjected, with the inflammatory addresses of Messrs M'Hale and Hughes. Tangible proof of the connexion of the Roman Catholic priest of this island, with the persecution to which my schoolmaster, Connor, is exposed, has since come to light, as Lieutenant Nugent, inspecting commander of coast-guard, and a magistrate of this county, has discovered that the country people were forbidden by the priest, the Rev. Mr Harley, to sell any provisions to John Thomas, chief boatman of Bullamouth station, because he was reported to him (the priest) as having shared some of the provisions which he purchased in his own name with Connor. I beseech your lordship to present these matters to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, and to

request his Excellency's interference for the protection of an industrious, peaceable, and most oppressed people, who are chargeable with no offence but that of having abandoned the communion of the Church of Rome. Their patience is severely tried by the incessant insult and violence to which they are subjected. So far they have manifested a forbearance highly creditable to their Christian profession, and I can assure your lordship that no exhortation shall be wanting on my part to persuade them to persevere in the same course of patient endurance; but I do fear that if their adversaries are permitted to go on unchecked, they may, at last, in self-defence, be compelled to retaliate; if so, the consequences must be disastrous. I would humbly suggest to your lordship, as a means of allaying the present ferment, that petit sessions should be held in this island. This might be easily accomplished, as Lieutenant Nugent, who is a magistrate of this county, is obliged to visit Bullamouth once a month, in discharge of his duty as inspecting commander of coast-guard. The stipendiary magistrates residing at Belmullet might accompany him in these periodical visits, when the court might be held. At present we are almost excluded from the benefit of legal protection; the nearest sessions are held at Newport, twenty-five miles distant; and, besides the expense of bringing witnesses to such a distance, we cannot travel that lonely road without personal danger.—I have the honour to remain, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

"EDWARD NANGLE."

"To the Right Hon. Lord Morpeth, &c."

"I hereby offer a reward of Twenty Pounds for such information as will lead to the conviction (within six months) of the person or persons who, on the night of the 28th of April last, broke a window of the Church of Rathconrath, in the county of Westmeath, and put therein an illegal notice threatening the Rev. B. G. Grant with death, and injury to his property, if he did not quit the parish.

"By order of Inspector-General of Constabulary,

"H. W. THOMPSON, Sub-Inspector."

From the Cork Constitution.

"County Cork.—Attempted Assassination of a Clergyman.—About half-past seven o'clock, on Monday evening, a shot was fired through the window of the dining parlour of the Rev. Doctor Campion, of the parish of Knockmourne, in the barony of Kinnataloon. Dr Campion was, at the moment, with his lady and family, seated round the fire, and the shot was aimed directly at the spot in which they were sitting. They, in all probability, owe their safety to the thickness of the window-shutter,

for, in that, no fewer than four-and-twenty large slugs were lodged, and from the range which they took, had they penetrated the shutter, there is reason to fear not one of the family would have escaped."

"As the Rev. Marcus Beresford was proceeding to officiate in his parish church of Larah, on Sunday last, he was waylaid by two villains, who, lurking behind a hedge, nearly opposite to the house of the Roman Catholic priest, fired at him as he was passing. Whether both the miscreants discharged their fire-arms at him (for both were armed), is uncertain—only one report having been heard; but, by the mercy of God, the shot was without effect—though the assassins were not more than ten yards distant from their expected victim. Immediately after the discharge, Mr Beresford and his servant—though both unarmed—pursued, with great intrepidity, the cowardly yet blood-thirsty assailants, who instantly fled with their carbines in their hands: and although some police, who happened to be near, and some of the Protestant parishioners who were on the way to church, joined in the pursuit, we are sorry to say, that the miscreants effected their escape by mingling with the Popish congregation, which was just at that moment leaving early mass—and many of whom seemed anxious to screen the murderers from justice."

"Borrisokane, April 5, 1838.—On Sunday last, as the inhabitants of Borrisokane were assembled in church at evening service, and the officiating clergyman, the Rev. William Molloy, in the pulpit, the congregation were suddenly alarmed by the tremendous crash of a stone, hurled with unerring aim at the central eastern window, immediately near which the pulpit is situated. The eastern window of the church is within a few feet of the public road, from whence the stone was thrown; and, from the relative position of the preacher, with his back to the window, and the number of lights in front, the evil-minded person must have been able to distinguish clearly the outline of the reverend gentleman's figure, and would, to a certainty, have accomplished his purpose, were in not that an angle of the sash in a line with the preacher's head, providentially arrested the further progress of the destructive missile."

"County Limerick.—Conspiracy to Murder.—Sunday last, four sanguinary ruffians, armed, and their features disguised by bog mould, followed the Rev. Mr Coote's car, from his residence towards Doom church; but, not finding that persecuted clergyman on the vehicle, they searched several cabins by the road, thinking Mr Coote had slipped off the car to avoid them. Had they found the rev. gentleman, their object was to mur-

der him in the noon-day. In those places they visited, they distinctly avowed their determination, with an expression of regret that he had escaped them. Fortunately for Mr Coote, who is suffering from illness, another minister had on that day officiated for him at the parish church, and thus was his life providentially saved from assassins, who have attempted it more than once in that neighbourhood."

"On Sunday morning last, between the hours of three and four o'clock, the house of the Rev. J. Crampton, at Malahide, was for the third time within this year set on fire by incendiaries. A match, composed of hay and oakum, or tarred rope, had been introduced through two broken panes, one in the drawing-room, and the other in the pantry window. The entire sash, shutters, &c. of the drawing-room were consumed before the fire was discovered, and a quantity of furniture destroyed. One of the matches was introduced into the room immediately under Mr Crampton's bed-room."

"*Leitrim.—Murder—Mohill, Oct. 26.*—A barbarous murder was perpetrated near this town yesterday evening. A Protestant, named John Stretton, was returning from market to his residence near Cloone, when he was fired at and wounded. His barbarous assailants, not content with this, fell upon him with scythes and other sharp weapons, and mutilated the corpse in a most frightful manner. The deceased was, about four months since, denounced by a priest from the altar, and the people were forbidden to speak to him. The stipendiary magistrate held an investigation into the circumstance at the time, but nothing more was thought of it until the unfortunate deceased met his fate in this savage manner. Within ten days, Morrow, Lord Lorton's steward, and Stretton have been both murdered—two Protestants, named Cullom and Redfern, have had their houses attacked in the open day by armed men—Cullom's gun was carried off, his wife severely beaten; Redfern's windows were broken, his wife and family abused; both occurring within a quarter of a mile of the town. Both men were absent at the time of the attacks, or it is hard to conjecture what fate would have awaited them.—*Correspondent of Saunders.*"

"*Another Barbarous Murder.*—On Tuesday morning last, about four o'clock, three Protestants, while on their way to the county Wicklow with lime, were attacked near Tullow by several persons, and brutally beaten with stones and bludgeons; one of them, John Pollard, was inhumanly murdered on the spot, his brains being literally scattered on the road. One of his comrades was inhu-

manly mangled, and is despaired of; the third providentially escaped. A man named Byrne was committed to jail on Wednesday, fully identified as a principal in this inhuman murder. No reason can be assigned for the perpetration of the foul deed, but that the unfortunate men were Protestants."

We shall add but one proof more of the persecution to which Protestants have been given up,—the incidental manner in which the circumstance of *gentlemen going armed to church* is noticed, in describing an outrage on a place of worship.

6. REFUSAL TO ENTER SECRET SOCIETIES.

Evidences of the existence of a secret society extending itself through all parts of Ireland, are abundant and conclusive in the communications of our correspondent. His proofs, also, are decisive that the principle of a division of labour is adopted by them, and an army of observation, as it were, called the "Polishers," formed, which is to act a part the opposito of that assigned to the sentinels of the bees—not to keep off the "ignavum pecus" from the hive, but to compel them to enter it. Our extracts, however, must necessarily be few.

"*County Sligo.—Another Attempt to Burn to Death a Father, Mother, and Seven Children.*—We have just heard from unquestionable authority, that a few nights since, the house of a poor man named Patrick Healy, on the lands of Killaney, was maliciously set fire to and destroyed, together with a portion of the poor man's furniture. The time chosen by the brutalized "Precursors," for the destruction of this unfortunate family, was the calm hour of midnight, when, the ruffians well knew, the unconscious inmates were slumbering in fancied security; coals of fire had been placed in different parts of the thatch at the same moment; but providentially (as in the case of Burns) their faithful watch-dog, alarmed by the crackling of the roof, set up a piteous howl, which awoke Healy and his family, and revealed to them the danger of their perilous situation. The poor creatures fortunately escaped a few minutes before the blazing roof fell in, and procured shelter in a neighbouring village. Thus we have lived to see a second attempt made to burn to death an entire family in this unfortunate county, within the short space of a few weeks. The only reason assigned

for this diabolical attempt to take away human life is, that Healy (who is an industrious Roman Catholic) refused to become a member of the Ribbon Association.'

Such is the agrarian calendar of crime, or, to speak more correctly, a specimen of it. For offences such as we have classified, and by such punishments as we have described, many hundreds, to whom the law owes protection, are every year overtaken by a violent death in Ireland. Many hundreds are sufferers in property and person; and thousands, in incessant apprehension of violence, waste away, an unseen death, at home, or betake themselves to distant lands, where, if there are no fond associations to attach them to their new homes, and no comforts to enhance the zest of life, they are, at least, secure against persecutions and menaces which made the land of their nativity a desolation to them. The reader has had a selected specimen of the manner in which punishments are executed, and of the spirit in which they are conceived, which have had so terrific an influence upon the condition and advancement of Ireland. If we have selected with tolerable skill, he will, we are willing to hope, be already prepared to admit that it is a very erroneous judgment upon such punishments, and one very much calculated to mislead, which pronounces them

crimes, and classes them among the ordinary offences for which men are to be held amenable. They ought not to be thus regarded. Perhaps there never yet was a people, among whom so much cruelty, treachery, and violence, has been manifested—so fearful outrages perpetrated—so many lives taken by shocking murder—and so few offenders punished: in whom, also, it will not be found, that the terrible excesses, committed by them with impunity, have not been reconciled to their notions of right and duty, by some process with which those who judge them hastily are unacquainted. The butcheries, burnings, perjuries, which we impute as crimes to the Irish people, in their judgment are not crimes. They are acts of severe duty; acts for which, if the law of the land prevailed against them, they must die—but which a law, inserted in their abused conscience, taught them they must execute; acts for which, however they might be made to suffer, they could experience no remorse. This was the incident, belonging to the character of what has been called Irish crime, which demanded most the attention of magistrates and legislators—and this is the incident which they have especially disregarded. "The knowledge of men," said Coleridge, "may be very evil if not corrected by a knowledge of man."

MATHEWS THE COMEDIAN.*

If biography were honest, it would be among the most valuable of all writings. But is it ever honest? Can the auto-biographer be trusted with the truth? Can his friend, or his enemy, or the somebody, who, being neither, attempts only to make a book that somebody else will read, be trusted more? Are there not vanity, fear, ignorance, forgetfulness, all standing in the way of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? and what spirit of sincerity can survive those things? From the first man who ever put his pen to paper, in record of his own acts and deeds, to the last, we shall never expect to find the reality which we want; but we may find the amusement which various adventure can supply, the lesson which can be taught by the experience of others, and the interest which can be raised by the eccentricities, struggles, and collisions of character. There is much even in this; if the portraiture of the "inner man" is hidden from us, and it is often hidden from himself; at least we may know his external, the man as he moved before society,—the bold figure of the defyer of chance and difficulty, the wild whim and strange animation of the humorist, or the ardent physiognomy and lofty attitudes of the man of genius.

The biography of the late well-known Charles Mathews ought to furnish some resemblance to them all; for he had something of the faculties, the feelings, and the labours of all. If his heart had not been among the most buoyant of human kind, he must have sunk under the first anxieties of his trying profession; if he had not possessed the half-mad whim of an original, he must have flattened and fallen away into common-place,—and if there had not been that touch of still finer faculty within him, which makes obscure talent anticipate the time of fame and fortune, he must have long before stooped to the wretchedness of his condition, perished, and been forgotten. If all this denunciation of the miseries of a theatrical life should seem too darkly coloured to the

crowd, who see the actor only on the stage, flourishing in silk and gold, smiling among rival princesses, and settling the fates of nations, for five acts together; let them turn to the earlier pages of this narrative, and be comforted that they have never tried to climb to renown on the shoulders of either Thalia or Melpomene.

Charles Mathews was born in London, in June 1776, the son of a bookseller in the Strand. He pleasantly remarks, that the family name, being Matthew, was changed to its present spelling in consequence of the legacy of an estate, and the bequest being thrown into Chancery, and lost. "His father lost at once a T and a suit." He, however, consoles himself, "The estate was worth £200 a-year, and it cost about £210 annually, in law and repairs, so that its loss became a gain."

His life began under circumstances which predicted but little of his character or his career. His father was what was then termed a "serious" bookseller, and was so conspicuous among his sect as to be chosen a preacher in one of Lady Huntingdon's chapels, by the lady herself. But the preacher had a counteracting principle in his household, which generally contrives to carry the day at last. His wife was a Church of England woman; and as she happened to possess excellent sense, also, in other matters, she ruled the preacher, evidently much to his own advantage. Those were the high days of sectarianism. Wesley and Whitfield, both very able, and both very indefatigable men, had roused the popular feelings of religion; and, as in all great religious excitement, there was a sad mixture of chaff with the wheat, individuals who had tried many another pursuit, mingled with the sincere; and men little qualified to feed the flocks in any Church, discovered that the new opinions offered a peculiarly convenient way of feeding themselves. Mathews speaks with measureless truth of the crowd who constantly preyed upon his simple-minded father.

"He, the most guileless, the most intrinsically honest and moral man, I believe now, in my heart, who ever passed sixty-four summers in this sub-lunary globe, remained a liberal Christian among wretched fanatics,—moderate in a crowd of raving enthusiasts,—the mildest of preachers, the kindest of advisers, himself an example to the wholesale dealers in brimstone,—the pawnbrokers, hosiers, butchers, snoco-makers—no matter how low, how ignorant, to whose tender mercies I was constantly subject. Such were those by whom my father was surrounded. Had he not been bitten by one of these rabid animals very early in life, his naturally cheerful mind and benevolent disposition would have admirably qualified him for a quiet and happy member of the real and true mode of worship, as I think, and trust ever shall think."

Notwithstanding those propensities of the parent, the child thinks that nature had intended Charles Mathews for a comedian. On the faith of his old nurse, he describes himself as "a long thin skewer of a child, of a restless, sidgetty temperament, and by no means of regular features—quite the contrary; and as if Nature herself suspected that she had not formed me in one of her happiest moments, the Fates, finding that there was not the least chance of making me a beauty, determined to make me comical."

A circumstance, which, in the spirit of an old Roman, he evidently regarded as an omen, occurred at this period. This was nothing less than an introduction to Garrick; and, to crown the singularity of the case, this event took place in the shop of the "serious" bookseller, and through the agency of Hannah More! It is a curious trait in the life of this popularly pious lady, that though she abhorred playhouses, she evidently had no objection to the houses of players; and that, though her sect must have denounced Garrick as the chief of sinners, he being the chief of players, yet she could so delicately draw the line between her convictions and her convenience, that she associated on the most familiar terms with him and his family for very nearly twenty years. The clear case was, that this deplorable culprit gave excellent dinners, and saw very pleasant company; and that the devout Hannah saw the greatest possible difference between the criminality

of an offender spending L.4000 a year, with a remarkably pleasant dwelling in town, only exchanged at suitable seasons for a delightful villa on the banks of the Thames, and the incurable guilt of a theatrical wretch spouting for twenty shillings a-week, and starving by his salary. Peace be to her memory, and that of the tender disciples whom she reared to follow her calling,—the race of professional pietists, the soft Pharisees whose horror of ostentation, somehow or other, always threw them into the very path of publicity,—whose right hand was so far from any degree of ignorance as to the virtuous achievements of its left, that if each had been occupied by a trumpet, it could not have made a more vigorous appeal to the public attention; and who, as in the case of Garrick and his playhouse convivialities, exhibited all the original skill of swallowing the camel, while the straining at the gnat exercised their pious delicacy through the whole scale of saintly contortion.

On this occasion, Garrick, with habitual good-humour, took the infant in his arms,—he burst into a fit of laughter at its little visage, and said, "Why, his face laughs all over, but certainly on the wrong side of his mouth." The mouth had a slight contortion from a spasm soon after he was born, which gave a peculiar turn to his countenance through life.

At length he experienced the miseries of this troublesome existence, by being sent to school, where he had the misfortune to meet with a flogging pedagogue. "Had flogging given knowledge," says he, "I might have been a dangerous rival to the seven Greek sages." He then humorously remarks: "Often have I cast an eye on the little cherubs that clung to the school-room organ, and wished that I had been shaped like them—*only* head and wings."

The imitative passion early disclosed itself; and the sentiment of disgust for the gross vulgarity of the lower classes of the Huntingdonian preachers exhibited itself in almost instinctive caricature. His chief butt was an old haranguer and haunter of the bookseller's hospitalities, known as Daddy Berridge. Some of this man's exhibitions must have been absolutely intolerable. He preached at the building called the Tabernacle, in Tottenham Court

Road. The increase of the sect since Whitfield's time, had required an increase of room, and a part of the hearers were thrust into a dismal place under the gallery, called, not inappropriately, the Oven. It was scarcely possible for those persons to hear any part of the oration, unless expressly directed to themselves. When Daddy Berridge exploded a sentence of peculiar ferocity on the general audience, he stooped his head down, and shot the point of his harangue into the Oven. Mathews gives an instance. "If, with these examples before you; if, when these truths are made manifest; if, with these rules laid down for your conduct, you do not repent, you will all be d——d." He would then elevate his guttural voice, peep down to the half-stifed wretches underneath, and cry, 'you will all be d——d,—do you hear below?' This being all they heard of the sentence, they might have naturally asked for what. Another of his appeals was, after citing a string of truisms on the uncertainty of life,—'since last I sojourned among you, my brethren, the fell destroyer has been busy. I can see before me the outward symbols of grieving spirits within.' He would then begin to reckon, 1—2—4—7—8—10—11—13—18—22 people in mourning; then wheeling to the right-about, 25,—then, left-face, 27—29, then stooping to the Oven, he would bellow out, 'how many are there, there?'"

The future man's habits were all imbibed in early life; his father had a chapel at Whetstone, at some distance from London, to which village, on every Saturday, through the greater part of the year, he went and remained till Monday morning.

He describes his delight in natural and pleasing language. "This escape from all descriptions of fagging and confinement—this freedom of body and soul from the fetters of scholastic discipline—the contrast between the narrow dirty lane where the school was situated, and the pure air I breathed in my beloved little village, was such a joyous emancipation, that the impression has dwelt on my memory to the present hour, and I feel the same impulse to escape from London with all its attractions, and revel in country pleasures that I did when I was a school-boy. Indeed, every feeling, every propensity or peculiarity, I can

trace to impressions formed in my school days. During my first engagement in Drury Lane theatre, I lived at Colney Hatch; and in all weathers returned home after the play about eight miles, and over Finchley Common, in an open carriage. This was from pure love of the country. Four years I lived at Fulham, and paid the same midnight visits, frequently on horseback, to my house; and fourteen years at Kentish Town (commonly called Highgate by my visitors, and not unfrequently Hampstead); and I can truly say, that the same feelings pervade me at this moment. Without enumerating my list of objections to all large cities, and more particularly to London, I can only assert that I always turn my back upon it, with pleasure, when I have any thing like rural enjoyment in prospect."

As the period is undoubtedly contemplated by the Papists and Sectaries, when they shall have all matters exactly according to their own hearts,—when the Establishment is to be dust and ashes, and the Tabernacle is to uplift its front above the Church, and with due homage to his Holiness the Pope, "high mass is to be said in St Pauls;" it may be not unsatisfactory to see the specimens of sectarian piety with which the Tabernacle has teemed, even in the eighteenth century, and will unquestionably teem again, the moment the Church shall have ceased to keep down its antics. Since the days of the "Revival," so called, in the middle of the century, the conventicle has not furnished a more popular saint than William Huntingdon, who regularly affixed to his name, S. S. or "Sinner Saved:" This fellow has left a specimen of his style, and of his school, in a volume, which he called the "Bank of Faith." Our readers must have a fragment, excluding as much as we can the absolute profaneness.

"During the space of three years, I secretly wished in my soul that God would favour me with a chapel of my own." He despaired of such a favour; but at length it was given,—by an interposition, which this impudent fanatic ascribes to the Deity in person. A stranger "was sent to look at a certain spot," by another interposition. A wise man was stirred up to offer to build it. "God drew the pattern in his imagination, while he

was hearing me preach a sermon. I then took the ground, and the chapel sprung up like a mushroom!" This fortunate facility of obtaining whatever he asked for, was of course not suffered to remain without fruits. He next applied for clothes. "My surt-out was got very thin and bad, and the weather was at that time very cold; I felt it as I was going to preach, and I prayed secretly for a coat." The prayer was, of course, responded to by an immediate miracle. "As soon as I had delivered my discourse, I desired a young man to fetch my old greatcoat, in order to put it on before I went out of the warm meeting-house. When he came back, lo! he brought me a new one! I told him, this was not mine—he said that it was. I put it on, and it fitted very well. In one of the pockets there was a letter which informed me, *my blessed Lord and Master had sent it to me*, to wrap my worthless carcass in during the very severe winter." Regretting his reluctance on the subject, he candidly says, "My mock-modesty had nearly deprived me of this new greatcoat."

Huntingdon still worked the mine which he had found so profitable. He soon discovered that he might as well consult his comfort in other matters. His preaching round the skirts of London fatigued him; so, he "went to prayer, and asked for more strength, less work, or a horse." "I used my prayers," says he, "as gunners do swivels, turning them every way, as the cases required." The result was, that a horse was subscribed for and given to him. But the horse was without the necessary equipments. Those, however, were not long wanting. "Soon after I got the horse, one gave me a guinea to buy a bridle, another gave me two whips, another trusted me for a saddle; and *here was a full answer to my prayer*. But his horse made other wants soon perceptible. "Having now had my horse several weeks, and going a great way regularly every Sunday; as might naturally be inferred, my breeches began to wear out. At last I was determined to go to one of my flock in Kingston, who was in the breeches line, and to get him to trust me, till *my Master* sent me money to pay him." Of course, the miracle was wrought without delay. I was going to London that day, and called on Mr Croucher,

a shoemaker; he told me a parcel was left there for me. I opened it, and behold there was a pair of leather breeches!" A letter accompanied this preternatural gift, mentioning that if any alteration was required, it would be made by the giver. To this, Huntingdon answered,—“Sir, I received your present, and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of leather breeches, because I did not know till now that my Master had ordered them from you. They fit very well; which convinces me, that the same God who moved thy heart to give, guided thy hand to cut; *because he perfectly knew my size; having clothed me in a miraculous manner for nearly five years!*” Now, if we are astonished, and indeed alarmed at such intolerable grossness, what must we think of the frenzy, the prostration of all common sense, and the desperate insolence that belong to fanaticism? This fellow attracted vast crowds, zealous devotees, eager contributors. He possessed the reputation of “a chosen vessel,” while he lived, and has left behind him the odour of sanctity. And what must have been the minds, the passions, and the abject love of absurdity, that could endure this man and his profane nonsense? Let sectarianism “have its fling” among us, and we shall have Huntingdon out-Huntingdoned, profaneness fouler and more daring, absurdity more contemptible and more vicious, until, between disgust and detestation, between corruption and fatuity, the name of religion is buried in the land.

The taste for stage performances, perhaps not unnaturally, followed those extravagant displays; and the boy imagined himself born the undoubted successor of that great hero of the theatre who had once dandled him in his arms. His opinion of his own powers was amusingly exhibited by the following application to the manager of Covent Garden, proposing himself to fill up the enormous chasm occasioned by the death of Edwin, one of the most popular of all comedians! The letter is characteristic and capital,—we offer it as a model to all rising geniuses.

“Sir, the lamented death of Mr Edwin making an opening in your establishment, inspires me to offer myself as a candidate to supply the vacancy. I have *never performed in*

any public theatrical representation, having been much engaged in business; but I trust this will not operate against me. I am already perfect in Lingo and Bowkit, and know *more than half* of Old Doiley. Salary is no object, as *I only wish to bring my powers into a proper sphere of action*. I do not wish to blaze out awhile, and then evaporate! Being at present bound to my father, and under indentures, of course his consent will be necessary; but this is the *only* impediment that I am aware of. Your immediate answer, if convenient, will be of great consequence to, sir, your obedient servant, C.M." This was in the year 1790; and, as he was born in 1776, the proposed first comic actor of the metropolitan theatre was just fourteen! The manager simply returned him a line of refusal. But the young ambition of the future man of

"Quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles,"

was not to be thus extinguished. Excluded from the "properties" of the stage, he bought a pot of rouge, burned corks to give effect to his nascent beard and brows, and crowned all with a wig, copied from Edwin's portraits. The performances took place before his father's servants and apprentices; and, while the serious bookseller was probably calculating on his son's renown in the shoes of Toplady and Romaine, that son was wickedly raising a rebellion of laughter in the paternal kitchen, and flinging about jests and burlesques in the shape of the living Fawcett, Bannister, and Munden.

He records a *mot* of old Macklin, perhaps the *last* of this extraordinary survivor of his generation, for at this period he was above a hundred years old. Mathews was sitting next to him, when an actress of more matter than spirit was playing the part of a hoyden on the stage, Macklin watched her frolics for some time with a critical gaze; at length, on a peculiar display of agility, he turned round and said, in a voice that seemed to issue from a cavern, "Sir, that lady jumps very *high*, but she comes down *very heavy*."

Determined to be seen on a "real stage," Mathews, and his friend

Litchfield, like himself a stage enthusiast, purchased the honour of a night's display on the Richmond boards for fifteen guineas; the good-natured and moderate manager having asked only twenty, for the opportunity thus given to two boys to make fools of themselves. The play was to be *Richard the Third*. Mathews, who had a passion for fencing, took the minor part of Richmond, that he might flourish his rapier in the last scene; and he flourished it to his heart's content. Litchfield, the crook-backed hero, after a few thrusts, would have evidently been satisfied to forfeit his crown and life. But his antagonist "had no idea of paying seven guineas and a half" for nothing. In vain did the tyrant try to die, after a decent defence,—in vain did he show symptoms of exhaustion. "I drove him," says Mathews, palpably enjoying his prowess, even after the lapse of so many years, "I drove him from any position convenient for his last dying speech. The audience laughed, I heeded them not; they shouted, I was deaf. Had they hooted, I should have lounged on unconscious of their interruption. I was resolved to show them all my accomplishments. Litchfield frequently whispered 'enough,' but I thought with Macbeth. I kept him at it, and, I believe, we fought almost literally a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. To add to the oddity of the scene, a bumpkin in the gallery, probably thinking the tyrant invulnerable by cold steel, and wrapt in the scene, eagerly bellowed out, 'Why don't you shoot him?'" Many years after, as Mathews was relating one evening in the green room this droll incident, Mrs Jordan almost shook him from his seat, by starting up, clasping her hands, and in her warm-hearted fervent tones exclaiming, "Was that *you*? I was there," and she screamed with laughter, at the recollection of his acting in Richmond, and the length of the combat.

At length, in 1794, having made up his mind to adopt the stage as his profession, chance threw in his way one Hitchcock, acting manager of the Dublin Theatre. The young Roscius of course betrayed himself, and made a bad bargain with this theatrical Sergeant Kite. In short, says Ma-

thews, I enlisted; he did *not* give me a shilling, and I believe never would if he could have avoided it. I stipulated, as far as possible, for what is called low comedy, for I had no pretensions to any thing above that. Why he engaged me at all was a puzzle to me, when I had leisure for repentance, in Dublin. My salary was to depend upon my success. (Could I doubt that it would be liberal? After some discussion with his father, who finished by saying 'that little vagabond Garrick bit you when he took you in his arms,' he set off for Dublin. It was a dark and dreary morning when he landed, and a melancholy foreboding stole over him. He felt that he had embarked on a dangerous sea of adventure, without rudder, compass, or pilot, and all seemed comfortless. "A thinner and more consumptive specimen of an Englishman," says he, "never set foot on the Emerald Isle." But this depression was unnatural to his lively and sportive spirit. The sun broke forth, and cheered him,—the novelty of the scene excited him,—the odd sayings of the populace who gathered round the custom-house charmed him,—and he asserts that the powerful contrast that exhibits itself on first landing in France, is not more powerful than that experienced by a close observer on his first crossing the Irish Channel, and clearing his luggage in Dublin. His first appearance was in Jacob and Lingo, in which some of his songs were enchored, and his comic talent acknowledged by the laughter of the galleries. He soon received a not less expressive evidence of his success, a message from Daly the manager. That high personage summoned him to his closet, and offered him the munificent salary of one guinea a week!

But the heroes of the stage are as liable to mishaps as the heroes of romance. The young actor's hopes of gain and glory were soon to be deplorably damped. The part of Beaufort, in the *Citizen*, was fastened upon him. Mathews tells his melancholy destiny with humorous sorrow;—he was to act with Miss Farren, afterwards Lady Derby, who was then playing in Dublin for a few nights. The part was notoriously that of a "walking gentleman," the proverbial bore of actor and audience. Accus-

tomed as the lady must have been to mediocre performance in a part made for mediocrity, she probably never saw it before in such grotesque incapacity. With dismay, she observed the new exhibitor appear in the green-room in a scarlet coat (the only one provided by the theatre for the occasion), and that coat made obviously for a figure a head shorter than the wearer, and the sleeves reaching only within an inch of his wrists; a yellow embroidered waistcoat; a pair of black satin breeches, scarcely covering the knee; his hair liberally powdered and tied in a *queue*, according to the mode, and a *chapeau-bras*, which he scarcely knew how to dispose of. Imagine Mathews in such a dress, and at the age of seventeen, playing a sentimental drawl of a lover to a woman of elegant and accomplished manners! His reception was proportionate. The moment he set his foot on the stage, he was met by a general shout from the galleries, as if a clown in a pantomime had made his appearance. This was followed by shrieks, equally sympathetic, and, the first storm once over, the wits of the house plied him with their pellets. Thus he enjoyed the following delicate *inuen-does*; "Pat, dont breathe hard, or you'll puff him off the stage."—"Oh, it's the only puff I'll give him anyhow." His thinness was not forgotten.—"Oh, what a slice of a man? Arrah, where's your other half? Why did you not bring it with you?" Those specimens of rabble sport were death to the unfortunate actor, who was compelled, through no fault of his own, to incur and endure them. The vexation was even heightened by the performances of the charming actress, who was equally compelled by her part to turn this moping lover into burlesque. Her imitation was, of course, received by the galleries with savage rapture,—Thereon followed from *on high* a dreadful noise, that might be supposed the war-whoop of the American Indians." Beaufort's exit was commemorated by another dreadful roar, and, at its close, one of his tormentors stood up and proposed "*a groan for the long lobster*," a proposal which was accorded with the honours. It may be conceived with what misery of mind a man of Mathews' excessive irritability felt all this torture. Miss Farren apologised

to him when they had returned behind the scenes, for her unwilling burlesque. All was in vain. He begged of the manager, "almost in tears," that he would relieve him of this abominable part; but managers, like fathers, have flinty hearts! and Daly could find no other actor to bear the shame of Beaufort, unless "by paying a long arrear of salary," a matter which Daly seems never to have contemplated but as the most formidable of all experiments; and as to Mathews, his biographer supposes that Daly had probably conceived some notion of his being a stage-struck enthusiast, who had money enough to support himself, and, in consequence, the manager intended to pay him nothing at all.

Let the unlucky being who determines to throw up a regular provision for the life of an actor, read this narrative and be wise. We have here an instance of a true theatrical genius, suffering under privations which might, and must, have broken any heart less intrepidly vivid than his own. What, then, must be the condition of the man who, without any faculty whatever for the stage, with this knowledge painfully forced upon him night after night, with the inevitable consciousness of sinking lower and lower in the scale, suffers this most bitter trial! The solemn, in their generation, may frown over what they term the frivolities of books like this, but a single memoir of such a man, so deserving, and yet so suffering, is a lesson worth all their commonplaces. But the moral extends to farther objects. The ambition of adopting "professional life" of all kinds at the present day, is the source of countless instances of misery; a misery, if more secret than that of the theatrical novice, not less pungent. Every profession in England is overstocked; not merely the prizes are beyond the general reach, but the merest subsistence becomes difficult. "The three black Graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity," are weary of their innumerable worshippers, and yearly sentence crowds of them to perish of the aching sense of failure. A few glittering successes allure the multitude; Chancellorships, Bishoprics, and Regiments, figure before the public eye; and every aspirant from the cottage, and the more foolish parents of every aspirant, set down the bauble as gain-

ed, when they have once plunged their unlucky offspring into this sea of troubles, which men call the world. But thousands have died of broken hearts in these pursuits,—thousands who would have been happy behind the plough, or opulent behind the counter,—thousands, in the desperate struggles of thankless professions, look upon the simplicity of a life of manual labour with perpetual envy; and thousands, by a worse fate still, are driven to necessities which degrade the principle of honour within them, accustom them to humiliating modes of obtaining subsistence, and make up, by administering to the vices of society, the livelihood which is refused to their legitimate exertions. Among all the pursuits of life, there is but one which is not overstocked, and which, from its nature, seems capable of endless expansion—and that one is Commerce. To this the world is the field; every newly discovered region, every increase of mankind, every new progress of civilisation, opens a new career for this great principle of human employment; and reckoning, as we always feel inclined to reckon, Britain among those nations which have been most especially favoured by the Great Disposer of all, we almost go the length of seeing a direct and peculiar bounty of Providence in the fact that commerce has been appointed the peculiar province of British energy. There the rising generation may find employment, not merely unobstructed by numbers, but actually distending by numbers—not merely unexhausted by variety of effort, but deriving new resources from every new application of the dexterity, diligence, or sagacity of man. The force of circumstances is, even more directly than ever, turning the powers of the country into this vast and overflowing channel of national production. We shall speedily see the younger branches of our proudest aristocracy occupying themselves in commerce, from the simple fact that their habitual professions have no longer room for them. The army is reduced to nothing; the navy offers no hope of promotion, or of service; diplomacy cannot find space for the hundredth part of the candidates for office. The Government clerkships can afford little more than bread, and that bread only to a few; and how long will the contrast between this narrow and de-

pendent condition, and the ease, interest, and opulence, of commerce on the grand scale, suffer men to prefer official pride, made ridiculous by official poverty, to the boundless prospects of wealth, and, with it, of power, growing out of the mighty traffic of England with all nations? Where her merchants are princes, princes will be glad to become the merchants, and the connexion will render infinite benefit to both, and to their country. Education, high-mindedness, the manly spirit of the noble, and the honour of men who have to sustain a hereditary name, will give new dignity to the vigour, acuteness, and indefatigable industry of the commercial spirit; and this combination may effect results at present beyond the farthest vista of national pre-eminence. Let none call these views Utopian; the progress of the world may be but begun; there are evidences of now and fervid impulses surrounding us; and, unless war or civil convulsion come to break up that progress, we may see noble and powerful results in the path of national advancement, even before this generation shall pass away.

The privations which Mathews suffered in his double engagement were more than pangs of hurt vanity. He was often on the point of being starved. "I often heard him say," observes his biographer, "that he has gone to the theatre at night without having tasted anything since a meagre breakfast, determined to refuse to go on the stage unless some portion of his arrears were first paid." However, this wise resolution he seldom was able to keep, the gaiety of the green-room, and his passionate love of acting, chained him to the stage, and, after another night of performance, he went home happy and hungry. It might be fairly presumed that those lessons would not be lost on a mind of his intelligence; and that, when wealth in process of time flowed in upon him, he would have known its value. But there seem to be men whose fate it is to be always involved in a struggle; and the later passages of his life show that he still contrived to be in distress, in the midst of what ought to have been, to one like him, not merely competence, but affluence.

He was singularly apt to meet with accidents; and, in the theatrical tour of the West of Ireland, very narrowly escaped drowning. He describes his

sensations as a dreadful complication of all kinds of suffering. He rose twice sufficiently to see the friend who had accompanied him seated on the grass, intent upon his book. He attempted to scream, but his voice had probably failed, for he remained unheard. His delusion now was a curious one; his brain was probably disordered. "Again I sank," says he, "and can comprehend the 'catching at a straw,' for my sensations, which are now vividly before me, were those of perishing in an unfinished building, where the beams of the floor were above my head. Drowning has been variously described, and is generally supposed to be a very easy death. I have not experienced any other manner of dying, certainly, but I cannot conceive any mode more painful. The tremendous noise of the rushing waters in the ears; the frightful flashing of light, as if surrounded by sparks from fire-works; the sense of suffocation; and, oh, who can describe the sensations I briefly felt upon my second bound from the bed of the river to the surface! Again I attempted a feeble cry! Again I saw my studious companion, and again I had the conviction that I was unseen! Every hope now fled, and I gradually lost all sensation, except that of struggling to reach the beams that floated in my imagination. To the last I was under the impression that by desperate efforts I might grasp this apparent substance, and so save myself. This is all I am capable of relating from my own knowledge; for I was near death, most decidedly, before I was providentially rescued.

"It appeared, from the evidence of my friend, that the 'beam in my eye' was my latest vision, for he had jumped into the river with his clothes on to save me. He was an expert swimmer, and made for the spot where he had last seen me rise; when, in almost despair of rescuing, or even finding me, he felt his leg suddenly seized with violence, and he was dragged by my dying struggles, feeble as they were, to the bottom. He was a most accomplished swimmer and diver, or I should never have related the tale. He contrived to get me on shore! I have no recollection of any thing that occurred from my third sinking, until I saw a heterogeneous collection of human figures and humorous countenances about me, and

was almost suffocated afresh with the aroma of 'mountain dew.' I was carried, much in the state in which I am to believe I came into the world, by two soldiers, under the command of my preserver, Seymour, to the first public house that presented itself; and there they rubbed me down, and rubbed me in all directions; and I was recovered by the means prescribed by the humane society—of whisky dealers."

More lessons for the stage-struck. In the midst of his round of stage raptures, his misery went on with regular progression. He describes his sufferings from stage exertion, and even from the more palpable privation of bread, as extreme, though he rallied against them both with a spirit which could probably be found in few. He has subsequently declared to his wife, "that he sometimes *fasted two days*, wandering about the streets for amusement, when weary of practising his flute and violin at home, and of studying characters which he never expected to be allowed to act." To the world he still strove to keep up an uncomplaining countenance, but to the under-manager, Hitchcock, who had duped him into his engagement, he had no hesitation in declaring that he was on the point of being starved to death. Hitchcock, however, was too old in the life of the stage to allow himself to be wrought up to the dire extremity of paying any body. No effect could be produced on a mind callous by office. The failure of salary for weeks together had been too often pleaded by the Romeos, and Hitchcock's imperturbable smoothness gave only additional provocation to the famishing genius. Mathews cleverly described him as one of those disagreeable people who are never in a passion. In the midst of all this poverty, Kemble came, filled the city with admiration, the house with crowds, and Mathews with renewed delight; and his letter, beginning with "the theatre has been closed for three weeks, during which time, of course, I received no money, which was *rather* a bore. However, I managed extremely well, as I had a great many *invitations* during the time, which gave me assistance,"—proceeds to say that Kemble commenced his career of triumph. At his Hamlet—"if twenty guineas had been given for a place in the boxes, it could not have been

purchased; in all my life I never saw people so anxious to get into a theatre. Every avenue was crowded at an early hour; and after the theatre was filled, I can safely assert, many hundreds went away. To see this, you may judge, gave me no small pleasure."

John Kemble has been often charged with *hauteur* to the performers. But if this sometimes may have been the case, it was not so with respect to Mathews even at this period. "Nothing could be more agreeable than Kemble's conduct in the theatre, and no one more agreeable or easier to be pleased at rehearsals; ever willing to give instructions without the smallest ostentation; every one was sorry when he went away. He took leave of us all after Richard; and, taking me by the hand, said, 'Mathews, can I do any thing for you in London? But, for Heaven's sake, get out of this place as soon as you can; it is no place for you to get up in.'" He then relates an incident in the life of Cooke, perfectly characteristic of the man. "I am extremely sorry to inform you that Cooke has enlisted. The regiment went to the Isle of Man about a week past. Daly would have been glad to re-engage him, but such was his pride that he would rather turn soldier from real want than come to terms. Many of the performers saw him in his military garb as he was going off, but he seemed rather to wish to avoid speaking to them, appearing quite melancholy. He was drunk when he enlisted." This was while Cooke had just been playing to applauding audiences, was rising to the first rank of popularity, and was on the eve of that London engagement which put fortune into his hand, which fortune his drunkenness instantly threw away.

All who have been acquainted with theatrical history during the last fifty years, know the name of Tate Wilkinson. In process of time Mathews obtained an engagement in the company of the York manager. Tate Wilkinson was a humourist by nature, and a great deal more of the humourist by art. Possessing some natural faculty for imitation, his manners were a perpetual burlesque, yet with all this affected eccentricity, he had a perfect sense of his own interest, had a subtle knowledge of mankind, managed his theatre with remarkable dexterity, and

contrived to live handsomely on the profits of a pursuit which has probably produced more broken fortunes than any employment on record. In 1798, Mathews had married, and soon after reached Pontefract, where the York company were playing; with all his worldly possessions, consisting of a trunk containing his eight or ten comical wigs; a wife, and a stock of unsubdued animal spirits; his expectation being to flourish before mankind on the inexhaustible salary of twenty shillings a-week.

His first view of Tate, Wilkinson was perfectly in the farcical style of the eccentric manager. Tapping at the door, he heard the words "Come in," and entered. Tate was shuffling about the room, with a small brush in one hand, and a silver buckle in the other, in pretended industry, whistling during his occupation in the style of a groom rubbing down a horse. It seems to have been this whimsical man's custom daily to polish these shoe-buckles, especial favourites, from their having been the gift of Garrick, which he wore constantly in his dress shoes, and never trusted out of his own hands. It was a minute at least before the manager took the least notice of the new comer, who in the interval took full cognizance of his oddities. Tate was still in his morning dishabille, but this differed little from his dress of the day. But he "wore his rue with a difference," that is, at this period his coat-collar was thrown back upon his shoulders, and his brown George (a wig so called from George III., who had set the fashion) exposing the ear on the other, and cocked up behind so as to expose the nape of the neck. His hat was put on *side* foremost, and as forward and awry as his wig, and both "perked on his head very insecurely, as it should seem to the observer." The dialogue was sufficiently disheartening. After lingering for a while unattended to, Mathews made his first essay, by "Good morning, sir." "Oh, good morning, Mr Meadows," was the reply, very doggedly. (He indulged in an affectation, somewhat impudent, of constantly mistaking names.) "My name is Mathews, sir, was the rejoinder." "Ay, I know," said Tate, turning and looking at him for the first time, with scrutinizing earnestness from head to foot. Winking his eyes, and

moving his brows rapidly up and down, a habit with him when not pleased, he uttered a long drawn "Ugh! what a maypole! Sir, you are too tall for low comedy." "I'm sorry, sir"—— Mathews attempted to say, but Tate did not seem to hear him, for, dropping his eyes, and resuming the brushing of his buckles, he continued as in soliloquy, "But I don't know why a tall man shouldn't be a very comical fellow." After some observations on his thinness, to which their unlucky object could only say "Very sorry!" Tate snappishly replied, "What's the use of being *sorry*? I never saw any thing so thin to be *alive*. Why, sir, one hiss would drive you off the stage." This remark sounding more like good-humour than any thing that he had before uttered, Mathews said, with a faint smile, "He hoped he should not get that one." Tate, in real or affected anger, replied, "You'll get a great many, sir. Why, sir, I have been hissed; the great Mr Garrick has been hissed. It is not very modest in *you* to expect to escape, Mr Mountain." "Mathews, sir," interrupted the miscalled. "Well, Matthew Mountain." "No, sir." "Have you a quick study, Mr Maddox?" Tate then enquired if he was a single man? The fact was stated. "I'm sorry for it, Mr Montague," was the new miscalling; "a wife's a dead weight without a salary; and I don't choose my actors to run in debt." All this is curious enough as to the display of managerial oddity, but was so much mixed with impertinence as to be intolerable to any man of decent feelings. The unfortunate actor must have writhed under it. But such is the dependence of this "dazzling profession," that he was forced to swallow, in the alternative of swallowing nothing else. The question lay clearly between bearing the insolence of this low-mannered old man or starving.

The conference ended with the moral of Tates' recommending him to go home to his father, and adopt some "honest trade." He was, however, engaged, but his performances were neglected; and the stage was never nearer losing one of its ornaments. He grew feeble, symptoms of consumption, the fatal malady of his family, which had already swept off the melancholy number of twelve brothers and sisters, seemed to show themselves,

as the biographer says, "*decidedly.*" "His chest was confined, his lungs were precarious; in the morning he felt all exertion of them painful, often impossible, and seldom found himself able to sing at rehearsals. He would even spit blood on the slightest exertion."

We have no liking for these painful details, but we have quoted them for the purpose of remarking that, notwithstanding them all, Mathews *recovered*, lived through many years of a most active, and even a most agitated life, and was vigorous, active, and lively to the last. Undoubtedly such evidence ought to cheer and instruct the many who, on the first symptoms of what is termed a consumptive habit, are so prematurely cast down by unlucky prediction, are so often treated, even by the physicians, as under sentence of death, and are so uniformly regarded by their friends as already beyond the help of medicine or man. In addition to all these signs of early decay, Mathews was liable to that strange disorder called Fits, one so generally pronounced constitutional, and incurable. Yet this disorder suddenly ceased in the year 1802, and never returned. It is probable that, if he had led the life of the generality of those who dread disease, he would have perished like the rest. If he had led the lingering, self-watching, self-indulgent life of the opulent and hypochondriac, that life would have been speedily shortened. But the efforts required by his anxious career precluded those unhappy facilities, and saved him. The stage *forced* him to keep his mind in constant employment, he had no days for the gratification of his ease, no mornings to waste in heavy slumber, even no time to think of his disease; he made rapid journeys; he read, recited, and acted; his mind was kept perpetually in exercise; his frame was not suffered to find leisure to relax, and, by those necessities, he unconsciously overcame the progress of a malady which is supposed to exert the most irresistible influence on the frame, which had already laid his whole family in the grave, and which daily desolates the households of England. Of course, we do not insist on the stage as the essential regimen; but wisdom will dictate the importance of some decided, active, and engrossing pursuit; of the habits of self-denial, which every such pursuit involve, and of the worth of

that steady and systematic employment of body and mind which, if they were to give nothing more than the cheerful feeling that we are not spending an altogether useless life, would, in that, give an invaluable aid to the restorative powers of our nature.

There was to be no end to the troubles of poor Mathews at this York Theatre. In the opinion of that very silly coxcomb, Tate Wilkinson, the unfortunate young man was marked for total failure; and a low comedian of the name of Hatton was sent for to take all his parts. Hatton's vulgarity pleased this accomplished audience and their judging manager for a time, and the true comedian, with his more delicate conceptions, was wholly thrown into the shade. At length, Hatton, playing Harlequin for his own benefit, Mathews was ordered to play the clown! This brought the grievances to a head, and produced a letter of remonstrance to the manager, whose reply Mathews vigilantly preserved ever after, with contemptuous triumph.

"To Mr Mathews. I am dangerously ill, and therefore unable to attend to theatrical grievances. After a second and a third time seeing your performance, I averred, and do aver, this misfortune has placed an insurmountable bar to the *possibility of your ever* being capable of sustaining the first line of comic business. Mr Emery I requested to inform you of the same at Wakefield, who was entirely of my opinion; for the paralytic stroke (Wilkinson would always disregard Mathews's protestations that he had never suffered anything of this kind) renders your performance *seriously disagreeable*. I told Mr Hill (a proprietor of a magazine entitled the *Monthly Mirror*) that not all the mirrors in the kingdom, whether in print or glass, can ever establish you as a first comedian. If heaven wills, you may be so, but no other order or interest can effect such a miracle." After some other peevish remarks, he still more peevishly advises him to "try, by degrees, to be *useful*." "I recommend the *shop* as suited to you and Mrs M. But Emery said, 'You were so stage-bitten, it would only vex you.' I can only say stay and be happy, or go and be happy, and even unhappy, and wishing myself better, am yours, in great pain."

How his excitable heart and con-

sciousness of merit—for every man of abilities feels them—must have been wrung by this self-sufficient and puppyish epistle, we can only conceive. But Necessity, the mother of wisdom to all mankind, here made Mathews wise. In defiance of the manager's foolish opinion he stayed, and before the end of the year saw his rival dismissed for negligence, himself rapidly rising in popularity, and even the past eccentricities of Wilkinson softening down into a common-sense admission that he was good for something; in fact, it was felt "that he had become one of the most popular actors that ever appeared at the York theatre." Still, however, his salary seems to have been only twenty shillings a-week!

London now began to glitter in his dreams. Mathews writes to his friend Litchfield,—“Ah, Jack, if ever I should be invited to London by either of those gentlemen (the managers), and could only obtain a tolerable footing in either of the theatres, I should indeed be happy. If I could be but once established in London, no inducement on earth could possibly make me ever wish to quit the profession. I am fonder of it than ever. I begin to consider it more of a science than I have ever done before. Since I came to Yorkshire, I have been convinced of the necessity of great study, even in low comedy, which many actors think unnecessary, and that study endears me to the profession. But ‘London, dear London,’ as Archer says in the play, I look forward to it as the reward of all the struggles and labours which I have experienced.” He then, in his overflowing good-humour, gives a tribute even to Wilkinson's generosity, and returns to the topic nearest his heart. “Every actor hopes to go to London who has any love of fame. I think, my dear Jack, that I have now some rational hopes that I may one day pay a visit there, but this is *entre nous*, for I would not be accused of vanity.”

He then adverts to his stature, which seems to have always thwarted his stage glories, though he was actually not above five feet ten. “If I could but take three or four inches from my height, I should fear nothing; but it is useless to lament. If Suett would but tittle harder, and tip off in three or four years, I should like to hazard an appearance. Heaven de-

fend me from getting fat, that's all. If that should be the case, there would be an end of every thing; all my hopes in Suett would be destroyed. Though I should be a scarecrow in my old age, I hope I may still continue to be able to count my ribs with my fingers.”

An odd incident occurred in Mrs Siddons's performance at Leeds. On one excessively hot evening, this great actress, while behind the scenes, exhausted by thirst, desired to have some porter. Her dresser dispatched a boy in great haste “to bring some beer for Mrs Siddons,” at the same time charging him to be quick, as she was about to go on the stage. In the mean-time, the play of course proceeded; the boy, on his return, looked in vain for Mrs Siddons. She had gone on with her part; and the scene-shifter, to whom he applied, pointed to her where she was treading the boards in death-like solemnity as Lady Macbeth, in the sleep-walking scene. To the surprise and horror of all the performers, the boy, with the frothing porter-pot in his hand, promptly walked up to her, and offered it. Her distress may be imagined. She attempted to waive him away, in her grand manner, without effect; but the absurdity had now caught the general eye. The people behind the scenes, by dint of beckoning, stamping, and calling in half-audible whispers, at length succeeded in getting him away, spilling, however, part of the beer in his exit. But the audience were in roars of laughter, which nothing could quell for some minutes.

All provincial towns have their proverbial oddities, and York had its full share. Among one of the most eccentric, at least externally, was Miss Topham, sister of the well-known Major. This lady used to walk about the streets in all the exaggerated pomp of Tilburina, and, like her, had a “confidante, in white linen,” treading dutifully in her steps. Miss Topham's figure was tall and gaunt. Sometimes she dressed like an Arcadian shepherdess, as we see them in Dresden china on mantel-pieces; her hair profusely pomatumed and powdered, and dressed wide in large curls and bows, surmounted by a little flat-crowned hat, stuck up on end (the edge of its brim resting upon her forehead), and decorated with a wreath of artificial flowers, not remarkable for

their freshness of tint, with long ribbons of various colours appended. Festoons of faded flowers, of the same material and date as those upon her hat, were fancifully hung round about her lank, withered form; and high-heeled white satin shoes, and diamond buckles, graced her feet. Her sack and petticoat of fine flowered brocade would one day assert its independence; on another, you would behold her attired in light, gauzy, unstiffened drapery, which clung tenaciously to her limbs, forming a sudden and striking contrast to the previous fussiness of her silk dress. Sometimes she carried a very tall cane, somewhat resembling a crook; on another day, a parasol, held high above her head with studied care, so as not to touch or hide her head-dress from admiring gazers, her smiling countenance invariably bearing evidence of self-approval and satisfaction. Her "confidante" had a short plump person, and, I suspect, like Sheridan's "gentle Nora," shrewdly accommodated her pursuits and behaviour most gravely to all the varieties of her mistress's moods. She also "wore her rue with a difference," and varied her dress as her superior did. Whether she lent herself as an artful accessory for her own private ends, or was prudently placed by her friends near Miss Topham, for her security, no one seemed to know. These two equally extraordinary beings walked, as I have said, about York and its vicinity with little or no notice from the natives, mostly "to the manner born." They were perfectly harmless; and from the station Miss Topham held, who was a woman of family and fortune, they were never molested or inconvenienced by any one. Miss Topham was supposed to have been "crossed in love," the unvarying mode of accounting for the lost wits of unmarried ladies. Her home eccentricities were very amusing, but cannot be related.

Major Topham, in his own way, was as great an oddity as his sister. He had been well educated, was a clever classical scholar, and mixed in the highest society of his day, including the Carlton House circle. Early in life he had entered into the Life Guards; was named in the regiment the tip-top adjutant, from his dexterity in manoeuvring the regiment, and he state of perfection to which he brought it; and

probably would have become a first-rate officer, and obtained a high name amongst the soldiers of England, if he had continued his military career; but some whim withdrew him from the army, and he devoted himself to performing the childish part of a man of fashion. Here again he took the lead, adopted all the extravagancies, and was the most consummate coxcomb perhaps in Europe. He then turned *litterateur*, and weary of leading fashion, took to libelling it; set up a paper named the *World*, and made his paper as remarkable as himself by all kinds of showy absurdities. When Mathews saw him at York, those whims had passed away, and, as he was now rather in the vale of years, his taste was to appear in the dress of childhood. He was now seen walking through the streets of York during the public weeks, races, and assizes, an elderly gentleman, whose body seemed to have increased without allowing his limbs to share in its growth, for his legs and arms retained the slimness of youth. He was tall and very upright. He wore a suit of grass-green cloth, made precisely in the fashion of a schoolboy's dress of that day—namely, a short-tailed jacket with outside pockets, trousers short enough to show his slender ankle in a white silk stocking, and a short-waisted vest with yellow sugar-loaf metal buttons. Altogether his appearance suggested the idea of a Brobdignag lad of ten or twelve years old.

One of Mathews's achievements was the very rare one of escaping the income tax. Its grasp was certainly very close, when it sought for money among the country actors. Mathews, determining to avoid, if he could, bit upon the droll expedient of drawing out a list of the drawbacks on his very narrow income. This he gave in the shape of an inventory of all the conceivable requisites for an actor's appearance upon the stage; first wigs, of which he enumerated every possible shape and colour—black wigs, white wigs, brown wigs, red wigs, &c.; then stockings of every colour and material; then shoes; then buckles; then the innumerable miscellaneous articles of the wardrobe and toilette—rouge, Indian ink, burnt corks, cold cream, &c., and all those given with a minuteness of detail, which covered many sheets of paper. The statement

was read aloud to the commissioners, and listened to by them with astonished gravity for a few minutes; but the burlesque was at length perceived, and all present burst into laughter. The effect was perfectly successful, for whatever might have happened to the other performers, the man of the wigs was never called upon to pay the income tax in York again.

The York assizes afforded this indefatigable student of comedy frequent instances of the ludicrous. An action was brought against the owner of a waggon, which, by the carelessness of the driver, had crushed an unlucky donkey against a wall and killed it. Sergeant Cockle, well known for his roughness of examination, was perplexing one of the witnesses, who found no other means of extricating himself than by giving a graphic description of the matter in question. "Weel, my Lord Joadge," said the hesitating clown, "I'll tell ye how it happened as weel as I can. My lord, suppose I am the waggon, here I was. Now, my Lord Joadge, there you are, *you* are the wall." The describer now paused, as if trying to recollect his third position. "Come, fellow," exclaimed Cockle, "out with your story at once. You have not told us where was the ass?" "My Lord Joadge," said the witness, with a sudden sparkle in his eye, "His honour the Coonsel is the ass!" Of course the court was in a roar.

At length Mathews realized his hope of a London engagement. George Colman offered him £10 a-week for the Haymarket season of four months, and he was happy, if any one connected with theatres is ever to be happy. Wilkinson had long since changed his first opinion of his abilities, and they parted with feelings of kindness creditable to both. The old manager's farewell was a curious instance of the "ruling passion." Mathews had, by this time, lost his first wife, and married a second, a Miss Jackson, a singer in the York company. The actor and his young bride waited on Wilkinson, who was then a confirmed invalid, and expressing some wishes for his restoration. Old Tate said, "Do not hope it; it is unkind to wish me to live in

pain, unable to feel enjoyment. No, my children, I do not wish to live. I should like to stay over the *August race-week*, to see my old friend Fawcett, and hear how the audience receive their former favourite, and *then* I shall be content to die."

Mathews's first appearance in London, when he was received with remarkable favour, supplied a characteristic anecdote, of that most irritable, yet complimentary of all gentlemen, Cumberland. The play was his *Jew*; he had come to town, for the novelty of seeing it performed at the Haymarket, by a corps of new actors. After the fall of the curtain, he went round to the green-room; then he lavished praises on Elliston's Sheva; and next coming up to Mathews, who had performed Jabel, began in his affected strain of compliment—"The part had never been better played, in figure, dress, and acting; it was his declared opinion, that all was perfect. I wrote the part, said he, and *ought* to know; I assure you, sir, I never was more gratified." But the truth suddenly broke out, and he added, with irrepressible irritation—"You spoke so low, sir, that I could not hear a word you said!"

Liston was chosen partly to supply the vacancy left by Mathews in the York company. But he, being soon presumed to have no talent for comedy, either high or low, and this being the general verdict of manager and company, Liston performed old men in tragedy, and seems to have been designed to figure by Tate, in the *Capulets*. Such is the penetration of theatrical criticism.

Sterne says that the sentimental traveller is always sure of meeting with food for sentiment. Mathews seems to have constantly met materials for his study of human eccentricity. He was one day invited to dine at the house of a friend at Chiswick, where Moody, once a celebrated actor, was to be of the party. Moody had long left the stage, and was then a very old, but very fine remnant of what he had been. During dinner he talked with great animation, brought back his theatrical reminiscences,—and, in short, exhibited no sign whatever of mental decay. Mathews ex-

• The biographer tells the story differently, and loses the point.

erted himself to amuse this Nestor of the boards—and was honoured by the declaration, “that Garrick himself was not greater in what he did.” At length Moody was asked for a song; he complied, singing in strong, though uneven tones, the old Scottish, “Were a’ Noddin,” which, however, he gave with a strong *Irish* accent. When he had reached nearly the end of the second verse, he suddenly stopped. All waited a while, thinking that he was endeavouring to revive his memory. At length, his host gently said, Mr Moody, “I am afraid the words have escaped you.” “Words, sir! what words?” asked the old man, with a look of great surprise. “The words of your song.”—“Song! what song, sir?”—“The rest of the song, you have been so kind as to favour us with; ‘We’re a’ Noddin,’ of which you have sung one verse.” “Heaven bless you, sir,” said Moody hastily, “I have not sung a song these ten years, and shall never sing again; I am too old to sing, sir.” “Well, but you have been singing, and very well too.” To this Moody, with agitation and earnestness, replied, “No, no, sir; I have not sung for years. Singing is out of the question, at my time of life.” All looked at each other, and then at the old man, who exhibited, in his face and manner, such an evident unconsciousness; that it was felt unfit to advert any further to the subject. This was an affecting evidence of partial decay.

It has been often observed, that, where an individual has a peculiar source of irritability, occasions of exasperating it appear to be perpetually thrown in his way. Mathews had a nervous abhorrence of being recognised off the stage. He wished to see the “Blind Boy,” then performing with great *eclat* at Covent Garden; and to be safe from recognition, squeezed himself into the crowd of the pit. All were occupied with the progress of this pretty drama, and he sat for a while secure. At length his ear was caught by the questions of some one, enquiring of his neighbour the names of the performers. The neighbour was evidently one of those who prefer any thing to acknowledging their ignorance, and he confidently gave a name to every actor that appeared, always giving the wrong one. Mathews thus listened to him calling, for instance, Miss Decamp, Charles

Kemble, Fawcett, Emery; Liston, Dignun, &c. Those who know any thing of Mathews’s temperament, may conceive how impatiently he listened to this Solomon. At length, some deplorable underling of the scene appeared, and he heard the cicerone say, “that is Mathews.” He could restrain himself no longer, but sharply said, “No sir, no sir, *that is not* Mathews.” The man turned round suddenly, and looked at him, as with the intent of out-facing his assertion. But, in a moment, his pertinacity vanished, his compressed lips distended with a laugh, and he cried out, “Why you are Mathews;” adding, “I *known* you the moment you spoke,—by your *wry mouth*!”

Mathews always scorned to be called a mimic, and, in fact, the name was below him. He was a mimetic genius, an imitative original. In this spirit he was constantly alive to all strange opportunities of character, and took an active delight in the exercise of his powers of burlesque. The noble rising of the Spanish nation in 1808, had excited universal enthusiasm in England; and it was suggested by a party of his friends, who were in the habit of making little country excursions, that he should, on one occasion, travel as the Spanish ambassador! The idea was joyously put in practice. His Excellency and suite set out in two carriages for Woolwich, where they were to dine. On their arrival, a Mr Hill, a well-known and pleasant personage, who, to the gratification of his many friends, still survives, undertook the office of interpreter; and he speedily whispered to the landlord the rank of the person whom he had the honour to entertain. The intelligence acted like a spark of electricity, setting the whole of the establishment in motion. In the mean-time, his Excellency sallied forth on foot, with his suite, in order to behold the wonders of the place. His appearance in itself was sufficient to produce a public effect, without the quick spreading knowledge of his rank. He was dressed in a green frock coat, buttoned up to the neck, his bosom ornamented with a profusion of orders of every sort; and on his head a large cocked hat, with *viva Fernando*, in gold characters, on a purple ribbon. His Excellency also wore a pair of green spectacles. In the streets of Woolwich he was followed

and cheered by all little boys, to whom the ambassador bowed with amiable humility. We went into shops and bought various things, speaking volubly the jargon, which his interpreter rendered into good English. At length, almost to his excellency's consternation, a message was sent from the higher powers of the place, that whatever the Spanish Ambassador deigned to notice, would be open to his excellency's inspection for the rest of the day, for which purpose the workmen had received orders not to quit the spot at their customary hours of refreshment, but await his commands. This was alarming. It was more than his Excellency reckoned upon, and fearful was the thought of detection under such a distinguished mark of attention. However, the ambassador graciously accepted the proffered exhibition, and viewed all that was to be seen, with due show of surprise and commendation, faithfully interpreted to the comptrollers of the works. When at last this ludicrous scene ended, the ambassador and his suite returned to take their "ease at their inn," where the preparations were indeed appalling. Every bit of plate that could be got together, not only belonging to the house, but, as they afterwards learned, from the neighbourhood, was displayed in gorgeous array to grace the visit of so distinguished a guest. The landlord and his family, and his servants, were tricked out in all their best attire, to wait upon the great man, whom they were all drawn out to greet upon his return, courtesying to him, all of which this high bred man, and illustrious foreigner, acknowledged with a grace and condescension that won all hearts. He talked unceasingly, but they could only dwell upon what his interpreter was kind enough to render intelligible. Now and then, indeed, a word of English would gratify their tortured ears. "Goode English pepel," — "fine house," — "tanks," and such compliments sweetened their laborious attendance.

This strange frolic, which would have figured in a Spanish farce, was still carried on with equal extravagance. Among other things, the interpreter informed the landlord that his Excellency required every article of use in vast quantities, hundreds of napkins, spoons, forks, plates, — those, of course, being the customs of high life in Spain. The injunction

was complied with, to the full extent of the anxious landlord's means. The first view of his Excellency's bed-room, for instance, exhibited to him about twelve dozens of towels, piled up beside his dressing table, for one night's use. The attention of the whole household was occupied by the odd variety of this accomplished diplomatist's commands, and the Woolwich boniface was completely mystified. They at length took boat for a river excursion. The ambassador, a little tired of his dignity, and hungering for the solid advantages of humbler life, resolved to resign his honours, resume his mother tongue, and leave his title behind him. Doffing his spectacles and medals, and exchanging his green coat for a blue, he came to the boat as a "stranger" who desired to be taken to Woolwich. This was another division of the frolic. The master being informed that his noble patron, "the Spanish ambassador," would not return, asked leave of the party to take "the gentleman" on board. On their way back, the conversation turned wholly on the superb diplomatist, and the master's description of him was so happy a mixture of prodigies and prejudices of astonishment and repulsion, that the laugh was universal till they reached Woolwich, there got into the carriages, and is escaped under cover of the dark. But in Woolwich the topic was long talked of, and though circumstances gradually were recollected, which gave the oracles of the place some awkward suspicion that they had been hoaxed with equal pleasantry and effrontery, yet the name of the stately representative of Ferdinand the Seventh, was not discovered.

Among the visitants at Mathews's cottage were some of the most remarkable theatrical persons of the time; but one was frequently there, who was destined to be in after days one of the memorable favourites of fortune; the late Duchess of St Alban's; "Harriet Mellon, then a youthful, slight, and beautiful creature. She would come, all joy and simplicity, for a day's recreation. How merry and happy she was! perhaps happier than when splendour hedged her in from the enjoyment of simple pleasures, the love of which I believe to have been inherent in her nature. I see her now, returning from a tumble into a neighbouring pond, of which her horse had

unexpectedly chosen to drink. How unaffectedly she protested, when dragged out, that she did not care for the accident. How we laughed, while we dragged off the wet clothes from her fine form, half apprehensive for the consequences of her plunge. Then again, what peals of merriment attended her re-appearance in the borrowed ill-fitting dress that had been cast upon her, and the uncouth turban that bound her straightened hair, and which she was compelled to wear for the rest of the day. What amusement her figure created,—how many other drolleries have I seen her enact at various periods in the same place, my husband the leader of the revels. We ceased our intimacy with Miss Mellon, just as she became a rich woman; but, in after years, we never glanced at each other in public for a moment, that I did not fancy that the Duchess of St Albans looked as if she remembered those scenes, and that they were very happy." The cottage, in short, was a place not to be forgotten by its visitors. Alas! how few now remain to dwell upon the recollections this mention of it is calculated to renew.

All the living "eccentricities" of the day, whether embodied in actors at five shillings a-week, or noble lords at ten times the number of thousands, were alike familiar to Mathews. Among those, was the late Lord Eardley. Mathews used to tell a curious story of this fantastic original. One of Lord Eardley's especial antipathies was to having attendants about him; and his still more especial antipathy was to having them of the class called fine gentlemen.

During breakfast, one day, Lord Eardley was informed that a person had applied for a footman's place then vacant. He was ordered into the room, and a double-refined specimen of the *genus* so detested by his lordship made his appearance. The manner of the man was extremely affected and consequential, and it was evident that my lord understood him at a glance; moreover, it was as evident he determined to lower him a little.

"Well, my good fellow," said he, "what, you want a lackey's place, do you?"

"I came about an upper footman's situation, my lord," said the gentleman, bridding up his head.

"Oh, do ye, do ye?" replied Lord Eardley; "I keep no upper servants; all alike, all alike here."

"Indeed, my lord!" exclaimed this upper footman, with an air of shocked dignity, "What *department* then am I to consider myself expected to fill?"

"Department! department!" quoth my lord, in a tone like enquiry.

"In what *capacity*, my lord?"

My lord repeated the word *capacity*, as if not understanding its application to the present subject.

"I mean, my lord," explained the man, "what shall I be expected to do, if I take the *situation*?"

"Oh, you mean if you take the place. I understand you now," rejoined my lord; "why, you're to do every thing but sweep the chimneys and clean the pig-sties, and *those I do myself*."

The gentleman stared, scarcely knowing what to make of this, and seemed to wish himself out of the room; he, however, grinned a ghastly smile, and after a short pause, enquired what *salary* his lordship gave?"

"Salary, salary?" reiterated his incorrigible lordship, "don't know the word, don't know the word, my good man."

Again the gentleman explained, "I mean what wages?"

"Oh, wages," echoed my lord; "what d'ye ask,—what d'ye ask?"

Trip regained his self-possession at this question, which looked like business, and, considering for a few moments, answered—first stipulating to be found in hair-powder, and (on state occasions) silk stockings, gloves, bags, and bouquets—that he should expect thirty pounds a-year.

"How much, how much?" demanded my lord, rapidly.

"Thirty pounds, my lord."

"Thirty pounds!" exclaimed Lord Eardley, in affected amazement,—*"make it guineas, and I'll live with you"*; then ringing the bell, said to the servant who answered it, "Let out this *gentleman*, he's too good for me;" and then turning to Mathews, who was much amused, said, as the man made his exit, "Conceited, impudent scoundrel; soon sent him off, soon sent him off—Master Mathews!"

All this was characteristic of the old, and well-known humorist; but if his lordship had lived till our day, he would have found the "gentleman" in all probability giving him a higher

rate of astonishment, at least in the shape of wages. Thirty pounds in our impoverished day would have scarcely supplied a personage of those pretensions, with money for his *menus plaisirs*. The nobleman is but lately dead, who was reported to give five hundred pounds a-year to his cook ! True, that nobleman's reputation was founded solely upon his dinners ; and the five hundred was the purchaser of all his fame.

But there were other humorists in existence ; and one piece of dexterity enacted by Incledon, a singer, whose marvellous sweetness of voice, and forcible simplicity of style can never be forgotten by those who once heard him, in general formed a striking contrast to his manners. However, on this occasion, he showed more diplomacy than we have given him credit for. One night when Mathews and he joined the Leicester company on passing through, they agreed to perform in the musical piece of the "Quaker," Incledon to play "Steady." It was not until after his name was in the play-bills, that he discovered the bareness of the wardrobe. It did not contain a fragment of the Quaker costume. Incledon, always excitable, was now wretched ; an attempt to patch up a dress made him more miserable still. At last, as he and Mathews were lounging up the principal street, Incledon caught sight of a portly Quaker standing at the door of a chemist's shop. "Charles, my dear boy," said Incledon, winking his eyes, (his habit when peculiarly pleased), "Do you see that Quaker there ? What a dress he has got on ! just my size. I've a good mind, Charles, to ask him to lend it to me to-night."

"Absurd !" said Mathews, "you could not think of such a thing."

"My dear boy," replied Incledon, "only consider what a comfort it would be to me, instead of that trumpery suit from the wardrobe. I'll go in and ask him ; he looks like a good-natured creature."

Accordingly, in he walked, inquiring of Obadiah for some quack medicines, and after some small purchases, began in his blindest manner and voice to address the Quaker upon the real object which he had in view.

"My dear and respected sir,"—the man stared—"allow me to explain to you how I am situated, and grant me

a patient hearing." The Quaker looked patience itself ; and Mathews, curious to hear the result, took his seat in the shop. "My dear sir," continued Incledon, "I am one of a class of men, of whom, of course, your peculiar tenets cannot allow you to know much. In fact, I am of the theatrical profession—Charles Incledon, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, first ballad-singer in England." This was uttered with great emphasis and volubility, in his peculiar dialect, that of Cornwall. The Quaker started back, and looked at Mathews, as if doubting the sanity of the person addressing him. Incledon resumed, "Pray, sir, I am an actor. I am this night advertised at your—no, not *your* theatre—at the theatre in Leicester, for Steady the Quaker, and it so happens that there is no proper dress for the character, which is highly complimentary to *your people*. Independently of the want of effect, from a bad dress, I am truly mortified to do discredit to so *respectable a body* as *yours*. In fact, part of my own family were originally of your persuasion, my dear sir ; and this is an additional reason why I am anxious to do all possible honour to the *revered Society of Friends*. In short, my worthy sir, without your humane assistance, I shall come before all the gentry of Leicester in a dress *very degrading* to the proverbial neatness of your sect. Will you lend me one of your suits ? You and I are of a size. And, in so doing, you will at once show the liberality of your character, and keep up the respectability of the *admirable* body of people, so deservedly esteemed by all the world, and by none more than Charles Incledon."

Sam Slick himself, with his "soft sawder" and "human natur" could not have done it better, and the effect was proportionate. The chemist, to the surprise of Mathews, melted by this eloquent appeal to the honour of his sect, not only lent a suit of clothes, but yielded to the persuasions of the singer, to be put into a private corner ! to be an unseen witness of the manner in which the stage upheld his persuasion. That he was charmed with Steady, there was no doubt, for he readily confessed this to Incledon, on his returning the suit of clothes ; but he was gravely silent about the merits of Solomon, which we presume to have been

played by Mathews, and in which the knowledge of Obadiah's presence would inevitably stimulate that keen observer to frisk with peculiar and merciless pleasantry.

The biography is, on the whole, a clever book, containing many amusing anecdotes, and well calculated to revive and retain the memory of a remarkably gifted performer. As the present two volumes bring the narrative only to the beginning of those popular performances, the "At Homes," or recitations, in which Mathews was the sole exhibitor, there must be much remaining to tell, and well worthy of being told. The actor's intercourse with individuals of rank, as well as of public name, his long and various mixture with human character under all

circumstances, and the quick sensibility to the ludicrous, the forcible, and the original, in human nature, gave him boundless opportunities of sustaining the office of a mental Lavater. Certainly no man better understood the physiognomy of the mind; and, professional as his remarks naturally must be, they often had a value beyond the theatre. To this native sagacity he added the merit of estimable personal conduct. Mathews sought none of the infamous celebrity which men, who presume themselves geniuses, are so fond of acquiring. He did not find it essential to his fame either to separate from his wife, or cast off his son; and he died, as he had lived, without a stain on his name.

A DISCOURSE ON GOETHE AND THE GERMANS.

How glad I am, my dear Mr North, to have found you at home!—charming snugger!—famous fire!—and I declare there's a second tumbler on the table, as if you expected me. Your health, my dear friend!—good heavens, what intense Glenlivet!—I must add a little water; and now, that at last we are cozy and comfortable—feet on fender, glass in hand—I beg to say a few words to you on the subject of German morals and German literature.

Sir, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I must crave your indulgence—more sugar, did you say?—while I dilate a little upon the many trumpet-blowings and drum-beatings we have heard on these two subjects for the last fifteen or twenty years. *Morals!*—oh the good, honest, simple, primitive, Germans! *Literature!*—oh the deep-thinking, learned, grand, original-minded Germans! Now, the fact is, sir, that the Germans have neither morals nor literature. But, as I intend, with your permission—your bland countenance shows your acquiescence—to demonstrate by the thing they call literature, the notion they entertain of the thing they call morals, I need not trouble you with a double disquisition on these two points, as in fact they are, like the French Republic, one and indivisible. Fifty years ago, they themselves con-

fess, they had no literature. The capabilities of their noble language were yet undiscovered; their scholars wrote in Latin; their wits wrote in French. Poetry was defunct, or rather uncreated; for, on the top of the German Parnassus, such as it was, sat in smoke and grandeur the weakest of mortals, the poorest of versifiers, the most miserable of pedants, John Christoph Gottshed. Was he kicked down from his proud eminence by the indignation of his countrymen?—hooted to death by their derision?—and finally hung in chains as a terror to evil doers? My dear sir, the man was almost worshipped—yes—he, this awful example of human fatuity—a decoction of Hayley and Nathan Drake—was looked up to by the whole German nation, as an honour to the human race. It will not do for them to deny the soft impeachment now, and tell us that they look down upon that worthy. I dare say they do; but whom do they look up to between the days of Gottshed, and the first appearances of a better order of things in the persons of Wieland, Klopstock, and Gesner? To the other members of the Leipsic school, Gellert, Rabener, and Zacharia!—pretty men for a nation to be proud of!—No sir, you need not shake your head. I am not in a passion, I assure

you, but only a little nettled ; for can any thing be more provoking than to have one's ears tormented incessantly with praises of every thing German, by a set of blockheads, male and female, who know nothing of the subject, and take all that the Germans themselves advance for gospel ? Depend upon it, sir, hundreds of young ladies can repeat stanzas of Gleim and Utss, who never read a line of Spencer in their lives. So let us go back to Gottshed. Did you ever meet with his collection of plays called the *German Theatre* ? A lucky man if you haven't, for such a load of trash was never before brought together in one heap since the days of Augeus. Translation, or more properly, as they themselves call it, "oversetting," is the loftiest of their flights. And such translations ! Corneille, Racine, Germanized, and by the hand of John Christoph himself ; hand more fit to stuff sausages than translate the *Cid* or *Iphigénie*. And even in this cab-baging and pilfering how limited was their range ! The Danish and French seem to be the only tongues they had the command of. English was a fountain sealed, and a well shut up from them, till some French depredator had first melted the wax and picked the padlock. But, gracious heaven, Mr North, how they dirtied the water ! And who was it, after all, whom they translated or imitated ? Not Johnson—not Shakspeare—nor even glorious John. Who then ? Addison ! —*The Drummer*, which even in English is a wonderfully stupid performance for the creator of Sir Roger de Coverly, is tortured into more Teutonic dulness in a close translation ; and Gottshed founds his claim to supremacy as an original author on his tragedy of *Cato*. Stars and Garters ! bob-wigs and shoe-buckles ! what a *Cato* ! Addison's is poor enough, and spouts like a village schoolmaster in his fifth tumbler ; and virtuous Marcia towers above her sex like a matron of the Penitentiary ; but Gottshed's *Cato* is a cut above all this. Shall I give you the *Dramatis Personæ* ? Here they are in my note-book.

"CATO.

ARSENE OF PORCIA.

PORCIUS, *Cato's Son*.

PHENICE, *Arsene's Confidante*.

PHOCUS, *Cato's Attendant*.

PHARNACES, *King out of Pontus*.

FELIX, *his Attendant*.

CÆSAR.

DOMITIUS, *his Attendant*.

ARTABANUS, *a Parthian*.

Cato's suite.

Cæsar's suite.

"The scene is in a hall of a strong castle in Utica, a considerable city in Africa. The story or incident of the whole tragedy extends from mid-day till towards sunset."

What do you think of that, sir ? And what do you think of Arsene who has been brought up by Arsaces, and by him been made Queen of the Parthians, turning out in the third act to be Cato's daughter, and shockingly in love with Cæsar ? Think of all this, sir, and of the prodigious orations between the two heroes in rhyming Alexandrines, and you will rejoice as I did that the long-winded old patriot put himself to death. It is the only consolation one has all through the play to know that in the fifth act justice will be executed on all and sundry ; for Gottshed does not spare an inch of the cold steel.

But why do I lay such stress on poor old buried and forgotten John Christoph ?—I'll trouble you for the kettle.—The reason is very plain ; I want to find out some excuse for the Germans having formed such an exaggerated estimate of their present school—and I think I have found it in the profundity of the abyss they were sunk in before it made its appearance. People in a coal-pit see the smaller stars at mid-day as plain as if each of them were of the first magnitude. The deeper they go down, the brighter shines the twinkler ; so that when the Leipsic public had fallen into the depths of Gottshedism, no wonder that, on the first rising of Wieland, they considered him the sun in heaven. Then shone Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Goethe forming—as seen from that subterranean level—a whole planetary system. But for us English, sir, to look up to such lights—to talk of them in the same century with our own—or to think they are fitted to be classed with those glorious constellations that illumine the British sky, and shed their glory over all lands—the thing is beyond joke—'tis monstrous. Contrast them,—Klopstock—Milton ; Schiller—Shakspeare ; Lessing—Dryden ; Goethe—Walter Scott ; and as to their small fry, Sam Johnson would have swal-

lowed them all.—Let me turn the cock, sir; I admire your hospitable plan of the cask and spigot, it saves so much trouble in drawing corks—is the water boiling?—So let us hear no more talk of the vast treasures of German literature. There are not six of them authors worth reading, in what is properly called literature. Learning and antiquities I leave out of the question—they are industrious moles, and grub excellently well—and yet it will take many millions of moles to make a Bentley. In history they have but one name worth mentioning—John Von Müller—and he is one of the sons of Anak, and will sit in the opposite scale to Gibbon, and move not an inch towards the beam—their tribe of gentlemen who write with ease—their story-tellers, romancers, parlour poets, and so forth, are utterly below contempt. Our annual bards and authors are worth them all put together; and as to our novelists, properly so called, taking them as painters of life and manners, who would think of comparing our second, third, or even our fourth-rates with the miserable Tromlittses and Van der Veldees, or Hauffs and Spindlers, who rule the roast in their own country, and tempt good-natured young lords to introduce them here? Did any human being ever succeed in getting to the end of a German novel of ordinary life, without a weariness of the flesh that suggested indistinct thoughts of suicide? Not one: I have tried it a hundred times—and this is what I have been aiming at—their books, my dear sir, are not only stupid but disgusting—I have met with very few that were not positively shocking from the insight they gave me into the depravity of a whole people. The French, heaven knows, are bad enough; but with them it is a paroxysm, a fever of impropriety, that is limited to a certain set and will pass. Besides, the French abominations are *intended* to be abominable; an unnatural state of manners is chosen as the subject of representation, and accordingly it is treated in as unnatural a way as possible. For the horrors and iniquities, of a kind that shock and disgust us so much in their performances, are limited to the romantic school—the insane men of perverted genius, like Victor Hugo, who, instead of exhausting old worlds and then imagining new, begin the process by imagining a new

world, and peopling it with the creations of their distempered fancies. But nobody meets such things in the novels purporting to be stories of *real* life. Paul de Kock himself is a humorist, gross, coarse, and “improper,” but he sets out with the intention of describing gross, coarse, and improper people. There are thieves, drunkards, dissolute men, and naughty women, in all countries; we may wonder at people’s taste in painting such manners and modes of thinking, but we are not to blame any one but the individual who chooses to bedaub his pallet with such colours. The Germans, on the other hand, are more revolting in their novels of common life than in their more ambitious imaginings. The light is let in upon us through chinks and crannies of the story, enabling us to see the horrible state of manners into which the whole nation is sunk; for observe, my dear sir, I don’t allude to the scenes brought forward in their books to be looked at, shuddered at, and admired as pieces of sublime painting; what I mean is the unconscious air with which such revelations are made,—the author seeing nothing strange in the incident he is describing; and talking of it as a matter perhaps of daily occurrence. And these are the people that have written and roared about themselves, till they have persuaded all Europe, or, at least, the rising generation in England, that they are an honest, and pure, and innocent people; simple in all their habits; and, in fact, only a better specimen of what was once the character of our Saxon ancestors. German integrity, German truth, are the constant parrot song of every national author. They have even made a substantive out of the word German; and with them Germanism or *Deutscheit*, means every virtue under heaven—modesty, I have no doubt, included. You nod, my dear sir, as if you approved of that—and in itself any thing that gives a strong national feeling, a pride in one’s own country, a zeal to maintain its honour—is an admirable thing. I have not forgotten the thunders of applause that followed the clap-traps at our theatres about British courage—British power—hearts of oak, and things of that kind: admirable clap-traps they were—but *they had their effect*, sir. There wasn’t a god in the gallery that wouldn’t have licked three

Frenchmen the moment he had done clapping the aforesaid magnanimous declaration; for who would have cared a halfpenny for a million of Bonapartes after shouting in chorus, till their throats were dry, "Britons never, never, never will be slaves?" But the records of the last war will let us see the patriotism of the Germans. Every little principality and power seemed to run a race who should first truckle to the invader. The Confederation of the Rhine is a death-blow to their boasts; and, to go back to their literature, is their a single man among all their authors, except poor young Körner, that showed a spark of Tyrtæan fire? What said Goethe? He made the campaign against France in 1792, and wrote an account of it—are there any spirit-stirring appeals in it against oppression? Not a word—but a great deal about the comfort of a blanket with which he kept himself warm on the march; and throughout the whole reign of Napoleon his muse was mute, or admitted to a place at court. And yet Thomas Carlyle,—let me propose his health, sir, hip, hip, hurra!—almost worships that cold-blooded, selfish, sensual old man; and this idolatry before such a shrine, the reputation of the Laird of Craigenputtock goes a great way to perpetuate.

Such clouds of word praises, in which, I feel sure, the heart has no place, have been spread around this idol, that it positively needs a man to have very good eyes to see the paste and pasteboard it is composed of. Faust! Faust!—every human being, from about eighteen up to five-and-twenty, and some, even, who have come to years of discretion, have got into a perpetual sing-song of wonder and awe about the depth, grandeur, sublimity, and all the rest of it, of this inimitable performance. Did they ever think of extending their enumeration of its merits, so as to include its profanity, coarseness, vulgarity, and unintelligibility? What are we to think of a work, sir, that, in the life-time of the author, needed commentaries on almost every passage,—on its general scope and tendency,—on its occult significations,—while, all the time, the author himself seemed to gape with as total an unconsciousness of its secret meanings as any one else. I will answer for it, at all events, he would have found as much

difficulty as either Carus, or Enk, or Duentzer, in explaining its "einheit und ganzheit," its oneness and allness. Read his own continuation of it—never was proof so complete of a man's ignorance of what he had meant in the former part of the work;—that is to say, if you give him credit for having had any meaning in it at all. Recollect I don't deny that the man was clever. He was as clever a fellow as the world will often see; for, do you know, Mr North, I have a prodigious respect for the abilities of successful quacks. Success, itself, is the only proof I require. The less *a priori* grounds there were for expecting their triumphs, the greater credit they are entitled to. Therefore a bumper once more, if you please, sir, to the immortal Goethe.

With no one element of the poetic character in his whole composition; without enthusiasm, without high sentiment,—with no great power of imagination, the man has persuaded his countrymen, and they have persuaded all Europe, that he was one of nature's denizens—the God-inspired—in short, a Poet. Then, again, with no knowledge of life, abstracted from German life, without even the power of entering into a pure or lofty feeling, much less of giving birth to one, he has persuaded his countrymen that he was an imaginative life-describer, baring the human soul, and tracing every thought to its parent source. Oh! paltry, foul, and most unnoable thoughts which Goethe had the power of tracing. Oh! fallen and sinful human soul which Goethe had the power to lay bare! No, no, my dear Mr North, there is but one light in which that old man purulent can be seen—in the colours his countrymen have bedaubed him with. As a shrewd note-taker of their habits, as a relater of their every-day modes of thought, he is entitled to all the praise they give him,—but, oh German innocence!—oh *pietas*!—oh *prisca fides*!—what habits of life are these—what modes of thought!

With the help of a first-rate style, full, clear, and satisfying, both to ear and understanding; and with a perfect mastery over the most flexible and graphic of all modern languages, it will be strange if, amidst all the unencumbered writings of this most laborious of the paper-stainers of his laborious and paper-staining country,

some one or other may not be worthy of a sensible man's approbation. But, by heavens, sir! there is not one that has not something or other so revolting to all good taste as to destroy the pleasure you might otherwise have in the performance. And over all is spread such a dung-heap of vile sensualism and immorality, that you fear for the health of the surrounding inhabitants; for such nauseous exhalations must bear pestilence in every breath. There, sir, is a novel of his from which I intend to substantiate every one of these assertions,—and, by way of keeping my assertions more easily in mind, I will reduce them to these:—Goethe is a coarse-minded sensualist, and the laxity of German manners is most revolting. The *Wahlverwandtschaften*, or, as it may be translated, the affinities of choice (as opposed to the affinities of blood), is a novel of common life. A certain baron, who is presented to us by no other name than Edward, in the prime of life (which other circumstances make us fix at about forty-three), rich, polished, and happy, is the hero of the tale. Married within a year to a certain Charlotte, and retired to his estate, no two people apparently can be happier. Building bowers, laying out plantations, and getting up duets on the flute and harpsichord, with books and other appliances, make time glide pleasantly enough; but, in an evil hour, Edward determines to have a spectator of his happiness, and launches out on the comfort they would derive from the society of an anonymous gentleman, who flourishes all through the book under the convenient designation of "The Captain." Charlotte, like a sensible woman, objects a little at first; probably as she is aware that all captains are dangerous inmates; and she has also some little regard for the morals of a young girl of the name of Ottilie, who is at present at school, but whom she intends to send for and make a sort of assistant housekeeper. You will observe, sir, both our friends—Baron Edward and the sensible Charlotte—were no chickens, and had had considerable experience of the married life before. Like certain communicative personages on the stage, who generally relate the whole story of their lives, either to themselves or to some person who knows every incident as well as they do, Char-

lotte takes an early opportunity of informing her husband of various events which it is highly probable he was not altogether ignorant of. "We loved each other"—she says to him—"when we were young, with all our hearts. We were separated;—you from me, because your father, out of an insatiable love of riches, married you to a wealthy old woman; I from you, because I had to give my hand, without any particular view, to a very respectable old man that I never loved. We were again free—you sooner than I was, your old lady leaving you a very handsome estate. I a little later, just when you returned from abroad. We met again—our recollections were delightful—we loved them—there was no impediment to our living together. You urged me to marry. I hesitated at first, because, though we are about the same age, I am older as a woman than you as a man. At last I could not refuse you what you considered your greatest happiness. You wished to refresh yourself at my side after all the troubles you had gone through in the court, the camp, and on your travels;—to recall your recollections—to enjoy life—but all, with *me alone*. I sent my only daughter to a boarding-school, where, indeed, she learns more than she could in the country; and not only her, but Ottilie also, my favourite niece, who would, perhaps, have been better as my assistant in household concerns under my own eye. All this was done with your perfect approval, solely that we might live to ourselves, and enjoy our long-wished and late-gained happiness undisturbed."

Isn't this a charming mother, sir, and careful aunt?—Why, Mr North, you've filled up my tumbler without my seeing it!—you see how affectionate she is to her only daughter; how tenderly she talks of the respectable old man she could never love,—and what purity of mind there is in the whole description of the double wedding and double widowhood. But a bit of private history comes to light, a little after, viz., that the Captain and she had intended to hook Edward, the rich widower, into a marriage with the aforesaid Ottilie, Charlotte modestly supposing that she was now too old to attract his observation. Now, suppose Edward was two-and-twenty when he *St Albaned* himself; Charlotte mar-

ried her "respectable old man" "without any particular view," say in a year after she was deserted; her daughter is now seventeen, so that we can guess pretty nearly how old is our inflammable friend Edward. He ought to be ashamed of himself! But I am hurrying on too fast; I haven't told you what a middle-aged Don Giovanni the rascal turns out.

The Captain came; the Captain did this, the Captain did that—was so deep, so learned, so witty, so genteel, he might have passed for Captain O'Doherty. Ottilie also comes, "fair as the first that fell of womankind," that is, according to Goethe's notions of fairness; full and round as a Hebe, very young, very innocent, and a little stupid—planting, building, digging lakes, and creating scenery, go on more charmingly than ever, and in the course of a very short time, the Captain and the sensible Charlotte are burning like a couple of phoenixes, and Edward and Ottilie are over head and ears in love. To trace the windings and effects of those two passions is the task the delicate-minded author has chosen—his readers' sympathies are enlisted as strongly as possible on the side of Ottilie and Edward—their walks, their conversations, mingled with much crying and kissing, according to the German recipe for love-making, occupy the greater part of the book. But not the whole of it.—Bless you, my dear sir! there are very few subjects that do not receive a moderate share of notice in the course of the story, particularly the proper mode of educating young ladies; with hints to mistresses of boarding-schools, and the masters engaged for the various accomplishments. But you seem to look incredulous. True as gospel, I assure you; for I beg you to observe—and that was the thing I started with, two tumblers ago—that the monster has not the remotest idea that the personages of his story are vicious or immortal. They are all four held up to us as paragons of perfection. Their modes of going on are spoken of as nothing out of the common way, indeed they are rather pointed out to us as miracles of chastity and decorum; for Ottilie and Edward, resolving to be united according to law, confess their attachment to Charlotte, and beg her to separate from her husband, and by

so doing make the Captain and Edward happy at the same time! With an effort of virtue almost super-human—at all events super-German—she refuses—and Edward, not to be outdone, determines to exile himself from his own house, on condition that Ottilie and Charlotte remain in it as friends. There's a sacrifice, sir!—

What have the Romans to show that can compare to this? *Hic domus et placens uxor*, and his children—for the hero is a father as well as a husband—are all left behind. But, though we hear of his children, we are only made acquainted with one of them; and a history more full of horror and debauchery never disgraced any of the French novels that the world has united in condemning. As near as I can tell you the details, without making your venerable cheeks purple with shame, I will trace out the fate of the poor child.

The four lovers—the Captain and Charlotte; Edward and Ottilie—are interrupted in their quiet enjoyments, by the visit of a certain Graf or Count, and a certain Baroness. On the arrival of the letter announcing their approach, the Captain enquires who they are? Listen to the answer, and then talk of Goethe's prolific imagination. 'Tis Edward's story over again.

"They had for some time, both of them being married, been passionately in love. A double marriage was not to be broken without trouble; a separation was thought of. The Baroness succeeded in obtaining one, the Count failed. They were therefore forced to appear to live apart, but their connexion still continued; and, though they could not live together in the capital in the winter, they made up for it in summer at the baths, and in pleasure excursions. They were both a little older than Edward and Charlotte, who had never cooled towards them in affection, though they did not quite approve of their proceedings. It was only now that their visit was disagreeable; and if Charlotte had examined into the cause of her dissatisfaction, she would have found that it was on Ottilie's account. The innocent darling child should not so early have such an example set before her."

Not so early?—quære, at what age are such examples thought useful?—But you will find, sir, that the "innocent darling child" was very forward

of her age, and derived as much benefit from the pattern as if she had been ten years older. So this then, is a picture of German manners. If it is not, where is Goethe's fame as a painter of life? If it is, what is the meaning of the word *Deutscheit*? What the devil are you grunting at, Mr North? Do you think I don't know that what are called our own fashionable novels depict a state of manners not much more pure? In the first place, the novels so called are lies and libels—in the next place, where do you find adultery held up even in them as any thing but ruinous to reputation and entailing banishment from society?—In Germany, sir—if we are to believe this book—written, you will remember, not by some footman out of place, or discarded waiting-maid, as our tales of high life generally are, but by the first author of his country, the great arbiter in arts and literature, himself a courtier and mixing in the highest circles—if, I say, we are to believe this book, the marriage tie is of much easier solution than the gordian knot, and acts, even while people condescend to submit to it, as no restraint on the wildest passions, but rather as an argument for falling in love with other men. No loss of station attends detection—ladies and their paramours are received as honoured guests; and our friend Edward, who is the *beau-ideal* of a German hero, thinks it no degradation to enact the part of Sir Pandarus of Troy!

You start, my dear sir—I hope you are not turning sick? The facts, I assure you, are as I have stated. Let me read you a part of the eleventh chapter.

“Edward accompanied the Count to his chamber, and was easily tempted to spend some time with him in conversation. The Count lost himself in the memory of former times, and raved of Charlotte's beauty, which he dwelt on with the eloquence of a connoisseur. ‘A handsome foot is among nature's best gifts—years leave it untouched. I observed her to-day in walking. One might even yet kiss her shoe, and renew the barbarous but deep-feeling mode of doing honour among the Sarmatians, who used to drink out of the shoe of any one they loved or honoured.’”

But their observations did not continue limited to the foot. They passed on to old adventures, and recalled

the difficulties that had long ago hindered the meetings between Edward and Charlotte. The Count reminded him how he had assisted him in finding out Charlotte's bed-room, when they had all accompanied their royal master on a visit he paid to his uncle; and how they had nearly ruined all by stumbling over some of the body-guard who lay in the ante-chamber. But while they are deep in this highly edifying recollection, the clock strikes twelve. “‘Tis midnight,” said the Count, smiling, ‘and just the proper time. I must beg a favour of you, my dear Baron,—guide me now as I guided you then; I have promised the Baroness to visit her to-night. We have not spoken together all day, and ‘tis so long since we have seen each other! Nothing is more natural than to sigh for a confidential hour or two.’

“‘I will be hospitable enough to show you this favour with much pleasure,’ answered Edward; ‘only the three women are together in that wing—who knows but what we may find them with each other?’

“‘Never fear,’ replied the Count, ‘the Baroness expects me. By this time she is in her chamber and alone.’

“‘Then ‘tis easily managed,’ said Edward, and, taking a light, conducted his friend down some secret steps which led to a long passage. They mounted a winding stair. Edward pointed to a door on the right of the landing-place, and gave the Count the light. At the slightest touch the door opened, and received the Count. Edward was left in the dark.”

And a more pitiful scoundrel than this hero of the great Goethe, I'll bet a trifle, never was left in the dark before, whether by putting out the candle or being hanged on a gallows-tree. Don't grasp your crutch so convulsively, my dear sir. The philosopher of Weimar would have had his skull cracked on an infinite number of occasions if he had been within your reach. But there are no Christopher Norths in Germany. If there were, would the scene that succeeds this have been suffered to exist? Yet, shocking as it is, I must give you some idea of it, to support my main assertion, that the author was the coarsest-minded of men, and the nation the most flagitious of nations.

"Another door on the left led into Charlotte's bedroom. He heard voices within, and listened. Charlotte spoke to her waiting-maid. 'Is Ottilie gone to bed yet?'"

"'No,' replied the other, 'she is down-stairs writing.'"

"'Light the night lamp, then,' said Charlotte, 'and retire. 'Tis late—I will put out the candle myself and go to bed.'"

"Edward was transported with joy to find that Ottilie was still writing. She is busy on my account, he thought, triumphantly. He thought of going to her, to gaze on her, to see how she would turn round to him. He felt an invincible desire to be near her once more. But, alas! there was no way of getting from where he was to the quarter she lived in. He found himself close to his wife's door. An extraordinary change took place in his soul; he tried to push open the door; he found it bolted, and tapped lightly. Charlotte did not hear.

"She walked quickly to and fro in the large adjoining room. She thought again and again over the unexpected offer of a situation that the Count had made to the Captain. The Captain seemed to stand before her! Now he seemed to fill the house—to enliven the whole scene—and to think that he must go!—how empty would all things be! She said all to herself that is usually said on such occasions. Yes, she anticipated, as people generally do, the miserable consolation that time would mitigate her sorrows. She cursed the time that it needs to mitigate them—she cursed the deathful time when they would be mitigated. She wept at last, and, throwing herself on the sofa, gave way to her grief.

"Edward, on his side, could not tear himself from the door. He knocked again and again. Charlotte heard at last, and stood up alarmed. Her first thought was, it must be the Captain. Her second, that that was impossible. She went into the bedroom and slept noiselessly to the bolted door.

"'Is any one there?' she asked.

"A low voice answered, 'Tis I.'

"'Who?' she enquired, for she had not recognised the tone. She fancied she saw the Captain's figure at the door.

"The voice added in a louder key, 'Tis I, Edward.'

"She opened the door and her husband stood before her."

I can't go on, sir—one other tumbler, but this *must* be the last—for the horrors related by the pure-souled Goethe, and published for the edification of boys and virgins, must be left in the fitting incognito of a German dress. I must just give you to understand as delicately as I can, that by a certain process of ratiocination known only to the thinking nation, each of these unhappy persons is persuaded that the object of their passion is before them; Charlotte sees nothing but the Captain, and Edward clasps Ottilie in his arms; and the effect of this strong effort of the imagination will be best shown by going on in the story till Charlotte is again a mother. Recollect, my dear sir, that the whole house has, in the mean-time, been turned topsy-turvy; Edward has gone off to the wars, the Captain has taken possession of his new office, and Charlotte and Ottilie—each being conscious of the other's inclinations—have remained alone. The ceremony of the baptism was therefore shorn a little of its proportions, but still it was got up in a style worthy of the rank of the parents. "The party was collected, the old clergyman, supported by the clerk, stepped slowly forward, the prayer was uttered, and the child placed in Ottilie's arms. When she stooped down to kiss it, she started no little at sight of its open eyes, for she thought she was looking into her own! the resemblance was so perfectly amazing. Mittler, the godfather, who took the infant next, started equally on perceiving in its features an extraordinary likeness to the Captain! Such a resemblance he had never seen before."

This, sir, is one of the touches of a supernatural sagacity for which Goethe has credit among his countrymen, and will, no doubt, be quoted in medical books as an instance of the power of imagination, as if it were a real event. But, seriously speaking, can you recollect any scene in a French novel or opera so utterly revolting as this? If you can, your acquaintance with unnatural literature is more extensive than mine; but I am ready to bet you a pipe of Bell and Rannie, you never met with any thing to equal the denouement of this poor infant's story. What do you think of a man trying to gain his reader's sympathy to Ottilie's love-

distresses, by painting her kindness to Charlotte's child, and by describing a meeting between Edward and Otilie, filled with all manner of embracings and declarations, with that child sleeping on the grass beside her. But worse remains behind. Edward has persuaded the Captain to make another effort to obtain Charlotte's consent to a divorce. That highly honourable specimen of the military profession has gone on to the castle, leaving Edward lurking about his own domain, waiting impatiently for his answer. On that particular occasion, Otilie has carried out the child to the side of a lake, and is engaged in reading. And, as we are told it is "one of those works from which gentle natures find it impossible to tear themselves away," I conclude it was some book of a moral and religious tendency, like this one—probably the *Sorrows of Werther*. Edward, prowling about, sees her; she sees him. He seizes her in his arms—she points to his child;—he gazes at it, and sees the aforesaid likenesses, and makes sundry remarks on the occasion, worthy of his refinement and honourable feelings.

"Hark!" at last cries Edward, springing up, "I heard a gun, which was the signal agreed on with the Captain.—'twas nothing but a game-keeper." So the conversation is renewed. It begins to grow dark. Otilie springs up, alarmed, but the "hope (of a divorce) shines out of heaven upon their heads. She clasps him in the tenderest manner to her breast. They fancied—they believed that they belonged to each other; they exchanged, for the first time, decided—free kisses, and separated with agonies of grief."

For the first time, the old goat?—why, there is not a page of his book where they are not kissing and hugging—but, perhaps, he has some peculiar meaning in the epithets—decided and free. What is a decided kiss, Mr North?—what is a free kiss?—Perhaps he intends to state, that her conduct was on this occasion decidedly free, and, there can be no doubt, it was a good deal freer than would have been allowable in the vestal virgins. But whether free or not, Edward has retired without casting another look on his own child, and Otilie hurries off, as she is afraid of alarming Charlotte by being absent at such an hour.

The way round the lake is long—she is a perfect Ellen Douglas in her management of a boat, and steps into a skiff to cross the water—"She grasps the oar and pushes off. She uses all her force and repeats the push; the boat reels a little, and moves from shore. The child is in her left arm, the book in her left hand, the oar in her right, she reels also, and falls in the boat. The oar leaves her hand on one side; and, in spite of all her efforts, the child and book fall from her hand on the other—and all into the water! She seizes the child's frock; but in her position she finds it impossible to rise. Her unoccupied right hand is insufficient to turn her round and raise her up. At last, she succeeds in drawing the child from the water; but its eyes are closed—it has ceased to breathe!"

Yes, Mr North, this, I assure you, is considered a highly affecting incident, and the death of the innocent little creature is approved of by certain judges, as raising a new obstacle to the course of Edward's true love, and *therefore* exciting the reader's sympathy to a still tenderer point with the love-lorn Otilie. In this country, I am happy to say, the "Shirra" would have held a precognition, which would not very materially have enhanced the reputation of that delicate-minded young lady.—An English coroner would have levied a deodand on the boat, presenting a bill, at the same time, against Otilie for manslaughter at least. But in Germany things are much more comfortably managed. The Captain arrives at this very time on his embassy from Edward. This embassy, you recollect, was to persuade Charlotte to consent to a separation from her husband, and thus open the way for a marriage with Otilie; the Captain at the same time succeeding Edward, and the "respectable old gentleman she had never loved," in the possession of Charlotte. He is shown to a room where he finds a single waxlight burning. In the gloom he perceives Otilie senseless, or asleep, resting on Charlotte's lap, and the poor little dead child in grave-clothes, on a sofa at her side. It is in this state of affairs that he pleads his cause. And he succeeds!!! Charlotte consents to the separation, on the rather anti-Malthusian plea that she is called upon to

do so to afford Ottilie an opportunity of supplying the place of the child she has been the means of losing, with another of whom Edward may be fond. And with this answer the Captain betakes himself to his principal.

Ottilie, however, has some conscience left, and objects to marry Edward, though her love to him is great as ever. Many pages, and much fine writing are bestowed on the heroism of her behaviour. She has a meeting with Edward at an inn, where she stops, on her way back to the boarding-school, where she had resolved to devote herself to the education of young ladies—on what principles it is needless to enquire. The consequence of this interview, which consisted of vows and protestations on one side, and of absolute silence on the other, is, that she gets into the carriage in which she came, and returns to the castle, Edward following her on horseback; and so, after an absence of more than a year, the *dramatis personæ* are reunited in the scene of their first appearance.

And now comes the death scene; a subject which seems peculiarly agreeable to Goethe, and which he therefore describes with all his heart. Think, Mr North, of the eloquence of Charlotte and the Captain conjoined to the prayers and entreaties of Edward himself, being of no avail against the inflexible resolution of the pure and innocent Ottilie! She persists, in spite of all they can say, in maintaining a profound silence; and in eating in her own room; the mention of which peculiarity suggests dim images of coming evil to the attentive reader. In fact, she starves herself to death, except that the finishing blow is struck by a meddling old gentleman delivering in her presence a very inopportune lecture on the sanctity of the seventh commandment. The whole neighbourhood is struck dumb with grief at the death of the youthful saint, and great care is required to hinder the

common people from worshipping her relics. A dark cloud of sorrow and regret settles heavily over the castle; and at last Edward is found dead. To the very last, sir, the diseased moral sense of Goethe and his admirers sees no impropriety in the whole transaction. The lovers are lamented as if their attachment had been as innocent as that of Paul and Virginia, and the strange eventful history concludes, after describing the burial of Edward, next to his beloved in these words: "So the lovers rest near each other! Peace hovers over the scene of their repose. Bright-clothed angel forms look down on them from the vault, and oh! what a blessed moment will that be when they shall awaken together!"

What do you think now, of what I began with, Mr North? But, before you decide, remember, my dear sir, that the state of manners described here is the same exactly as we trace in all the works of the same author. His *Wilhelm Meister*—his *Young Werther*—all agree in representing the most appalling laxity of morals as universal in the land. In heaven's name, is the man a libeller of his father-land as well as a corrupter of youth? But no, sir, the universal popularity of his novels, the herd of imitators he has given rise to, the silence of his own countrymen on the subject of his false representations of life and manners, are too convincing proofs that he holds the mirror up to nature.

On this occasion, I have said nothing of the absurdly exaggerated claims which are made every day on behalf of German originality. What I have limited myself to, has been the character of the people, as seen in their every-day literature.—And, what a view we have had!—Phaugh!—I must have an "eke" just to put the taste out of my mouth. Sugar, if you please;—hold—hold—and now, Mr North, I will favour you with a song.—Hear, hear, hear!

ON THE PECULIARITIES OF THOUGHT AND STYLE, IN THE PICTURE OF THE
LAST JUDGMENT, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

ANY one unacquainted with the peculiarities of ancient art, and not accustomed to take those particular trains of thought and sentiment into consideration which gave birth to them, placing himself before the picture of the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo, in all probability finds many of his preconceptions rudely shocked, and the impression of its power enforced amidst the confusion of his scattered notions. But he expects a representation of the "Judgment of the Great Day," produced according to modes, and embracing purposes, which were altogether foreign to the general intention and to the individual character of its great author, to the age in which his stupendous work was executed, and hence, to the method pursued in the enunciation and expression of its subject.

Change must be recognised to be the fate of the arts. It has been held by some that their progress may, or rather must, be unlimited—by others, that they can now only experience decay; but their sensuous character, and dependence upon emotion, prevent either of these results from taking place; on the one hand, by limiting their progression; on the other, by preventing all possibility of their extinction.* The passions and sentiments of man, although continually up-furrowed by moral and physical changes, which so alter the appearance of society, that its product presents widely different characteristics at different times, in their grand features they remain as immutable as the senses themselves. A discovery in science, or the recognition of a political principle, may give variety to the exertions of man; but the continual renewal of his race, is the continual renewal of the same desires, hopes, and fears,—love, grief, and joy are constantly re-born; and it is only a truism to assert, that in the passions are the foundations of art laid. Based

on these, at once may be recognised the cause of the permanency, and of the fluctuations of art,—permanency, as related to the constitution of man, which produces its constant renovation at different epochs,—fluctuations, that result from the direction which is given to the operations of that constitution, amid those great changes which sweep, in continual revolution, the mind and condition of the human race;—with such recurring tides, that it would almost appear, that the limits of the atmosphere of our globe, not only bound a circumscribed portion of visible and of tangible being, but also of intellectual, and moral being.

Of those changes which pass like the cloud or the sunshine over the field of human speculation, the history of art exhibits much, and in their peculiar phases, the particular character of its productions must be looked for. It is now recognised, that in India and in Egypt, the ultimate aim of art, was placed in very different objects from those which were influential in Greece and in more modern times; and wonder must have ceased, at what had been considered to be unaccountable in its history in those countries—that continued practice for hundreds, or, if their chronologies are admitted, for thousands of years, should not have exhibited a similar result to Grecian art, or to that of the revival in the fourteenth century: each of which present widely different features throughout the various periods of their cultivation,—features which forcibly exemplify the closely interwoven connexion of art with the general state of society; which, in many instances, it may be said to render positive and visible, and to the operations of which it is the principal means of giving perpetuity.

Of this connexion, the great fresco of the Last Judgment is a distinct example,—it is eminently a portion of the time in which it was produced—the commencement of the sixteenth

* The dread of the extinction of art (to use the term in its widest sense, embracing poetry, music, &c.) is a hypochondriac interpretation of the effects of a utilitarianism; not even a true corollary of its tendency.

century. The arts and sciences had arisen in Europe, amidst a junction of the influence exerted by the cultivated remains of Grecian refinement—by that of the wild energy and warlike habits of the northern nations—and of the more gentle and elevated spirit of Christianity. The awful mythologies of the north had altogether fled; but their severe forms had left a sombre impress on its character. The struggle of civilization with barbarism and feudal ignorance, which had been maintained throughout centuries, like the throes of one awakening from temporary stupefaction, begot a depth of emotion, and a triumph of moral power, altogether distinct from what had influenced previous æras of civilization—by which the literature and fine arts of modern Europe are strikingly distinguished—more particularly from those of Greece, and (in this respect) its imitator, ancient Rome. With the sentiment of the Easterns, they have more in common; but the warmth of oriental imagination, carried into the north by the different tides of population, was to be rendered more intense and vigorous—less luxurious by being brought from under the influence of a more genial sun (to bask beneath the rays of which seems to induce that satisfaction in mere animal life, which may, in some measure, account for the permanency of the institutions of some Asiatic and southern nations, and also for certain characteristics of their art), into a more troubled and darker atmosphere; whence it was again precipitated upon the spreading influence of that system which had already overcome and absorbed both the philosophy and exotic mythologies of Greece and Rome, and under which was to be brought forth that combination of intellectual power, passion, and imagination, which is displayed in the painting, and poetry, and other arts of Europe. Grecian invention feigned Orpheus to have tamed savage animals with the music of his lyre; that of the north made Odin, by his harp, draw the ghosts of departed warriors around him; the Christian legend tells that Saint Cecilia, more powerful than either,

— “Draw an angel down,”

to listen: inventions in which may be recognised the modes of thought pre-

dominating during the times with which they are connected, and which directed their conception. Grecian genius had elucidated the combination of the imaginative and the reasoning powers; the Gothic, or northern genius, had raised mystery and superstition to their highest. Homer envelopes his heroes in a cloud, when it is necessary that they should disappear; the northern gift theirs with an invisible cap, which produces effects, that, in the legend of the saint, would have been attributed to faith, or the belief of powers directly conferred by God upon man. Man had become associated with superior existences. A new element had been universally recognised in his being. The experience of former efforts was to be brought to his aid, and a renewed life imparted to his exertions by novelty, and the great revolutions that had passed over his stage. From the moral tumult thus heaped up was the resurrection of art to take place.

But, distinct from these causes, that were wide and general in their influence, the particular state of European society, and the forms and government of the Church of Rome, immediately connected with the period at which the revival of art took place, strikingly modified its character.

Religion and war had, for a number of centuries, almost entirely occupied Europe. In so far as the cultivation of the mind extended, it was directly connected with the Church. Religious ceremonies, bearing a doctrinal significance, were blended even with the holiday sports of the people, in a manner that frequently has the appearance of absurdity. Their gestures, chronicons, and mysteries, were filled with religious allusions, and were most frequently founded on scripture histories. But these made a scanty addition to the limited literature of those ages, which consisted principally of the theological disquisitions of the scholastic doctors—that mixture of the logic and metaphysical speculations of the ancients with the doctrines of the Christian Church, the subtle character of which Abelard must have tested, when he used the scholo-Aristotelian philosophy of the sesophic doctors: at one time as an offensive weapon against Christianity, and, at another, found it equally powerful when applied to its

support; and which, after the establishment of universities throughout Europe, mingled with and overwhelmed the simpler character of the earlier literature, which, in its first dawn, had been more varied and impassioned. In strong contrast, however, to the sophisticated polemics of these periods was their military spirit; and, between the cross and the sword, there was small vantage ground for the growth of what was not more or less connected with either. The mass of the lay population, divided betwixt agricultural labour and war, wholly under the control of their ecclesiastical and feudal superiors, and at the command of both, handling either the spear or the ox-goad, as their schemes or their necessities directed, were in the condition and ignorance of slaves. Nor were their baronial lords much in advance in knowledge and intelligence; to whom Plutarch's character of the Boeotians—that they were of gross wit and coarse, quite the constitution of heroes—would well apply. Might was the law of right. The discriminations of reason were left to questions wherein the immediate and personal feelings and interests of men were not involved; and force was the arbiter of every difficulty that assumed the nature of a dispute, unless overawed by the mysteries of religion, which hung over this perturbed spirit with a commanding power; and its dogmas, wielded amid the subtleties with which they were surrounded by the schoolmen, probably became the more impressive the less that they were really understood.

The contrast of the ecclesiastical and the military spirit of these times presents reason united to forms of the utmost tenuity of thought, opposed to the gross animal nature that found its most refined pursuits in the attack of the pel, or the wolf, or boar hunt. "The humanities" were left to the cultivation of those belonging to the religious orders; and the method of explaining and illustrating the doctrines of the Church—subtle, allegorical, and figurative—became almost entirely the only form in which thought was expressed. Even the most material of the sciences—chemistry, in the hands of the alchemists became transmuted into allegories of the Holy Virgin and her Son. It may be said that a beaten road of expression, be-

came formed over the surface of thought. An abstract, typical, and allegoric peculiarity of style was generally diffused; which, addressing itself to the limited understanding and narrow comprehension of the partially civilized and untutored portion of the population, necessarily became not unfrequently allied to a very contradictory want of refinement, or of delicacy, and not seldom to ignorance.

Of this mixture, which predominated for centuries,—art strongly partook: and thus there is much in the productions of these times (independently of those peculiarities of mode and of intention which will afterwards come to be noticed) that now appears, on a partial consideration, to be anomalous. And what, in the instance of painting, caused this in a very marked degree, was its having been made a medium through which the people might be addressed by the Church; of which, in its rebirth, it was strictly the servant. It was immediately brought into connection with the most mystical and abstract subjects; and its embodiments in the greater number of instances, were little else than pictured repetitions of ceremonies, and representations of characters, which bore an ulterior, or typical signification. Its efforts were devoted to the illustration and enforcement of the doctrines, history, and services of the Church: the latter of which, at an early period, had gradually become expressive of the two former, and had assumed an absorbing importance, in the form of a vast congregation of dramatic ceremonies, of which Rome was the grand theatre, and which, in their consecutive round of observance, may be said still annually to present a mighty drama, of the life, death, and resurrection of Christ. A variation of the same form—the dramatic—which had been employed in Greece to vindicate the rule of Jove or Fate (in relation with which purpose, it had held a somewhat similar connexion with ancient art), had become subservient to the exposition of Christian faith and doctrine. This may probably have arisen from observations having been originally grafted, as it has been supposed many were, on the ancient festivals, during the early stages of Christianity. But,

in both instances, the desire itself of actual repetition; and impersonation, being felt to be an obvious and effective means of elucidating sentiment and opinion, readily accounts for the extensive adoption of the dramatic form, which was invariably regulated by a mode of expression afterwards to be noticed, as having all along obtained, both in the art of the ancients and in that of more modern times—in poetry and in religious ceremony.*

But more than a century before the time of Michael Angelo, art and literature, from being bound in the Egyptian-like swaddlings, which had restrained the one under the ferula of the schools, and the other to an almost purely symbolic form, had arisen into vigorous life and freedom. Dante, Petrarcha, and Boccaccio, with others in literature, and, somewhat later, numerous eminent names in painting and sculpture, had appeared: in their works evolving a mixture of power, beauty, and imperfection, mingled with classical forms and Gothic irregularity. Of these works the greatest—the *Divina Commedia* of Dante Alighieri—exhibits a confusion of religious opinion and political rancour with immense poetic genius, displayed in the creation of a heaven and of a hell, partaking of the spirit and materials of ancient mythology, Gothic superstition, and Christian belief; imagined for the reward or the punishment of kings, popes, petty princes, and their partisans, to whom bliss or misery are distributed with the violence of passion rather than the solemn might of justice. But, contrasted with the severity and strength of Dante, were the beauty and tender delicacy of Petrarcha, and the mixed pathos and facetiousness of Boccaccio; while, in the arts of painting and sculpture, a corresponding, though, from the slow growth of facility and correctness in the exercise of their medium, not an equally well expressed variety of sentiment, had been attempted. Andrea Orcagna and Luca Signorelli, had made the final reward and punishment of man the subject of various works that reiterate the sentiments of the *Divina*

Commedia. Masaccio had improved dramatic expression and style, which Ghiberti and Donatello in sculpture, and in painting Ghirlandajo and the greater Frate Bartolomeo had immensely advanced. Andrea Mantegna had exhibited an irritable vitality of genius, and had profited by the study of the antique, and attempted subjects of a classical character; while Pietro Perugino, the Bellini, and others, without much seeming connexion, had, each in his own sphere, prepared the way for those who were to consummate the particular departments to which they devoted their labours. The materials of the fabric of art were accumulated and partially upreared; but, like the completion of the mighty dome of St Peters (one of the greatest of his works), yet remained to be raised to the highest elevation, in this period of its history, by the powerful genius of Michael Angelo.

The relative connexion of painting with those causes which operated towards the general state of society and of mental culture, which have been thus rapidly glanced at—the only mode of bringing works in art under consideration, that can lead to their being satisfactorily understood, must, in some measure, have anticipated the character, and peculiar features of the picture of Michael Angelo, which they have been brought forward to illustrate. The *Last Judgment* is in many respects, in painting, the most eminent exemplification of the operation of various of these causes, and also of various of the most important principles of art. In it, an abstract greatness, conventional modes of expression, a typical style, and the influence of classical example, are brought together and united to the intense passion, elevated sentiment, and power over the materials of art, with rigid harmony in their connexion, which constitute the individual genius of its author; and it is before this combination, some of the component parts of which, if not regarded in connexion with the purposes of the work, the audience to whom it was addressed, and the period in which it was produced, appear so inexplicable, that

* Ceremony of every kind is a species of imitation or art; being a representation of sentiment by particular signs.

those who have not thus considered the work (or works of art in general), feel mistaken and bewildered. And, not being able to perceive wherein the true strength of this mighty production lies, but fully sensible of the total discrepancy betwixt their notions and the mode of treatment which the picture exhibits; and, at the same time, not allowing themselves to be guided by its impression, but endeavouring to oppose preconceived and partial rules of judgment to its influence, remain unable to unravel the confusion in which they find they are involved. Hence they probably come to the conclusion, that the work is altogether a failure; because it is not in accordance with associations and modes of thought, which are shortly to become more obsolete (inasmuch as they are not in their nature capable of being united with, or are supported by, the like great works) than those, the effects and nature of which they are unable to understand. Or, they probably arrive at a still more unsatisfactory conclusion, that opinion in regard to the productions of art is altogether arbitrary and unfounded; and they are swept into a whirl of scepticism, that doubts the foundation of all critical preference. But they were almost as absurd as the mathematician who expected a poem to be the proof of a theorem. They had not recognised the fact, that the signification or display of sentiment, most particularly in its impassioned expression, renders literal truth in what does not tend towards that purpose subservient. The mixture of that which is essential or generic in its nature, with the very opposite characteristic—conventional modes, had been totally unapprehended. Even the recollection that art had ever been employed as the means of effecting any great moral aim, was to them become faint and indistinct. Art had been partially, not wholly looked upon. The surrounding influences of the present time had been

made the ultimate standard of judgment; which failing to coincide with those which operated towards the production of the picture, and from their being totally unfit to be brought to coalesce with or embrace its extensive and general purposes and signification, the result is misunderstanding and false criticism.

The picture of Michael Angelo is not a representation produced with the intention to exhibit the Last Judgment with *scenic* effect, and embracing those accessaries which such a purpose would have demanded; but consists in the expression of that tremendous subject, by exemplified instances of those sentiments usually associated with it—which display man in suffering and in beatitude—in the anticipation of bliss or the dread of misery—in fruition or in endurance. Its different groups must be regarded to be, to a certain extent, symbolic, not representative, of the innumerable multitudes assembled to “the Judgment of the Great Day.” Each part must be considered to have, by means of its particular impression, an extended signification. In the plan of the picture (in accordance with principles which will afterwards be noticed), a severe parallelism is adopted. The whole is divided into equally balanced parts. In the lunettes, at the highest angles, are introduced, by one of those peculiarities of treatment which will also come to be observed, figures bearing aloft the Cross, the pillar of the flagellation, the crown of thorns, and the sponge. Below these, in the centre, is the judge, surrounded by saints and martyrs, and those meeting for judgment; behind whom, are brought together those groups which express the multitudes of the blessed, and which recede to the distance of the upper part of the picture. Underneath this line, of the most important agents in the picture, and which is its foreground,* are at the right side, groups of the worthy borne upwards; and at

* Michael Angelo has been accused of having violated perspective in this work, by having made the figures which occupy the third division of groups from the bottom of the picture, and which are nearer the upper than the under edge of its area, the largest. But, in answer to this objection, which has originated in the misconception of those by whom it is made, it may be observed, that Michael Angelo supposed the spectator to view the work from the elevation of the Judge, and those by whom he is surrounded, which is the true foreground of the picture; and hence the figures here are largest:—not contrary to perspective, but in obedience to it, and to the most ef-

the left are the seven deadly sins driven downwards and seized by demons; while betwixt these, in the centre, are the seven angels of the Revelations sounding their trumpets;* and those with the book of life in their hands. Towards the under line of the picture, the resurrection of the dead, who are breaking from their graves, occupies the right angle; and the left is filled by the boat of Charon and the damned.

In this arrangement, the relative positions of the Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, and Hell receiving its tenants, are only partially indicated; being subjected to the balanced composition of the whole: and every part of the picture is brought as near to the eye as possible. This is in obedience to the dependence that is placed upon expression, which is the predominating feature of its plan; and also in compliance with those principles of imitation which may be said to have dictated this mode of treatment: some of which are essentially inherent in the nature of pictorial art, while others arose from the state of society and the purposes of works connected with religion.

Of these modes of representation, the most remarkable and extensive in its influence, and which has often stood a stumbling-block in the way of criticism on art, but which arms art with its greatest power, and is connected with its very existence as a means of affecting the mind, is universally exhibited, either directly or in its various modifications, throughout ancient poetry, painting, and sculpture—Indian and Egyptian as well as Greek; and in more modern times alike subjected the ceremonies of the church, the literature, the painting, the sculpture,

and the music of Europe, to its laws. It must be considered to be the original and primitive form of all combination in art. Its origin may be found to exist in the simplest act of transition or change of attention, from which it became the source of the most powerful and elevated combinations. It has frequently been confounded with the poetic element, and in a vague sense has been denominated poetical treatment. It may be designated the lyrical form of imitation. It is sustained by enthusiasm and emotion; and from its exhibition in an ode or hymn to Jove or the universal Pan, the glance of whose eye it might be said in such an instance to attempt to follow, passing without restraint, and with a power of the most rapid combination over the face of visible existence, to its remote modification in a bouquet of flowers, may be recognised throughout whatever is connected with the expression of sentiment, in any degree impassioned. It modifies the epic and dramatic forms of composition, and, although totally distinct from what their essential character consists in, in some degree frequently even affects that.† The chorus of the Greek drama was a direct derivation from the ode, which was founded in this mode of representation, and from which the whole dramatic form of the ancients may be said to have been gradually evolved.

This manner of imitation may be considered to be the attempt of man, in his productions, to pursue the laws of thought. It brings time and space under its control: they are travelled over, hinted at, or omitted, as suits the train of ideas to be pursued, or the general sentiment which is to be en-

fective treatment of the subject. The perspective recedes both from below, and above, these large foreground figures,—an instance of the invention of the painter, that from its boldness has left the perceptions of those who object to it at fault. The various groups diverge from this elevation, which is somewhat above the centre of the immense surface of the picture.

* So says Vasari;—"Sono sotto i piedi di Cristo i sette angeli scritti da S. Giovanni evangelista, con le sette trombe." But there are more than that number in the picture.

† Fuseli's definitions of the epic and dramatic sentiments are most discriminative and just. "The aim of the epic painter is to impress one general idea, one great quality of nature or mode of society, some great maxim, without descending to those subdivisions which the detail of character prescribes..... For as in the epic, act and agent are subordinate to the maxim, and in pure history are the organs of the fact; so the drama subordinates both fact and maxim to the agent, his character, and passion. What in them was end is but the medium here."—*Lectures*.

forced. It frequently consists in the subjection of detail to the more important features of a subject, by sacrificing unessential particulars or incident to expression.* By its union with the dramatic in poetry and painting, they assume the rapidity of allusion possessed by the ode. This is exemplified in the olden painters (who were guided by this mode of combination, not probably from any defined understanding of its principle, but by a sense of its power, and from the freedom with which it was generally employed in these times), by the introduction of the various scenes of a transaction into the same composition—an instance of which occurs on the roof of the Cappella Sistina, in the picture of the expulsion from the garden, where also, Eve is seen offering the fruit to Adam. It is the predominance of this with the religious spi-

rit, which has been styled *the mystic*, in the art of the revival. It is this which encircled the figure of the Holy Virgin with a quire of angels in the tablets of Rico, Cimabue, or Taffi, and which gave birth to those arrangements which bring together Divinity, angels, and saints, so often repeated from the times of these early names, down to those of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Among the many instances of the exemplification of this method in such arrangements—indeed all art of these times was a continual exhibition of it—the picture of the Madonna da Foligno (so called from its having been painted for the town of that name) is a beautiful example; the most exquisite feature of which is, the introduction of a cherub stationed on the ground below, addressing the Virgin and the Infant who are above, and which might almost be considered to

* M. Quatremere De Quincy, in his very able work on "the Nature, the End, and the Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts,"* has treated of a particular phase of this mode of imitative representation, under the name of generalization; and he seems at times almost to recognise it in its full extent; but, in his observations upon Shakspeare, he appears to have diverged altogether from an extended view of the subject, and finally to resolve his opinion in regard to it, into a certain limited standard, into a somewhat with which his use of the word *ideal* is synonymous. This he finds accords with the forms of the classic drama; but that it will not do so with the works of Shakspeare; hence the latter are considered defective. But Shakspeare's dramas are not the *ideal* of any particular features of nature, but embodiments of the *idea* (in its original and Platonic sense) of whatever the fiery light of his mind passed over, towards evolving the great purpose of his works—the expression of the dramatic; not merely in the mode or form of his productions, but as their peculiar end—their ultimate object. His dramas are much more essentially dramatic than those of the ancients; which were more the harmonious exposition of an incident or act, or of a sentiment, to which the expression of character was *necessary*, but to which it was always more or less *subjected*. Shakspeare is different from this. The distinctive essence of his dramatic works consists in the display of character perfectly unsubordinated. The incident only serves to evolve this, and is merely a field for its display; and, in accordance with this purpose, is brought into that total subjection, or regarded with that indifference, which has given rise to criticism in respect to the freedom with which scenes and characters are alternated. But such is only in obedience to *his* law. Caliban, Prospero, Miranda, Trinculo, and Stephano, appear in the same great work, brutish, powerful, loving, jesting, and drunken; each brought forward powerfully to display character, and each of whom must be regarded to be specific features of such, placed in contact with the purpose that should be recognised to be the law of the author—not the conformation to regularity in the production of a plot or story, nor the elucidation of any general sentiment—but force and truth in tracing the windings of the most varied source of imitation that art pursues, the dramatic, of which his works are the greatest and most complete exponents. Of this they exhibit the *idea*, and, by occasionally sacrificing other purposes, which are in many instances necessarily connected (it is seldom endeavoured to blend them with this ultimate intention), to use the word in the signification of M. De Quincy—in this they are *ideal*. Objections—general or theoretical—such as originated the discussions betwixt the Classicists and the Romantists, can only be made to the works of Shakspeare, by the application of rules of judgment, that his intention can not be subjected to.

be a visible impersonation of lyric rapture, illustrating at once the sentiment and the mode, of both of which the greater number of votive pictures are examples. Raphael followed this mode when he brought the mountain of the Transfiguration, and the strictly dramatic scene of the maniac together, which has been attempted to be accounted for in various unsatisfactory ways, but which, had it occurred in less distinct connexion with a subject that is otherwise treated in a manner so purely dramatic, would never have attracted notice, or have been referred generally to, what have often been considered, unaccountable anomalies connected with art, that it was impossible to understand.

In Greek art, also, this manner of imitation was no less predominant. It is exemplified in the group of the Laocoon, which is epic in sentiment; but the figures of which, in obedience to a modification of this method, are represented naked. The sculptures of the Parthenon strikingly exhibit it: their whole arrangement and expression are dictated by it. Those labours of Phidias (setting aside minute distinctions which may be made, in regard to the interpretation of particulars connected with their signification, which are now impossible to be recovered) must be considered to be a grand announcement, after the lyrical form, of the glory and power of Minerva—of her city and its hero. They conform to this, as has been already observed, in respect to the votive pictures of Roman Catholic art, both in their sentiment and in their form, and probably were the most extended, harmonious, and complete example of such that has existed. Nor is the operation of this method of representation less observable in the ceremonies of the Christian church. It had obtained in the sacrificial observances and mysteries of the ancients. At one sweep it brought the representative period of the life of Christ within the yearly service of the Church of Rome, and frequently merges, within the space of a few hours, dramatic ceremonies which allude to or signify lengthened transactions. Its most distinctive exemplification in modern literature, and which does not recognise any ancient prototype, is exhibited in the metrical ballad, which it endows with much of its power and vivid effect.

In painting, unlimited scope was given to this lyric, or inspired, or enthusiastic mode of imitation, partly from its having been the form in which art was revived (in some measure the effect of ancient example, but more directly from the dependence that must be placed upon this, in what ever in art endeavours to express sentiment or passion with warmth or power), and partly from the place which painting held in the general appreciation, and the objects towards which it was directed. Pictures were visible offerings up of the devotional spirit—of prayer or of praise—or enunciations of the doctrines of the Church. They were put forth not to be questioned or to be criticised, but to be believed in. They may be said to have been a portion of the apostolic exertions of the Church. Their dictates were not to be in any respect doubted, and the form in which they were delivered was always that which most directly and readily embraced the end desired. They were the manifestation of the mind of the painter operating outwardly, not to meet the dictates of others, but to dictate to them—they were met by implicit faith.

In the picture of the Last Judgment this mode influences its whole plan. It at once, from an extended scene, concentrates the whole into the expression of human sentiment and passion. It brings together, without the smallest attempt at particular or identical representation, those parts which picture heaven, earth, and hell; and opens the way throughout the whole work, for the operation of other modes adopted in the treatment of its subject, which depend upon causes less general and more immediately connected with the particular purposes to which it was devoted. These, however, in various instances, may almost be said to be merely modifications of this, the most extended and radical of those means by which the arts are endowed with powers similar to nature, in the production of forcible signification, and expression.

The most important of these more subordinate means, and the next peculiarity, or more properly law, in the method pursued in the picture which comes to be observed; will likewise be found to be common to Greek, and to Roman Catholic art. It may

be considered to result from the operation of the more extended mode just noticed, the general principle of which is to remove interruption, and cut the way direct to unobstructed and essential expression; and of which this, in particular instances, is only a modification; but in others, from the distinct character which it assumes, it must be considered to be an ultimate or original form of imitation. It was generally adopted, and is constantly exemplified in the ceremonies of the Church, and this probably in some measure became the cause of its being very widely received as a mode of painting in its connexion with religion, at the time of the revival of the arts. It consists in the substitution of a part to signify a whole: it places dependence upon a portion of a subject as a means of expressing the whole to its full extent; either by the intensity which may be thus arrived at, or by the power of association. Or, as in other instances, it consists in an almost arbitrary substitution of one object to express another. Thus music, in many of the Church ceremonies, was frequently the medium by which lengthened acts of its great drama were expressed. As instancing both these forms of this method: during the Easter festival, the Crucifixion is signified by darkening the lights of the Cappella Sistina, and by the sublime *Miserere*; and, after the Entombment has been expressed during another day of ceremony, by the host having been deposited in the Pauline chapel as the tomb (all exemplifying this mode of representation, in distinction from that of the purely dramatic, of which the scene of the Pope washing the feet of the pilgrims is an instance connected with the same festival), a peal of the bells of Rome, which before had been kept silent, on the morning of the third day, announces the Resurrection. The difference of this species of imitation from the purely allegoric is, that it is usually connected with parts which are literally representative of the subject, and that a sentiment is always expressed by means of the substitution which is made. It does not consist in the adoption of a mere symbol, sign, or letter; a thing which is akin to hieroglyphic writing, and which produces of itself no impression, and becomes, if much dependence is placed

upon it, subversive of the distinctive character and object of art; but the mind is operated upon in a manner that is analogous, or at least somewhat equivalent, by association or direct impression, to the sentiment or the object from which the change has been made.

In conformity with this mode, the various groups of the picture must be held to signify the numberless "multitudes of all tongues and kindreds" assembled to judgment. They must be regarded (and every part of the picture) as having to a certain extent, an ulterior reference. To exemplify this: the descent of the seven deadly sins into hell, in one sense, must be considered to typify all transgression. But this is not to be obtrusively taken into consideration; nor in this instance can it: their dreadful expression is sufficient to fill the mind. They are the only groups expressive of the fall of the damned. They are all brought together in figures of the same size,—and dreadful is the toil of those representatives of the condemned, driven, falling, and dragged downwards, in the anticipation of eternal misery. Their concentrated horror, anguish, and despair, leave the mind no retreat. It is wound into the sense of their agonized suffering with a mighty strength, from which remorse must shrink in confused identity. The separate groups of the blessed ascending, or helped up to the presence of the Judge—the dead rising from out the earth—and hell with the damned—must all be considered to be brought under this method of treatment.

These modes of signification or representation which have been noticed, and which may be considered peculiarities, in distinction from what is generally exemplified in modern art; are the most important in their effects on the picture, and are most prominently observable. Others less extended in their nature, but which were very prevalent in the painting of that time, and of which the exemplification in the picture is limited to particular instances; present different conventional forms or processes of augmenting or of illustrating a subject, which the principles of the more universal methods which have been considered, tended in some instances to originate and to render general.

By a species of episode, the cross,

and the pillar of the flagellation, with the sponge, &c., in allusion to the sufferings and death of Christ, from which result his deputed power as Judge of the world, are introduced; borne by numerous figures. The Holy Virgin being brought into the scene, is also, by a somewhat similar process dictated by the religious character of the work, in obedience to the high rank which she holds in the hierarchy of the Church of Rome. The martyrs presenting their claims to heaven, by producing the instruments of their torture (which certainly serve a more useful purpose to the spectator than they possibly can to an omniscient Judge), is in compliance with a mode of characterising—a pictorial adjective, general to painting; but which, after this obtrusive manner, was one of the arbitrary features of the art of this period.

The introduction of the boat of Charon is a direct imitation of Dante (which various of the punishments of the damned also are), authorized and supported, as also in the instance of the poet, by the influence which was exerted by the works of the ancients. Michael Angelo had before associated heathen mythos with Christian belief, by the introduction of the sibyls of the ancient oracles, along with the Jewish prophets, on the vault of the Cappella Sistina, from the supposition that they had predicted the coming of Christ; and, to his imagination, the step was easy, and characteristic of the intellectual processes of the times, to the introduction of any other feature of Greek fable. Or, possibly, it might be the result of a direct intention to connect Christianity with the fate of man in general,—to embrace the ancients in the general Judgment. If such was the intention, it may however be hoped, that hell is not the only place where such an allusion might have been introduced.

The blessed dragged to heaven by the physical might of angels, who contend with demons for their possession—the passion and coarseness of the character of Christ, and the expression of the Madonna at his side—Charon battering the damned spirits with his oar*—Saint Bartholomew with his own skin in his hand—the human

character of the angels, and the grotesque animal demons; are among instances of a literal obviousness of thought and expression that were common to the time, and which extend to a considerable degree throughout the work; the causes of which may be found in the general state of intellectual culture already adverted to. But these features are connected with the expression of the work, rather than with its plan.

Such are the modes or forms adopted in the construction of the picture. They obviously and necessarily declare the treatment of the whole to be poetic; of which the sentiments that are pursued, discriminate the class.

Having thus so far taken into consideration, what may be deemed to have been the general causes that operated towards the formation of the particular character of the genius of Michael Angelo; and what must be regarded as being the manner after which it is made visible in the picture of the Last Judgment: the question is now arrived at—wherein consists the individual and characterising exhibition of his genius, as developed in that work?

Distinct from the mere enunciation of the subject, and from particular modes of imitation, and objects immediately intended to be embraced; the grand features of the work, in which its stability is based, and which must bear it above whatever may be the conventional atmosphere of any age, are the nature and strength of its expression, and the character of its style.

In expression, the sentiments that it enforces, are founded in the common nature of man. The sublime—and, in its highest sense, the beautiful—the merely human—the demoniac—the mental and the physical,—expressed in the powerful exhibition of those universal movers of the human breast, hope and fear, are made visible. *It is the great epic of expectation and dread*—picturing their birth and their consummation in bliss or in misery. To the enforcement of “this high argument,” is the fresco of the Sistine Chapel devoted. In this it endures, and of this it must, in many respects, remain the greatest example in art.

* “Batte col remo qualunque si adagia.”—DANTE.

Time must sweep away its lines and its colours; but he alone can be its destroyer. Succeeding ages have produced, and will continue to produce, different characteristics, and to furnish new subjects for art, but the grandeur and strength of Michael Angelo cannot be impaired—it is founded in the expression of the generic nature of man. Of this, the picture of the Judgment, absorbed and centred what had already been advanced towards, or expressed in art; and, in this respect, remains the great monument of moral painting in distinction from that which originates; and has its end in the pursuit of local peculiarities, and in the gratification of individual or temporary taste. In both, there may be exerted that power in which genius consists, but, in the one instance, it is isolated from any great or general purpose, and becomes dependent upon partial intentions and upon antiquarian study, and may be buried amidst obsolete, and particular facts; in the other, it is wide and extended, and as endurable as the human race.

In style, the picture of the Cappella Sistina, presents a most marked and distinct character. All excellence in art—that varied and disputed point, which appears (but only appears) to vary with the view which is taken of it, may be found to centre in the perception or apprehension, and power of impressing the *idea* of whatever is its subject. In this virtually consists the truly great in art; and, by an extended application of the principle, may probably be found to embrace excellence or power in whatever human exertion endeavours after. In this ability exists, and from this imperfection diverges. In the wide and varied field of art, which in painting alone, extends

from the transcription of the meanest inanimate object to the visible embodiment of Deity; it is this which endows its labours with vitality.* On this ground may be said to meet, though in each instance varied in their ultimate worth—the maternal holiness of the Madonnas of Raphael—the substance of the human body, and its coverings by Titian—its tear and wear by Caravaggio—the odour, laughter, and grossness of Dutch dwellings, by Teniers and Ostade—the stare of an ox by Paul Potter, or a Flemish sky by Cuyp. It is the possession of this power, which constitutes the wide distinction betwixt the productive, and the passive or simply recognitive, mind. Its exemplifications possess an effect akin to that of natural objects—it does not present a transcript or reiteration of its subject, but operates with a new and distinct impression;—its efforts present additions to experience.†

Of this power, the style of Michael Angelo is an eminent example. In those instances of such that the works of most others present, their labours are referable to a material or visible type; but of this, there was no such standard for the painter of Deity, Prophetic or oracular inspiration, and of mystic indistinctness; of man face to face with his Judge, endowed with or doomed to an eternal existence, either in happiness or in misery. His type was mental, and to such must his labours conform; and, from their conformation to this, they are, in many respects, placed at a remote distance from the humble sympathies of those whose ideas are regulated by an immediate reference to sense. By such a species of apprehension their significance can never be perceived. To

* It is necessary here to keep in view the distinction which has been referred to in a former note, as existing between the signification of the term *ideal*, and that of *the idea*. The *idea* is ultimate; the *ideal* is the result of comparison: it is a term that has been used to express qualities which are the result of a process of abstraction carried forward, I should say, in a particular direction, with the view of, to a certain extent, subjecting the *idea* of one thing to that of another:—the mistaken application and misunderstanding of which principle, has given rise to, at times, absurd discussion regarding it. The term also has been most licitiously used; the mere abuse of which, may, in some instances, have given rise to a species of mental desert, which has misled practice in art.

† The colour, for example, of the Crucifixion by Tintoretto, or the expression of a Spanish face by Velasquez, display what has never been met, and what is not the result of any process of generalization. The one is an invention—the other an individuality; but in both that is perceived which appears to be thoroughly co-relative with its subject—that, in short, which the mind seems to be fitted to recognise as part of its constituted relations.

refer them to a human standard as essential and generic is not enough, although this is the nearest approach which has been made towards characterising them. The form, light and shade, and colour, of Buonarrotti, are frequently the exponents of modes of being which have no objective existence: he was called to treat of things which were unseen—of superhuman relations which had been established—to express the influence that the belief in the existence of such exercised upon man—and to connect him with the invisible. Mysteriousness and greatness must be thrown over the generic nature of man, and this is the idea rendered by the works of Michael Angelo. They are sacred to veneration, to awe, and to wonder. To clothe and impress those sentiments was the aim of his style. Compared with the expression and essential form of Grecian art, and with the generic light and shade and colour of Titian, those of the Cappella Sistina present a remarkable distinction. They are expressive of the fleshly and material—those of Michael Angelo of the mental and immaterial. Greek art had, it may almost be said, perfected bodily symmetry—it had embodied physical strength and intellectual character—it had carried a material system to its highest elevation; but, in the figures of Michael Angelo, the impression is conveyed of a predominating power or will, which makes the body its machine—a vital energy, which seems expressive of the idea of soul in man, distinct, and self-existent. This endows them with immense power on the mind; and (laying aside abstract considerations in regard to the tendency of Grecian theology and philosophy as compared to those of later times), must, in many instances, be considered to raise them above Greek art; or, if they cannot be placed higher than the perfection which Grecian sculpture reached (possibly the most beautiful example of the attainment of such in the history of man), fixes them on an

equally elevated line. Both are widely different. It may be said that the Italian expressed, or showed, the mind in the body—that the Greek expressed it by the body. The discrimination of class and character must be regarded to have been the aim of Greek art—the workings of mind and passion that of modern art. In Greece, characteristic distinction had traced a gradual ascent of physiognomic peculiarity, from the centaur up to the Olympian Jove. The classification of form was minutely entered into; which, by the masters of the revival of art was comparatively little attended to.

Comparisons have been frequently made betwixt the degree of perfection exhibited in the works of Michael Angelo and ancient sculpture, without taking the particular style or character of either into consideration, and each has been made the rule of judging the other, certainly under a very imperfect perception of the true nature of either the one or the other. In those characteristics, which constitute the difference of sentiment, and necessarily of style, between them, consists much of the particular excellence of each. The character—even the perfection, it may be said, of Greek works, would have militated, in many respects, against those intentions which the works of Michael Angelo fulfil. Nor would his works have effected the purposes of the Greeks. The pantheism of Greece pre-supposed the universal materiality or the universal immateriality, of all things. There were no conflicting elements—no distinct process of separation of mind and matter entered into. All was recognised to be of *One*, differing only in grade. Their gods were rendered in godlike shapes, by a minute definition of character, which could not be too much regulated by physical analogy, or laws.* The idea of the superhuman, or the ideal, indeed existed, and was perfected in every rank of the theogony, but less under the influence of a sentiment than as a type, its original germ; and from

* The sentiment of the supernatural appears to have been comparatively feeble in Greece, from the natural being blended into it by gradual steps, distinct and regular as those to the porticoes of their temples. But, in modern Europe, it was much more a part of the general mind, and even still is so; was mixed and interwoven with all mental operation, continually starting into view, in a manner that may be likened to the strange forms produced under its influence, which are scattered amidst the fret-work, and grin from every corner of a Gothic cathedral.

which the history, both of ancient and of modern art, exhibits a process of refinement, or completion, in the first place, and afterwards of annihilation. But it was necessary that the style of Michael Angelo (whether from sentiment, or the result of ratiocination, it is not intended at present to inquire) should express the union and connexion of power and imperfection—of greatness and of frailty. Man must not, however, be represented in weakness; such would have destroyed one great purpose of the work—to elevate humanity: but the struggle of man, declared to be abject, and, at the same time, the inheritor of immortality—"a worm, a god,"—must be expressed. He has been removed from the calm perfectability of the Academy, or of the Stoa, which, in "reason's deepest depths," sought to base his dignity, and to found the persuasion that he might not merely be mortal. He has been made to expect eternal consciousness. He has been brought into conflict with his passions, immediately overawed by hope and fear. Contesting sentiments have become centred in his nature, and contend for predominance over his character and fate; and to be the medium of conveying these, and of conducting him through regions of mystery with power and intellectual grandeur, was the aim of the style of Michael Angelo.

His forms display moral and physical strength, independently of their general significance. The movements of the machine of the human body are condensed and rendered energetic, not by celerity of action so much as by the impression of powerful will and

desire, with which his actors seem to be endowed. There is in them a constant reference to the particular and imperfect, in connexion with expression; but this is rendered with a specific greatness which raises them altogether above individual humanity.* Not to enter into any lengthened comparison or to contrast the style of the works of Raphael with those of Michael Angelo, it may be observed, with a view to render more evident what has been noticed in regard to the latter, that, in distinction from Raphael, he endeavoured to elevate man to the supernatural; while Raphael, in his works which have relation to such subjects, brought the supernatural down to man. Nothing can be more distinct than the impression produced by the Sybils and Isaiah of Raphael, which are said to have been done in imitation of, and to rival Michael Angelo, from those of the Sistine Chapel. The Isaiah is much after the fashion, but altogether without participation of the spirit of Michael Angelo. It may have greatness, wisdom, and sagacity, but it has no inspiration. Raphael stood on a different ground. His characters illustrate and explain a creed, and give a mundane relation to its dogmas by exciting sympathy and love. In this view, while the efforts of both were directed to the one great purpose of calling attention to religion, it may be said that he was opposed to Michael Angelo.† The style of Raphael, also, was much more a derivation from Greek sculpture than that of Michael Angelo, but operated upon by a different sentiment,—the dramatic, instead of the lyric and the epic, which, in

* Minute criticism may find enough to cavil at in various respects in the picture of the Last Judgment; but such things are not connected with the true end or merit of the work. They may on some occasions be alluded to with profit, in guarding practice against particular errors; but the want of perception of the true nature and greatness of this mighty work, can alone lead to their being brought forward in connexion with its general character. There is, without doubt, what in many instances, if only considered in reference to a standard of mere correctness, which rejects expression as any part of its element; much that may be considered incorrect and exaggerated; but in most cases, this should rather be held to be connected with the peculiar character and intentions of the work. On some occasions the anatomical expression may be regarded to be monotonous; on others disconnected and violent; but its author is scarcely ever lost, through dread of either the one or the other, in poverty of imitation.

† An objection may be made to those works of Michael Angelo which do not involve sentiments of greatness or of mystery, that they either partake strongly of them, or when they are avoided fall beneath their subject. He did not enter into passionless humanity—he could not characterise without expressing the struggle of will, power, or suffering. His

Grecian art, throughout all its refined distinctions of character, were strongly influential.

The colour, and light and shade of the picture, are analogous to its form; they are strictly accordant in sentiment with its intention, and conform to and aid its expression. Local or minute distinctions in the one, and accidental effects in the other, are almost entirely denied. They are wholly at the will of the painter, in conformity to his idea. Shade, instead of being made a means of powerful contrast, is merely used as a material, that indicates rather than expresses the negation of light. It may be regarded as an imperfection in nature, that only a partial dependence was placed upon in connexion with the abstract expression and reference of the painting of Michael Angelo. On some occasions the effect produced is almost altogether independent of it, the contrast and hues of colour being the medium adopted; while, on others, colour is reduced nearly to simple *chiaro-oscuro*, and a dark obscurity is the solemn atmosphere of various parts of the scene of the Judgment. In the remains of ancient Roman painting, from which, and from the notices that have descended to us, the style of the Greeks may, to a considerable extent, be deduced, a somewhat similar recognition of the imitation of light and colour appears to have been made by them. They were wholly regarded, along with form, as part of the means of art, not followed as an ultimate intention, and, thus considered, were in many instances even rendered as negative as possible; while, in others, they were mutually sacrificed,—the one to the sentiment that the other was more particularly adapted to convey.

Considered as the means of affecting sense, in the works of Michael Angelo they are most harmonious, simple, and severe—they possess impressive breadth and distinct firmness, with a transparent delicacy of tone, which altogether removes their expression from the material character, of which colour is powerfully expressive. They

must not be judged by a standard which demands their strong and immediate effect, as displayed in most of the pictures of the Venetian school, and of Rubens (whose works must be considered to be a mighty school of themselves); or which makes the representation of individual and accidental peculiarity its rule. The first of these methods was rejected by the subjection, in which the expression of colour, and light and shade, were held, to the slower mental process that is involved in the perception of form; upon which the chief dependence was placed in this work, in obedience to the powerful and definite expression that was necessary,—and the other was denied by its elevated and abstract character.

It is not intended here to enter into any refutation of mistaken criticisms, which have been made on the picture of the Last Judgment,—nor into any detailed consideration of the work. The methods pursued in its production, which have been attempted to be explained, and which, it is hoped that it will now be apparent, were adopted by Michael Angelo, or presented by circumstances for him to pursue, being correctly recognised, must sufficiently enable every one to reply to the former themselves; while, by a just application of these principles, which have been considered to have operated towards the formation, and to have led to the adoption, of the peculiarities of thought and expression displayed in the picture, a correct appreciation of its various parts may be formed. But, although the work is addressed to all, in connexion with sentiments which all, more or less, endeavour to enter into, it were almost needless to say that it is impossible that all can be alive to its signification, or understand it. Mental variety may be compared to that of physical capacity in the animal creation. It is not possible that different individuals should perceive and feel with the same convictions, sentiments which demand, in their perception, conditions which are widely dissimilar in each.

statue of the youthful David is not successful—a subject that Raphael would have excelled in; but had it been the Prophet and King, it would have again been the proper field for Michael Angelo. But it was executed from a block of marble which had been partly sculptured and rendered useless by “a Master Simone of Fiesole,” who, according to Vasari, had commenced it as a giant. Its style, however, is widely different from that of the Moses.

Those differences, however, which render general participation in this, as in every other instance, impossible, and which are barriers to the apprehension of the import of the picture, exist less in regard to that import itself, than in respect to the manner in which it is manifested, or the path which is pursued to arrive at it. It must be contended that every one, in some measure, endeavours to participate in the sentiments which it enunciates. It may not be understood, but it must be felt; and every work which rests on the same basis. Its whole bearing and treatment are, even in minute respects, to a certain extent abstract—it relates to the morally

great in human effort—it is connected with the intellectual. In this is the grandeur of the work sustained—on this broad foundation its sentiments, and the manner of their elucidation rest. To attempt, however imperfectly, to find or approach this, is characteristic of humanity. United in this object, the refined excursiveness of the European, and the African savage's worship of his little broad-lipped gilt image: the roads are many which have been pursued in order to reach its attainment. Towards this, the picture of the Judgment, taking it in its widest scope, bears—in this, it originated, and from this it was evolved.

THE IRON GATE—A LEGEND OF ALDERLEY.

I LOVE those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true,
That bring things back from fairy-
land,
In all their glittering hue.
I love to hear of stalwart knights;
Of squires, and dwarfs, and fays;
Whose gambols in the pale moonlight
Fill rustics with amaze.
Those things are, to a musing wight,
Substantial things to view!—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

I love those tales my grandame
told,
When I sat on her knee,
And look'd into her aged face,
With wonder fill'd and glee:
Those tales that made me quake with
fear,
Though trembling with delight;
As some huge giant fell to earth
When vanquish'd in the fight:—
Or some magician gave his aid
To whom that aid was due.—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

And she, my grandame, lov'd to tell
To me, her listening child,
Old tales of witch, and charm, and
spell,
With many a legend wild.
And I had faith in all she said,

And held for truth each tale;
And wept for grief, or scream'd for
joy,
Did ill or good prevail.
And this the way my grandame did
Her wonders bring to view—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

“Once on a time there was a man,
A miller he by trade;
Down by yon brook he had his mill,
Where now the bridge is made.
An honest man that miller was,
An honest name did own;
His word would pass for forty pounds
Where'er that name was known;
And no one doubted what he said,
For credence was his due.”—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

“The miller had a noble horse,
It was an iron-grey;
It had a flowing mane and tail,
And pranced in spirit gay.
It look'd like to a warrior's steed,
Its bearing was so good;
And much the miller prized his
horse,
And boasted of its blood.
He rode it hard, but fed it well,
And it was sleek to view.”—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"The miller to the market went
Upon one market day,
And, as his custom always was,
He rode his noble grey.
He bought and sold, and profit made,
And added to his store;
Then homeward went, along the road
He oft had gone before.
But his good steed and he must part,
Though grievous the adieu"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"His way lay o'er a barren heath,
Where now are farms and fields;
For land where nought but thistles
grew,
Now wheat and barley yields.
The time was towards the gloaming
hour,
When things are dimly seen;
No house or man was in his sight,
It was a lonely scene.
His horse has made a sudden start,
The thing is something new"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"The grey horse made a sudden
start;
The miller, in amaze,
Look'd out, and in the twilight gloom
An ancient met his gaze!
An aged man there stood to view,
Where a moment past was none!
His horse stood still, and he himself
Felt rooted like a stone.
That aged man the silence broke—
The horse did start anew"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"The man was clad like to a monk,
A rev'rend air had he;
A white beard hung from 'neath his
chin—
From his belt a rosary.
He stretched his hand, ere yet he
spoke,
A hand of skin and bone;—
The goodly grey seem'd 'reft of pow'r,
And stood still as a stone;
He mildly on the miller look'd—
The miller was pow'rless too"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"I want thy horse—sell me thy
horse,
'Tis a good and gallant steed;—
I'll give thee gold shall fill thy purse,
For much thy horse I need."

So said that old mysterious monk,
But the miller said him nay;
'I would be loth to sell my horse,
My good, my gallant grey—
For, if I should my grey horse sell,
I should the bargain rue"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"I want thy horse—sell me thy
horse—
Again that old monk said;
'Name thou thy price—whate'er it
be,
It shall be quickly paid!
But certes 'tis thy horse and thee
Must part within one hour;—
Take gold, then, while thou may'st
receive,
And while to give I've power.'
The miller heav'd a bitter sigh,
The grey horse trembled too"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"I want thy horse—sell me thy
horse,—
A third time spoke the man;—
'Again, I say, I'll give thy price,
Then yield him whilst thou can.
For I have power to make him mine,
Despite what thou may'st say;
But good King Arthur bade me
first
To ask thy price, and pay,—
It is for him I want thy horse,
And gold I bid in lieu"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"For good King Arthur did not die,
As idle tales have said;
And years and years will pass away,
Ere he ranks with the dead!
But Merlin from the battle bore
His friend and king away:
That he might lead his chivalry,
In England's needful day:
It is for him I want thy steed,
Then yield thy king his due."
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"There was a magic in his voice,
That charmed and filled with fear;
And made his words fall like com-
mands
Upon the listener's ear.
An impulse by that voice was given
Which no man might gainsay;
The miller said he'd sell his horse;
He heard but to obey."

'Then follow me,' the old monk said,
'And I will pay thy due'—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"The monk then strode across the
heath—
The miller followed too;
Till they came to a green hill-side,
With an iron gate in view.
The miller knew the country well,
And knew each brake and dell,
But could not in his memory trace
The portal of that hill!
The monk bade open that iron gate,
And wide it open flew"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"The monk passed through that
iron gate—
The miller passed likewise;
They scarce were through when closed
it was,
With a loud and fearful noise;
And they were there within that hill,
And a strange mysterious light
Shone all about, and still revealed
Each wonder to their sight:
And much the miller was amazed
At things that met his view"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"And first the monk the miller
took
To a cavern large and wide,
In which lay twice ten thousand men
All sleeping side by side:—
And they were cas'd in armour all,
Of purest steel so bright;
And each man's faulchion near him
lay,
Quite ready for the fight.
A shield and lance, too, each man had;
Ten thousand twice in view"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"And as the monk pass'd slowly on
Each warrior turn'd him o'er,
As though from sleep awakening;
But sank down as before!
'It is not time!—it is not time!'
The old monk calmly said,
'And till the time is perfected,
This cave must be your bed.
For ye are for a noble work,
And are a noble crew'"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

VOL. XLV. NO. CCLXXX.

"Then to the miller, turning round,
He said, with accents bland,
'These are King Arthur's chivalry,
The noblest in the land!'
And each man stretch'd before thee
now,
Has been well tried in fight;
And proved him in a foeman's face
To be a valiant knight.
By Merlin's power they here are laid,
But will go forth anew"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"When England's troubles painful
grow,
And foemen cause her grief,
Then Arthur and these noble knights
Will haste to her relief:
And then with deeds of chivalry
All England will resound;
And none so worthy as these knights
Will in the land be found!
For they are England's Paladins,
Men great and gallant too!"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true.

"Then onwards to another cave
The old monk led the way;
Where twiceten thousand noble steeds
Were slumbering time away!
And by each horse a serving man;—
It was a noble sight
To see that band of gallant steeds,
All harness'd fit for fight!
And when the miller's horse came
there,
He fell and slumber'd too"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"That horse is mine!" the old man
said,
'A noble price I'll pay:
Thou see'st he's mine, for now thou
canst
Not move him hence away!
He'll good King Arthur's war-steed
be,
And bear him bravely forth,
When thy head—honest miller!—
Has forgot the things of earth!
By Merlin he preserv'd will be
As now he is to view'"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true!

"Then forth that old monk led the
way
To a cave of smaller size;

But who can tell the sight that met
The miller's wond'ring eyes !
A glowing light that cave contain'd,
Which fell on stone and gem ;
And they threw back that glowing
light,
As though too mean for them !
And lustrous was that glitt'ring cave
With stones of every hue "—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true !

" And there the miller saw huge
heaps
Of gold in coin and ore :
The monk he bade the miller take,
His horse's worth, and more !
' Take what thou wilt—take what thou
canst,
I stint thee not,' said he :
The miller thought of his tolling dish,
And help'd himself right free ;
He took such store of gems and gold
To walk he'd much ado"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true !

" The monk then led him forth the
hill,
To the open heath again ;
And said, ' thou art a favour'd man,
Within that hill t'have been :
'Tis but to some few mortals given
To see that iron door ;
And once thy back is tow'rds it
turn'd,
Thou'lt see it there no more !
In peace pass on—thy way lies there—
I bid thee, friend, adieu !"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true !

" The miller look'd—the monk was
gone !
And he stood there alone !
And turning tow'rds the iron gate,
Saw but the hill of stone !
The miller lived a prosp'rous man,
And long dwelt at the mill ;

And oft to see the iron gate
He wander'd tow'rds the hill :
But never more that gate he saw ;
For aye it shunn'd his view"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true !

" And it was said that ancient monk
Had told him wondrous things ;
Of all that would to England hap,
Through a long line of kings :
Had made him wise beyond all men ;
And, certes, he look'd grave,
When ask'd what things the monk
reveal'd,
Or what reward he gave.
But years, long years, have pass'd and
gone,
Since he gave death his due"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true !

" And since his day full many a
man
Has sought that iron gate ;
And wander'd near that grey hill-side
At early morn and late :
But still the gate is kept from view,
By Merlin watch'd each hour ;
And will be till King Arthur rides,
With all his knightly power :
But no man knows when that will be—
My tale is told—adieu !"—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true !

Such was a tale my grandame told,
When I sat on her knee ;
And look'd into her aged face
With wonder fill'd and glee :
' And such a tale I lov'd to hear,
And listen yet I can :
For oft what has beguiled the child
Will still beguile the man.
Those things are, to a musing wight,
Substantial things to view !—
I love those tales of ancients,
Those tales to fancy true !

SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

We understand that it is the intention of Government, in the ensuing session of Parliament, to introduce a general system of education detached from religious instruction. Such a project, in the estimation of the Liberal party, has many circumstances to recommend it. It professes to effect a great reformation in the social state of the people, without allying itself to any political party; to promote the best interests of the poor, by raising their moral character and improving their intellectual powers; and to lay the only true foundation for the security and the advancement of society, by elevating at once, and in the same proportion, all the classes in the state. These views have long been entertained by the majority of the philanthropic and highly-educated classes in the empire; and this is perhaps the only subject on which Whigs and Tories have for long been unanimous in their opinions. It is hard to say whether the schools in connexion with the Church, which are supported by the Conservatives, have been most the objects of enthusiastic and philanthropic exertion, or the mechanics' institutes, and Lancasterian schools, and other establishments, which profess to give the means of instruction only, without inculcating the doctrines of any church whatever.

While we rejoice to know that there is much benevolence on all sides in this great experiment, and that the great bulk of the supporters of both the secular and religious systems of education have been actuated by pure and philanthropic motives, yet it has now become apparent that a sinister object has been in view throughout, with many of the leaders of the "Agitation," and that it is not so much as an instrument of social amelioration, than as an engine of political power, that intellectual education has been so earnestly pressed upon all classes of the people. It was early foreseen by them that a people educated on their principles would be much more difficult to manage than an uneducated one;

and that, when once the "masses" were devoted to newspapers and political discussions, a very large share would soon be imperiously demanded by them in the direct control of the legislature.*

On the other hand, the Conservative party have discovered, that, in lending their support to this outcry for intellectual education and universal instruction, apart from moral discipline or religious tuition, they have put a dangerous weapon into the hands of the Destructives. While the wide extension of the power of reading has opened the doors of superficial information to all, the *physical impossibility*, on the part of the great majority of the working classes, of making themselves masters of any subject except that in which they are actually engaged, has increased an unparalleled amount of prejudice and misinformation. What the effects of such a state of things must be upon a people undergoing the crisis of a social change, and recently exposed to the whole consequences of a great political revolution, might easily have been anticipated. It at once opened the door to every species of deception—called a new world of social empirics and political quacks into existence—and exposed the masses to sources of error, greater even than can ever spring from mere ignorance itself. So the societies in which the principles of the mere communication of the power of reading, without a sedulous attention to the habits acquired, the principles formed, and the tastes indulged, by those in whose hands the intellectual lever is placed, expose the community to the most imminent dangers. Experience has proved that the human mind, if left to itself, without religious tuition, speedily runs riot; and all the efforts of pride to emancipate itself from the restraints of religion, are evidently and palpably inducing an awful confirmation of the truths unfolded in Revelation.

The Liberal party are not insensible to these dangers, although they

* No one saw this more clearly than Lord Brougham; and he accordingly said, ten years ago, that "the Schoolmaster was abroad, and it would soon be found that he was more than a match for the Marshal's baton."

are reluctant to admit them in their full extent, and are willing to run their hazard for the sake of the immediate advantages which the power of rousing an educated, but superficial and prejudiced, people must always give to popular agitators. They rely, as an antidote to all such evils, on the influence of *intellectual cultivation*. They profess to think, that mechanics' institutes, labourers' societies, and weekly reading-rooms, will come to supersede entirely the ale-house and the gin-vault; that cotton-spinners, after twelve hours incessant toil in heated rooms, will no longer think of whisky or porter, but of Euclid or astronomy; that colliers, emerging from the scene of their subterraneous toil, instead of repairing to the ale-house or spirit-shop, would hasten to the reading-rooms and begin "to read Bacon;" and that the mechanic, worn out with the attention which his skilled labour requires, will find a delightful recreation in the study of the works of the "lights of the world and demigods of yore."

Intellectual pursuits are no antidote, with the great mass of the people, either to dangerous political association or sensual and degrading individual habits. Read the evidence given before the Combination Committee of the House of Commons last session of Parliament, where it is proved, by the agent for the Glasgow Cotton-spinners' Association, that SIXTY of that body who were engaged in the wicked conspiracy which formed the subject of the celebrated trial at Edinburgh last year, were members of mechanics' institutes at Glasgow, and that two of the committee who were convicted, and are now suffering the punishment of transportation, had received or given prizes in that institution.

Rightly judging that the only power which was capable of contending with the antagonist forces of sin was religious faith, and that no good, but great evil, would follow the multiplication of schools without churches, wiser philanthropists have made the most strenuous exertions to multiply places of worship in all parts of the island. The important truth has now been generally perceived that, during twenty years' excitement of war, and twenty more of delusive security of peace, the population of the empire had so far outgrown the means of religious in-

struction, as to have nursed up in the bosom of the state a race of men, strangers to the religion, the principles, and the practices of their fathers. It is upon them that the forces of Christian philanthropy are now assiduously directed.

M. Coussins, to whom the cause of education owes so much, has said, "that instruction, if not based on religious tuition, is worse than useless;" and every day's experience is adding additional confirmation to the eternal truth. The Almighty has decreed that man shall not, with impunity, forget his Maker, and that no amount of intellectual cultivation—no degree of skill in the mechanical arts—not all the splendours of riches or the triumphs of civilisation, shall compensate for the want or neglect of this fundamental condition of human happiness. The proofs of this great truth are overwhelming, universal; they crowd in from all quarters, and the only difficulty is to select from the mass of important evidence that which bears most materially upon the question at issue.

Is it to no purpose to refer to the case of despotic states in which a great degree of general instruction prevails, and no social or political evils have yet been found to arise from its extension. It may be perfectly true that in Prussia, one in ten, and in Austria, one in twelve, are at the schools of primary instruction, and, nevertheless, that neither of these countries has been disturbed by political convulsions, or exhibited any alarming increase of social depravity. The real difficulty emerges for the first time, when an uncontrolled press, liberal institutions, and a redundant population co-exist with a generally educated people. It is *then* that the antagonist powers of good and evil, which are ever at work in humanity, are really brought into collision, and the experiment is made whether the human mind, gifted with the power of knowledge and left to itself, would take the right or the wrong direction.

From the earliest times, the experiment had been made upon the widest scale, of the influence of education upon a certain portion of society, without its ever having been found capable either of arresting the progress of national degradation or stopping the corruptions of the very classes among whom it prevailed. The higher

classes among the Greeks and Romans were not only well, but highly educated; the higher orders corrupted the lower; and long before the ignorant masses were contaminated, corruption, sensuality, and every species of profligacy had utterly poisoned all the sources of public welfare in the higher classes of society. The same fact is exemplified in every page of European history.

With whom did the corruptions, which brought about the French Revolution, originate? Was it among the millions of ignorant, laborious men who toiled in humble life, not one in fifty of whom could read; or among the thousands of the privileged class, who were all highly educated, refined, and cultivated? No person will say that *their* education was based upon religion; for they were, probably, the most infidel generation that ever existed upon the face of the earth, and we have seen to what their intellectual cultivation led. If any person would wish to know to what, in a highly civilized and opulent community, the general extension of simply intellectual cultivation will lead, he has only to look at the books found at Pompeii, ninety-nine hundreds of which relate exclusively to subjects of gastronomy or obscenity; or to the present novels and dramatic literature of France, in which all the efforts of genius and all the powers of fancy are employed only to heighten the desires, prolong the excitement, and throw a romantic cover over the gratification of the senses.

But these, say the advocates of secular education, are its effects among the great and the affluent—among those whom ambition has misled, opulence enervated, and idleness corrupted. No such result need be apprehended, say they, from the extension of knowledge to the masses of mankind, who are doomed by necessity to a life of labour, and equally removed from the dangers of idleness, the dazzling of ambition, or the seduction of wealth. Experience, however, the great test of truth, here again steps in, and tells us in language which cannot be misunderstood, that human nature in all ranks is the same; that knowledge is power to all, but wisdom only to those who use it rightly; and that, so far from mere secular education being an antidote to evil, or a preservative against the progress of social

corruption, it has the greatest possible tendency to increase both, if not restrained by the force of moral precept, and sanctified by the simultaneous spread of religious instruction.

Scotland is the great example to which the advocates of secular education constantly pointed, as illustrating the effect of intellectual cultivation upon the character of mankind; and boundless have been the eulogiums pronounced upon the moral virtues, steady character, and provident habits of that most intellectual portion of the European population. Doubtless, as long as Scotland was an agricultural pastoral country, and education was based upon religion—when the school-house stood beside the church, and both trained up the same population who afterwards were to repose in the neighbouring churchyard, Scotland was a virtuous country, and its population deservedly stood high in the scale of European morality. But since manufactures have overspread its great towns, and a population has grown up in certain places—educated, indeed, but without the means of religious instruction, and almost totally destitute of religious principle—the character of the nation, in this respect, has entirely changed; and it is a melancholy fact, that the progress of crime has been *more rapid in that part of the British dominions, during the last thirty years, than in any other state in Europe*. It appears from the evidence laid before the Combination Committee, last Session of Parliament, that the progress of felonies and serious crimes in Glasgow, during the last sixteen years, has been, beyond all precedent, alarming, the population having, during that period, advanced about seventy per cent, while serious crime has increased SIX HUNDRED per cent. Crime over the whole country is advancing at a very rapid rate, and far beyond the increase of the population. In England, the committals which, in 1813, were 7164, had risen in 1836 to 20,984, and, in 1837, to 23,612—that is to say, they had tripled in twenty-four years. This advance will probably be considered by most persons as sufficiently alarming in the neighbouring kingdom, but it is small compared to the progress made by Scotland during the same period, where serious crimes have advanced from 89, in 1813, to 2,922; in 1836, and in 1837, 3126; being an increase, in

four-and-twenty years, of more than THIRTY-FOLD.*

The celebrated statistical writer, Moreau, thus sums up the progress of crime in the United Kingdom for the last thirty years:—"The number of individuals brought before the Criminal Courts in England has increased five-fold in the last thirty years; in Ireland, five and a half; and, in Scotland, TWENTY-NINE FOLD. It would

appear that Scotland, by becoming a manufacturing country and acquiring riches, has seen crime advance with the most frightful rapidity among its inhabitants."†

Further, the following Table, compiled from the Parliamentary Returns, of crimes tried in Scotland in 1836, will show how extremely ill founded is the opinion that the majority of criminals are *uneducated* persons:—

OFFENDERS.

	No.	Could neither read nor write.	Could read or write imperfectly.	Could read and write well.	Received a Superior Education.	Education not ascertained.
Males...	2391	445	1345	479	65	57
Females	735	248	427	41	3	16
	3126	693	1772	520	68	73

Total Uneducated, . . . 693

Total Educated, . . . 2360

A result nearly of the same description, appears from the Criminal Returns for all England, in 1836. The following are the proportions in which the offenders are classed in the Parliamentary Returns, according to the different degrees of instruction which they have received:—

	Centesimal Proportion.
Unable to read and write, ...	7,033 33·52
Able to read and write imperfectly, ...	10,963 52·33
Able to read and write well, ...	2,215 10·56
Instruction superior to reading and writing, ...	191 0·91
Instruction could not be ascertained, ...	562 2·68
	20,984

Total uneducated, ... 7033

Do. educated, ... 13,951

The same results are obtained from some very interesting moral statistics lately published in the Journal of the Statistical Society of London; from the commitments of the police within the metropolitan districts of that city. From these it appears that in the C division of the metropolitan police for the year 1837, comprehending the Parishes of St James, St Anne, Soho, the persons taken into custody, with their several degrees of instruction, stood as follows:—

Total Committed, ...	7577
Could neither read nor write, ...	2383
Could read and write imperfectly, ...	3647
Could read and write well, ...	1360
Superior instruction, ...	187
	7577
Total uneducated, ...	2383
Total educated, ...	5194

So that the educated criminals are considerably more than double the uneducated.

* Parliamentary Returns.

† Moreau's Statis. de la Grand Bretagne, i. 297.

In the St James' division the proportion is still more extraordinary, being as follows :—

ALL KINDS OF OFFENCES.

	per cent.
Can neither read nor write, ...	8·4
Can read only, or read and write imperfectly, ...	12·9
Can read and write well, ...	20·2
Have received a superior education, ...	17·6

Such a state of matters is not peculiar to London. The following Return from Cold Bathfields House of Correction, and the Glasgow Bridewell, taken at random from a multitude of similar documents lying before us, proves that secular education is doing just as little for the repression of crime, in these quarters of the United Kingdom, as in the metropolis.

Cold Bathfields House of Correction, 1835.

Prisoners, ...	967
Those uneducated—first imprisonment, ... 56 }	702
Those educated—first imprisonment, ... 646 }	
Uneducated—imprisoned before, ... 48 }	265
Educated—imprisoned before, ... 217 }	
—	967

Average of Prisoners in Glasgow Bridewell, June 1834 to June 1835.

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Can read and write, ...	98	33	131
Can read only, ...	66	77	143
Can neither read nor write, ...	24	28	52
	188	138	326

It is unnecessary to multiply further examples of a fact so perfectly apparent, of the total inadequacy of education to check the progress of crime in the British islands. But a very singular and most interesting confirmation of the same principles has been afforded by the criminal returns of France, in the whole eighty-six departments of which, it has been found that, with hardly one single exception, the amount of crime is *just in proportion to the degree of instruction which prevails*; and that it is no where so prevalent as in those towns and departments where education has been carried to the highest pitch. This extraordinary fact, which, as Mr Bulwer very candidly admits, has fairly bound down our highly pro-conceived ideas on the subject, has been more than once already alluded to in this Miscellany, and its authenticity called in question only by that numerous class who will believe no facts which do not fall in with their own preconceived ideas.

Returns of exactly the same character have been obtained from the statistics of America, and are to be found in M. Beaumont and Tocque-

ville's able work on the penitentiary system of that country; but we have not room to insert these details, and shall content ourselves, therefore, with the following quotation from that work :—" It may seem that a state having every vent for its industry and agriculture, will commit less crime than another which, equally enjoying these advantages, does not equally enjoy the advantages of intelligence and enlightenment. Nevertheless, we do not think that you can attribute the *diminution of crime in the North to instruction*, because in Connecticut, where there is far more instruction than in New York, crime *increases* with a terrible rapidity; and if one cannot accuse knowledge as the cause of this, one is obliged to acknowledge that it is not a preventive."

There are, however, Tocqueville tells us, some institutions in America in which instruction does produce the effect of reforming even the most abandoned criminals. But mark the kind of education which, according to his high authority, has this effect. "The education in these houses is a *moral* education; its object is not merely to load the memory but to

elevate the soul. Do not lie, and do as well as you can, are the simple words with which children are admitted into these institutions. Their discipline is entirely founded on morality, and reposes on the principles of true philosophy. Every thing is there calculated to elevate the minds of the persons in confinement—to render them jealous of their own esteem and that of their equals. To obtain this object, they make a feint of treating them from the beginning like men, and as already the members of a free society."

These facts, which are to the Whigs a stumbling-block and to the Liberals foolishness, can easily be explained by those who are practically acquainted with the character of human nature, both as it appears in its actual working around us, and as it has been unfolded by the greatest and best of men in every age. The capital error of the secular education party in this matter, is the opinion that the main end of education should be to communicate or give the means of acquiring *knowledge*; whereas its real and most important object is, to form the *habits* and elevate the *character*. This is the vital point of distinction between the two parties, and it runs not merely through their opinions in regard to education as a political or social improvement, but as a means of domestic reform and cultivation. The *intellectual* educationists uniformly think that they have done enough, if they have given to mankind the means of reading, and communicated to them a great variety of facts in physical or political knowledge—not considering that this power of reading may be given, and these facts instilled into the mind, without either producing any beneficial effect, or preventing the formation of the most depraved and detestable character. They uniformly suppose that the taste for science and the love of philosophy is to combat and counteract in the minds of the masses the tendency to vicious habits, and the attractions of sensual indulgence; forgetting that it is to few only of the human race, in any rank, that nature has given the power of feeling an interest in scientific inquiry or literary enjoyment, while to all, she has, for very obvious reasons, instilled a ready thirst for the gratification of the senses. The remedy, therefore,

which the secular educationists propose for the progress of evil, can, by the laws of nature, affect only a few, while the masses are swayed entirely by objects of present desire, or immediate physical gratification. And hence its total and universal failure to arrest the progress either of actual crime or of general depravity.

In arguing thus, we are far from supposing either any intellectual inferiority in the working classes, as compared with those more elevated in rank or riches, or any greater tendency to depravity in them, than exists in any other class of society. We suppose them to be, both in point of intellectual capacity and moral disposition, just the same, so far as original disposition is concerned, as those born to more elevated fortunes. But can it be seriously affirmed that in *any* rank of life, education has been found capable of enabling men to combat the impulses of the moment, or the attractions of sense by distant considerations or the pleasures of knowledge? Can it be affirmed that any class of men in the state, the Peers, the Commons, the Church, the bar, the medical profession, the mercantile community, have generally found in the attractions of science or the study of philosophy any effectual antidote to the stimulus of the senses? A certain proportion, no doubt, of all these bodies do find such a counterpoise, and, by the habits of reading and the pleasures of literature and philosophy, are gradually weaned, especially in middle or declining life, from the more impetuous suggestions or immediate gratification of pleasure or excitement. But can it be affirmed that this is *generally* the case? Does it obtain with the majority? Are such habits ever to be found except in a small minority? No man, in any rank of life, ever yet found a fifth part of his acquaintance, in whom intellectual cultivation or studious habits formed any counterpoise whatever to irregular or vicious habits.

The mere acquisition of knowledge, without the simultaneous formation of habits, is very often not only of no use, but absolutely pernicious; because it accustoms the mind of the young to intellectual gratification and mental excitement, without the industry and labour by which it should be acquired, and of which it is the appro-

prate reward ; it habituates them to look for the harvest without having sown the seed or laboured the ground, and consequently disqualifies them for the actual business of life. The whole efforts now made to make science easy, and strip the acquisition of knowledge of all the difficulties with which it has been invested by nature, are founded upon an erroneous principle, and tend to divest science of its best and noblest effects.

It is this which renders the general instruction, to a certain extent, of the great bulk of mankind a most perilous experiment. They can easily acquire the craving for excitement and superficial information, but can they acquire with equal facility the patient habits, the distrust of self, the respect for others, which constitute essential elements in a well-informed and rightly constituted mind ? It is evident that they cannot. Necessity chains them to physical labour, long before the period has arrived when scientific knowledge or philosophical information can be acquired to any useful purpose. Hence the bulk of this class never acquire philosophical or political knowledge to any useful purpose at all ; and the power of reading which they have acquired does them little but mischief, because it immediately throws open to them excitement, and the means of obtaining every gratification from immoral publications, whether sensual, romantic, or political, which can be acquired without study ; while they are precluded by physical circumstances from acquiring the habits requisite to enjoy useful information, or judge with propriety on the matters, which, either as individuals or as members of society, are brought under their consideration. "General ignorance," says Plato, "is neither the greatest evil, nor the most to be dreaded." A mass of ill-digested information is much more perilous.

There can be no mistake so great as to imagine that, if a human being is taught to read, and then turned into the world with every book, good, bad, or indifferent, equally within his reach, he will naturally betake himself to the good works and shun the bad.

Many years of painful study, and no small amount of compulsion, is necessary to impress upon all, except a few gifted spirits, the previous ideas re-

quisite to any appreciation whatever of the pleasure derivable from the higher branches of literature and knowledge. By the working classes these years of laborious study cannot be spared. Necessity impels them to physical labour for their own maintenance, before the intellectual labour can have been undergone requisite to acquire the information or the ideas indispensable to deriving pleasure from the higher or useful branches of literature or philosophy. Generally speaking, therefore, they can never be any thing but superficial readers, and promoters of superficial literature. We speak of mankind as a whole. Doubtless there are numerous and brilliant instances of persons whose powerful talents have at once surmounted all these obstacles ; but they are the exception, not the rule.

The theory of the intellectual educationists is, that the moment the operatives are taught to read, instantly, and as if by instinct, they will acquire a taste for the best branches of literature,—that they are at once to plunge into Bacon, and Newton, and Milton, and that the attractions of the works of these great men are to form a complete counterpoise to the pleasures of intoxication or the seductions of sense. We have seen what an enormous circulation despicable works have had, and how completely, for a time at least, they have interrupted the sale of works of sterling merit and utility. Why have they done so ? Simply because they appeal to topics obvious to the meanest capacity, and conjure up, in a diverting form, images with which everybody is familiar. Doubtless their run will at length come to an end, and their reputation will be as short-lived as their sale has been extensive. But what then ? Other works of the same character will succeed, and others, and others. A superficial and ephemeral generation will never want superficial and ephemeral works to divert the passing hour.

As a practical commentary on the theory of the working classes going straight to the study of Bacon, and Euclid, and Milton, we here subjoin a statement of the number of books found in ten small circulating libraries in the parishes of St George, St James, St Anne, Soho, London, which we strongly recommend to the consideration of our readers.

	Number.	Per centage perused.
Works of a good character, Dr Johnson, Goldsmith, &c.,	27	1.23
Novels by Theodore Hook, Lytton Bulwer, &c.,	41	1.87
Novels by Miss Edgeworth, and moral and religious novels,	49	2.27
Romances, Castle of Otranto, &c.,	76	3.46
Lord Byron's works, Smollett's, Fielding's, Gil Blas, &c.,	39	1.78
Novels by Walter Scott, and novels in imitation of him,	166	7.57
Novels by Captain Marryat, Cooper, Washington Irving, &c.,	115	5.24
Voyages, travels, history, and biography,	136	6.21
Fashionable novels, well known,	439	20.
Novels of the lowest character, being chiefly imitations of fashionable novels, containing no good, although, probably, nothing decidedly bad,	1008	46.
Miscellaneous old books, Newgate Calendar, &c.,	86	3.92
Books decidedly bad,*	10	.45

It is added in the *Statistical Journal*, that the shelves of the other fifteen circulating libraries were examined, and found to contain books in a trifling degree better.

Here, then, is the practical working of the system of secular education, without moral discipline or religious training of the mind. The whole books from which any benefit could be derived, including all Sir Walter Scott's, Bulwer's, and Miss Edgeworth's novels, are not above TWO HUNDRED, while the fashionable and libertine novels are nearly TWO THOUSAND. This may be taken as an example of the way in which the human mind, when left to itself, fastens immediately upon exciting or useless publications, to the entire neglect of all those which go to elevate the understanding or improve the heart. What antidote to evil would the readers in these circulating libraries find in the perusal of the 1500 fashionable or quasi-licentious novels with which their shelves are stored? Would they discover in them precepts or examples calculated to allay their passions or to chasten their hearts? Would they be inspired with contentment at their condition, or improved in habits of temperance, industry, and frugality? Would they not rather find their imaginations inflamed, and their ideas elevated to a standard inconsistent with their station in life?

Every person who has observed the condition of the middling and working classes of society of late years, must have noticed in them, and more particularly in the most intelligent and intellectual of their number, a dissatis-

faction with their condition—a feverish restlessness, and desire for change—an anxiety to get out of the sphere of physical and into that of intellectual labour—and an incessant craving after immediate enjoyment, either of the fancy or the senses. This is the natural consequence of the extension of the means of reading to the mass of the people, without any attention to their moral discipline or religious improvement. They are accustomed, by the books they read, to alluring, and very often exaggerated, descriptions of the enjoyments arising from wealth, rank, and power. They become, in consequence, discontented with their own situation, and desirous, by any means, to elevate themselves into that magic circle of which they have read so much. In the sober paths of honest industry they see no prospect of speedily obtaining the object of their desires. They are prompted, therefore, to change their line of life, in hopes of ameliorating their condition, and more rapidly elevating themselves to the rank of their superiors. Disappointment awaits them equally in the new line as the old; they become bankrupt and desperate, and terminate their career by penal transportation, voluntary exile, or swelling the ranks of the seditious and disaffected.

We complain that we have fallen upon an ephemeral and superficial generation; that standard literature is neglected, and a succession of useless novelties alone form the object of general perusal; that every thing is brought down to the test of utility, or debased by the intermixture of excitement and pleasure; that classi-

cal literature, the noblest foundation for education which the wit of man has ever devised, is the object of incessant attacks by the Liberal party, and is gradually disappearing from the elementary instruction of the middle classes of society; that the great authors of our own language—the lights of Europe, the glories of the world—are left unopened upon the shelves, while an insatiable public are only desirous to hear or see something new; that science has degenerated into the handmaid of art, and the teacher of nations into the assistant of machinery; that history is looked over only to cull its exciting episodes from its dreary volumes, and poetry to detach its stimulating pictures from its elevated thoughts; that every thing, in short, is essentially vulgarized, and the noble spirit of the last age seems to be expiring with the last remnants of its heroic greatness. All this, we fear, is true; and great part of it is to be ascribed to the coincidence of a generally instructed people, with the corruptions incident to manufacturing wealth and long-established civilisation. In literature and philosophy, as in other things, the supply in the long run will be regulated by the demand; and if the schoolmaster has called a new world into existence—if the march of intellect has advanced into classes who heretofore studied only their Bible or prayer-book—if the craving for excitement and amusement has become almost as general as the demand for tea and sugar—we need not be surprised if an inferior set of literary caterers has arisen. The obvious tendency of such a state of things—of the general spread of the taste for imaginative or exciting pleasure communicated through the press, without any elevation of the moral standard, or improvement of the intellectual powers—clearly must be to weaken and debase the national character—to render the understanding the slave of the fancy or the passions, and disable the nation from undergoing the sacrifices, or discharging the duties, requisite to maintain its character or sustain its independence.

In a political point of view, the effects of the spread of mere intellectual knowledge to the middle and working classes, must obviously be attended with the very greatest danger. When every body is taught to read, and one in fifty only can possibly

acquire the education requisite to enable him to form a sound judgment upon political subjects, what result can possibly be expected in a country where power is substantially vested in the middle classes, and it is their voice which, in the end, constitutes public opinion, but that the government of the state is to fall into the hands of a set of puppets, who have no will of their own, but merely move according to the impulse communicated by some of the leading quacks, who have obtained the temporary ascendancy over the masses of mankind? We complain of the weakness of the present Government of the country—of their tergiversation in principle—vacillation in policy—of their contemptible yielding to the pressure from without, and degrading alliance with the most dangerous demagogues in the state. Are we quite sure, however, that all this is not the fault, not of men, but of the institutions which make men? If we first open the gates of knowledge to all mankind, without the slightest attention to moral discipline or religious instruction; next put into their hands the wildest effusions of an unbridled and licentious press, and then confer upon the masses, thus excited and deluded, a preponderating voice in government and legislation, can we be surprised if the most wild and extravagant theories are adopted and pressed upon Government, and every thing like steadiness, wisdom, or foresight, are abandoned by those in possession of the helm? They speedily find, that, when a stiff gale sets in, the vessel will no longer obey the rudder; and to avoid such a catastrophe, their whole object is, so to trim their sails as to run as long as may be before the wind, and avoid exposing the broadside to the fury of the waves. Most of our recent experiments in legislation have been successively forced upon Government, not by the weight of argument or the examples of history, but by the mere clamour of interested parties, who have contrived, by condescending to the arts of demagogues and the clamour of the press, to move the masses in their favour. Of such a legislation and government it is not going too far to say, that it is the most effectual that human invention ever devised to tear an empire to atoms.

It is no answer to all this to say, that all is the result not of the people being

educated, but of their being *imperfectly* educated; that a *little* knowledge is a dangerous thing, but real knowledge is salvation; and that all these evils will disappear when the people, by more complete and thorough instruction, are qualified to direct themselves properly in private life, and take their due share in the administration of public affairs. All that is perfectly true, and we agree with the Liberals in thinking that, if the masses could once be brought to obtain the information requisite for a just discrimination of public affairs, there would be no danger whatever in entrusting them with the entire government of the state. It is precisely because this we maintain to be utterly impossible, that there is danger. It is by the labour of man's hands, and the sweat of his brow, that he must ever earn his subsistence. The power of directing either thought or nations, therefore, was given to few only, because few are called to such direction. The instinct to follow, the disposition to obey, the faculty to labour, were given to all; because by that means alone could society be maintained or improved. Let us not blame nature, therefore, for having scattered so unequally the gifts of intellectual and physical strength, but rather admire the wisdom with which she has adapted the varied capacities of different classes of mankind to their respective destinies and necessary duties. The fault lies in the perverseness of men, who overlook these eternal distinctions, and, in the vain attempt to elevate all to the same intellectual functions, take the government of mankind from the direction of intellect and give it to that of force.

As little is it any objection to say, that a large proportion of the educated classes, who make so prominent a figure in the criminal calendars of the kingdom, belong to the class of those who are imperfectly educated, and that a different result may be anticipated, if a greater proportion get into the class of *superior* instruction. Undoubtedly this result might be anticipated, if such a change were practicable. But is it practicable? That is the point. We apprehend nothing can be clearer than that it is not. It is utterly impossible to suppose that the majority of men, either in the manufacturing or agricultural departments, can ever possess the leisure requisite to attain

a chastened or rational taste in literature, or acquire the means of forming a sound judgment in politics. These are unpalatable truths, but experience proves them to be of universal application, and whatever individuals or societies shall take upon themselves to act upon opposite principles, will speedily find that they have shattered themselves against a wall of adamant. This is the fundamental principle which ever has rendered, and ever will render, democratic societies short-lived and miserable. The working classes never *can* enjoy the leisure requisite to obtain the information that is to qualify them for the discharge of the duties to which they aspire. The information of the great bulk of them must always necessarily be superficial, and consequently they always will be led by demagogues, who, presuming upon their ignorance, will flatter their vanity. Some among them, doubtless, are gifted by nature with higher powers, and they will deservedly rise into a more elevated station, and take their place among the directors of thought and the rulers of the state. That such characters from the humbler ranks of life should have the means of rising to the highest stations, is at once the glory and the strength of free states. The dangers and miseries of the democratic governments consist in the overthrow of the influence of such intellects, by the passions or perverted desires of the incapable multitude.

One curious and interesting fact has been brought to light, by the French statistical inquiries on this subject. It appears, as M. Guerry has pointed out, that the great majority of the "unfortunate females" of Paris come from the northern and the most highly educated provinces of France. Deploable as this result is, it will hardly be surprising to any person practically acquainted with women in the condition of the middle and lower classes of society. Over-education is the rock on which they generally split; it is the desire for immediate enjoyment—a thirst for the pleasures and luxuries of the affluent—the love of dress, ornament, and gayety, which are the prevailing motives that lead almost all young women astray. How much must the sway of such impulses be increased by the superficial and exciting reading which the usual trash to be found in circulating libraries affords in

so overwhelming a proportion? The statistical details above given of ten circulating libraries in London, from which it appears that there are only twenty-seven volumes on morality and religion in them, and above fifteen hundred fashionable, indifferent, or libertine novels, evidently shows what an overwhelming proportion of inflammable matter is poured into the minds of the young of both sexes, by this unrestrained and undirected system of reading. Philanthropy pictures to itself the studious mechanic, consuming his midnight oil over the labours of the mighty dead,—or the weary labourer delighting his family by reading, after the hours of his toil are over; but experience draws aside the veil from the flattering dream, and exhibits to us the operative, sitting in an ale-house with dissolute companions, enlivening drink with the effusions of the Radical Press—pale factory girls devouring the most licentious publications of the day—or delicate sempstresses, working fourteen hours continuously, in close confinement, and listening all the time to one of their number who reads eternal descriptions of the intrigues and dissipation of high life. It may easily be conceived to what the ideas induced by such studies must lead, in either sex; and we need not be surprised that, after a few years of such tuition, a hundred thousand of unfortunate females nightly walk the streets of London. It is not to be imagined, from any thing that has now been advanced, that we are the enemies of education in the abstract, or have the slightest idea, that, whether as it stands it is a blessing or a curse to humanity, it can by possibility be arrested. None can know better than we do that this is impossible, and that general instruction, be it for good or be it for evil, is established beyond the reach at least of prevention. But admitting this to be the case—assuming that we must take general education as a fact of general application upon which all our reasonings must be founded, does it follow from that, that we are to admit this vast power into human affairs without any attempt to regulate or direct it? Every body knows that steam power both at land and sea is irrevocably introduced into the communication of mankind; but does it follow from that, that we must necessarily allow that new force to be

uncontrolled in its operation, and permit the lives of the people to be wantonly sacrificed by high-pressure engines at sea, and excessive rapid travelling at land, without any restriction? Is it not rather the part of a good government, when a new power has thus been introduced into human affairs, to take it under their especial direction, and, deducing all the good from it of which it is susceptible, to restrain its evil consequences within as narrow limits as possible?

That education, if based upon religion, may be expected to produce very different results from education left to run riot for itself, or left only under the flimsy guidance of intellectual cultivation, is self-evident. The great cause of the total inefficiency of the latter for preservation, viz., the extremely small portion of mankind over whom it ever can exercise any sensible influence, compared with the multitude with whom pleasure and excitement are the ruling principles, is no ways applicable to religious feeling. Every man has not an understanding capable of cultivation, but every man has a soul to be saved. Universal as is the stimulus of the senses and passions; as universal, if early awakened, are the reproaches of conscience and the terrors of judgment to come. The Gospel was, in an especial manner, preached to the poor; not only are its leading principles obvious to every understanding, but its principal incidents find their way to every heart. Doubtless there are great numbers in every age, and especially in every opulent age, to whom all its exhortations will be addressed in vain, and in whom the seductions of present interest or pleasure will completely extinguish all the effect of the most pointed denunciations of future dangers either in this world or the next. But, still, the number of those whom religion can prevent from sinning, or reclaim from vice, is incomparably greater than those whom science or philosophy can affect. The proof of this is decisive. Every age of the world has shown numerous examples of nations convulsed, sometimes to the last degree, by religious fervour and sectarian enthusiasm, but nobody ever heard of the masses being moved by science or philosophy. Chemistry and mechanics are very good things, but they will never set the world on fire.

It is self-evident, therefore, that, as

the dangers of unregulated education consist in this, that works which are to do the people good, appear, like the paths of virtue, dull and uninviting in the outset, and are felt to be beneficial only in the end, while deleterious and exciting productions, like the temptations of vice, are exciting and agreeable in the outset, and to every capacity, and are perceived only to lead to sackcloth and ashes, when it is too late for any effectual amendment of life or manners, we must look for an antidote to this general and enormous evil, in some counteracting principle of *equally universal application* and equally powerful efficacy. The experience of ages, not less than the feelings of our own hearts, tell us, that the only antidote to this evil is to be found in the intimate blending of education with religious instruction. It is by this union alone, that the antagonist powers of good and evil can be equally developed by the powers of education; that the attractions of sin can be counteracted by opposite principles of equal force and general efficacy; that we can give its true developement to the principles of Christianity, and screen public instruction from the obvious reproach of adding force to the dissolving powers in the many, and imparting strength to the counteracting forces only in the few. These, accordingly, are the principles of M. Coussin on this subject. "Religion is, in my eyes, the best, *perhaps the only basis* of popular instruction. I know a little of Europe, and have never witnessed any good popular schools where Christianity was wanting. The more I reflect on the subject, the more I am convinced with the directors of the *Ecoles Normales*, and the ministerial counsellors, that we must go hand in hand with the clergy, in order to instruct the people, and make religious education a *special and large part of instruction in our primary schools*. I am not ignorant that these suggestions will sound ill in the ears of some, and that in Paris I shall be looked upon as excessively devout; but it is from Berlin, nevertheless, not Rome, that I write. He who speaks to you is a philosopher, one looked on with an evil eye, and even persecuted, by the priesthood, but who knows human nature and history too well not to regard religion as an inde-

structible power, and Christianity, when rightly inculcated, as an essential instrument for civilising mankind, and a necessary support to those on whom society imposes hard and humble duties, uncheered by the hope of future fortune or the consolations of self-love."

Even if this blessed union could be accomplished, although every school in the kingdom was blended with the fundamental principles of Christianity, and every seven hundred persons in the empire had, according to Dr Chalmers's favourite scheme, a pastor allotted to them, still much would remain to be done to prevent the spread of mere knowledge from being an addition to the lever by which vice undermines the fabric of society. Still there would remain to ein, the advantage, always great, and in the later stages of society of peculiar efficacy, that it proposes *immediate* gratification to its votaries, and invites them to a course of reading from which instantaneous excitement or pleasure is to be obtained. The exciting and dangerous part of the press, in short, is in possession of precisely the same allurements by which vice so generally succeeds in overwhelming the suggestions of virtue; and the question betwixt secular and religious education just comes back to the old combat between the antagonist principles of virtue and vice. Firmly believing, as we do, that the main reliance of the friends of humanity, in such a conflict, must be laid in the forces and co-operation of religion, we are by no means so sanguine as to imagine, that, in the greatest possible degree of church extension and religious education there is to be found any thing like an effectual antidote to the poison which lurks in the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It is to no purpose, to refer to instances of rural pastoral districts where virtue exists almost undisturbed by vice for centuries together, in the simplicity of religious belief, and generation after generation pass through their innocent span of life almost unstained by crime. True, they do so; but how long would these same persons, innocent when not led into temptation, withstand the allurements of general education or a licentious press, ancient opulence, and corrupted cities? Not one week.

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PERU AS IT IS.

WHEN we survey the actual state of our colonial possessions, almost the only source of trade which our foreign policy has left us, we are filled with shame, discomfort, and alarm. The revolutionary principles of our present Government, and the injustice and spoliation, which are the offspring of those principles, have filled all the corners of our vast colonial empire with brooding discontent. In this ominous state of things, we turn our eyes with eager solicitude to every source from whence our declining commerce may be refreshed; and we fain would persuade ourselves, that, as Providence has furnished the physical world with a grand restorative

in the law of compensation, so the great and sudden ruin with which our colonial trade is threatened may, by some happy arrangement of the same kind, be mitigated, if not repaired. Unless we are greatly mistaken, Spanish America is destined to be our restorative; and, indeed, it owes us that retribution, for its independence was mainly achieved by British capital and British valour. There is no climate which those favoured regions do not embrace, no fruit which they do not yield, no mineral production in which they do not abound. Their waters are the inheritance of the great leviathan,* and every island and desert rock and jut-

Peru as it is: a Residence in Lima, &c. By Archibald Smith, M.D. Two Volumes. London: Bentley.

* If these countries should become settled, a large capital might be very profitably employed in fishing establishments, both in Chile and Peru. The length of a whaling voyage, and the expense in the same proportion, would then be reduced from three, four, and even five years, to one; for a very few weeks would carry the vessels to the scene of action and bring them back again. The oil, in greater or smaller quantities, as it happened to be ready, would be an acceptable freight for homeward-bound ships; and there would be no occasion to keep large expensive vessels for years at sea, in the hope, often frustrated, of completing their cargoes. This it is, we believe, that makes the whale fishery of these distant seas a hazardous enterprise; but this should seem to be in a great measure remedied by the plan we propose. We have not room to show the other advantages which it embraces. There is one, however, which we cannot but advert to, for in our apprehension, it is of the first importance, namely, the comparative healthiness, both moral and physical, which it would ensure to the seaman. Instead of being estranged and cut off, as it were, from the benignant influences of civilised life, he would have his home and family near at hand, and it would be the duty as well as the interest of his employer to watch over its welfare. The advantage, in point of bodily health, of a short voyage over a long one is too obvious to be insisted on. Our brethren of the United States, to our shame, seem almost to have monopolized this trade; and, what is still more observable, they carry it on principally with British capital. In the *Washington Army and Navy Chronicle*, for

ting promontory is the haunt of the furry seal.*

With what astonishing rapidity has our commerce with the United States, especially since their independence, increased in magnitude and importance! And yet our commerce with Spanish America, if duly fostered, would, in the course of time, be still more important—not only because its productions are intrinsically of greater value, but because we should be the carriers of them; a condition of transcendent consideration to England, whose greatness, nay, whose vital principle, lies wholly in her marine.

Out of the various indefinite mass of South American productions, let us take an instance or two from each individual of that majestic triplet which supplies all the wants and luxuries of human life—the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms: from the first we take cotton and sugar—from the second, wool—from the third, the precious metals. When we consider that, of 330 millions of pounds of cotton which are annually imported into Great Britain, 270 come from the United States, we cannot fail to perceive how much we are concerned in cultivating the friendship of a cotton-growing people. Peru alone,† if capital and

1837, the number of vessels at sea, on the 1st January of that year, employed in the South Atlantic and Pacific fisheries, is stated at 256.

Of which sailed in 1833	_____	34
1834	_____	66
1835	_____	75
1836	_____	81
	_____	256

The number of seamen employed 10,000—and the amount of capital invested 7,000,000 of dollars. See the appendix to Dr Smith's work, vol. ii. p. 288, where the North American whale fishery in the Pacific alone is estimated at 12,500,000 dollars.

* We have here stated rather what was and what should be, than what is; for the North American sealers have nearly exterminated the whole race of fur seals. It is greatly to be desired that Englishmen should form establishments in the Pacific for the prosecution of this trade. Under their fostering care, with the aid of good laws, enforced by the proper naval authorities, by which unseasonable and indiscriminate butchery would be prevented, it would soon become a fruitful and perennial source of gain. The Russians have so protected the Fox islands in the North Pacific, that their fur company collects annually upwards of half a million of the best skins, and might probably collect many more without injury to the fishery.

The fish (commonly called the squid), which is the food of these valuable animals, abounds in the seas that wash the Falkland Islands—South Shetland, South Orkney, and South Georgia—the island of Tierra del Fuego, of Juan Fernandez, Masafuero, S. Felix, and S. Ambrosio, off the coast of Chile—all the islands and rocks off the coast of Peru from Mexilones to Payta, and certain uninhabited parts of the coast itself. Also the islands of Guadaloupe, off the coast of California, and the Fox Islands to the north of Japan. Upon all these islands and coasts, with the exception of the Fox Islands, the fur seals, as we have already observed, have been nearly exterminated; which is the more to be regretted, to speak merely in a commercial sense, since their fur has become peculiarly valuable as a substitute for beaver in the manufacture of hats, muffs, &c. So much so, that a good skin, as we have been informed, will now sell in the United States for a Spanish doubloon.

To give an instance of the rigorous industry of the North American sealers, we have heard it stated, on very good authority, that, between the years 1794 and 1804, they killed in the small island of Masafuero alone three millions of fur seals, which they sold in China for ten millions of dollars.

† The British trade with Peru may be considered as equal to the trade of all other nations with that country: the total value of imports being eight millions, and the British something more than four millions of dollars. This amount, it may be presumed, will soon be increased by the China and Manilla trade, which is now thrown open to British subjects, and which has hitherto been monopolized by the Americans, and upon the same agreeable terms as the whale fishery—that is, principally on British capital. The annual amount of this trade with Peru alone, and for her consumption, is 500,000; with the whole Pacific it falls little short of two millions of dollars, which may be computed as an increase of 40 per cent on the capital invested in China and Manilla.

skill commensurate to its powers of production were employed, would be sufficient to counterbalance this fearful preponderance. The cotton plant is indigenous to its climate, and, what is worthy of remark, it continues for years; whereas, in the United States, if we mistake not, it is an annual. What a vast difference this must make in the expense of cultivation! The same do we say of sugar: if justice were done to the Peruvian cane, its rich exuberance would leave us nothing to regret in the loss of our Eastern and Western possessions but the shame of losing them.

Of wool, to instance still in the same favoured country, the mountain pastures of Peru are capable of supplying any imaginable quantity: and we understand that, from its similarity to the wool of England, it has a peculiar merit in our market. It is likely, moreover, to be improved; for Merino rams have been lately introduced from New South Wales, and as the absurd prejudices which have hitherto checked its exportation are giving way before the influence of a more enlightened policy, there is no saying to what extent this interesting commerce may be pursued.

Of the precious metals it were surely unnecessary to point out the transcendent importance, both to this and every other country. After the late convulsion which shook England and the United States to their centre, and was felt more or less throughout the civilised globe, no paper will be tolerated any where that is not convertible into gold and silver; and bankers must consequently hold in hand a much larger supply thereof than heretofore. The demand for gold and silver, therefore, must daily increase, and in the same proportion must that country rise in importance, from whence only it can be supplied, namely, Spanish America.

But Spanish America, ever since the inauspicious declaration of its independence, has been vibrating between profligate misrule and the wildest anarchy—between intestine commotion and foreign war; nor does there seem to be any probability of its settling on its centre. Consequently, all its rich treasures are locked up—they are little better than sealed fountains, and the streams which should

have irrigated and fertilised the world, have either ceased to flow, or are wasted at their source. Shame to England—the only country that could have staid the plague, and yet has witnessed its desolating course with indifference, although thousands of her own children are numbered among its victims! England, we repeat, is the only country that can stay the plague; because the enormous mortgage debt due by Spanish America to British subjects gives her an exclusive right to interfere. Let her rise, then, for a while, from her crouching ambiguous policy, and, assuming the generous dignity of better days, let her step forth, in the exercise of her undoubted right, and bid these struggling nations cease from their strife, and compel them to disband their armies, and lay aside their tinsel and their swaggery, until they have paid their debts. Under this wholesome and necessary restraint their feverish throes would soon subside—the arts and the virtues of peace would diffuse their purifying and invigorating energies through all the veins of the social body—the profligate military, those *irritamenta malorum*, would be absorbed by productive labour, and Spanish America would be in a condition to perform the part allotted to it by the Creator, in his universal scheme of beneficence.

We were led into this vein of thought by the perusal of Dr Smith's very interesting and instructive work, entitled *Peru as it is*; and we were about to dismiss it with the commendation which it deserves, when an old and privileged friend of ours, who was for many years resident in Lima, walked into our laboratory. Like most of our countrymen who have become habituated to the seducing climate and gentle ethics of that singular place, he is what he calls a *lotophagist*—

Ἄλλ' αὐτῷ βύλοντο μετ' ἀνδράσι Λατο-
φάγοισι
Λατὸν ἱεραιτόμενοι μαινόμεν, τίς τε λαδί-
σθαι.

Ody. 9. v. 96.

Or, to use the Limenian figure, which is precisely to the same purport as Homer's, "Na tomado el agua de la Pila"—he has tasted the waters of the fountain, and can never be happy but

in Lima.* Our mutual salutations being concluded, we drew our ample morocco to the fire-side, and lowering our *lotophagist* softly down into it—"softly down, softly down"—we placed *Peru as it is* before him, and waited the result. That chair, like the Pythian tripod, as all the world can tell, is full of inspiration, and we had a mind to try its influence upon our friend. But notwithstanding he had the advantage of a subject which of all others was the most agreeable to him, he was pretty considerably dull, as our friends on the other side the water would say, and we knew that his idiosyncrasy was not adapted to the meridian of our morocco. However, we took down his commentary as he delivered it, such is the privilege of that chair, with all the authority of the plural number—and thus it runs:—

The work opens with a description of the peculiarities of the Lima climate—its influence on man and beast—and the atmospheric phenomena as indicated by the barometer, hygrometer, and thermometer. In the inhabited parts of the coast of Peru, the equability and mildness of the climate are remarkable, and we admire the beautiful arrangements whereby a country so near to the equator is constantly refreshed from above and from below, from the mountains and from the sea, so that the summer heat of the valleys of the coast rarely exceeds 82 deg. of Fahrenheit. "On one occasion," says Dr Smith, "when we observed the barometer fall from 29.9-10ths to 29½ inches, there had been a smart earthquake, which, though it happened in the usually dry month of

January, was preceded by a gentle shower of rain."—V. i. p. 7. This is a fact worthy of observation. It is not unusual for earthquakes, even in Lima, to be succeeded by the fall of a few rain-drops, and some of the severer shocks by heavy showers. This happened in 1746, when the city was ruined, and Callao buried in the sea; and it was considered, as no doubt it really was, as great a calamity as the earthquake itself. We always fancied that electricity was the agent that precipitated the water on these occasions, against the opinion of some eminent philosophers, and, among others, if we are not mistaken, the celebrated M. Humboldt himself, who maintain that earthquakes are not accompanied by any perceptible increase or diminution of electricity in the atmosphere. But, as water might be precipitated by the simple concussion of the superincumbent air, as it sometimes happens during discharges of artillery, we never ventured beyond a mere conjecture. The fact, however, here recorded, of an earthquake being preceded by rain, and that in the driest season of the year, and in a region where rain is almost unknown, seems to confirm our hypothesis—if not, how was the rain produced? While on the subject of atmospherical phenomena, it may not be impertinent to mention, that gales of wind never reach the shores of Peru, or, to use the nautical expression, they do not "*blow home*." O, it is beautiful to stand upon a promontory, and look out upon the sublime Pacific rolling its awful surges in thunder on the beach, while all beyond those stormy ridges is smooth

* "Na tomado el agua de la pila."—This is an expression which the Limenians were wont to use with great complacency, and with no little reason, to denote the enchantments of their city, which made all who had once known it unwilling to leave it. But the spell is broken now. It is no longer the city where no one was suffered, in a worldly sense, to be either poor or sorrowful—it is no longer, in short, the City of the Kings. In our travels we have frequently met with individuals who had resided in Lima during its palmy days, and we have always been struck with the affection they retain towards it—they speak like banished men. The "pila," referred to, is a magnificent bronze fountain in the centre of the principal square, whose dimensions we cannot state; but it is very large, of exquisite symmetry and workmanship, and worthy of particular mention. In the time of the Viceroy it was guarded by a sentry day and night, but now its merit seems no longer to be understood. To give an instance of the vulgarizing character of the revolution, we remember to have seen this beautiful fountain painted by order of the Government, on some patriotic occasion, with stripes of red and white, like a groom's waistcoat, from top to bottom.

and blue, and birds are basking on its surface, and there's not a wave to wake them from their slumbers!

The instances of lunar influences in Peru, p. 14-16, are very remarkable. This effect of the moon is by many persons thought to be a vulgar error, but, for our own part, we find it to be a very painful verity at every full and change. And what is there surprising in it? The moon affects the sea; if it affect the larger mass of fluids, why not the less—for it is through the fluids which they contain that it acts upon vegetable and animal bodies—in the former through the circulating sap, in the latter through the circulating blood?

"To enumerate no more particulars," says the Doctor, speaking of the temperature of the Peruvian coast, "we think it will be found true, as a general proposition, that, from the desert of Atacama to the landing-place of Pizarro, on the banks of the Tumbes—from the southern tropic to close upon the line—there is a progressive diminution of atmospheric humidity."—Vol. ii. p. 206. This phenomenon may be explained, we think, by the fact that the breeze which prevails along the whole of this coast passes, with the exception of a few and comparatively narrow valleys, over nothing but hot sandy deserts, and, of course, is continually losing more and more of its moisture, until, as it draws near to Tumbes, it begins to be saturated with the damps which for ever hang upon the equator. If the prevailing wind were from the north instead of the south, the whole coast of Peru would be a continuous forest.

The general effect of the Lima cli-

mate, we are told at p. 17, is to enervate and degrade; this is the effect in a greater or less degree of all uniform climates; "the equability of the temperature of the air," says Arbuthnot, "rendered the Asiatics lazy;" but we believe, with our author, that it is nowhere so remarkable as in Lima. Indeed, the inhabitants seem to pride themselves upon it, as a pedagogue is wont to pride himself upon his "emollit mores nec sinit esse feros"—a line which we have hated, by the by, and not without reason, from our earliest youth. They seem to look upon this domesticating quality of their atmosphere as a discipline of their own. When an European arrives among them, in what is vulgarly called *rude health*—and rude it does certainly appear to the effeminate Limeno—they survey him with a smile and a "*dejale, luego caerá*"—which may be Englished in the words of the old song—

"Never mind him, let him be—
By and by he'll follow thee."

When that ferocious and truculent old Viceroy Amat arrived in Lima, the following pasquinado was put up in the great square—"aqui se amasan leones"—"lions tamed here;" and it is said that they one day brought the matter to the test, by throwing a line across the street, where his carriage was waiting at the palace gates, so as to stop his way. But how tame and how patient was the lion become! He merely ordered his coachman to turn round and take the opposite direction. Stories such as these the Limenos delight to tell, accounting the achievements of their climate as triumphs of their own.* From the

* At vol. i. p. 198, our author very truly observes, that the Limenos find a compensation for all the ills which the Revolution has brought upon them in their delicious climate, to which he applies with singular felicity old Homer's description of the Elysian fields. But we should have been better pleased if he had given us a translation of his own, instead of Pope's, which, however melodious, and in that respect it is inimitable, does nevertheless omit the very points wherein the similitude chiefly consists. His modesty has bequeathed us the task of supplying the deficiency.

Τῇ πρὶν ῥήϊσιν βιοτὴν πέλιον ἀνδραποισιν,
Οὐ νιφίτις, ἔτ' ἄρ' χερμαὶν πολὺς, ἐπὶ ποτ' ἄμβρος,
'Αλλ' αἰεὶ Ζευφύροιο λογαπῶντας αἵτας
'Ωκυανὸς ἀνίσσιν ἀναψύχων ἀνδράποους.

No child of labour there, with feverish head,
Bends o'er his task and scarcely gains his bread;

generally enervating effects of the climate, we are naturally led to enquire what is the general mortality; and this information is given to us (c. 2) with a carefulness and diligent accuracy which challenges our confidence, and constrains us to admit the melancholy fact, that more than one-twentieth of the inhabitants of Lima perishes annually. The average mortality of a people so remarkable for their mode of living, and under such peculiar circumstances of time and place—in a climate to which there is, perhaps, no exact parallel in all the world, and at the period of a great social revolution—is a valuable addition to the volume of statistics, and powerfully exemplifies the most useful of all its conclusions, showing us, on the one hand, how mind is affected by matter, and, on the other, how moral causes are productive of physical effects. We are indebted to Dr Smith exclusively for this valuable information, and for a correct estimate of the population of Lima, which seems never to have reached 60,000 souls, whereas it has been stated by several writers at 70 and even 80,000.

The table, p. 30, of the different castes, which exhibits our species stained with every variation of colour betwixt black and white, is very interesting. Of all these varieties, it should be observed, the Chino is morally the worst. The mercuriality of

the black mingling with the saturnine temperament of the Indian, produces a character at once gloomy and ferocious. On the contrary, the offspring of the white and the Indian is gentle and inoffensive; and it may be asserted, in general terms, that the white race produces an amelioration of all the others with which it mingles. The mulatto, for instance, is a highly intellectual and social being, abounding in good qualities: and some of the most erudite and talented men in Spanish America belong to this race.

C. 3 and 4, on the food and dietetic habits of Lima, cannot fail of interesting the philosopher, whose object it is to make himself acquainted with his own species under every variety of circumstance, and survey human character in all its phases. These two artless unpretending chapters have all the charm of a Dutch picture: they let us quite into the interior of the Limenians, and make us better acquainted with them than we could possibly have been by a more serious and formal introduction. The quantity of provisions cooked and sold in the streets is enormous, and this is a fact, as the Doctor well observes, which gives us an insight into the dietetic habits of the vulgar and the needy. (P. 35.) But it does more—it gives us a key to their moralities also, and we easily gather from it that idleness and improvidence must be the com-

But the glad earth, through all the smiling hours,
Unwrought by man, its genial tribute pours :
Stern winter frowns not there, nor snow, nor rain
Deforms the sky or desolates the plain ;
But sea-born zephyrs, ever on the wing,
Round the blest bowers eternal freshness fling.

But there is still another advantage which this favoured country possesses—an advantage beyond the privileges even of the *Ἑλυσίων πεδίων*—these are the pillars of everlasting snow, which send forth their coolness into the night, while the zephyrs are reposing.

(Our friend, W. Meleager Hay, has this moment keelavined an off-hand version—better than either—because more literal, and equally elegant.—C. N.)

There, without toil, man spends his blissful hours :
No snow—no rain—and winter scarcely lowers :
But ever Zephyr's gently-breathed air
Ocean sends forth, to cool the dwellers there.

Here is Pope's paraphrase—a poor falsetto.

" Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime :
The fields are florid with unfading prime ;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hall, or flake the fleecy snow ;
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale."

mon defects of Lima. There is great moral discipline in a kitchen fire. The section on cold and hot qualities, p. 64, according to which the good or bad effects of food and medicine are prognosticated, is very amusing. The Doctor is excited to more than his usual eloquence when he remembers the drilling he received at the hands of the "wise women" of Lima on this subject. But he will forgive them when he considers that there was a time when the moral character was estimated in the same manner: "refert," says one of the wisest among the ancients, "refert quantum quisque humidum in se calidique contineat. Cujus in illo elementi portio prævalebit, inde mores erunt."—*Sen. de irâ. l. 2, c. 19.*

The condition of slaves under the Spanish dynasty was so happy, says our author, that they "forgot that they were not free."—P. 108. We have seen them glad to remember that they were slaves: we have seen soldiers, who had been emancipated by military service, return and deliver themselves up to their former bondage. They found the protection of a master better than that of the laws, and knew from experience that, as slaves, they were fed and clothed on easier terms than when they were free. But from the mildness of the servitude, continues the Doctor, "nothing can be argued in favour of slavery as such, which can never be otherwise than unjust and unchristian." Without arguing any thing in favour of slavery, but giving, on the contrary, due praise to all who have endeavoured to abolish it, we cannot be blind to the fact, that all that has been done hitherto has only contributed to exacerbate the evil it was intended to remove. The slave trade, if it be diminished in quantity, which is by no means certain, is undoubtedly aggravated in kind. As it is illegitimate, it has fallen into desperate hands, and is carried on in a manner which it is horrible to think of. We are inclined to believe that if the energy which has been employed in the hopeless task of extinguishing slavery, had been devoted to the amelioration of the slave's condition, it would have achieved more solid good. Hopeless, we say, because we consider that the race to which the African negro belongs, is included in the prophecy which doomed Canaan to be "a servant of servants

unto his brethren" (Gen. c. ix. v. 25), in whom were included all the rest of mankind. All the legislation of man is vain against the word of God: a servant of servants that race will be as long as the present dispensation of Providence continues. Like the Jews and the Arabs, they are fulfilling a prophecy in the sight of all men: like them they are bearing continual witness to the truth of God's word and the unchangeableness of his decrees: and on that very account are they entitled not only to our compassion but to our respect and gratitude, since their sufferings are our edification. But seeing how the case stands, it were better that we manifested our kindness towards them, not in vain efforts to achieve their liberty, which, because they are vain, do only make their condition worse, but in mitigating and sweetening their slavery, and making it, as far as possible, conducive to their temporal and eternal welfare.

"There is among these gifted women," says the Doctor, speaking of the Limenas, "a great *esprit de corps*, so that the greatest sinner among them is never left without a gentle voice to plead her cause, and palliate, when she cannot exculpate, a sister's errors:—no one ventures to throw the first stone at the unfortunate; and there insensibly arises a gradation of vices and virtues, dove-tailing into each other so as to constitute a social whole, wherein the different degrees of moral deviation are all shaded by an overflowing charity."—Vol. i. p. 131. This is, indeed, a fearful combination, and it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the enemy to have enlisted charity on the side of vice. Better, on the whole, how much soever we may condemn it in the individual, is that rigorous unsparing surveillance which, in other countries, women exercise over each other, showing mercy

"To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame."

L. Byron's Giaour.

Still, wherever there is charity there is hope. Let good example once be installed in high places, and charity will be won over to virtue. Example, in mere human morality, is omnipotent—"inter causas malorum nostrorum est, quòd vivimus ad exempla," said Seneca: and certainly the conta-

gion of bad example is deplorable; but, on the other hand, we are persuaded that there is more than a compensating attractiveness in the exhibition of moral beauty. But this, the most important of all reformation, is not practicable until revolution ceases, till society is restored to a state of quiescence, and the dregs have settled to the bottom. But to turn away from a subject afflicting yet not hopeless, we are amused at the innocent simplicity of the following passage:—"The ladies, when young, and long before they become marriageable, are taught to anticipate their own omnipotence at fifteen."—P. 180. At what epocha does the worthy Doctor suppose that the fair ones of our own dear country begin to dream of conquest! Alas! alas! "de tenero meditantur ungui,"—we, for our own part, cannot remember the time when we were not their captive.

"If we consider all things in the circumstances of the Peruvians, their story, from first to last, must awaken an interest in the mind of every enquirer into their past and present state, rather than dispose him to censure them indiscriminately for their error. We may, indeed, wonder not to find fewer good qualities among them; and, on the other hand, not to see the fiercer passions that utterly brutalize human nature, and agitate every corner of society, more called into action among a medley of ignorant and discordant castes, passing without adequate preparation, from one extreme of government to another, and from one civil broil into another of greater confusion and misrule."—Vol. i. p. 158.

This is a sound and charitable conclusion. There is every reason to believe that these interesting people would soon flourish in all the beauties of social life, if they were cultivated with the fostering hand of a steady paternal government, and were more subjected than they are to the curb of moral and religious discipline—"those reins," to use the beautiful expression of the eloquent Solís, "without whose restraint man is left all alone with his nature."* They have the two chief

requisites, gentleness and docility. But those qualities, as they are passive, may be used for good or for evil. Since the Revolution, they have been lamentably abused; and we are sorry to say, that licentiousness and infidelity, imported from France, have made a host of proselytes, or rather victims, among them: a bad exchange for the honest bigotry of their Spanish ancestors, who laid hold on the mysteries of God, *á punto cerrado*, with a close determined grasp, and walked blindfold to heaven. Let us hope that they will not be all corrupted, and that the hour of regeneration is at hand.

The superstition which is so humorously described, p. 168, as searching for the Englishman's dollars in his grave, is not a whit more barbarous than the opinion which pervades all classes of society in Peru, and, until very lately, has regulated its commercial policy, namely, that the silver which our countrymen export is little better than stolen, and that they are preying on the life-blood of the country. All exportation, in short, is looked upon with jealousy.

The "state of the medical schools and practice of medicine," p. 179-192, is very well described. But what a pity it is that the botanical region of this science has been so little cultivated in a country where nature seems to have concentrated all her climates and temperatures, and brought all her treasures within a small compass, on purpose, as it were, to provoke our curiosity; and where the native inhabitants are skilful herbalists, and could reveal to us, if we would condescend to enquire of them, so many important secrets. Cinchona was a part of their *materia medica* before a Viceroy gave it his name, or the Jesuits usurped the honour of its discovery. Botanists, and some of them of deserved celebrity, have travelled through extensive tracts of the country. But what have they done? They have given us skilful genealogies of the plants, but of their virtues they say little or nothing. It is as though one should write a history of human beings and make no mention of their souls. Our author, vol. ii. p. 61, has given a list of twelve plants,

* "Biendar sin cuyo freno el hombre se queda á solas con su naturaleza."

Solís. *Conq. de Mexico.*

with some notice of their medicinal virtues. But what are twelve plants out of myriads?*

The state of education in the present day, which is sketched with faithfulness, forms a sad contrast to the solid system of better times, which, like a ruined temple, is still venerable in its fragments. Antiquated, though it was, that could not have been a bad system which collected those precious and now neglected folios—which produced in that remote and secluded country the writers of the *Mercurio Peruano*—which produced an Olavide, the author of the *Evangelio en Triunfo*, and a Villaran, who still lingers among the broken columns of the Forum, the profoundest jurist of Spanish America. We shall be glad if “the new school for law and philosophy,” p. 195, be as fruitful as the old one. At present, however, it is evidently premature; for the floorings of the Ark have been broken, and must be repaired. Every thing else is idle until that rudimental work is completed.

In his description of the Peruvian Highlands, which contains some very spirited sketches of mountain scenery, our author introduces us to a very singular personage, whom he denominates the priestly distiller, under whose auspices we are made acquainted with the whole machinery of the Sierra trade, and consequently with the production of the soil, and the habits and character of its inhabitants. As the pensive Indian surveys the monuments of the wisdom and beneficence of his Incas—the aqueducts—the tambos—the roads—the terraced gardens—gardens now no more—the faded footsteps of fertility long passed away—how his heart sickens! When he remembers—and he has not forgotten, the paternal care of the father of his

people—the superintending authority which pervaded the whole of society from top to bottom, tempering and assimilating itself, as it descended to all the various gradations through which it passed, till it reached the poorest Indian in his cabin—like the knotted oord (the quipu) which descended from the highest point of general history to the last trivial occurrence of the day,—when he sees and remembers these things, his heart sinks within him to find himself a ruined abject slave! If for all that he has lost, he had gained the gospel, he might indeed rejoice in the exchange. But, generally speaking, the religion he has learned is little better than the gentility of his forefathers; while, on the other hand, he has greatly fallen off in morality, and in all that elevates the mind or enlarges the heart. In short, they have the defects which naturally spring from their degraded condition,—and who is it that taunts them? Their oppressors! “Of such persons,” says our author, “we may be allowed to ask, have they ever afforded the Indian any rational encouragement to honesty and industry? Have they ever, by fair dealing, persevered in the experiment of deserving the confidence, of conciliating the affections, or of calling forth the kindly sympathies of these humbler sons of the soil? What virtue, except patience, were they permitted to disclose under Spanish oppression—(would it were mitigated under the patriot system!)—when their masters supplied them with the necessities of life, just on what terms they pleased, and when the Indians could realize no property, however much they redoubled their toil, for, in general, the fruit of their labour was not their own.”—Vol. ii. p. 147. These are home questions, and they embrace the

* Vol. ii. p. 238, in a note to the Appendix, mention is made of the Guaco, the famous antidote against poison. It has been said, that in the northern parts of Mexico, in the gulf of California, where the country is overrun by immense troops of wild dogs, and, consequently, where hydrophobia is prevalent, this dreadful disease is cured with Guaco. We have travelled in those regions, and remember that it was commonly asserted that the Indians had a specific for hydrophobia—but it was not Guaco, neither do we think that Guaco would grow in that climate. It was a most nauseous beverage, whose ingredients we never could ascertain, and was administered at intervals to the patient, until profuse perspiration was produced. If we remember well, Captain Owen, R. N., tells us, that on the coast of Africa the locked-jaw is cured on the same principle—that is, by means of perspiration, which is produced by a nauseous electuary of cockroaches.

whole cause of the Indian. Can we, then, be surprised to hear, that "the curates who reside in the mountain glens and deep corries, feel assured, from the well known feelings cherished by their flocks, that when the day arrives when these uneducated men of the hills shall understand what are their own political rights and physical strength, and shall be commanded by bold and sagacious leaders of their own blood and kind, they will fearfully and cruelly avenge their wrongs on all *advenedizos*, all exotics—on their white oppressors and sable interlopers?"—Vol. ii. p. 167. Yes! subdued revenge may be called the prominent characteristic of the Indian, and it accounts in a great measure for that melancholy mein which the Doctor attributes to the effect of mountain scenery. Yes! it is a dark economy of vengeance—it is the "*odium in longum jaciens*"—it is the eye bent on remote but certain retribution.

"As we approach still nearer the capital, where Glen-Rimac unfolds its wide and fertile acres of deep alluvial soil, we see that this goodly land, when denied water, puts on a look of desert sterility."

The obvious and more immediate cause of this sterility is undoubtedly want of irrigation, owing to the ruinous condition of the aqueducts. But there is another cause, which is operating slowly, but with unremitting energy, and threatens ultimate desolation. We mean the sea sand which is marching incessantly before the trade wind. Already it has surmounted the lofty hills which form the southern boundary of the beautiful valley of Lurin, and is coming down in large waves upon the cultivated ground. The same is observable on the elevated plain which is Tablada, where the tops of the hills show like Egyptian oases, and from whence the sand is pouring down in enormous masses on the sugar plantations of San Juan and Villa, in the valley of Rimac. We have often pointed out this important phenomenon, but, strange to say, we have never met with any one who had either heeded or understood it. Most persons sup-

posing that the sand had always been there, and others, who had observed that it contained marine shells, looking upon it as a vestige of the deluge.

The description of the Cerro Pasco, Vol. ii. c. 1. is very interesting, and the best account that has hitherto been published of that famous mining ground. As it might have been expected in a country where political economy is only beginning to be known, the revenue laws of Peru have operated, hitherto, as a premium on smuggling, and particularly in the precious metals, from their comparative easiness of transportation. This, accordingly, appears to be a great evil in Pasco, and it was proposed to remove it by the establishment of a mint there—a measure which, in our mind, will fail of its object. The true and only way of putting down smuggling is to lower the export duty, so that smuggling will not pay. If this were done, the revenue arising from the mines would be very considerably increased. The protector, Santa-Cruz, has permitted the exportation of silver, copper, and other ores, duty free, subject merely to the payment of one dollar, or four shillings, as a registry fee, on every five thousand pounds of metal. That this will be really beneficial to commerce we are inclined to doubt, when we consider the expense of conveying the ores to the coast; but the fact is otherwise important, as manifesting a liberal spirit, which, we are glad to observe, is the honourable characteristic of the commercial code lately promulgated by His Excellency.

"The real rental of the state," we are told, Vol. ii. p. 104, "can hardly at any time be clearly ascertained." This is true: the amount of multifarious embezzlement, which is enormous, being an unknown quantity, it would be impossible to come to a certain conclusion on this subject. But from the best data that can be obtained, the revenue of North Peru, which embraces the departments of Lima, Libertad, Junin, Huaylas, and Amazonas, may be estimated at something more than two millions of dollars, of which nearly three-fourths are produced by the department of Lima.*

* We shall perhaps not be far wrong in estimating the revenue of South Peru at as much more; and thus the revenue of what was Peru proper, up to the date of the Peru-Bolivian Confederacy, would be something more than four millions of dollars.

At present, by reason of a large military establishment by sea and land, which foreign invasion has rendered necessary, the revenue falls short of the expenses. But as these expenses are nearly two-thirds greater than they would be in time of peace, a very considerable surplus would remain if this incubus were removed, without reckoning the increase that would daily take place in every branch of the revenue, if tranquillity and security were established throughout the country, and all its resources nourished and augmented by the fostering hand of an enlightened and beneficent government. Here, then, in this section alone, we have a large income, out of which provision might be made for the British creditor, all squandered away in military expenses. And for this, as we said before, England is responsible, not only to her own subjects, but to the whole civilized world—to the common family of mankind! Having the power and the right to interfere, her supineness is unjust, inhuman, and, what is scarcely less to be deplored, it is most despicable!

From the weather-beaten plains of Pasco, at the enormous height of 14,000 feet, the Doctor leads us down the Quebrada, pointing out to us all that is worthy of notice on the road, till, at the distance of twenty-two leagues, and the mediate elevation of 7000 feet, he lands us in his happy valley—the valley of Huanaco—where he resided for three years. He describes it with evident tenderness, yet, with the same candour that marks all his work, he clearly shows us that Providence has done every thing there and man nothing, and that it is only another exemplification of the melancholy truth, that where the Maker has been most profuse, the creature is most indifferent. From Huanaco our attention is naturally directed to the fertile regions which confine upon it—to the Pampa del Sacramento and the river Amazons—the richest plain and noblest river in all the world. What would we have given to have walked the timid unconfiding Malthus over this ground! But, alas! no body walks there but the painted savage; and, up to this day, the fairest portion of the earth is useless to man, and hath never fulfilled the intention of its beneficent Creator! Notwithstanding

the fine periods of Don Jose Lagos y Lemus, it is very certain that there has hitherto existed a great prejudice against the admission of foreigners to these regions, and that the navigation of the Amazons has not been desired by the people of Peru. Lieutenant Smyth and Mr Lowe experienced this; and it was the true reason why those praise-worthy individuals failed of the principal object of their enterprise.

“It is the ordinary practice,” says our author, in his chapter on the Inca Indians, “for the whole body of men to co-operate in any great work, such as constructing bridges for their common good, or building houses for the convenience of individuals, on which occasions one party conducts stones and turf, another builds the walls, a third conveys timber from the distant woods, and a fourth cuts and lays on the thatch,” &c.

This is an interesting relic of Inca discipline. By this division of labour and unity of purpose, which they learned from the bees better than from treatises on political economy, they constructed those stupendous works whose ruins we survey with amazement—in Cuzco—in Tia-Huanaco—in the aqueducts, which are still the best in the country, after three centuries of civilisation—in the royal roads, those Giant’s Causeys, which traverse the whole empire, and which Humboldt, if we remember right, prefers before the Roman! That enlightened traveller might have added that they are also monuments of a refined policy worthy of the conquerors of the world; for the Incas, like the Cæsars, considered no country subjected to their dominion until they had made a high road through it for their legions.

“The Indians are said to indulge in the hope of yet seeing a prince of their own race on the throne; and such has been their well-founded and now habitual mistrust of the whites, that they have never revealed where all their own treasures and those of the Incas, which were buried after the death of Atahualpa, are to be found.”—(Note, vol. ii., p. 168.) There is no doubt that treasures to an incalculable amount are concealed under ground, the secret of which passes down from father to son, among these enduring, self-denying people. Many of them are living in great apparent

poverty and discomfort, who are masters of wealth. It is said that a father's and a nation's curse pursues the wretch who reveals the secret inheritance to the white man. However that may be, there is a common superstition among them, that some great calamity is sure to follow the disclosure, and, truth to say, the presentiment has but too frequently been verified. Too frequently, when any of these poor creatures, through gratitude or affection to their masters or their *compadres*—for they love intensely when they love at all—have imparted the fatal secret, they have fallen victims to the avarice of those whom they desired to bless, and been murdered lest they should be equally generous to others. Alas! what a heart-rending volume might be composed of anecdotes in illustration of this fact! Surely, avarice is the worst, the most corrupting, the most fiendish of all the vices which deform humanity; and He who only knew the heart of man, would seem to signify as much, when He placed Mammon in direct opposition to God—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." A very considerable treasure was discovered some years before the Revolution, amidst the ruins of an ancient Indian city in the neighbourhood of Truxillo; it amounted to five millions of dollars, and the Indians of that district were for ever exempted by the King of Spain from the payment of tribute, as an acknowledgement of this involuntary bequest of their ancestors. The entry in the archives of the Treasury, which records the fact, is still to be seen, and is one of the Lions of Truxillo. This treasure was denominated by the Indians the *peje chico*—"the little fish;"—the *peje grande*—"the large fish"—remains hidden, though many attempts have been made, and companies formed for the purpose of discovering it.

Nothing, we are told, vol. ii. p. 175, but the wildest disorder pervades "every department of the social and political system of Peru." What else could be expected, seeing they have endeavoured to make of the country that which it is not fit for—nor indeed any other—a republic—the insolent achievement of mere human reason? But of all countries there is none so unfit for a republic as Peru. Is it not, to use the French proverb, "*le bois dont on en fait*." Our author's friend,

whom he introduces as a mourner of his country's woes, proposes a desperate remedy—"Enlighten the mass of our people," says he: alas! knowledge is a fearful gift—he knows not what a demon he invokes;—"your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods," was the treacherous suggestion of the great enemy of man! No! establish a government which shall have a natural and lasting interest in the preservation of the country—let industry and domestic habits be cherished—let every man feel himself secure under his vine and fig-tree—let piety be inculcated and vice discountenanced—and leave the enlightening of the mass to Him who alone can enlighten without inflaming! But, unhappily, *knowledge is power*; maxims have found their way into this benighted land, and the darkness is fearfully illuminated by the unhallowed lights of Materialism, Utilitarianism, &c.—Enlighten the masses! how little of philosophy, after all, do we find in this! What is it but to excite the substratum of society, which ought to be in a state of wholesome repose as the foundation of the whole edifice? Put it in motion, and what becomes of the superstructure? The effect of agitation is as ruinous as the spirit is diabolical. If things be left as God has placed them, the natural brooding warmth, and benignant action of the upper class, will always sublime, and rarify, and draw up into itself a certain portion of the class below, so that, by an exquisite adaptation—a nicely balanced action and re-action which is beyond the wisdom of man, the surface of society will draw a constant supply of life and vigour from its base, without depriving it of its essential solidity. But if this arrangement be interfered with, if any change be made in the relative position, in the weight and measure, of the parts, the whole scheme is broken up, and "chaos is come again!" Consider those awful volumes of electric fire which are for ever sweeping over the surface of our atmosphere, nourishing, we may suppose, and tempering its higher parts—if they were to come down to our region below, or our subordinate elements were to ascend into theirs, what would be the consequence? The conflagration of the world!

In his concluding chapter, our au-

thor has given us an excellent manual of prophylactic rules, which every one who visits the regions to which they apply will do well to observe. We particularly approve of the following caution—"All excess in the cuticular secretion should be avoided by every proper means, such as suitable clothing, temperate living, and moderate bodily exertion, &c. The contrary practice of encouraging sweats by heating drinks has a bad tendency, both moral and physical; physically, it produces sooner or later gastric and hepatic diseases; morally, it furnishes a pretext and excuse for deep potations; and the end of all is, a broken-down constitution, and a mind impaired in its noblest powers."—Vol. 2, p. 201. How many victims are annually sacrificed to that devilish suggestion, which appears to sanction indulgence with the authority of wisdom, that where perspiration is profuse, drinking should be more so!

The necessity in all changes of climate of attending to the cuticular economy is very powerfully exemplified in the following interesting fact related in the Appendix. "The black cattle of the Sierra do not endure the climate of the coast; immediately that they descend from their native mountains, to use the vulgar expression, they become *touched*: that is, they become stupified, and die with amazing rapidity. On examining the entrails of cattle thus cut off, the liver, which has a broiled appearance, is observed to be indurated. I conceive that these animals are affected by transition of climate in the same manner as the human species; for as soon as the bullocks from the high and cold regions of the Andes arrive on the warm coast, the circulation of their blood is unusually accelerated and directed to the surface; but, as the skin which covers them is too thick and unyielding to allow of proper transpiration, the consequence is, that there arises an ardent fever which destroys them. In bees, this fever is more violent and burning than it is in the paco or alco, because the skin of the latter, being of thinner texture than that of the oxen, offers less resistance to the outlet of the humours: so that, in the animals of finer skin, there comes out a salutary eruption which saves them, while in the black cattle nothing of this sort occurs, and there-

fore they perish with incredible celerity."—Vol. 2, p. 246.

The two divisions of the Appendix which treat of the zoology of Western Peru, and the geology of the country in the neighbourhood of Arequipa are interesting, not only for the information which they contain, but as embracing all that has been written on natural history by native Peruvians. We are amused with the quaint formality with which the author of the former of these divisions quotes the Trojan war, as an instance of epidemics beginning with animals. It is a proof, however, of the old bard's accurate observation of nature—an essential quality of all poets, by the bye. If we remember rightly, Thucydides, in his admirable description of the plague of Athens, mentions that it began with dogs. In Peru, towards the end of 1825, a frightful and very fatal epidemic broke out among horses, and was communicated to human beings, as we can answer from our own painful experience, having taken it from a favourite horse. It resembled the glanders; for there was a virulent defluxion from the nose, and, in some cases, the bronchial glands inflamed and suppurated. The remedy which was most successful among horses was fumigation with sulphur. It is certain that epidemics do often begin with the lower animals; whether or not they be more particularly fatal to our species when they thus ascend to us from below, we cannot say, but the matter is worth enquiring into.

Speaking of the desert which is traversed in ascending from the coast to Arequipa, our author says:—"Travellers have remarked, that along this arid plain, which extends about twenty leagues inland, there are numerous moveable sand-hills, of regular figure like a half-moon, with the convex side always looking to the sea."—Vol. ii. p. 273.

We have often journeyed among these half-moons. They are composed of the lighter particles of the sand, which is generally of a greyish colour and mixed with pumice-stone, indicating a volcanic origin. That these crescents move we are inclined to doubt. That they have been formed by the trade-wind, is evident from their convex sides being invariably turned to the direction from whence

it blows, about S.S.E. Some obstruction, a skeleton perhaps, may have arrested the sand in its flight, and served as a nucleus round which it has been accumulated. We cannot remember ever to have seen a bird in this desert, or, indeed, any other living thing than the lizard: and that it is not visited by birds of prey, may be inferred, we think, from the fact, that the animals which have perished there are dried up with their skin and muscle.

On the ecclesiastical jubilee, with which the Appendix concludes, we will only observe that we have read it with mingled indignation, contempt, and compassion. The flagitious excesses of Papacy are supposed by many charitable Christians, to be over-painted. Dr. Smith has done his duty to society in publishing this appalling document, as a fresh and palpable proof of its blasphemous insolence and pride.

We have refrained from speaking of the Pacific Steam Navigation Com-

pany, and the general question of shortening the distance which separates us from the Western coast of Spanish America (see Appendix, p. 286—290), not because the subject is unimportant, but because we deem it premature. Considering the value of our trade with the Pacific, which, in spite of the most untoward circumstances, already amounts to upwards of 17 millions of dollars annually, no doubt it is highly important to bring those regions as near to us as possible; and it does seem to be disgraceful, in this locomotive era, that a voyage which might be performed in little more than one month should scarcely be accomplished in four; but still, we repeat it, the consideration of the subject is premature; for neither this nor any other project for the benefit of Spanish America, and the countries connected with it, can have any chance of success, or be prudently adopted, until those restless, reckless republics are compelled to abstain from mutual and wanton hostilities.

SONNETS.

WRITTEN IN LIVERPOOL, JULY 1838.

CALM worshipper of Nature, seek the wood,
There think alone—I love to pace this street,
Where as in one, all nations seem to meet,
Linked by the sea in common brotherhood:
A vein is this of brisk commercial blood;
Here strongly doth the pulse of traffic beat.
Large portion of the world's wealth at my feet
Lies here—rich harvest of the ocean-flood.
A graceful spirit of voluptuous ease
Is visible in column and in dome:
Full opulence, just taste the stranger sees:
The spirit which once in Venice had its home.
That now no fable seems it, seeing these,
Of beauty rising from the ocean-foam.

IN BURNS' MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.

BREATHE I above his dust, who now has long
Ceased with his musical breath to charm this air;
Sleeps Burns within this mausoleum fair,
The peasant-minstrel of the heaven-taught tongue!
It must be so, for fancy here grows strong,
So strong we feel him present every where,—
The sod his recent impress seems to bear;
And we yet hear him in yon skylark's song.
Methinks I hear him whistling at the plough;
And from the Nith I catch his manly voice,
Where unto song he breathed the eternal vow:
Oh Nith! where oft to wander was his choice,
The very light seems beaming from his brow
In which these scenes must evermore rejoice.

IN THE SAME.

ALONE in intellect—oft he withdrew
 From his blithe fellows, and afar would stray,
 On by the Nith, in the dim close of day :
 And there would murmur, midst the falling dew,
 Strains that all mirth could sadden and subdue.
 Whilst marvelled much his comrades, lightly gay,
 He should be sad whose wit woke mirth alway,—
 He who could find not “ audience fit though few.”
 The tide subsides, the tumult, and the stir :
 The stream flows on, and slumbers in its bed .
 We look around us still, *for things that were :*
 The clouds are rosy, though the sun is fled :
 For they with whom we think, and would confer,
 Prove oftentimes the distant, or the dead.

ON VISITING RYDAL MOUNT.

LONG-UGHT, and late-discovered, rapt is he
 Who stands where spring the Niger or the Nile ;
 And I, like wearily, who many a mile
 Have voyaged and have travelled, proudly see,
 Of this famed Mount the living Castalie :
 Cheered by the Poet's hospitable smile,
 I breathe the air of the song-hallowed pile,—
 With but half faith what is can really be.
 Flow on, O, holiest river ! even like Time,
 Till both your waters in one ocean end :
 Flow on, and with refreshment many a clime
 Copiously visit, mountain stream sublime !
 Thankful, these moments at your source I spend—
 Not without awe, as though it were a crime.
 WASHINGTON BROWNE, *New York.*

KATE.

FROM LAKE WALLENSTADT, SWITZERLAND.

1.
 LONELY, as a place enchanted,
 Lies the lake, in silence deep ;
 Round, as warrior chiefs undaunted
 Watch some throneless queen asleep,
 Stand the cliffs in stern array !—
 Fissured piles of strata grey,
 By the water worn away.
 Your large eyes would larger grow
 At their monstrous forms, I know,
 With a solemn joy elate,
 Were you here, my bonnie Kate !

2.
 Far above, their blue tops soar,
 Spire and tower in outline bold,
 All beset with snow-streaks hoar,
 Solemn, lonely, bright and cold !
 There the soft clouds, as they rove,
 Pause—and stooping from above
 Kiss the crests they seem to love !
 You would deem them spirits fair,
 Playing each one with the hair
 Of its giant warrior mate,
 Were you here, my lively Kate !

VOL. XLV. NO. CCLXXXI.

3.
 Black upon the slopes so green,
 Swarm the arrow-headed pines ;
 Here, like troops with steady mien,
 Who in ordered squares and lines,
 Wait attack, with vantage good ;
 There, like foragers pursued
 By a peasant multitude,
 In close flight they seem to press
 Up the hill, till we could guess
 Which their stronghold, what their fate,
 Were you here, my winsome Kate !

4.
 Balanced on the mountain side,
 High in dizzy loneliness,
 Oft a daring pine is spied,
 Like a cragsman in distress,
 Where all footing seems to end,
 Doubtful, which way next to wend,
 If to mount or to descend !
 Empty air around, beneath,
 It would take away your breath
 That sheer depth to calculate,
 Were you here, my gentle Kate !

v

5.

Now the gliding vessel passes,
 Cascades all around us dashing ;
 Some in downward-pointed masses,
 Densely smoking, fiercely flashing !
 Some upon the slopes recline
 Like fixed veins of silver fine,
 As the net-work spiders twine ;
 Others hang like new-combed fleeces,
 Ribb'd across in wavy creases !
 You could ne'er your gazing sate,
 Were you here, my fine-nerved Kate !

6.

Overhead the clouds float by—
 But can scarce their way pursue,
 For the tall cliffs touch the sky ;
 Look ! from its intensest blue
 Comes a snowy cascade slipping,
 O'er successive ledges tripping—
 'Tis a white-winged angel stepping
 Down from heaven ! Oh, you would
 prize
 Those serenely glowing eyes,
 That sweet smile compassionate,
 Were you here, my deep-souled Kate !

7.

Faintly sing the thrushes, hark !
 Far in yonder air-hung grove ;
 Pouring bolder notes the lark
 Dots the azure up above !
 Lavishly his lays he flings
 All around, and as he sings
 Spreads and folds his trembling wings
 With uneasy motion, quite
 Thrilled, convulsed, with his delight !
 You would sing with joy as great,
 Were you here, my sweet-voiced
 Kate !

8.

By the ash rocks below,
 Mark, a hermit-fisher grey,
 How the heron, to and fro
 Slowly flaps his stealthy way !
 Though alit, his long wings see
 Still are flapping, as though he
 Poised himself unsteadily ;
 Then unmoving as the rocks
 Which in hue so well he mocks,
 Where he is, you scarce could state,
 Were you here, my bright-eyed
 Kate !

9.

Oft the beetling ramparts ape
 Gothic gables quaintly plann'd ;
 Oft seem faced with many a shape
 Carved by ancient Coptic hand !—
 Watchful, 'mid the trees aloof
 Dark-red chalets, weatherproof
 With projecting shadowy roof,
 Seem to hint, how well you may
 In this tranquil Eden stay :—
 What desire would they create,
 Were you here, my pensive Kate ?

10.

Some depress'd to see all kindness
 Sunk in ruthless rage for gold,
 Sick of party's cherish'd blindness,
 Thus their wishes might unfold :
 Here, with joys unknown to riot,
 Sound repose and simple diet,
 Books, and love, and thoughtful
 quiet,
 One might dream a life away,
 Always cheerful, often gay !
 You would wish for no such fate,
 Were you here, my wiser Kate !

11.

Well you know, though Nature waste
 Wonders here no words can frame,
 Custom dulls the keenest taste,
 Use makes even wonders tame !
 Leisure has a leaden wing,
 Happiness, where'er it spring,
 Always is an *active* thing ;
 And whatever it profess,
 Solitude is selfishness,—
 Homely truths would have their
 weight,
 Were you here, my thoughtful Kate !

12.

Then our dear and noble land
 Would present to memory's eye,
 If no hills, no rocks so grand,
 Hearts as firm and minds as high !
 Nature never has designed
 Aught so wondrous as the mind
 Of mysterious humankind !
 You would know where mind is flashing
 Rapid as the cascade dashing !
 You would bless your home, your
 state,
 Were you here, my ENGLISH Kate !
 ALFRED DOMETT.

EARLIER ENGLISH MORAL SONGS AND POEMS.

THE entrance of Spenser and Shakespeare on the scene of English literature immeasurably elevated the standard by which its performances were to be judged; and in now reviewing one department of that literature, we feel that a very different allowance is to be made for the writers who preceded and for those who followed them. In the earlier class, we may admit the plea that the poetry of this country was yet in her nonage—that her attempts were more deserving of praise than her failures of condemnation—and that her irregular and tentative efforts afforded the best hope of attaining a perfect knowledge and command of noble thoughts and appropriate language. But no excuses of this kind can be received after the period when the mighty masters we have mentioned displayed their perfections. It was not to be tolerated that, from their strains of heavenly harmony, the ear should be distracted by the empty jingle or grating discords of those who could offer for its delight neither power of sentiment nor elegance of execution. An example had now been afforded in which the most exquisite poetry was made the vehicle of the purest virtue and the profoundest wisdom. A proof had been given that, in our native language, we possessed an instrument whose compass and diversity of tone could give expression to every variety of feeling, whether lofty or refined, tender or terrible. Those, then, who had not something to say, that was worth saying, and who could not present it in a shape that was calculated to please, were bound to remain silent, and leave the national taste to satisfy itself in that inexhaustible supply of delight and instruction which the works of true genius had placed at its command.

Yet the production of such sublime compositions, though calculated to raise the standard of ideal perfection, and in a particular manner to purify the taste, was by no means incompatible with the encouragement of minor effusions, if possessing relatively and after their own kind an appropriate merit in matter and in manner. In the human heart, as in a nobler

domain, there are many mansions—many varieties of susceptibility—many degrees of delight. A sound and enlightened judgment may see in the works of man, as in those of nature, an unlimited variety of beauty and goodness, extending from the most immense to the most minute. In productions of the most opposite characters as to dignity or magnitude, an analogous if not an equal degree of excellence may be recognised, if there be symmetry of proportion and propriety of purpose. In the pursuits whether of science or of taste, the presence of truth or loveliness is alike perceptible through every link and at either extremity of the chain of existence. An admiration for the umbrageous majesty of the giants of the forest does not wean our affections from the little wild-flowers that lie at our feet: the contemplation of the orbs and systems of the heavens themselves does not teach us to look with scorn or indifference on the crystal spherelets that linger in the morning grass. We even find an additional pleasure in tracing the same laws and the same relations in objects that appear in some respects to be so different. Unlike manner the sincere sentiments of an humble heart, when fittingly expressed, will be equally sure to please, though they will not please in an equal degree, with the most sublime emotions or the most exquisite conceptions of genius. The great cause of disgust or contempt in literature is not simplicity, but affectation—not the lowliness of the sentiment, but the absence of any sentiment whatever—not the poverty of the subject, but the disparity between the subject and the execution—between the attempt and the success. The works of Shakespeare and Spenser, therefore, still left ample room for the exertions of very inferior powers, if judiciously employed; and they who have the highest admiration for these masterpieces of art, will probably be the most easily pleased with humbler efforts which present, however feebly, a faithful reflection of nature and virtue.

We do not find among the works of Spenser any minor pieces that fall

within the range of our present aim. But we may borrow from his great contemporary two exquisite jewels for our cabinet: two fragments in which, in a less degree, we may see the power of that mighty mirror which was held up to nature by her favourite son and servant. The beauty of the song which we are to quote, were we not all familiar with it, would be somewhat impaired by its separation from the drama with whose sylvan scenery and romantic sentiment it so fitly harmonizes; yet it tells its own story with a force and clearness that need no comment, and which condense into a few lines whole volumes of misanthropic declamation. The verse that follows, and which we have separated from a companion of inferior merit with which it is united in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, seems to us to run over the topics of beauty's fragility with a most melancholy sweetness:—

1.

“ Blow, blow thou winter wind :
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

2.

“ Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky :
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remembered not.

“ Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently ;
A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.”

We have now to offer some extracts from the poetry of Thomas Lodge, which we believe, however, should have been introduced at an earlier stage of this essay, as the work from which they are taken seems to have been first published in 1589. The admirers of Lodge have, in their eulogiums upon him, indulged in a good deal of that exaggeration which generally results from the unexpected discovery even of moderate merit. It cannot be denied that his versification is generally smooth, and his diction often shining. But all is not gold that glisters. His verses have more of the form of poetry than of the power, and his deficiencies in taste, correctness, and judgment, are not redeemed by either strong feeling or solid thought. We select some stanzas of a moral tone, which afford, as we think, rather a favourable specimen of his productions. The structure of the verse in the first example is peculiar, but not displeasing as a vehicle of sober or elegiac sentiment.

IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY LIFE.

“ Most happy, blest the man that midst his country bowers,
Without suspect of hate or dread of envious tongue,
May dwell among his own, not dreading fortune's low'rs,
Far from those public plagues that mighty men hath stung ;
Whose liberty and peace is never sold for gain,
Whose words do never sooth a wanton prince's vein.

.

“ His will, restrained by wit, is never forced awry ;
Vain hopes and fatal fears, the courtier's common foes,
Afraid by his foresight, do shun his piercing eye,
And nought but true delight acquaints him where he goes ;
No high attempts to win, but humble thoughts and deeds,
The very fruits and flowers that spring from virtue's seeds.

“ O ! Deities divine, your godheads I adore,
That haunt the hills, the fields, the forests, and the springs :
That make my quiet thoughts contented with my store,
And fix my thoughts on heaven, and not on earthly things
That drive me from desires, in view of courtly strife,
And draw me to commend the fields and country life.

“ Although my bidding home be not imboast with gold,
 And that with cunning skill my chambers are not dress'd,
 Whereas the curious eye may sundry sights behold,
 Yet feeds my quiet looks on thousand flowers at least,
 The treasures of the plain, the beauties of the spring,
 Made rich with roses sweet and every pleasant thing.

“ I like and make some love, but yet in such a sort
 That nought but true delight my certain suit pursues;
 My liberty remains, and yet I reap the sport,
 Nor can the snares of love my heedful thoughts abuse;
 But when I would forego I have the power to fly,
 And stand aloof and laugh, while others starve and die.

“ My sweet and tender flocks, my faithful field compeers,
 You forests, holts, and groves, you meads and mountains high,
 Be you the witnesses of my contented years,
 And you, O! sacred powers, vouchsafe my humble cry:
 And during all my days do not these joys estrange,
 But let them still remain and grant no other change.”

IN COMMENDATION OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

“ See where the babes of memory are
 laid,
 Under the shadow of Apollo's tree,
 That plait their garlands fresh, and well
 apaid,
 And breathe forth lines of dainty poesy.
 Ah! world, farewell! the sight hereof
 doth tell
 That true content doth in the desert
 dwell.

“ See where a cave presents itself to eye,
 By nature's hand enforced in marble
 veins;
 Where climbing cedars with their shades
 deny
 The eye of day to see what there re-
 mains;
 A couch of moss, a brook of silver clear,
 And more, for food a flock of savage deer.

“ Then here, kind Muse, vouchsafe to
 dwell with me,
 My velvet robe shall be a weed of
 grey;
 And lest my heart by tongue betrayed be,
 For idle talk I will go fast and pray:
 No sooner said and thought, but that my
 heart
 His true suppos'd content 'gan thus im-
 part:

“ Sweet solitary life, thou true repose,
 Wherein the wise contemplate heaven
 aright,
 In thee no dread of war or worldly foes,
 In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight,
 In thee no wanton ears to win with words,
 Nor lurking toys, which city life affords.

“ At peep of day, when, in her crimson
 pride,
 The morn bespreads with roses all the
 way,
 Where Phoebus' coach with radiant course
 must glide,
 The hermit bends his humble knees to
 pray;
 Blessing that God whose bounty did be-
 stow
 Such beauties on the earthly things below.

“ Whether with solace tripping through
 the trees
 He sees the citizens of forest sport,
 Or 'midst the wither'd oak beholds the
 bees
 Intend their labour with a kind consort;
 Down drop his tears to think how they
 agree
 Where men alone with hate inflamed be.

“ Taste he the fruits that spring from
 Tellus' womb,
 Or drink he of the crystal spring that
 flows,
 He thanks his God, and sighs their cursed
 doom
 That fondly wealth in surfeiting bestows;
 And with Saint Jerome saith, the desert is
 A paradise of solace, joy, and bliss.

“ Father of light, thou maker of the
 heaven,
 From whom my being, and well-being
 springs;
 Bring to effect this my desired steaven,
 That I may leave the thoughts of worldly
 things:
 Then in my troubles will I bless the time
 My Muse vouchsafed me such a lucky
 rhyme.”

We shall conclude our quotations from Lodge with "The Contents of the Schedule which Sir John of Bourdeaux gave to his Sons," extracted from his pastoral romance of *Rosalind*, from which Shakspeare seems to have taken the hint of his *As you like it*. Literature certainly owes more to Lodge for that suggestion than for any direct obligation that his own poetry has imposed. But here, as in other instances, the suggestion is almost the whole merit that belongs to the original author, and nowhere is

the powerful alchemy of genius more conspicuous in transmuting a piece of very indifferent metal into fine gold. The play of Shakspeare, while it exquisitely represents the true charm and uses of sylvan solitude, as a contrast and cure to the opposite tendencies of a life of painted pomp, affords no sanction either to the sickly sentiment or the presumptuous misanthropy which form the exclusive theme of inferior writers on similar subjects.

THE CONTENTS OF THE SCHEDULE WHICH SIR JOHN OF BOURDEAUX GAVE TO HIS SONS.

" My sons, behold what portion I do give,
I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost ;
I leave advice to school you how to live ;
I leave you wit, but won with little cost :
But keep it well, for counsel still is won
When father, friends, and worldly good are gone.

" In choice of thrift, let honour be your game ;
Win it by virtue, and by manly might :
In doing good, esteem thy toll no pain ;
Protect the fatherless and widow's right :
Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king—
For why ? this thrift will prove a blessed thing.

" In choice of wife, prefer the modest, chaste,
Lilies are fair in show, but foul in smell :
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced,
Then choose thy wife by wit and living well :
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withal,
Presents thee honey mixed with bitter gall.

" In choice of friends, beware of light belief ;
A painted tongue may shroud a subtle heart :
The siren's tears do threaten meikle grief !
Foresee, my sons, for fear of sudden smart ;
Choose in your wants, and he that friends you then,
When richer grown, befriend you him again.

" Learn, with the ant, in summer to provide,
Drive, with the bee, the drone from out the hive ;
Build, like the swallow, in the summer tide ;
Spare not too much, my sons, but sparing thrive :
Be poor in folly, rich in all but sin,
So by your death your glory shall begin."

The next moral author on our list is Robert Southwell, a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, but (if it is not illiberal to contrast things that are not incompatible) a pious man and a blameless writer. He was executed in 1595, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, a victim to Protestant retaliation for Papal cruelty. His poetry, though not of a high order, deserves the praise of the purest intentions, and is often suc-

cessful in recommending religious and moral thoughts by neat language and simple illustration. The principle on which he writes is thus explained in an address prefixed to his collected pieces in the edition of 1636:—" Poets, by abusing their talents, and making the follies and feignings of love the customary subjects of their base endeavours, have so discredited this faculty, that a poet, a lover, and

a liar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanity of man cannot counterpoise the authority of God, who, delivering many parts of Scripture in verse, and, by his apostle, willing us to to exercise our devotion in hymns and spiritual songs, warranteth the art to be good and the use allowable. But the devil," he continues, "as he affecteth deity, and seeketh to have all the compliments of divine honour applied to his service, so hath he, among the rest, possessed also most poets with his idle fancies. For, in lieu of solemn and devout matter, to which in duty they owe their abilities, they now busy themselves in expressing such passions as only serve for testimonies to how unworthy affections they have wedded their wills. And because the best course to let them see the error of their works is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the

same, or to begin some finer piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue suit together."

The more ambitious attempts of Southwell are not well sustained, and are disfigured by forced conceits and excess of alliterations; and, in truth, his most creditable performances are those shorter verses by which his reputation was first revived in Mr Headley's *Selections*. These little poems are formed on the plan of working out a simple idea by a variety of analogies or comparisons, shortly developed, and strung together by no thread of connexion but the similarity of principle which pervades them. Yet the vein of thought is so pure and gentle, and the illustrations are often so apposite, agreeable, and pointedly expressed, that the effect is, on the whole, extremely pleasing. As the works of Southwell are rare, we shall here bring together what we consider to be the best pieces or passages falling within our plan.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower:
The sorriest wight may find relief from pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

"The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, nor yet eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

"A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish:
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all."

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

"Where wards are weak and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feeble part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend;
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine—
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

" While pike doth range the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish ;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish :
There is a time even for the worms to creep
And suck the dew, while all their foes do sleep.

" The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race—
He that high growth on cedars did bestow
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow. -

" In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe :
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives' go—
We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away."

CONTENT AND RICH.

* * * * *

" Sith sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear,
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

" I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

" But when the flame is out
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

" And taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find,
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

" Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine :
I know, I feed and clothe a foe
That pampered would repine.

* * * * *

" No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down :
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

" And when in froward mood
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go."

The collection of poems entitled *England's Helicon*, was first printed in 1600, and was followed by Davidson's *Poetical Rhapsody*, in 1602. These two miscellanies, the latest, we may say, which combine the attraction of antiquity with that of intrinsic interest, supply very few contributions for our present object. *England's Helicon* consists almost entirely of Pastoral Poems, and, in these, with scarcely an exception, the pleasures, and much more frequently the pangs of love, are the only feelings in the shepherd's heart that are deemed worthy to prompt the song. We select one verse of a moral composition, which, although of no great merit, may be thought curious, as an early example of those common-places of comparison by which the shortness and vanity of life and its enjoyments have been so often shadowed forth.

" As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains :
So melts, so vanishes, so fades, so withers
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy (which short life gathers),
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy !
The withered primrose by the morning river,
The faded summer's sun, from weeping fountains,
The light blown bubble, vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away."

The *Rhapsody* is somewhat more multifarious in its contents; but here, too, though arrayed in a more courtly costume, Cupid is still the leading character of the Drama. We confess we have but little sympathy or admiration for the effusions of our amatory poets in general, who appear to have felt the passion more in their head than in their heart, or to have chosen this theme as a schoolboy might do, that they might exercise their ingenuity or

display their learning. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound;" is the remark of the enamoured Romeo on the merry and mocking Mercutio. But the persons to whom we have referred seem to have reversed the proverb, and to have affected the most acute agonies, and the most desperate extremities of suffering, without having ever received a scratch. We find the following moral verses in the *Rhapsody* without the name of any author:—

RHAPSODY 67.

"The virtuous man is free, tho' bound in chains;
Tho' poor, content; tho' banished, yet no stranger.
Tho' sick, in health of mind; secure in danger;
And o'er himself, the world, and fortune reigns.

"Nor good haps, proud—nor bad, dejected make him;
To God's, not to man's will, he frames each action:
He seeks no fame, but inward satisfaction;
And firmer stands, the more bad fortunes shake him."

We believe that the two collections we have just mentioned, are the earliest publications which contain any number of the poetical compositions of Raleigh. That this remarkable person wrote several poems of merit, is unquestionable; but it seems difficult to determine either what are his genuine productions, or at what period of his life they were written. A late elegant, but somewhat fanciful critic and antiquary, has been pleased to invest him with somewhat like manorial privileges over the outskirts of Parnassus, and to have appropriated to him all the wails and strays that were worth seizing. The collection of Raleigh's Poems first printed at the Lee Priory Press, has enlarged a very small nucleus to a very respectable bulk, by ascribing to him a variety of pieces, as to which there is no evidence whatever that he was the writer. *The Lie, or the Soul's Errand*, is there given as his, not upon any satisfactory authority, but on the very questionable footing, "that, though the date ascribed to this poem is demonstrably wrong," the editor knows "no author so capable of writing it as Raleigh." Another poem is assigned to him with an equal absence of proof, and simply, because it is "not unbecoming the vigorous mind, the worldly experience, and the severe disappointments of Raleigh." A considerable class of these poems is attributed to him, on no other authority than this supposition, that the signature of *IGNOTO* affixed to them belongs exclusively to Raleigh,

which indisputably it does not, having been attached to pieces supposed to be written by Shakespeare and other contributors to the *Helicon*, and having probably no meaning, except simply that of 'Unknown.' The inference as to identity of authorship arising from this subscription, seems, indeed, to be not much more correct than that of the old lady who was struck with the number of works that were written by *FIXIS*. Without, however, examining very critically into this question, we shall here notice such real or reputed poems of Raleigh as fall within our present province. These, it is singular to observe, are to be found not in the contemporaneous compilations of the *Helicon* or *Rhapsody*, but in a work which had no existence for thirty years after Raleigh's death—we mean the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, published by Isaac Walton, in 1651. The pieces we refer to, bear the signature of *IGNOTO*, and are printed along with Sir Henry Wotton's own compositions, among other poems said by Walton to have been found among Sir Henry's papers. We are certainly not authorized to conclude that they are Wotton's, but there is still less ground for ascribing them to any one else; and it seems to be probable, that if *Ignoto* was known as the exclusive signature of Raleigh, Walton would have mentioned him as the author, as he has done in other instances, both in his *Angler* and in the *Reliquiæ*. The first that we shall select, appears to us to be extremely beautiful.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

" Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
 Fly, fly to courts,
 Fly to fond worldling's sports,
 Where strained Sardonic smiles are glowing still,
 And grief is forced to laugh against her will ;
 Where mirth's but mummery,
 And sorrows only real be.

" Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
 Sad troops of human misery.
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
 Or the pure azure heaven that smiles to see
 The rich attendance on our poverty ;
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

" Abused mortals, did you know,
 Where joy, hearts' ease, and comforts grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers,
 Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
 But blustering care could never tempest make,
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

" Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
 But of our kids that frisk and prance ;
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless upon the green
 Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
 Which done, both bleating run each to his mother
 And wounds are never found,
 Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

" Here are no entrapping baits
 To hasten too too hasty fates,
 Unless it be
 The fond credulity
 Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look
 Upon the bait, but never on the hook :
 Nor envy, unless among
 The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

" Go let the diving negro seek
 For gems hid in some forlorn creek :
 We all pearls scorn,
 Save what the dewy morn
 Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
 Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass :
 And gold ne'er here appears,
 Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

" Blest silent groves, oh may you be
 For ever mirth's best nursery !
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
 And peace still slumber by these purling fountains :
 Which we may every year
 Meet when we come a-fishing here."

It may be thought that some of the points here brought out are of the nature of conceits, in which fanciful, and sometimes merely verbal contrasts, are exhibited between the delights of the country and the troubles or vanities of the world. Yet surely the images and ideas introduced are beautiful and pleasing, and are neither forced nor far fetched. There are, we conceive, moods of feeling in which trains of thought of this precise character are naturally suggested to the mind; and no occasion is more favourable for such contemplations than when the comparison here drawn is instituted by those who, dissatisfied with their experience of artificial life, are enjoying, in all its freshness, the pleasures of a change to nature and simplicity. No strong passions are at work, in such a situation, to fix the

feelings and imagination on some great and engrossing object. The heart is light and at ease, and the fancy is at liberty to sport with the successive images that attract its attention, and to exert even some ingenuity in moulding them to suit its favourite inclination. Such, though more fantastic and querulous, was the spirit in which the melancholy Jacques moralised, by the river's side, the spectacle of the sobbing deer into a thousand similes, and found in it matter for invective against all the modes of human life.

Let us add, from Wotton, another of Raleigh's or Ignoto's moralities, which is more in Jacques's vein, though, if it was written posterior to *As You Like it*, we may think that it might as well have been let alone.

DE MORTE.

"Man's life's a tragedy: his mother's womb
(From which he enters) is the tiring room;
This spacious earth the theatre; and the stage
That country which he lives in: Passions, Rage,
Folly, and Vice are actors. The first cry
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth of dumb shows;
The second, he to more perfection grows;
I' th' third, he is a Man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin:
I' th' fourth, declines; i' th' fifth, diseases clog
And trouble him; then Death's his epilogue."

Another speaker follows on the same side, whose voice, if it were genuine, would be worth listening to. The verses now to be quoted bear, in the *Reliquiæ*, the signature of Francis Lord Bacon, though we do not remember that any poetry has ever found admission into his collected works, except some translations of psalms. What we are here to give is not very poetical, and would scarcely

turn the balance against the prose wisdom of one of the immortal *Essays, Civil and Moral*. Perhaps, however, these lines have some touches characteristic of their nominal author, and would, at least, hold a respectable place in any anthology gathered from the effusions of lawyers or lord chancellors. They are obviously copied from some of the Greek epigrams on the same subject.

THE WORLD.

"The world's a bubble: and the life of man
Less than a span.
In his conception wretched; from the womb,
So to the tomb.
Nurst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes on dust.
"Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live oppress,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools,
To dandle fools:

The rural part is turned into a den

Of savage men :

And where's a city from foul vice so free,

But may be termed the worst of all the three ?

“ Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,

Or pain his head :

Those who live single take it for a curse,

Or do things worse :

These would have children, those that have them, none,

Or wish them gone :

What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,

But single thralldom, or a double strife ?

“ Our own affections still at home to please

Is a disease.

To cross the seas to any foreign soil,

Peril and toil.

Wars with their noise affright us : when they cease

We're worse in peace.

What then remains, but that we still should cry

For being born, and being born to die ?”

Francis Lord Bacon.

These extracts from the *Reliquiæ* naturally lead us to the undoubted compositions of the eminent man who has given a name to the whole collection. Who can speak of Sir Henry Wotton without love and admiration ?—of him whose life has, in the hands of his amiable and attached biographer, been rendered as interesting as a romance and as instructive as a sermon ;—an accomplished and liberal traveller, yet a firm favourer of his own country—a man of the world, yet a lover of letters and retirement—a practised diplomatist, yet retaining among protocols and politics a gallantry and enthusiasm that would have become an old chevalier, and a purity and piety that would have done honour to a divine. Were there nothing else to commend him, it ought to be enough to perpetuate the memory of Wotton that he was among the earliest, and was probably the most authoritative, of those friends who encouraged the rising genius of Milton—to whom, in 1638, when sending him abroad with the memorable advice, “ *il pensiero strettamente il viso sciolto*,” he wrote, expressing the singular delight he had received from that “ dainty piece of entertainment,” the *Mask of Comus*, “ wherein,” he says, “ I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes ; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language ; *ipsa mollities*.” May we be allowed to conjecture whether Milton,

on the other hand, had not, in the final passage of his *Penseroso*, meant somewhat to shadow out that venerable retirement of Wotton as provost of Eton College, by which he exchanged the task of rolling the restless stone of state employment for the sweet contemplation and holy thoughts of a calm and cloister-like seclusion ?

“ And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.”

Be this as it may, the interchange of courtesies and kindnesses which at this time passed between these great, though not equally great, men, was worthy both of the young poet and the old ambassador.

All of us know the exquisite song beginning, “ Ye meaner beauties of the night,” written by Wotton, upon his admired and unfortunate mistress, the Princess Elizabeth, and which some senseless clippers and coiners of poetry, in our own country, have recast into a eulogium upon the Scottish Queen Mary. The other little poem with which Wotton's name is most frequently connected, has certainly not so much poetical beauty ; but it has also considerable merit, and is altogether, bating a little want of method and connexion, a very favourable specimen of the species of com-

position which we are now considering.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

"How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill

"Whose passions, not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

"Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

"Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin, make oppressors great.

"Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

"This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

To Wotton, also, has been attributed, on the authority of a doubtful opinion expressed in Walton's *Angler*, a "Farewell to the vanities of the world," which is not to be found in the *Reliquiæ*. Mr Ellis assigns it to Sir Kenelm Digby, who is said to be given as the author in the *Wit's Interpreter*, in 1671. But, as it was before published in the complete *Angler*, less authority seems due to this secondary opinion. The lines, however, appear too diffuse and careless in their composition to be the production of Wotton; and it is not unlikely that they were Walton's own, as he seems to have carried into literary life some of the innocent "treachery" which he so successfully practised on the silly tenants of the brook. The name of John Chalkhill, "an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser," under which Walton presented to the public the pastoral *History of Thealma and Clearchus*, is now generally understood to have been employed by him as a harmless bait to attract attention and disguise his own handiwork. As to the lines we are now to quote, we

shall not quarrel with Walton's criticism on them, that, "let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possessed with happy thoughts at the time of their composition." They are certainly very unequal, but some of them are excellent.

"Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!

Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;

Honour the darling but of one short day;

Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;

State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains

Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;

And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:

Fame, honour, beauty, state, train,
blood and birth,

Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

"I would be great, but that the sun doth still

Level his rays against the rising hill:

I would be high, but see the proudest oak

Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:

I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,

Dig in the bowels of the richest mind (?):

I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the goose goes free:

I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,

Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:

I would be poor, but know the humble grass

Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:

Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned,
if poor;

Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still
envied more.

I have wished all, but now I wish for
neither

Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor
I'll be rather.

"Would the world now adopt me for her heir,

Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair,
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I vie

Angels with India; with a speaking eye

Command bare heads, bowed knees,
strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a
tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be called great
master

In the loose rhymes of every poetaster :
Could I be, more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives :
Yet I more freely would these gifts re-
sign,

Than ever fortune would have made them
mine ;
And hold one minute of this holy
leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty plea-
sure.

" Welcome, pure thoughts ; welcome, ye
silent groves ;
These guests, these courts, my soul most
dearly loves.

Now the winged people of the sky shall
sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome
spring :
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-
glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace
cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-
faced fears :

Then here I'll sit, and sigh my lost love's
folly,
And learn to affect an holy melancholy ;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven
again."

The name of Raleigh, and the con-
nexion of his supposed signature with
the *Reliquie*, has led us somewhat out
of our chronology ; but, indeed, it is
not easy to follow a strict order in
this respect, where there is a close
succession of poets whose lives over-
lap each other, and whose literary eras
do not always correspond in the rela-
tive periods of their natural existence.
Retracing our steps, we shall make a
quotation from Daniel, who died in
1619, a writer who is always sensible
and sound, often pathetic, and some-
times poetical. His well-known dia-
logue between Ulysses and the Siren,
which seems nearest to our purpose,
is smoothly versified, and contains,
under the disguise of fable, a good
deal of wholesome philosophy ; yet
it holds but an inferior place in his
compositions, compared with his *Mu-
sophilus*, the best passages of his *Civil
Wars*, or the happiest of his Sonnets.

SIREN.

" Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come ;
Possess these shores with me :
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
That travail in the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep."

ULYSSES.

" Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease,
Then would I come and rest me there,
And leave such toils as these ;
But here it dwells, and here must I,
With danger seek it forth :
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not men of worth."

SIREN.

" Ulysses, O be not deceived
With that unreal name :
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on other's fame :
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile,
The best thing of our life, our rest,
And give us up to toil."

ULYSSES.

" Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport :
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy ;
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy."

SIREN.

" Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil ;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious day ;
And ease may have variety
As well as action may."

ULYSSES.

" But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please ;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease ;
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still :
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To show that it was ill."

. . . .

SIXEN.

"Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here :
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won :
For beauty hath created been
To undo or be undone."

We know not if we are quite justified in embracing within our plan the elegant song from the *Nice Valour* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which must have afforded the germ to Milton's *Penseroso*. If we are exceeding our limits, let the liquid numbers, tender images, and apt expressions of this little composition plead our apology.

"Hence all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly ;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
Oh, sweetest melancholy.

"Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes ;
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies ;
A look that's fastened to the ground ;
A tongue chained up without a sound.

"Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves ;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

An attempt of the present kind would be very incomplete, if we omitted from our selection those two noble lyrics of Shirley's which preserved his memory at a time when the merits of his excellent dramas were forgotten. They have much dignity, and some delicacy of thought ; the versification is pleasing and suitable, and the diction generally good and sometimes elegant.

FROM "CUPID AND DEATH."
A MASQUE.

"Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day ;
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey

And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common
men.

"Devouring famine, plague and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are :
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill :
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a
heart."

FROM THE "CONTENTION OF AJAX AND
ULYSSES."

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things :
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the
field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds !
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Some verses from a little poem of the same writer entitled the *Garden*, seem also to deserve a place among our extracts. They are melodious and pathetic.

"Give me a little plot of ground,
Where, might I with the sun agree,
Though every day he walk the round,
My garden he should seldom see.

"Those tulips, that such wealth display
To court my eye, shall lose their name,
Though now they listen, as if they
Expected I should praise their flame.

"But I would see myself appear
Within the violet's drooping head,
On which a melancholy tear
The discontented morn hath shed.

" Within their buds let roses sleep,
And virgin lillies on their stem,
Fill sighs from lovers glide, and creep
Into their leaves to open them.

" I' th' centre of my ground, compose
Of bays and yew my summer room,
Which may, so oft as I repose,
Present my labour, and my tomb.

" No birds shall live within my pale
To charm me with their shames of art,
Unless some wandering nightingale
Come here to sing and break her heart ;

" Upon whose death I'll try to write
An epitaph in some funeral stone,
So sad and true, it may invite
Myself to die, and prove mine own."

Among the poems of Francis Beaumont, are to be found some pleasing and well known lines on the *Life of Man*, which are also attributed to Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, a poet of some merit, but with a strong tendency to conceits, such as would well entitle him to the paternity of one of the ideas in these verses, representing the light of man's life as a loan of money called in and paid up on a very short notice.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

" Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past,—and man forgot."

These lines seem to have suggested another and more expanded form of the same idea, which has also considerable sweetness. The piece we now refer to is attributed by Mr Ellis to Simon Wastell, and is stated to be extracted from an edition of his *Microbiblion*, published in 1629. They are commonly, however, assigned to Quarles, and are printed in some editions of his *Argalus and Parthenia*, with the Virgilian vindication of his right to them: "*Hos ego versiculos feci.*" We should be sorry to think that the pious author of the *Emblems* and *Divine Fancies* had in this respect preferred a dishonest claim.

ON MAN'S MORTALITY.

" Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies.

" Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!"

The other and more authentic pieces of Quarles, and of writers who greatly surpass him in his own department, would lead us into another field which we have all along purposely avoided, and which deserves to be considered separately, and in a more solemn and reverent tone than is due to mere morality.

Having brought down our review of miscellaneous moral poetry to the reign of Charles I., we shall not pursue the subject further, or enter on a period when so great a change was brought about, in taste as well as in manners and opinions, and which belongs in its character more nearly to the modern than to the early age of our literature. In what we have done we are conscious that we must have made many omissions, and we may have bestowed undue importance on some compositions or topics of inferior interest. Yet, altogether, we feel that we have brought into a condensed form a great deal of true English poetry of a peculiar and valuable class, closely allied, as we believe, with the best virtues of the national character, and which, in various ways, has helped to cultivate a style of native thought and expression, capable of becoming the vehicle of wisdom and virtue among the less learned classes to a extent even greater perhaps than we have yet witnessed.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

No. VI.

I HAVE a great respect for old family servants—a sentiment to which I adhere the more strongly from the circumstance of the character being somewhat a rare one in these days of incessant change and upstart assumption, when the “March of Mind,” not content with playing all sorts of odd pranks in the squire’s drawing-room, has revolutionized even his kitchen, implanting ambitious ideas there, fatal to those humble, kindly, and contented feelings which made up the idiosyncrasy of the veteran family domestic. Throughout the various grades of the community, all now is pretension and a struggle for superiority; and the *High Life below Stairs*, which, in Garrick’s time, was considered such a capital extravaganza, is no longer a broad farce, but a familiar matter of fact, of daily—nay, of hourly—occurrence.

Occasionally, however, one meets with a servant of the consistent, unsophisticated old school, who was born before society had put itself under the doubtful tuition of the Schoolmaster; and such a one is my friend’s butler, to whom I have already once or twice cursorily alluded. This primitive veteran is a fine specimen of a class of domestics, who, if innovation proceeds many years longer at its present startling rate, will soon be found only in the pages of Shakspeare, Sterne, Scott, Clery, and Irving. He has lived in my friend’s family for the best part of half a century; and talks of the different members of it, and their various marriages and intermarriages, with as much affectionate earnestness as if they were all his own blood-relations. He dates, in fact, from a christening, a wedding, or a death, which serve him as guide-posts, by whose aid memory is enabled to travel back through a long course of years. In his appearance, he reminds me of Shakspeare’s “Old Adam,” for he has a ruddy, open countenance, beaming with cheerfulness and good-nature; milk-white hairs scattered thinly about his temples; and a stout, well-knit frame,

which is but just beginning to exhibit the wintry impress of decided age. Next to his master and mistress, he is the individual of the greatest importance in the establishment. His word is law with the rest of his fellow servants, who, while they respect his manly, straightforward simplicity of character, stand not a little in awe of him, knowing well that he is not one of their sort; the tie that binds him to his master being less one of self-interest, than of esteem and gratitude.

With this kindly-natured old fellow, I indulged in many an agreeable gossip, which greatly contributed to enliven the solitude in which I lived. He soon became used to my habits, and whenever he heard me pacing up and down the Picture Gallery, or rambling about the lawn behind the house, would take for granted he might approach without fear of intrusion. What I chiefly admired in him was, his unobtrusive independence of spirit. His manner was deferential without being servile, and he had the rare tact to time his garrulity, and know exactly when he had said enough.

When tired of chatting with this old man who, in addition to his other acceptable qualifications, was a living chronicle of all the “few and far between” memorabilia of the district, and told me divers curious anecdotes respecting the family portraits in the Picture Gallery, it was my frequent custom to retire into the library, a narrow, bow-windowed, oak-pannelled room, which ran the whole length of the building, where I spent many a pleasant hour; for I am exceedingly fond of reading (though, alas! my studies have ever been of a most desultory, unprofitable kind), and feel the full force of the panegyrics which Cicero, and Milton, and Wordsworth—the two former in emphatic prose, and the latter in as emphatic verse—have pronounced upon books. My friend’s library was abundantly stored with the choicest ancient and modern works; and it was here that I first made acquaintance with Buchanan’s

Latin Poems, whose ode on *May Day* struck me as being nearly, if not quite, equal to Horace's *Blaudusian Fount*; and his drama of *Jephtha* as superior to any of Seneca's tragedies, not excepting even his *Medea*. Here, too, I met with Jortin's Elegy on a young lady, to whom he was attached, from which I am tempted to quote two lines as exhibiting, in my opinion, a truly Ovidian fancy,* and graceful freedom of versification:—

"Te sequar, obscurum per iter dux ibit
eunti,

Fidus Amor, tenebras lampade discutens."

In this library, too, I picked up a volume of old Latimer's quaint sermons, which contain some of the most humorous and entertaining passages in the language; and got through heaven knows how many tragedies and comedies of the Elizabethan age, which, despite the numerous violations of probability in their characters and incidents, rivet attention by the freshness and vigour of the teeming fancy that pervades them. To the hours thus spent in still communion with these intelligent spirits, I shall ever look back with satisfaction. What an illustrious assembly they were! Even the court of the Imperial Augustus never boasted such a host of mighty geniuses as stood round me on the shelves of this library. There were royalist and republican—Protestant and Catholic—poet and critic—historian and novelist—ranged peaceably side by side. The pride, the jealousy, the party heats and religious differences, that had kept many of them apart when living, were here at an end. All dwelt in good fellowship together; and each—after his own peculiar fashion—did his best to enlighten and amuse. The grave has but one voice; but a spirit of many tones speaks from the haunted walls of the library, in accents which, whether mirthful and familiar, or solemn

and impassioned, are, if rightly interpreted, alike fraught with benefit to the head and heart.

One evening, after a late tea, while lounging over an odd volume of the Elizabethan dramatists, I chanced to light upon some extracts from the tragedy of *Thyestes*, written, if I remember rightly, by Crowne, towards the close of the seventeenth century; and was so much struck by the rude energy of some of the scenes, especially that tremendous one wherein Atreus invites his brother Thyestes to a banquet, and places before his unconscious guest the mangled limbs of his son, that—despite the character of the incident, which militates against every principle of good taste—I could not dismiss it from my thoughts, but remained under the influence of "the enchanter's wand," long after I had closed the volume. At last I heard the clock strike midnight, and rising from my chair, I took a few hurried turns up and down the library, with a view to restore my mind to its usual composure; but finding that my efforts were unavailing, and that the scene with all its ghastly horrors still haunted my imagination, I unbarred the door at the extremity of the apartment, which opened upon the lawn, and the night being serene and starry, strolled about for nearly an hour; after which, feeling rather chilly, and in far too excited a mood for sleep, I retired to my accustomed haunt, the Picture Gallery, where—by way of giving a more cheerful turn to my thoughts—I had recourse to my old amusement of illustration. The painting which I selected for this purpose, was a view of Margate from the sea, which hung directly opposite the Gallery door. The old butler had already drawn my attention to it, as being a great favourite with his master; and well it deserved his good opinion, for it evinced much of the truth and spirit of Ruysdael, of whose manner, it struck me as being a most felicitous

* In the last number of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Mr Moir, in a masterly article on "Poetry," speaks with something like contempt of the "extravagant conceits" of Ovid. No writer of the present day has shown himself more qualified to discriminate between the true and the false in fancy than this gentleman, who is himself a poet; it is, therefore, with some hesitation that I venture to differ with him in his estimate of Ovid, whom, so far as his powers of fancy are concerned, I conceive to be the most highly gifted of the Latin poets.

imitation. On the hint furnished by this clever picture, I engrafted the following tale, which I had heard the previous summer from the lips of one of the captains of the Margate steam-

boats, who told it with exceeding unction, just as it had been related to him by one of the parties concerned—a respectable tradesman of Houndsditch.

THE WEEK OF PLEASURE.

CHAPTER I.

St Paul's was on the stroke of nine, and the Margate steam-boat was just about to start from London bridge wharf, which presented—as it usually does on summer and autumn mornings—a bustling and motley spectacle. Slouching, broad-shouldered porters, with their badges of office tied about their necks, kept momentarily rolling on towards the vessel, bearing down all before them, like huge ships of the line, and followed close by the passengers whose luggage they were carrying; policemen stood about the quay, looking as sharp as razors and inexorable as destiny, while two of their fraternity added considerably to the picturesque of the scene by collaring a pickpocket, who had been pursuing his vocation under the pretence of selling the morning papers. Here, a splenetic cabman or two were busy in altercation with their respective fares; and there, a group of dilapidated nondescripts stood in every one's way on the steps of the landing-place, whistling flash tunes, and making quaint comments on the vessel and her crew. At last the church clock struck nine, and the eyes of all the loungers on the wharf were directed towards the captain of the steamer, who, having ascended the paddle-box, and taken a few brisk turns along the elevated railed plank which stretched across the boat, and served him for a quarter-deck, was just about to issue the order to “let go the stern-rope,” when, suddenly, a smart, fair-faced young man, of about five-and-twenty or thirty years of age, dressed in white trowsers, tightly strapped down over boots polished to a miracle, blue coat, beaming in all the beauty of brass buttons, bran new silk hat, and light fancy waistcoat, from which depended a massive bunch of seals, rushed in an awful state of perspiration down the steps, bearing a well filled carpet-bag in his hand. An instant longer, and he had been too late; but luck was in his fa-

vour, for, by some singular oversight, the plank connecting the vessel with the shore had not yet been withdrawn; seeing which, the young man elbowed his way desperately through the crowd of idlers that thronged the water's edge, and managed to scramble on board just at the very moment when the boat, having slipped her moorings, moved off into the stream, raising a swell in her wake that set a grim, sulky-looking coal-barge, capering as if she had got the St Vitus's dance.

The deck of a Margate steamer exhibits a scene of infinite bustle and confusion at the commencement of her voyage, for the passengers are all on the *qui vive*, some settling the position of their luggage, others hurrying down to breakfast, and others, who have children consigned to their care, keeping a sharp watch on their every movement, it not being safe to give them unrestricted liberty in the first impulse of their delight and wonderment. The last comer whom I have just described—Mr Giles Puddicombe, a respectable oilman in the Minorities—was one of the most bustling of the crew; but after he had twice seen to the safety of his carpet-bag, which he had stowed away by itself in one of the nooks near the paddle-box, popped his head into every cabin, made a hurried tour of the deck, and taken his last fond look at the gilt top of the monument, he quietly dropped into a seat in the centre of the vessel, alongside a family circle, consisting of a hale, fresh-coloured, elderly man, his wife, two children, and a maid-servant, with the first of whom he speedily got into conversation. After some preliminary commonplaces about the fineness of the day, the stranger said, “Astonishing deal of shipping in this pool, sir.”

“Wonderful!” replied Mr Giles Puddicombe, with earnestness.

“Ever down the river before, sir?”

“Never; it is my first voyage.”

“Indeed! Mo and Mrs H., and

the young 'uns, regularly go once a year when business is"——

"You're in trade, then, I presume?" observed Puddicombe.

The stranger answered in the affirmative; adding, with much self-complacency, that all the world knew old Tom Hicks of Houndsditch, for he had carried on business there as a grocer "a matter of five-and-twenty year," and his father, before him, nearly as many.

"Houndsditch!" exclaimed Giles; "why then, you are a neighbour of mine, as one may say." And invited to confidence by his companion's frank and off-hand manner, he forthwith proceeded to mention his own name, address, calling, and so forth, and also how he had come out to enjoy a week of pleasure at Margate, having heard a good deal of the attractions of that select watering-place, and being anxious to see a little more of the world than could be seen behind a counter in the Minories, or in the course of a Sunday trip to Richmond or Greenwich.

"A week's pleasuring is no bad thing," said Mr Hicks, who had listened attentively to this prolix communication, "provided, always, it don't interfere with business."

"Oh, in course; I take good care of that," rejoined Giles, with emphatic earnestness; "never neglect business for pleasure, is my maxim."

"And a very excellent maxim it is, and one that does you credit, Mr Puddicombe, sir. The Minories is not far off Houndsditch; I hope we shall be acquaintances as well as neighbours."

"It won't be my fault if we ain't," exclaimed Giles, gratified by this unexpected compliment.

"You must call and see us at Margate, sir; you'll find us plain, old-fashioned folks, but always glad to——ah, there's the Dreadnought! A noble vessel, that," added the grocer, directing his companion's attention to the old hospital ship, which they were just then passing; "served under the immortal Nelson at Trafalgar. I never see her but I feel proud, as George the Third said in his first speech from the throne, that I was born and eddicated a Briton. By the bye, I'll tell you a good anecdote about the Dreadnought, which was told me by Captain Tough of the Red Rover."

"Ay, do, my love," interposed Mrs Hicks; "I'm sure the gentleman will like to hear it, you tell it with such uncommon"——

Her husband was just about to commence his anecdote, when he was interrupted on the very threshold by a sort of choking sound near him; and turning hastily round, he saw one of his children striving desperately to swallow a huge lump of seedcake, which had stuck half-way in his throat, and the maid-servant slapping him energetically on the back, in order to assist his efforts.

"Drat that boy," said his father, when the cause of danger was removed, "he's always stuffing and cramming. Do, pray, Mrs H., take the cake away from him; it's now ten o'clock, and he's been eating ever since seven."

The vessel had by this time reached Blackwall, when Mr Hicks, who had completely forgotten the old Dreadnought, after looking about him for some minutes, grasped Giles by the arm, and pointing to a bull-necked, Dutch-built personage, who was standing alone near the steersman, eyeing, with great apparent interest, a spacious isolated building which stood close to the river's edge, said, "Do you see that gentleman?"

"Yes; who is he?"

The grocer paused an instant, as if to give greater effect to his reply; and then, putting on an air of grave dignity proportioned to the importance of his communication, ejaculated, in a thrilling under-tone, "That—that is Alderman Maggs!"

It was indeed that illustrious city magnate, who, with spectacles on nose, and arms folded across his chest, was gazing at Lovegrove's hotel, so celebrated for its white-bait dinners! From the pensive and abstracted expression of his fine countenance, it was evident that his thoughts were wandering back to the past; that he was feasting again, in imagination, on the many delicious viands which he had embowelled beneath that classic roof—in a word, cultivating the "pleasures of memory!" Giles, as was natural, regarded him with respect bordering on veneration; whereupon his companion, whose hobby it was to know something of every thing and every body, entered into various biographical particulars respecting the alder-

man, to which Puddicombe listened with such pleased attention, as quite won the old grocer's heart.

When they came to Gravesend, Mr Hicks was loud in his praises of Tilbury Fort.—“Celebrated place that, sir, in its day;—monstrous strong, too; would batter down Gravesend before you could say Jack Robinson.”

“It does not look so very strong,” observed Giles.

“Look! what matters looks? Why, I'm past fifty, and all my friends say I don't look forty. I never trust looks—suffered too much by 'em. A woman came into my shop one day, and did me out of a pound's worth of groceries, solely on the strength of her looks.”

“Bless me, you don't say so!”

“Fact; so, ever since, I've made it a matter of business never to mind looks. Handsome is as handsome does.—But we were speaking of Tilbury Fort. I can tell you a capital anecdote about that fort, which I remember reading when I was a boy not bigger than Tom,” pointing to his son. “Queen Elizabeth was dining there one day off a goose and trimmings, when suddenly news was brought that the Spanish Armada had just been defeated at sea. ‘What, already!’ exclaimed her Majesty, laying down her knife and fork, and looking at the messenger as if she thought he was hoaxing her.—‘Yes,’ replies my gentleman, ‘there's no more doubt of the victory than that you're sitting in that arm-chair.’—‘Well, I'm damned,’ said Queen Elizabeth—for she had a devil of a spirit, and didn't mind an oath now and then; indeed, all the quality swore in those days, ‘specially on great state occasions;—‘I'm damned,’ said she, slapping down her fist on the table, ‘if this ain't the best news—and no mistake—I've heard since I've been Queen of England! What's the day of the month?’—‘The twenty-ninth of September,’ said one of the lords who was standing behind her chair.—‘Very good,’ replied her Majesty; ‘then write off instantly to the Lord Mayor and all the official authorities, and tell 'em it's my royal will and pleasure that this twenty-ninth of September be henceforth and for ever held as a grand feast day throughout the kingdom’—which was done accordingly; and that's the origin of the present custom of eating roast goose and apple sauce on Mi-

chaelmas day.—Very extraordinary anecdote, isn't it?”

“Very,” replied Giles, “supposing it to be true.”

“True! It must be true, else why do we eat goose more on that particular day in the year than any other?—But I hear the dinner-bell. Come along, Mrs H,—come along, children. Mr Puddicombe, you'll join us, I suppose?”—and so saying, the old fellow made his way into the cabin, and took up a position opposite a gigantic sirloin, worthy to have been served up at the table of the King of Brobdingnag. When the meal was over, the children were sent up stairs with the maid-servant, and the seniors busied themselves in the discussion of some cold brandy and water, in which Giles assisted; but, feeling the heat of the cabin become somewhat oppressive, he soon quitted them, and returned to the deck, where he occupied himself for some minutes with watching the movements of the waiters, who were hurrying about in all directions,—some with sandwiches piled, four deep, on large blue plates, others with biscuits and bottled porter, and others with cold fowls, tongues, hams, and all the paraphernalia of lunch, for the use of those among the passengers whose innate sense of gentility induced them to prefer a late dinner to an early one.

Near Giles stood a slim, sallow young man, with jet-black hair hanging picturesquely about his temples and down his neck, who had been taken up, together with his carpet-bag, at Gravesend. He was leaning, apart from the rest of the crew, against one of the paddle-boxes, with his arms dangling listlessly by his side, and his eyes bent upon the sea. Something there was in his appearance that attracted Puddicombe's notice, who, after a few moments' hesitation, went up and entered into conversation with him.

“We're fortunate in our day, sir,” he began.

“Singularly so,” exclaimed the Unknown, starting abruptly from his reverie, and fixing a keen roving black eye on the speaker.

“The sea's a pretty sight,” continued Giles, “leastways when it's as smooth as it is now.”

“True,” rejoined the stranger; “but I, sir, prefer seeing it convulsed by storm and tempest, when the billows run mountain high, and the winds

shriek like—like—a man having a double tooth out. Then, sir, is the time to behold old Ocean in his glory;" and the speaker looked at Puddicombe with an expression of countenance that seemed to imply, There's a description for you!

"But the sea's rather dangerous then, I should conceive," observed my hero.

"Danger! Who thinks of danger when contemplating such a sublime spectacle?"

"Those are just my sentiments," pursued Giles, with a laudable anxiety to be thought a man of taste and gentlemanlike ideas; "I was always fond of sight-seeing."

"I am proud to find we agree on this point," rejoined the Unknown; and then launched into a variety of other topics, on which he conversed with much emphasis and volubility, occasionally seasoning his talk with quaint scraps from Shakspeare and other dramatists, to his hearer's exceeding delight and edification, who, having but a limited knowledge of the world beyond the Minories, began to fancy that his companion was a person of superior breeding and scholarship.

"There seem to be lots of respectable people on board," he observed.

"Probably so," replied the stranger; "but I never trouble my head about such things. I always make it a point, in travelling, to keep myself to myself."

The air of dignified *hauteur* with which this was said confirmed Puddicombe in his opinion of the Unknown's gentility; and he replied, with modest deference, "You are in the right to be cautious, sir, for one never knows who one's talking to;"—and as he spoke he cast a keen rapid glance towards the spot where his carpet-bag was deposited.

"And yet, sometimes," continued the stranger, whose quick eye followed the direction of Puddicombe's—"sometimes I take a fancy at first sight;"—and he bowed significantly to Giles, with all the impressive grace of a prince in a Coburg melodrama.—"Do you make any stay at Margate?" he added.

"No," said Giles; "I am merely going there for a week's pleasuring, and expect to spend a very delightful time, especially as it is quite a novelty to me."

"Then take my advice, sir, and be cautious with whom you associate; for Margate, at this period of the year, is always full of sharpers, who make a point of preying on the unwary;"—and, with these words, the stranger adjusted his side-curls, whistled a few notes of a flash air, and strolled off to the head of the steam-boat.

Immediately afterwards, Giles was rejoined by Mr and Mrs Hicks, the former of whom exhibited a red nose quite pleasant and becoming to look at, and which showed how well the brandy and water had agreed with him.—"Whereabouts are we now?" said he, thrusting his hands into his waistcoat-pockets; "long past the Nore, I take it."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed his wife; "we're close to the Reculvers; see, there they are;"—and she pointed her dumpy fore-finger towards them.

"Then we shall be at Margate in less than no time.—Mrs H., where's the children?"

The question was superfluous, as was proved by an indignant exclamation of the maid-servant, of "Fie, for shame, Master Tom! As sure as you're born, I'll tell your pa,"—which was called forth by the conduct of one of the engaging striplings, who was assisting his brother to pelt the man in the engine-room with marbles.

"Confound that lad," said his father, "he's always in mischief; it was but the other day that he blew his self up with gunpowder; and now, damme, if he isn't making a cock-shy of the stoker!"

"My God, if he havn't pitched head-foremost into the engine-room!" exclaimed the affrighted mother, and, accompanied by her husband and Giles, rushed off to the spot, whence the youngest of her sons had just disappeared. Luckily, no damage was sustained, for the man below caught the boy in his arms before he had fully accomplished his descent, and restored him to his agitated parents, one of whom sobbed over him for full five minutes, and the other promised him a "precious larruping" the instant he reached Margate.

When the alarm occasioned by this little incident had subsided, a choleric dialogue took place between the old folks and the maid-servant, on the subject of the latter's "scandalous negligence," which, after divers saucy

repartees by the girl, was at length terminated by Mr Hicks suddenly exclaiming, "There's Margate! I see the windmills." Giles gazed at the opening splendours of this celebrated Cockney watering-place with those feelings of profound interest which the sight was so well calculated to awaken in a romantic and susceptible nature. First appeared the white cliffs, topped with Wellington crescents and terraces; then the spruce new church, with the dingy lodging-houses on either side of it; then the two-story-high pier, along which

crowds were hastening in yellow shoes, and smock-frocked porters wheeling their trucks; and lastly, the broad Marine Parade, on whose central building was inscribed "Wright's Hotel," in large brass letters about the size of Tom Moore, the poet. In a few minutes the boat ran alongside the pier-head, and Giles in an ecstasy of delight snatched up his carpet-bag, and without waiting to bid adieu to the Hickses, who were busily engaged in looking after their luggage, hurried with it ashore amid a throng of admiring spectators.

CHAPTER II.

On leaving the pier, Giles trudged up the High Street towards a quiet, cheap inn, the direction of which Mr Hicks had written down for him on the back of one of his cards of business, and where he had recommended him to pass the night, as it was doubtful whether he would have sufficient time before dark to hunt out a suitable lodging, which—the town being very full—was a matter of no slight difficulty. The inn in question was soon found, and Puddicombe proceeded into the coffee-room, where he discussed a pint of the landlord's *prima port*—a rational and gentlemanlike occupation, which afforded him a world of solid satisfaction. An hour having been thus agreeably disposed of, he sallied out for the purpose of surveying the wonders of the place, and inhaling those brisk north-east winds for which Margate is so deservedly famous, and whose only fault is that they are rather too apt to beget rheumatisms and toothachs.

The first place he visited was the East Cliff Parade, which he had no sooner ascended, than he had a smart chace after his hat; for, accustomed hitherto to the imperfectly developed zephyrs of the Minories, he had no notion of the vivacity with which the wind plays upon a Kentish cliff, and the *naïve* liberties it takes with pedestrians; now borrowing bonnets, hats, and wigs; now trying experiments on umbrellas and parasols; and anon fluttering round some elderly maiden's ancle, and making an exhibition awful to think of;—Giles, I say, had no notion of the rude, eccentric vigour of these Margate winds, so he was taken

completely by surprise, and did not secure his hat till after a race of some hundred yards, in the course of which he was very near throwing a summer-set from the top of the cliff to the bottom. His next visit was to the Jetty, and, it being low water, he was both surprised and gratified to find himself walking out a considerable distance to sea on thick planks of wood. On reaching the extremity of this amphibious promenade, where a lamp is fixed which is generally lit and blown out a dozen times a night, Giles took his seat on a cool, moist bench, and occupied himself by speculating on what his confidential apprentice, whom he had left in charge of the business, was doing at that hour; but, feeling his teeth begin to chatter with cold, he hastened back to the upper pier, which was crowded with the *élite* of the place, among whom he fancied he recognised—and the recognition filled him with awe—the alderman of his own ward!

From the pier, the delighted young man made his way to the bazaar, where also there was a host of people, dressed out in the very height of fashion, who were making eager purchases of trinkets, work-boxes, and such like nick-nacks. Here, seduced by the smiles and intreaties of a young Jewess, who stood in an attitude of irresistible supplication behind a counter, Giles gallantly lost five shillings at a raffle over which she presided; and then betook himself to the bathing-rooms, pleased at the opportunity of hearing *gratis* various Scotch and Irish melodies sung by a lean warbler with one eye, whose incessant, scien-

tific shakes, elicited thunders of applause, and so electrified the refined soul of Puddicombe, that he stayed upwards of an hour at the rooms; after which, he set out on his return to the inn, halting, as he passed the harbour, to contemplate the striking landscape about him. The shadows of night rested on the broad bosom of the sea, giving the appearance of some gigantic cyclops to the dim-seen lighthouse at the far end of the pier; lights twinkled by hundreds from the lodging-houses along the cliffs; and in the centre of the harbour, fragrant with the accumulated mud of centuries, lay one or two delicate-looking colliers on their sides, just as if they had been blown down by a hurricane, and were too seriously injured to get up again.

Having gazed his fill at this romantic prospect, Giles continued his course to his inn, on entering which, he rang the bell for the chamber-maid, and requested to be shown to his dormitory. "Betty," said he, as the girl preceded him into the room, with a flat candlestick in her hand, "are you sure my sheets are well aired?"

"Certain of it, sir; they have been slept in every night for the last month," saying which, she was about to leave the room, when Puddicombe stopped her with, "just wait a moment; I want you to take down my night-things to air, for they may be damp."

"If you please, sir," replied Betty; and setting down the candlestick on the dressing-table, she retreated towards the door, the handle of which she discreetly held fast in her hand.

"Why, bless my heart and soul!" exclaimed Giles, as he deposited his carpet-bag on a chair, "its open! How can that be? I'm sure I locked it."

"No one's touched it, sir, since you've been away—that I'll swear to; for I brought it up out of the coffee-room myself."

"Very odd; it can't have unlocked itself."

"That's true, as you say, sir."

"Then how comes it open?"

"Taint me, sir, as unlocked it; and what's more, nobody belonging to this establishment unlocked it; and that's all I know about the matter."

"Oh, of course not," replied Giles pettishly in an under-tone, "Nobody did it, that's certain. Nobody's always in fault in these cases."

This was a shrewd remark, involving a sound practical truth, for every one's experience must have convinced him that there is no such arrant rascal in existence as Nobody! The fellow is never easy but when in mischief. Is a street-door left on the jar at midnight—a plate-chest ransacked—a jewel-box stolen or mislaid—a window broken—an orchard robbed—or a slander spread abroad;—ten to one, Nobody is the guilty party! Of all the offences that are daily committed against society, one half at least are committed by this incorrigible scamp.

After casting a brief, searching glance at the chamber-maid, which she bore without the slightest visible embarrassment, Puddicombe proceeded to inspect the contents of his bag; but what words can express his astonishment and dismay, when he drew forth—not the articles of apparel which he had packed up with such care on leaving home, but—a vast quantity of hay and straw, together with a few small bricks neatly folded up in a bit of sail-cloth!

For an instant he stood as if planet-struck; then suddenly rousing himself, he lifted up the bag, and after examining attentively every part of it, he dashed it to the ground, and raising his right leg, and slapping his thigh vehemently as he did so, he exclaimed, "I see it all; this is not my carpet-bag, though it's of the same size and pattern. No, no, that black-looking rascal, who pretended to be so shy of strangers, has substituted his for mine! How could I have been so blind as not to see the difference between them? Curse the villain, I saw him closely watching me, whenever I looked towards the place where my own carpet-bag was; and now I remember, he took his stand there while Mr Hicks was pointing out Margate to me! The scoundrel! He's bolted with—let me see"—and here Giles recapitulated the inventory of his travelling wardrobe, rising in indignation at the mention of each successive item, till at length he seemed ready to burst with rage and vexation.

All this time the chamber-maid kept her eyes fixed on Puddicombe with provoking pertinacity. It was plain that weighty thoughts were passing through her brain. This possibly might be the famous Man with the Carpet-bag, of whose ingenious

rogues she had heard and read such marvels. He looked sincere and honest; but there was no knowing; it was best, therefore, to be on the safe side. All this passed through Betty's mind while she stood with her eyes rivetted on the excited young man before her. It was a trying moment—but she was equal to the emergency. Accordingly she took her resolution on the spot.

"If you please, sir," she said, "I'll just step down stairs, and enquire about this *strange*"—laying great emphasis on the word *strange*—"business." And away she went, leaving Giles behind her, surveying the bricks and straw that lay scattered about the floor, with an expression of countenance as sour as a vinegar cruet.

In a short time she returned; but not alone, for the waiter was with her. He had a grave and composed look, as of one who knows his line of duty, and is not to be led astray by his sensibilities.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he began, coolly advancing to Puddicombe with a slip of paper in his hand, "but I forgot to tell you that our customers always pays every night before they goes to bed. No offence, sir, but it's master's way, and we're responsible, in course. Here's your bill, sir."

Under any other circumstances Giles would have found his self-consequence seriously wounded by this laconic and premature application; but now, anguished, crest-fallen, and overwhelmed by a humiliating conviction of the depravity of human nature, he had no heart to resent the affront; and, accordingly, after running his eye hastily over the account, he drew forth a well-filled purse, and discharged it without a word.

Satisfied by this of his respectability, the waiter, in bland tones, began to condole with him on his mishap,—"Werry distressing case, sir; but its what all on us are liable to. Swindlers is so very common now-a-days, and they look and talk so like gentle-folks, there's no telling vich is vich."

"That's true," chimed in Betty, "and they're in season just now at Margate, as thick as three in a bed."

"Always come in with the oysters," added the waiter.

"What ever shall I do for a change of linen?" said Puddicombe, who had been absorbed in reverie during this brief dialogue.

"I'm sure I can't advise, sir!" exclaimed the waiter, smothering a laugh.

"He hasn't left me even a clean shirt," continued Giles; "nothing but this rubbish," pulling out a dog's-eared volume of plays, and flinging it with huge contempt to the other end of the room.

"The oudacious willain!" exclaimed Betty, "hanging's too good for him;" and, having given vent to this virtuous anathema, she and her fellow-servant wished Puddicombe good-night, and quitted the room.

No sooner were they gone, than Giles, whose rage had now subsided into a sort of sullen gloom, sat down by the bed-side, and soliloquized on the untoward posture of his affairs. "A pretty beginning this," he said, "of my week of pleasure—of that week which I had looked forward to with such eagerness! Cleaned out the very first day! Confound the scoundrel; I little thought, when he was paying me such fine compliments, that he had an eye to my carpet-bag. And such shirts as they were! Cost a matter of ten shillings every mother's son of 'em. And then the collars! I shall never be able to get their like at Margate, that's certain. But it is not the money part of the business I care about—spending a few pounds, more or less, is neither here nor there—thank God, I can afford that; but to be duped—imposed upon—made a fool of with my eyes open, as it were,—this it is that annoys me the most. Well, I shall be wiser another time, that's some comfort;" and, so saying, Giles undressed himself, plunged into bed, and in an instant was fast asleep.

CHAPTER III.

Giles was seated next day at breakfast in the coffee-room, with a large plate of shrimps before him, when his steam-boat acquaintance, Mr Hicks,

entered, followed by his eldest son. The old gentleman was in high spirits, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, said, "How are you, my boy? Only

just beginning breakfast, hey! Mrs H. and us breakfasted long ago. Egad, those shrimps look fresh—I'll just give Tom a few, they'll keep him out of mischief. Here, Tom, catch hold;" and, as the urchin extended his hands, his father, without the slightest ceremony, emptied half the contents of the plate into them, observing, "You see I make myself quite at home. It's my way, as Dicky Slugs would say."

"And who is Dicky Slugs?" enquired Puddicombe, "I never heard that name before."

"You astonish me! I thought every one knew Dick Slugs, the builder at Hoxton. He and I have known each other ever since we were boys. By the bye, I can tell you a good story about Dick:—We were sitting together one evening in the parlour of the Red-Lion at Houndsditch, when, all of a sudden, I see him fall into what is called a brown study. I knew by this that something was the matter with him, for in general he had uncommon spirits; so says I, 'Dick, my boy, what ails you?'—'Why, to tell you the truth, Tom,' he says, 'I'm sadly puzzled to know what name to give that new street I'm building near the church. I'm sick of Waterloo Terraces and Wellington Rows; they don't take as they used to do; besides, Hoxton's got quite enough of 'em already.'—'Well,' says I, jokingly, 'if you're really hard pressed for a name, I think I can help you to one. What do you say to calling it Hicks Street? You can't have a shorter or a genteeler name.'—'Hicks street—Hicks street!' says he, repeating the words as if he liked the sound of 'em; 'well, I don't much care if I do, if only for old acquaintance' sake'—"

"So, then, Hicks Street is really named after you," said Giles, interrupting his companion's narrative.

"Yes," replied the grocer; "Dick gave orders to that effect the very day after we had the talk together."

"Dear me, how odd! I know the street well! a friend of mine's got excellent lodgings there. I hope I may get as good in Margate."

"Oh! true," exclaimed Mr Hicks, "I forgot you were going lodging-hunting. Well, I don't think you can do better than try the West Cliff. We've got comfortable apartments there, which a friend engaged for us

a week ago; and, what's very remarkable, they're the same we had last year. And this reminds me that I've a message for you from Mrs H.; we're all going out to the Reculvers this morning, and Mrs H. says you must make one of the party."

"I should be glad enough to do so; but—but—I am rather awkwardly situated just at present."

"How so? If you mean as regards lodgings, the boat won't sail 'till one o'clock, so you'll have lots of time to look out for them."

"Oh yes, I'm perfectly easy on that score," replied Giles; "but the truth is, I've met with an unexpected loss since I saw you yesterday." He then acquainted Mr Hicks with the catastrophe of the carpet-bag, whereupon that gentleman—who, when his own interests were not concerned, was, like the majority of us, a philosopher—after indulging in a hearty laugh, and cracking divers small jokes at Puddicombe's expense, proceeded to advise with him on his mishap, and shortly after took his departure, accompanied by Tom, with his mouth full of shrimps; but not before he had exacted a promise from Giles, that, when he had replaced his wardrobe and secured his lodgings, he would join the sailing party to the Reculvers.

Pursuant to his friend's advice, Puddicombe commenced his search for apartments on the West Cliff; but, there being none vacant there, he descended into the more homely old-fashioned part of the town, keeping a sharp look-out about him, in the hope of encountering the fellow who had made so free with his carpet-bag. In this he was unsuccessful; but he was more fortunate with respect to lodgings, for, after a brief search, he secured two small, cheap rooms, in a back street, leading out of the marketplace. He next set about renewing his stock of wearing apparel; and, having accomplished this as well as could be expected under the circumstances, he took his course to the jetty, where he found the whole existing dynasty of the Hickses standing close by a large pleasure-boat that lay alongside the landing-place. The instant they caught sight of him they went on board, whither he followed; and in a few minutes the vessel stood out to sea, with a merry crew of not less than twenty,

attracted by the breezy freshness of the day, which gave promise of a delightful sail.

For the first half-hour or so, nothing could exceed the gratification of the whole party. Giles, in particular, was in ecstasies, and watched the receding town through a four-shilling telescope which he had purchased on his way to the jetty, with the liveliest emotion; while Mr Hicks busied himself with distributing a bag full of gingerbread nuts among his children, greatly to the amusement of the helmsman, a grave, quiet, old sailor, whose ironical expression of countenance conveyed a world of meaning.

Next to Giles sat a portly, good-humoured dame, with a face like a full moon; and right opposite to him, two slim young ladies, dressed out in all sorts of fine colours, and manifestly inoculated with a notion that they were both pretty and genteel. They were attended by their brother, a raw dandy in a rough pilot coat, who kept smoking cigars, and jesting between whiles with a smart negro boy, for which unbecoming familiarity his sisters reproved him every now and then, with a significant nudge with their parasols. This interesting group maintained an icy reserve towards the rest of the party, whence it was clear that they were East-end exclusives of the first water, who had no notion of mixing themselves up with low tradesmen and "sich-like;" and indeed, their black footboy sufficiently betokened their quality, for he had a gold-lace band round his hat, at least twice as broad as the order of the Garter.

When the vessel had got about six miles from Margate, she began to plunge and roll under the influence of a freshening wind; which had the effect of putting a gradual stop to the talking and laughing that up to this period had been prodigious. The young ladies ceased their lisping prattle about "the last new novel;" their brother threw away his cigar with an air half-swaggering, half-sheepish; Mrs Hicks stopped her remonstrances with her husband, for allowing the children to eat till "they were fit to burst;" Giles looked like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme;"—in short, a subdued gravity, betokening an apprehension of some impending calamity, to which however no one as yet ventured to allude, took place of the former spor-

tive demeanour of this predestined party; and many a wistful glance was cast towards the distant coast.

Matters were in this state, when suddenly a yellow tint, succeeded by a faint bluish one, was observed to creep across the cheeks, and finally to settle in the nose, of one of the fair exclusives, who, taking out a vinaigrette, and turning her face to the wind, said to her sister, with a sigh, "very delightful, love; isn't it?"

"Very, indeed!" was the reply, followed, however, by a wan, pensive smile, that indicated far less of pleasure than embarrassment.

"Damn that cigar," exclaimed their brother, "I shouldn't wonder if I were!"

"Don't mention it, George; there's a dear," said both his sisters in a breath, at the same time yawning so profoundly, as to set a dozen others yawning from very sympathy.

Giles watched these symptoms with much uneasiness, which were still further increased, when, on glancing a hasty look at the plump dame at his elbow, he observed that her nose was tipped with a bleak, blue tint, and pinched in at the bridge, as though it had been just subjected to the gentle compression of a pair of tongs.

"I hope, Marm," he said, in a low, compassionate tone, "I hope you don't find the rocking of the ship too much for you?"

"Oh dear, no," rejoined the lady with unexpected vivacity, "I don't mind being a little sickish; indeed, I came out for that purpose, for my medical man in Lunnun says as it's good for!"

"Bless my heart, Marm! What, come out in order to be!"—for the life of him, Puddicombe could not complete the sentence.

When he had somewhat recovered from his bewilderment, he looked anxiously about him with a view to secure a more eligible situation, for the lady's frank confession had filled him with alarm; but vain was his scrutiny; every seat in the boat was occupied; so he had nothing left for it but to remain where he was. Scarcely had he made up his mind to this cruel alternative, when a pathetic, "Oh God, what *shall* I do?" issued from beneath a bonnet next him. He turned, and lo, his fair neighbour succumbing with evident reluctance to that fiendish visi-

tation, which but an instant before she had so ardently desired! The majority of the crew were not slow to follow her example. Mrs Hicks—pale, drooping floweret! hung her affectionate head on her husband's shoulder; the children lay stretched about, like logs, in all quarters; the young ladies evinced symptoms of going off in hysterics: and their brother muttered "curses, not loud, but deep," on the cigar, which, he observed, was the sole cause of his indisposition. But decidedly the worst of the lot was the negro foot-boy, who, in the intervals of every paroxysm, kept faintly crying out, "Oh my Gorr'omighty, me just dead! Me bring my heart up out of my mouth. Cus dis sickness! Nebber me feel any ting like it!"

The sight of all this suffering was too much for the Christian spirit of Puddicombe. The cold sweat stood on his forehead; and swinging himself round, he shot his head over the ship's side, with a force and suddenness that seemed the result of a galvanic shock. When his first attack was over, he ventured to look about him, and saw old Hicks laughing heartily at his mishap. "Come, cheer up, man," exclaimed that worthy; "don't give way, but take example by me. I'm a capital sailor; and all because I wont give in. Mrs Hicks, for God's sake, don't lean so heavily—depend on it, them that make up their minds not to be sick, ain't sick; that's my maxim. I remember once—Oh, the devil, I'm booked at last!"

It was too true. Just as the "capital sailor" was beginning his anecdote, the vessel gave a sudden, heavy roll, and compelled him, despite his boast, to follow the fashion set by the fat dame. Poor Giles, however, was in no mood to exult over the abashed grocer, for he felt, as he afterwards said, as if he had no life left in him. "Oh Lord, have mercy upon me!" he fully ejaculated, every time he lifted up his head, "I wish I had never come out. They call this a party of pleasure! Dence take all such parties. Would to God I had staid at home and stuck to the shop, instead of—Ah, there I go again!" and no longer able to hold up, he flung himself along the floor in the midst of the little Hickses, where he lay gathered up, like a hedgehog, and did not once stir 'till the vessel reached the Reculvers.

No sooner, however, had he landed, than, as if by magic, he recovered all his energies; and after lunching with his party at the inn, accompanied them on a ramble about the neighbourhood, 'till it was time to return to Margate. Luckily, the sail back was far different to what it had been in the morning; for, the wind having abated, the sea was comparatively smooth, and the crew once again in the highest spirits, with the exception of the young ladies, who seemed to think it incumbent on them to look as much as possible like delicate and interesting invalids.

As it was late when the vessel reached Margate, Mr Hicks insisted on Giles going home to take pot-luck with him, to which the latter acceded; and, in the evening, they all went out for a stroll in the bazaars, where Puddicombe's good-nature was put to a sore trial by the importunities of the young Hickses, who dragged him about the rooms, intreating him to buy them whatever toys struck their fancy, and kept bawling out his name in a way that made him the object of general attraction, and covered him with blushes. In vain their mother remonstrated, and their father threatened them with "a licking;" the darlings were neither to be coaxed nor bullied; so the irritated Puddicombe was fain to give them the slip, and make a precipitate retreat from the Bazaar, under the pretence that the heat of the rooms gave him a headach.

On reaching his lodgings, the landlord—a tall, gaunt, melancholy-looking old tailor, with a slouching gait and a stoop in the shoulders—entered the room with lights; and, in reply to a question from Giles, as to whether Margate was not fuller than usual, replied with a sigh, "Full? Ay, pretty well, considering; but nothing like what it used to be. Them steamers have been the ruin of Margate."

"How so? Don't they bring down lots of company?"

"Yes, but what sort of company? People as go and take what they call fashionable apartments in those gimcrack new houses on the cliffs, instead of coming and lodging with me in these nice, tidy rooms, as they used to do thirty years ago. Those were the times for Margate! My lodgings never stood empty then for weeks together, as they do now; if I put up a bill one day, it was sure to be down

the next ; but them steamers have put an end to all this. They've been the ruin of Margate."

Having thus given vent to his spleen, the querulous churl withdrew ; and Puddicombe occupied himself till bedtime in penning a letter of busi-

ness to his apprentice, and another to a friend at Holloway—a retired dry-salter—in which last, he expressed himself respecting his week of pleasure in terms which showed that, as yet, it had not quite answered his expectations.

CHAPTER IV.

The lodgings of Margate have, it is well known, many desirable points ; but as nothing on earth is perfect, they have one material drawback—they are apt to be infested with fleas, who, during the summer and autumn months, when it is vulgar to be seen in London, leave their town-houses, and come down by thousands to the seaside, in the carpet-bags, portmantoes, &c. of the unconscious cockneys. Quitting the metropolis in a delicate state of health, it is astonishing how soon these interesting insects begin to pick up strength—a painful fact, of which my unlucky hero was but too soon made aware, for he woke shortly after daybreak, in a state of indescribable irritation produced by their glutinous assaults. They allowed him, indeed, not the slightest respite, but stuck to him so perseveringly that he was compelled in self-defence to quit his pillow, and dress himself, as well as he could, by the faint light that came struggling in at the window. Having huddled on his clothes, he descended to his sitting-room, where he threw himself on a sofa, in the hope of being enabled to have his sleep out ; but, finding this impossible, he just waited till the day had fully broke, and then left the house, and bent his steps towards the sands, by way of wiling away the time till breakfast.

It was a bright, serene, autumn morning ; but, being too early yet for the Margate folks to be stirring, not a living object was to be seen, with the exception of a reaper or two, who, on their way out to the corn-fields that lie along the high lands between Broadstairs and Ramsgate, took the direction of the shore, as enabling them to indulge in the luxury of a cheap bath. As Puddicombe pursued his course along the sands, which are here only accessible when the tide is fully out, he soon forgot the night's annoyances ; for the air, which had that sharp, healthy, bracing feel that sends the

blood spinning like quicksilver through the veins, blew freshly against him, breathing of heaven, and inducing the most cheerful thoughts. A more enlivening morning, indeed, was never seen. The long range of cliffs looked of dazzling whiteness ; the distant wave broke with the softest murmur, spilling itself, like creamy champagne, along the beach ; the sun, from behind the transparent, gold-edged clouds, that just tempered without obscuring his radiance, threw down long lines of light upon the smiling waters ; and the only sounds that came to the ear, were the sudden, exultant leap of some heavy fish, the crowing of the cock from the small farms that are scattered along the heights, or the clang of the gull as he shot abruptly out from his nest among the rocks.

Delighted—how could he be otherwise?—with his walk, Giles strolled briskly on, humming all sorts of lively tunes, while the tawny sea-weed crackled under his vigorous tread, and the sidelong crab shot from his path into the crystal pools left by the receding tide. On rounding a projecting point of the coast, he came upon a small sheltered bay, where there was a fine expanse of smooth sand, and where the cliff was scooped out into holes and caverns, some of which ran inland for many yards.

Puddicombe halted when he reached this spot—it was so secluded—the sand looked so soft and grateful to the naked foot, and the dry caves formed such a convenient hiding-place for his clothes, that he resolved—being rather heated by exercise—to cool and refresh himself by a "swim-out" into the sea. Accordingly, after looking carefully about him, and ascertaining that no one was in sight, but a solitary individual who seemed to be catching crabs, and was a great way off, he leisurely proceeded to undress—and, having deposited his clothes in one of the caves, scampered across the

sands, which are here nearly a quarter of a mile broad, and flung himself headlong into the water. How delicious was his first plunge—bracing all his muscles, stimulating his nerves into the healthiest action, and diffusing a generous glow throughout his frame! So pleased was he with his bath, that he remained upwards of half an hour in the water, frolicking about with all the rampant vivacity of a young grampus; when, feeling a chill begin to creep over him, he cut half a-dozen energetic capers on the sands, like Don Quixotte among the Brown Mountains, and then darted into the recess where he had hid his clothes.

What a spectacle here met his gaze! The only dress visible was a reaper's! "Oh," he exclaimed, "there is some mistake here; I have come to the wrong place;" and off he went, examining successively each nook and crevice in the cliff; but, alas! no clothes were to be seen in any one of them, and not a soul was near; though, at about the distance of half a mile, the dim outline of a man might have been observed, rattling along with great rapidity—no doubt for the sake of the exercise.

With feelings of inconceivable dismay, Giles returned into the cave, and, sitting down upon a bit of rock, cast a bewildered glance at the shapeless heap at his feet. What to do he knew not. He was two miles from Margate, and the people, attracted by the beauty of the morning, were already beginning to collect on the sands and along the cliff. After much painful rumination, in the course of which he imprecated a thousand impassioned curses on the rascal who had eloped with his best Sunday suit, he came to the conclusion that he must adopt one of two alternatives—either put on the reaper's dress, or else walk back to Margate like ungleaved Adam, in a state of unsophisticated nature! This last scheme was, of course, not to be thought of, so he decided on making a virtue of necessity; and, with an expression of face that might have drawn tears from Democritus, he prepared to put on the detested garb. As, with this view, he examined each separate article of apparel, he was well-nigh going mad with rage. There were no stockings; the shirt, which was shorn of its tail, was as yellow as a canary;

the shoes had each a big hole at the toe; the hat was without a crown, the coat without a collar; and as for the trowsers, it seemed a moot point, so rotten was the cloth, whether they would hold together till Giles reached Margate.

Hark! footsteps are approaching; and, peeping like a sly bag-fox out of his hole, Puddicombe beheld three or four people rounding the projecting point of the cliff, not a hundred yards off him! Further delay was now out of the question, so he commenced his inglorious toilette. Fortunately, the length of the trowsers precluded the necessity of stockings; but, there being no braces, he was forced, like Sir Charles Wetherell, to give them a hitch up every now and then. Having completed his picturesque equipment, he quitted the cave, and, with his eyes bent on the ground, as if absorbed in admiration of his toes, which kept perversely protruding from his shoes, he sneaked back towards Margate, while more than one person who passed him, felt strongly disposed to hand him over to the constabulary authorities on the mere strength of his looks and his dress.

"I say, Thompson," observed a middle-aged gentleman, to a friend who was walking with him on the sands, "do you see that fellow there, skulking along close under the cliff? Mark, my words, if ever there was a thief, he's one!" and he pointed with his cane towards Giles.

"He does, indeed, look a thorough rogue," replied the other, with a scowl of virtuous abhorrence; "and what a bloody-thirsty expression of countenance the fellow has!"

Flattering epithets these; but no wonder. Puddicombe was in rage, and looked sorrow-stricken; and poverty and suffering have always something criminal in their aspect!

The forlorn young man was now within sight of Margate, when, on lifting up his eyes, for the first time since his exit from the cave, whom should he see, bearing directly down upon him, but all the family of the Hickses!

The children were the first to recognize him, and pointed him out to their father, who, stopping short at the distance of a dozen yards, and staring at him, as if he had been a ghost, said, "My stars, Mrs H., who

have we got here? Surely that can't be Puddicombe!"

"Yes, but it is though," replied the eldest boy.

"Gracious goodness, and so it is!" rejoined his mother, as Giles, his cheeks red-hot with blushes, slowly shuffled towards them, "what can he have been a-doing to his self!"

"Never seen the like in all my born days!" observed Mr Hicks: "I wouldn't give a brass farden for all the clothes on his back." Then addressing Giles, who was by this time close to him, "Mr Puddicombe," he added with grave dignity, "how is this, sir?"

"How is this!" exclaimed Giles, testily repeating the words, for his spleen had got the better of his shamefacedness, "why, I've been robbed, that's how it is—robbed, sir, as I may say, before my face, and in broad day light too;" and with these words, he detailed the whole particulars of the "foul transaction."

"Upon my life!" said Mr Hicks, when he had heard his story to an end, "you're in high luck, Puddicombe. First you lose your carpet-bag, and then you lose the very clothes off your back; I suppose you'll lose your head next. Hah! hah! hah! Egad, it's the best joke I ever heard. Isn't it Mrs H.?"

"Joke!" replied Giles, "a pretty joke to have to buy a new suit when my last was as good as new; and what's worse, to be obliged to walk to Margate in these vile, filthy, swindling rags," and he gave a ferocious hitch up to his unsettled small-clothes.

"Oh, Ma, do look at his toes!" exclaimed the eldest boy to his mother, whose face was in a perfect blaze with suppressed laughter; "pray, look at his toes; if they ain't peeping right through his shoes!"

This was too much for Giles, who, casting a withering look at the boy, rushed away from the party, holding up his inexpressibles with both hands, while Mr Hicks shot after him tremendous volleys of hah! hahs! which rung in his startled ears like a summons to execution.

At last, after having been the object of many an admiring gaze, as he scuttled along the sands and through the streets of Margate, he arrived safe at his lodgings, and, without a moment's delay, summoned the landlord into his presence, to whom he explained—as he had previously done to the Hickses—the cause of his rueful plight. Instead of laughing at him, as he had anticipated, the cynical old fellow, who had not a chuckle in his nature, merely shook his head, and observed, "it all comes of them steamers! If there hadn't been no steamers, there wouldn't have been so many rogues brought down to Margate, and in course you wouldn't have lost your togs. I always said them wessels would be the ruin of our respectability, and so they are, damn 'em!" and thus grumbling, he went off at Giles's desire to the nearest ready-made tailor's, by whose aid that ill-starred young man, was, in a brief space, rigged out in a new suit of the latest fashion and the choicest fit.

CHAPTER V.

The remainder of the day Puddicombe confined himself to his apartments, for he was in no mood to stir abroad, the more especially as it turned out rainy at noon, contrary to the appearances of the morning, which had seemed to indicate settled weather. His reflections, as might be imagined, were far from enviable. He had been put to unforeseen expense; had been disappointed in his hopes of an entire week of unalloyed pleasure; had been duped and ridiculed; and had but one solitary reflection to console him—namely, that though he had lost his Sunday suit, his watch and purse

were safe, for, by a fortunate accident, he had left them on his dressing-table, when he went out for his stroll along the beach.

Few but must have experienced, at one time or other, the horrors of a rainy day at a watering place. Giles now felt them in their most unmitigated form; and, for lack of some worthier occupation, as also to dispel the clammy damp that clung to him like a Scotch mist, he kept pacing up and down his small, dingy room, referring constantly to his watch, which lay among some shells on the mantelpiece; but the minute-hand seemed

palsied, and but for its clear tick, tick, he would have supposed that the machine had stopped, so heavily crawled on the hours. Tired, at length, of this monotonous exercise, he threw himself listlessly along the sofa, where he lay with his mouth half-open; now counting the faded patterns on the carpet; now listening to the frequent tumbling of the soot down the chimney, or the small squeak of the mice behind the wainscoat; and now watching the movements of a bouncing black spider, who was swinging from the ceiling, about a yard above his nose. He, then, by way of variety, got up and went to the window; but there was nothing there to cheer him, for the few people who were abroad, wore as disconsolate an aspect as himself—particularly the females, who, as they flitted along the shiny pavement from the libraries or the bathing-rooms, and occasionally in their haste sounded the depths of a gutter, seemed overwhelmed with an agonizing conviction that their muslin flounces were “done for,” beyond hope of redemption.

In this enlivening and intellectual manner, Giles wore away the time till dinner, when, having made—just by way of something to do—a heartier meal than was his wont, he proceeded to manufacture a respectable jug of rum punch, which gave a pleasing fillip to his spirits, and when he retired, at an early hour to bed, threw him into such a profound sleep, that not even the fleas had power to rouse him.

Next day, while seated at his breakfast-table, the postman brought him a letter from his apprentice, in whose uniform steadiness and honesty he had unbounded confidence. This missive, which was of a most satisfactory import, acquainting him that “business” was going on astonishingly well, considering the period of the year, and that, consequently, there was not the slightest necessity for him to hasten his return to London, put Giles into such spirits, that, when the Hickses called on him in the course of the morning, they found him nearly, if not quite, restored to his usual equanimity.

“Well, Puddicombe,” said Mr. Hicks, “I’m glad to see you’ve got over yesterday’s troubles. Ecod, I thought I should have died of laugh-

ing when I saw you cut away from us at such a rate, catching fast hold of your breeches by both hands, as if you were afraid of leaving them behind you. And such a queer fit as they were! Quite a picter! Hah, hah, hah!”

“Oh fie, Hicks,” replied his wife; “Mr Puddicombe will be quite offended if you go on so.”

“Why, I must say, Mr Hicks, you’re rather too hard upon me—upon my soul, you are,” exclaimed Giles, wincing under his friend’s lash.

“Can’t help it, P.—it’s my way; so you must take me in the rough as you find me. I’m a plain, blunt John Bull—one that loves his joke, pays his way, and don’t care a damn for nobody;”—and so saying, he tapped his pockets with one hand and snapped his fingers with the other.

Having thus vindicated his right to be rude, on the score of his being an Englishman, Mr Hicks came “to business,” as he professionally phrased it, and proposed to Puddicombe to join them in a trip to Boulogne. He was desirous, he observed, to see foreign parts, taste French wines, and form his opinion on French cookery; and Mrs H. was not less anxious to acquaint herself with the newest French fashions. Giles was much excited by this proposition. A trip to Boulogne! It was a grand—a romantic idea! But, then, the expense! “Oh, that,” replied his friend, “would be a mere trifle—not worth speaking of.”—Then the sea-sickness! On this point Giles’s scruples were not quite so easily overcome; but, Mr Hicks having assured him that it was a “moral impossible” he should be ill, inasmuch as there was little or no wind stirring, and the sea was as smooth as glass, he at length agreed to join the party.

About an hour afterwards, Mr and Mrs Hicks—the children were left behind—accompanied by Puddicombe, who was attired with singular elegance, considering the disadvantages under which he laboured of an extempore wardrobe, were on their road to Ramsgate, whence the Boulogne steamer was to set sail. The horse that drew their fly was quite a curiosity in his way, and called forth many a joke from old Hicks. He was lean, wiry, and unhappy looking; and no wonder; for, during the previous season, he had done duty in a bathing-

machine—had something of a fishy smell about him—and might, on a superficial glance, have been mistaken for the grandson of a walrus. As this remarkable quadruped, despite the menaces and assaults of his driver, took his time on the road, the party did not reach Ramsgate till the very moment when the steamer was about to start, which would have sailed without them, had not Mr Hicks hurried, in advance of his companions, along the pier, and telegraphed with his unfurled pocket-handkerchief to the captain, who replied to the signal by requesting him to “look sharp.”

No sooner were the party safe on board than the steam-boat cleared out from the harbour; and, as the sea was perfectly unruffled, they had a pleasant and a quick passage. On landing at Boulogne, they set off *instantan* to an hotel which the steward had recommended to them, and where they arrived just in time for the *table d'hôte*. Giles and Mrs Hicks were in high glee; but not so the old gentleman: he thought it incumbent on him, as a blunt, plain-spoken John Bull, to grumble at every thing; and was specially severe on the French cookery, which he pronounced to be only fit for hogs, though he made one of the heartiest dinners recorded in the gastronomical annals of the *Hotel du Nord*. Not less caustic was he on the French wines: they wanted body, he said; and, in order to testify his opinion of them, he called out for a stiff glass of brandy and water, “cold without;” and, during the process of drinking it, cracked an infinity of dull jokes about frogs.

In the course of the evening, having been, with difficulty, torn from his favourite spirit, which was the only French article he condescended to praise, he went out with his wife and Puddicombe for a stroll on the heights, in order to examine the great lion of Boulogne—Napoleon's famous pillar, erected in commemoration of his projected invasion of England.

When they arrived at the summit of this celebrated column, and caught a glimpse of the distant English coast, old Hicks was full of his martial and patriotic reminiscences. He felt a Briton, “every inch of him,” he observed; and addressing Giles, who was leaning over the rails at his elbow, staring at Beachey Head through his telescope, said, with marked ani-

mation, while his face glowed like a copper saucepan,—“How well I remember when all that talk about the invasion was! I was but a lad at the time, but I recollect it as if it were only yesterday. Such valour—such devotion, as all classes showed! Never was any thing equal to it! There was the City light horse and the wollunteers ready for action at a minute's notice; and I myself heard the Lord Mayor declare publicly, at a review in the artillery ground, that he would die in the last ditch in defence of his king and country;—and so he would, for he was a man of amazing spirit, and, when his blood was up, looked as vicious as an old ram. Ah, if you had seen what I saw in those days, you'd never have forgotten it. The aldermen were all turned into cavalry officers, with big jack-boots, helmets, and swords by their side as long as a kitchen spit; and a fine ferocious body of soldiers they made too, for every man of 'em was panting for vengeance on the enemy; not to mention the common council, who looked just as savage, and flourished their broad-swords about on review days as naturally as if they had been carving-knives. Egad, the French would have stood a poor chance against them, I take it, for it was enough to frighten a man even to look at 'em; and when they charged, as I saw them do one day on Wimbledon Common—Lord have mercy on us, what a awful sight that was! Well, those days are past and gone now, and he who caused all the uproar, poor Boney, he's gone too—'stonishing how time flies; one day or other it will be our turn, for there's no denying the fact that death is common to all of us.”

“That's very true!” interposed Mrs Hicks, emphatically, as if struck with the weighty truth, not less than the daring originality, of her husband's last remark.

In this manner Mr Hicks ran on, while Giles listened to his various anecdotal reminiscences with all the attention which their paramount importance deserved. When he had fairly exhausted his budget, which was as long, and not much brighter than a chancellor of the Exchequer's, the party descended from the column and returned into the town, where they visited the theatre, the performances at which, as they did not un-

derstand one word of French, may reasonably be presumed to have afforded them unbounded entertainment.

The next morning they devoted to rambling about the streets, and making a variety of purchases, merely because they were cheap. Mr Hicks bought what he called "a third leg"—that is to say, a stout walkingstick; his wife, a shawl radiant with all the colours of the rainbow; and Giles, who was a bit of a dandy when away from business, a fine cosmetic for the hair, which a shrewd, simpering perruquier, at whose shop he went to have his hair cut after the newest French fashion, assured him would impart a most becoming glossy softness to his tresses—a point with him of some importance, inasmuch as the outside of his head was by no means so soft as the inside, but coarse and rough as a shoe-brush.

Thus the hours were trifled away, till it was time to return to the steam-boat, when the party again set sail, much to the old gentleman's satisfaction, who talked big about the pleasure of again setting foot in one's native country; and after as brief and agreeable a voyage as they had enjoyed on the preceding day, they landed at Ramsgate, whence they were wafted, on the wings of a stage-coach, to its twin sister, Margate.

Now, it happened that a public subscription ball was announced at the Assembly Rooms for that night; and as the Hickses and Puddicombe were too much excited by their trip to Boulogne to be able to settle down all at once, they came to the determination of honouring the ball in question with their presence; for Mrs Hicks was naturally anxious to create a sensation with her splendid new shawl, and Giles—and who can wonder at it?—was not less eager to make trial of the virtues of his French cosmetic. He left them, therefore, shortly after dinner, in order to dress himself in suitable style; and as their lodgings lay in an opposite direction to, and some distance from the Assembly Rooms, it was agreed that he should rejoin them in the ball-room.

Of course the first thing he did was to apply the ornamental unguent to his hair, which he rubbed in, right to the roots, with considerable vivacity of friction, and in lavish quantities; for, on an occasion like the present,

he thought it incumbent on him to do the thing handsomely. Having waited an hour or so for the cosmetic to dry in thoroughly, he next proceeded to embellish the other portions of his outer Adam. He selected his best ready-made shirt, which really did credit to Margate manufacture; brushed away at his coat and inexpressibles, till his cheeks were in a glow with the exercise; tightened the strings of his fancy silk waistcoat, so as to set off his shape to the best advantage; put on a pair of highly-finished gloves and pumps, which he had purchased at Boulogne; and thus bewitchingly accoutred, sallied forth to the Assembly Rooms, picking his way cautiously along the streets, but, at the same time, with an air that seemed to challenge admiration, and to say, "see what a spruce, handsome young buck I am!"

He soon reached the ball-room, and took up his post for a few minutes near the door, while a quadrille was going forward; but, when it was finished, feeling annoyed at the idea of hiding his light under a bushel, he sauntered, with an air of impressive majesty, up and down the room.

Fortunate young man! He was prepared to be the object of much admiration, but certainly not of so much as he excited. His most sanguine anticipations were surpassed. "How very odd!" said one young lady to her partner, as he passed. "Do pray, look at him!" exclaimed another. "Did you ever?" added a third, eyeing him through a spyglass. Giles overheard these remarks, and interpreting them in the most flattering spirit, continued strutting and simpering away, under an evident conviction that he was irresistible.

After promenading the ball-room for nearly a quarter of an hour, and drawing all eyes on him, he suddenly dropped into a chair next to a lady who appeared to have just done dancing. He was not usually remarkable for brass, but, on this particular evening, he was so excited by the visible sensation he had created, that he addressed his fair neighbour with as cool assurance as if he had known her for years.

"A fine evening, miss."

The lady thus addressed cast one arch, provoking glance at the speaker, and then abruptly rose from her seat,

as if fearful, otherwise, of compromising her gentility by an outrageous burst of laughter.

"Very extraordinary conduct!" thought Giles; "but I suppose it's fashionable not to answer a civil question;" and, with these words, he moved towards the door, in momentary expectation of the arrival of the Hickses.

While standing here, he was subjected to a still greater surprise by hearing a raw, giggling school-girl, who had been regarding him for some time with fixed attention, say to her mother, "Oh, ma, do look at that gentleman—what a funny little man!"

"Funny!" said Puddicombe to himself; "what can the girl mean? Funny! There's nothing funny about me that I know of."

"My eyes, what a Guy!" exclaimed a little boy, who had just entered the room with his father.

This unsophisticated expression of astonishment occasioned a general laugh among those who were standing near Giles, and threw him into a most grotesque state of perplexity. He could now no longer doubt that there was something supremely ridiculous about him, and was considering what it could possibly be, when, at that very moment, Mr and Mrs Hicks entered the room.

"My God!" exclaimed the former, as Puddicombe advanced to greet him; "if this isn't the most extraordinary"——

"Extraordinary, my dear sir! How so? I don't understand you!"

"Ha, ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho!"

This was the only answer that Mr Hicks could make to Giles's question; who thereupon turned to Mrs Hicks for an unravelling of the mystery.

But she, equally overpowered, could do no more than just mutter, in broken sentences, "Very singular young man—always a-getting his self into some unaccountable scrape or other!"

"Mr Puddicombe," said Hicks, endeavouring to look serious, "let me advise you to go home, sir; you're far better at home, than making an exhibition of yourself here."

"What, in heaven's name, do you mean?" enquired the agitated Giles.

"Mean! Why, is it possible that you do not know?"——

"Know what?"

"Why, that you've dyed your hair a bright blue!"

"A bright blue! Oh Lord—oh Lord, I see it all now! That cursed cosmetic!" and he darted like a maniac from the ball-room, nor once slackened in his pace till he reached his lodgings.

On entering his sitting-room, he rung the bell fiercely for the landlord; and when that amiable personage appeared, "make me out my bill!" exclaimed Giles, "I shall leave this vile hole to-morrow."

"Halloo!" said the splenetic tailor, "what's in the wind now?" then, observing Puddicombe's metamorphosed love-locks, he added, in a quiet, sarcastic tone, "I see it all; he's been beautifying his self by mistake. Well, it all comes of them steamers; they've turned every one's head, and that's the plain truth—is it your own natural hair, sir, or a wig? I like the colour, it's captiwating to a degree; but a pea green would have been prettier."

"Make me out my bill, sir!" thundered Giles; "I won't stay here another day. Isn't it enough to be eaten up by fleas—but I must also be subjected to"——

"You needn't fear the fleas; only sleep with your night-cap off, and I'll answer for it not one will come nigh you. The very sight of your hair will throw 'em into convulsions!" And before the enraged Giles could reply to these ironical remarks, the speaker vanished from his presence.

True to his word, Puddicombe, the very next day, without calling to pay a farewell visit to the Hickses, whom he had not the slightest wish ever to see again, quitted Margate by the ten o'clock steam-boat, glad to turn his back upon a place where all his hopes of pleasure had been so completely blighted. During the voyage, his spirits were oppressed with sadness, from which he did not recover till he again beheld the gilded top of the monument, when he posted off in a cab to the Minorities; and, what is remarkable, considering the distance, was upset *only* once on the road.

He reached his home just as the church clock was striking seven, yet, even at that early hour, found the shop shut up—a circumstance which renewed all his anxieties, for he was not usually in the habit of closing till

nine. "Good heavens, what *can* have happened!" he exclaimed, trembling all over with agitation; and applying his hand to the bell, he rung a peal that might have roused the dead. But, strange to say, neither his apprentice nor his maid-servant answered the summons; whereupon he banged away at the shutters with an energy that threatened to bring them down on his head; but finding this, too, ineffectual, he was compelled to have recourse to his next-door neighbour for an explanation of the startling enigma.

"Ah, Puddicombe, is that you?" enquired his neighbour, looking up from his desk behind the counter; "you may go on knocking and ringing till midnight, for they wont be back till then. They've gone to Covent Garden."

"Gone to Covent-Garden! What, my apprentice?"

"Yes, and taken the girl along with him. Never see such a frisky couple

in all my days! They've been keeping it up in style ever since you've been gone. T'other night they had a supper party; last night they went out to a dance; and to-night they've gone to see the new play."

"Gracious heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed the astounded Puddicombe.

"When the cat's away the mice will play," replied his neighbour, smiling at Giles's astonishment.

"Damn 'em, I'll pack 'em both off to-morrow—I will, by God!" and so saying, he rushed off into the streets, scarcely knowing whither he was going, till he found himself far away from the Minories, in the neighbourhood of Battle-bridge, when he instantly determined on shaping his course towards Holloway, there to spend the night with his friend the drysalter, and deposit in his faithful bosom the lengthy, heart-rending catalogue of his afflictions.

CHAPTER VI.

About half-way between Battle-bridge and Holloway, quitting the former by the road that runs beside the old hospital at King's-cross, there stands on a rising ground a sort of suburban village, consisting of a small row of moderately sized houses, and two or three straggling cottages, with gardens in front, bounded by wooden palings. Though this village—I call it so for want of a more appropriate name—is situated in the immediate vicinity of some brick-kilns, which are surrounded by squalid huts, tenanted, to all appearance, by labourers in the most abject state of wretchedness; yet, in every other respect, its site is a most eligible one. Westward, it commands a view of the whole Regent's Park, and that Cockney Parnassus, Primrose Hill, below which a long line of smoke marks out the track of the Birmingham Railway; northward, of the richly-wooded districts of Hampstead and Highgate, and the lawny uplands that lie between; and southward, of the mighty Babylon, with its myriad spires and steeples—St Pauls towering high above all—which, dimly seen through the hanging vapours that envelope it in an eternal shroud, stretches away, right and left, apparently without end or limit. Yet, despite such local ad-

vantages, which; one would suppose, would cause it to be respectably inhabited, an air of singular desolation hangs over this village—or at least did so, at the period to which my tale refers. The houses are all running fast to decay, and their tenants, if they ever had any, have run off too; brown, thick, dusty cobwebs, filled with the skeletons of innumerable flies, usurp the place of glass in the shattered window-frames; the doors, which are half off their hinges, stand wide open; and the gardens in front are overrun with weeds, the growth of many a long month. Were highwaymen now in fashion, this is the spot, of all others, where one would expect to make their acquaintance; were even hobgoblins in the habit of taking the night air, as they used to do in the good old times, here might they be supposed to congregate, popping their heads out, and groaning dismally from every window, in chorus to the four winds of heaven, for which each house serves as a place of call. Centuries ago—supposing this village to have been then in existence—the passing stranger would at once have accounted for its condition, by taking for granted that all the fury of civil war had been let loose upon it; but in these pacific days, when

mischievous was wrought in a more quiet, methodical fashion, he merely concludes that it is the hapless victim of the law—in a word, that it has died by the visitation of Chancery!

The sun had just dropped behind Primrose Hill—on whose classic summit a solitary individual, looking uncommonly like a poet, was standing—when Puddicombe entered upon the road that leads directly up to this dilapidated village. Though he walked fast, being anxious to dissipate uneasy reflections, yet it was nearly dark when he got to the ruins, which in the thick grey haze of evening wore quite a Balclutha-like forlornness of aspect. He was regarding them, as he hurried by, with no little curiosity, wondering who could be their owner, and why he allowed his property to remain in such a state, when suddenly his attention was diverted by the sound of whispers near him, and looking back, he fancied he could discern through the gloom a man's head peering above the garden wall of one of the houses he had just passed. At this moment not a soul was in sight along the road, either before or behind him. Though he could distinctly hear the cheerful ringing of St Pancras' evening chimes, and see the bright rows of lamps glittering on the terraces in the Regent's Park, yet all was silent and gloomy about him. Fear-stricken by a sense of his defenceless condition, in case of an assault, Giles just halted to tuck his chain and seals into his fob, and then started off into a brisk run, thinking what an awful wind-up it would be to his week of pleasure, if he were first to be robbed—then murdered and buried—and a fortnight afterwards have his body dug up in a state of perplexing decomposition, and deliberately sat upon by twelve fat jurymen and a coroner! Recollections of all the "shocking murders" he had devoured in the Sunday papers for the last ten years flashed across his brain. He called vividly to mind the story of the old woman whose head, wrapped up in a towel, was carried in an omnibus to Stepney, while her legs were left behind in a brick-field near Camberwell; and of that still more revolting case of the poor Scottish idiot who was burked—pickled—taken in a hamper to a surgeon's—and sold for twelve shillings!—and goaded to his utmost speed by these harrowing reminiscen-

ces, he shot along his road with the impetus of a steam-engine on a railway.

Hardly had he lost sight of the last house, when he heard footsteps coming quick after him, and voices exclaiming, "That's him! I know him by his run."

Poor fellow! All his past sufferings were nothing to what he endured on hearing these words. His heart beat like a sledge-hammer, and he flew rather than ran; but, being somewhat short of wind, his pursuers gained momentarily on him, and he could even hear them panting but a few yards behind him. Still he toiled on, but at last his knees shook under him to such a degree, that he could no longer maintain the vigour of his course; and stumbling against some bricks that lay in the middle of the road, he dropped—a dull, lumpish weight—to earth, like Virgil's ox, or Corporal Trim's hat.

At this instant his pursuers—three men dressed as journeyman bakers—came up, and, despite his screams which he gave forth at the very top of his voice, and the astonishingly energetic kicks and cuffs to which he resorted, in his desperation, seized hold of him, and dragging him across a field in the rear of the village I have just described, and in the centre of which was a small, gravelly pond from two to three feet deep, baptized him therein with a heartiness that left him not a dry rag on his body, reminding him the while, in half-laughing tones, of the promise they had made, to "sarve him out" the first opportunity.

Having performed this operation to their full and entire satisfaction, they quitted their hold of him, and were preparing for a retreat, when Giles, who was by this time satisfied that, whatever else they might be, the fellows were neither robbers nor murderers, summoned up all the physical and moral courage that had not already, like Bob Acres's valour, oozed out at his fingers' ends, and exclaimed, in his sternest and most emphatic manner, "you rascals, you shall all swing for this, as sure as my name's Puddicombe!"

"Puddicombe! Why, that ain't he, Jam," said one of the fellows with a strong Irish accent; "by the powers, we've ducked the wrong man!"

"Never mind," replied another, with all the calmness of a philosopher; "it's just as well as it is;" and straightway indulged in a sly titter.

The third man, who seemed to be of a more considerate nature than his companions, was no sooner aware of his mistake, than he went up to Giles, who stood about a yard off, dripping like a river-god and shivering with cold and rage; and, after pouring forth a profusion of rough apologies for the unlucky blunder, explained how it had arisen. From his statement it appeared that the party were journeyman bakers of Holloway, who, on the preceding day, had struck for higher wages—it was the famous year of the strikes—and one of their fellow-workmen having refused to join in their illegal combination, they had determined to have their revenge on him as he returned to his house at Holloway, the exact hour of which they had taken care to ascertain beforehand; but unfortunately, in the gloom of the evening they had mistaken their man, and ducked an oilman instead of a baker. These matters having been duly explained, the fellows offered to make Giles amends by treating him to a "drop" at the nearest public-house; but finding him too sullen and refractory to enter into a compromise, and fearful that he might get them into trouble, which he hinted at in very significant terms, they scampered off across the field in the direction of the village, while Puddicombe pursued his way to his friend's house at Holloway.

Bitter were his reflections as he resumed his solitary walk. What a week had been his last! He had confidently anticipated it would have been a week of pleasure—it had been the most harassing one he had ever spent. Hardly a day but had been marked by some unforeseen calamity. First, he had lost his carpet-bag; secondly, he had been robbed of the very clothes off his back; thirdly, he had writ himself down an ass at a public ball-room; fourthly, he had been deceived by his confidential apprentice; and, finally, to crown all, he had been mistaken for a journeyman

baker, and subjected, as such, to a process of ablution that had entailed on him the perilous necessity of swallowing at least half-a-pint of gravel water!

With these thoughts sweeping drearily across his brain, he reached his friend's house, who, having heard his story of the ducking, which afforded him abundant diversion, hastened to get Giles a change of clothes, after which he set him down to a substantial supper; and when this, together with a hot tumbler of brandy punch, had toned down my hero's excitement, his host, who was a man of good common sense, bade him recount his week's adventures; and, when the recital was concluded, addressed him as follows:—"It is plain, Puddicombe, from your account of matters, that you have been looking for pleasure in the wrong quarter. You should have sought after it—not in the dissipation of a watering-place, but—behind your counter, when you would have been sure to have found it; for it is always to be had cheap, and good, and lasting, if we apply to the right merchant for it. Had I, like you, allowed my thoughts to be diverted from their proper object, by running riot for months beforehand in the anticipation of a week's pleasure at Margate, I should not now have been receiving you as my guest in this snug bachelor's dwelling. But I laboured hard in my youth, and, in consequence, I enjoy in my age, not weeks only, but months of happiness. Go you home and do the same, leaving dandyism to those who are better qualified to play the fool; and the time is not far distant when you will acknowledge that the week you now dwell on with such abhorrence, has been of inestimable service, by teaching you to be slow in giving your confidence to those who have an interest in keeping up appearances before you."

So ends the WEEK OF PLEASURE! Gentle reader, who has not, like Giles Puddicombe, looked forward with eagerness to such a week, and, like him, been bitterly disappointed in his anticipations?

IRELAND UNDER THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE—THE POPULAR PARTY, THE
ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS, AND THE QUEEN'S MINISTERS.

LET us continue and conclude, for the present, our proofs of the pacification of Ireland under a Whig Government.

At the Spring Assizes in Castlebar, Baron Richards, a Whig-Radical, advanced to the bench by the present Ministry, in passing sentence on a female convict, spoke to the following effect :—

"It grieves me to say, after you had left the place of prayer, and on your road from the house of God, where you had been a few minutes before invoking the blessing and forgiveness of your Maker, and on your way from the house dedicated to Him, and after you had appealed on your bended knees to His mercy, you embroiled your hands, under circumstances of much atrocity, in the blood of your fellow creature," &c. &c. "I am certain that the people could be humanized; and, without any thing like reproach, I do say that a heavy responsibility rests on those who met those people in the house of God: I mean the spiritual instructors of the people," &c. &c. "Many of the reverend gentlemen I allude to are excellent men, and for them I have a high respect; but, in the discharge of my duty, I must say, that I conceive the people of this country as susceptible of receiving benefits from the instruction their pastors should bestow, as the people of any other. It is by the efforts of their clergymen, more than by law, the people can be humanized and rendered amenable to the voice of justice and peace. Feeling that such is the case, it strikes me with amazement that the people should still exhibit such savage conduct. *Very many cases of murder that have come before me were committed on the return of those concerned from the house of God, and that murderous habit I cannot reconcile with the moral and religious instruction that ought to be unceasingly impressed upon the people.* I hope, if there are not any of the pastors of the peasantry listening to me, that they will hear what I have said, and devote themselves zealously to reform the conduct of those who disgrace the name of Christians."

The learned judge, in undertaking to lecture Roman Catholic priests

upon their duty, and in hoping that his exhortations may have a good effect upon them, shows that he has been betrayed into the ordinary mistake which has led every honest Liberal astray. He dwells upon the surprise with which he has heard of crimes committed by persons coming from what he assumes to be a house of God,—viz. a Roman Catholic chapel; and he earnestly exhorts the priests to educate their people in principles which may make them, what he is sure they can be made, good men and good Christians. We cannot understand the surprise expressed by the learned baron at the post-missal enormities. Surely he must have heard of such offices of zeal as denunciations from the altar, and he must have heard, also, of their consequences. Even in the specimens which we have given, the reader may see how frequently the chapel curses have taken effect. We venture upon one more instance. It occurred in Longford, and is vouched on our correspondent's authority. We have no language to describe the shuddering sense of horror with which we read it. Let us, however, not be misunderstood. We are far from thinking that, among the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland, there are none peaceful and well disposed. On the contrary, we think there are many who detest, as we do, the mischievous practices of their (as well as the people's) spiritual tyrants. But those whom the times favour and set on high are too much of the class described in our extract:—

"A certain incendiary priest, of this county, some few weeks past, denounced from his altar on Sunday several respectable Protestant gentlemen, living in the parish, together with a Roman Catholic servant, who happened to be at mass. The unfortunate man was so terrified at the denunciations of the minister of peace, that, in a fit of despondency, he attempted to put a period to his existence by blowing out his brains. Fortunately he only partially succeeded, and now lies in a danger-

ous state. After committing the deed he confessed the cause. The priest, hearing of the occurrence, called at his master's house to administer the last rites of the Church to the poor man. The gentleman happened to be at home at the time, and told him he was the author of the misfortune. The following Sunday this same priest again denounced the gentleman from the altar, and, in furious language demanded of his flock, 'would they allow their priest to be insulted by a heretic,' mentioning the gentleman's name.

"Since then, the most frightful persecution, accompanied with threats of assassination, has been in execution; so much so that the gentleman is afraid to go out of doors, lest he should meet the fate of Mr Ellis or Mr Cooper, and is consequently resolved to quit the country. The above facts are true, and illustrate the state to which the Protestants of Ireland, residing in Roman Catholic districts, are now reduced."

Is it from the teaching of priests like this the learned baron expects blessed consequences? Who can say how many such there are? Who can say that, with the exception of those who are Protestants at heart, all are not such? It is too much to expect that a Roman Catholic priest shall allow Baron Richards to be his spiritual director, and shall receive from him the commands by which his sacerdotal activities shall be directed. Does the learned baron know what are the obligations of a Romish priest? or the rules and authorities by which he is determined in his doctrine as to "human sins and virtues?" We believe not. We wish he and his would strive to make themselves acquainted with such things before they speak of them, and that they would not take it for granted that the morals which Romanism teaches are the morals of Scripture, and that the laws they enforce are those of the British Constitution. Still, were the learned Judge "twenty times" a Radical, he spoke a great truth. Religion is stronger than law. Legislators, therefore, in contriving how their laws shall be carried into execution, are bound to see how the priests stand affected. What is the case in Ireland? It might be thought enough to answer, that the conscience of a Roman Catholic does not seem engaged in the obedience he renders to the laws of a Protestant state. He has sworn, and broken his oath—he has violated a law, and felt

no compunction for the transgression—he has walked forth from the services of his Church to commit murder—he has mingled with the congregation which witnessed his act of blood, to be screened by their sure and cordial protection—he has murdered the executioners of the law—he has harboured the murderers of the merciful and pure of life, and he has conspired to destroy whole generations, because there was among them some one who had discharged the most painful duty of a citizen and subject. Is not this enough to prove that his priests must have sympathized with him in hostility to the civil law?

The answer, in our judgment, is obvious. We shall, however, determine by acts—not inferences; and, accordingly, will proceed to show that, in all those principles which we have shown to be in authority with the Roman Catholic people of Ireland, the priests have a common faith with them. To prove this, we shall follow the same order as we observed in our classification of the principles of law and ethics received by the "popular party," without entering, however, so minutely into details. And—

1st, For the "Landlord's crime"—enforcement of the rights of property—the judgment of priest coincides with that of people; and more, the priests are their "precursors" in the matter. A plain tale will prove this. For example,—

The county of Tipperary has long had an undisputed and an unenviable supremacy in crime, above all other parts of Ireland. The note we have already made of two hundred and twenty-four coroners' inquests, and fifty-nine presentments for malicious injuries to property, stated by the Grand Jury within the last year, will sufficiently prove that it has not degenerated. The county has, however, found an advocate in the person of a dignitary of the Romish Church, the venerable Archdeacon Laffan. At a meeting of the Precursor Society, held at the Corn Exchange, Dublin, in the course (we believe on the 11th) of last December, the venerable gentleman is reported to have handed in 1068 names, and £53, 3s. from the Unions of Fethard and Killenski, Tipperary, and to have spoken to the following effect:—

"He said it was quite the fashion to

say that the people of Tipperary were savages. It was the habit of Lord Donoughmore, and his associate Lord Glengal, down to the lowest scrivener writing for the Orange press of that county, to state that crimes were committed without a cause. He said that the cause lay in deep and foul oppression. If he went through almost every parish of Tipperary, he would find there the footsteps of tyrant landlords, and their presence might be traced by the landmarks of desolation that every where presented themselves. There was not a parish in Ireland in which the visible proofs of oppression were not to be discovered. In some parishes, whole villages were swept away, and the villagers cast, without a house, a shelter, or a potato, on the world; and let him ask any man possessing the feelings of human nature—whose heart was not made of marble—was it a wonderful thing to hear of crime in Tipperary? No; a brave people were rendered ferocious by the deeds of cruelty perpetrated upon them," &c. &c.

"As sure as the lightning came from the thunder-cloud, so sure effects would follow from their causes. Let the landlords of Tipperary cease their oppressions—let them be only one-half as kind to their poor tenantry as they were to their horses or dogs, and the finger of the assassin would be paralysed upon the trigger. He was sure he had no hopes of softening the hard hearts of the landlords of the county by his observations, but he wished to rescue from calumny and oppression as fine a county as any in her Majesty's dominions—ay, and as brave, as generous, and, he would add, as religious a people."

This, no doubt, was very consoling to the pious felons of Tipperary, persecuted, as they were, into the commission of crime, and into the necessity of hiring and harbouring assassins. Whole days have passed over on which they have abstained from indulgence in a single murder—instances of restraint and self-denial which abundantly vindicate their title to the eulogy in which their pastor describes them as pre-eminently religious. They will, we can well imagine, listen to the exhortations of this faithful preacher. The refractory landlords, he affirms, will not; they are incorrigible. If they would only "cease their oppressions," the devout assassins would not shoot them; but as the landlords will

be hard-hearted still, notwithstanding the winning expostulation of the charitable divine, it only remains for him to preserve the peace and comfort of a good conscience, by discharging the duty he owes to himself and his parishioners in his edifying explanation of the Tipperary principle of murder. The archdeacon was communicative at the Precursor meeting, and made statements respecting landlords which created, the report says, "a great sensation;" but, inasmuch as they wanted the notes of time, or place, or person, by which their accuracy could be tested, they did not produce, in us, any "sensation" creditable to the narrator, or any wish to copy them into our pages. We do not, however, mean to be equally rigid towards other performances of this venerable divine. He told one story (it was perhaps after dinner) in a more daring style than he had adopted among the Precursors, with a fullness of detail, indeed, which enabled parties interested to make enquiries respecting its truth. We shall venture upon a brief history of this instructive transaction.

During the month of November last, very shortly after the murder of Mr O'Keefe in the streets of Thurles, a dinner was given in that town to Mr O'Connell. Several of the Roman Catholic gentry, in consequence of the too recent enormity, declined attending, but there was an abundant muster of the Roman Catholic clergy, eighty, out of two hundred persons who sat down to dinner, being priests, one of them the Archdeacon Laffan. It was on this occasion, we apprehend, he made the speech from which an extract, purporting to be taken from Mr O'Connell's favourite paper, the *Pilot*, has been forwarded to us. The Archdeacon had, it appears, at one time been guilty of the sin of moderation; at least he once thought it necessary to do penance for such a crime; and when proposing Mr Shiel as a candidate for the county Tipperary, in the month of February last, thus excused himself:—

"When last I addressed you in this court, I was charged with being too mode-

* *Ryan's Disclosure of the Principles, Designs, &c. &c.* London: Edwards. Dublin: Bleakly. Page 165. This is a valuable work, containing much and important documentary evidence. It ought to be in general use. If the industrious and able author continue his "collectanea," we would recommend the adoption of an arrangement of testimonies under distinct heads,—classification is always serviceable.

rate in my views and expressions. This was the great cause,—my dread of exciting any unpleasant feelings, and a wish that all political animosities should for ever cease. *But we live now in a new era,*” &c. &c.—“*We are now too strong for the tyrants.*”

The season of moderation to which the venerable agitator alluded, was that period in which the great success of a Conservative reaction in England made it probable that Sir R. Peel might again resume his proper place in the national councils. In that day, the priests “*feared to excite unpleasant feelings, and wished that political animosities should for ever cease.*” Such was the effect of a Conservative government, even in dim and dubious apprehension, upon the thoughts and temper of this apt representative of his order. It affected him with a paroxysm of Conservative feeling, which appears to have lasted until the coalition of Litchfield house had been confirmed in its ascendancy, and Romanism, as the venerable orator intimated, had converted Tories into “tyrants” by the ordinary process of becoming “too strong for them.” With Lord Melbourne at Pimlico, and Lord Mulgrave at Dublin or Windsor Castle, and a sure though small majority in the House of Commons, moderate language was no longer in keeping, and the archdeacon could accordingly release himself from a rigorous self-restraint, and relieve his hearers from the spectacle of a somewhat too irritating moderation and propriety.

With the remainder of the February speech we have nothing to do. The portion we have selected will serve to explain the extract from the November speech, and the incident with which it is connected. The venerable divine appears to be excusing or explaining the murder which had caused some of the expected guests to absent themselves from the Precursors’ funeral, feast, and is reported to have spoken thus.

“I will tell you what I knew to be the fact. I saw the mother turned almost naked from her door. I saw her perish in the throes of child-birth, exposed to the inclemency of the weather; and let me ask you, was not the husband of that woman and the father of that child a man? Was not she as dear to him as the apple of his eye? And might it not happen that that infant would one day be the support

of his declining years? And was it then to be wondered at, if the sufferings he had endured he desired to revenge, and that the cause of them fell beneath his avenging arm?”

Such a statement, avouched by the venerable gentleman, on his own authority, was calculated to produce a strong feeling against the agent who had used his power so unmercifully. It was followed elsewhere, by statements of a similar character, and one of them having appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, called forth from Mr Maher a defence of himself, as landlord, and of the memory of Mr O’Keefe, his murdered agent. All the charges preferred against that gentleman or himself, Mr Maher declared, were utterly false. No tenant had ever been ejected from his lands who did not owe two years and a half or three years’ rent; and none had been dispossessed without receiving sums of money which reconciled them to removal. As to the story of the woman, it was an utter calumny. A woman, not a tenant, had entered into a house from which a tenant was to be removed, forty-eight hours before the moment of dispossession, and even she received two pounds to purchase her departure in peace. She was far advanced in pregnancy at the time, and was shortly after delivered of a child, which, as well as the mother, was living and in good health. In fine, Mr Maher added, that the clergyman who had given currency to a malicious rumour respecting the deaths of both, having found out his error, wrote to him acknowledging the mistake, and stating that the woman was alive. Such was the substance of Mr Maher’s letter, which, as soon as it appeared, the archdeacon met by a contradiction to this effect—

“I mentioned in my speech, that a poor woman was put out of her house on the eve of child-birth; that she was delivered of a child in the open air, and that the child died. This fact, sir, I never retracted; so far from it, that, in an interview which took place between Mr Maher and myself on the 30th November last, I referred him to the clergyman of the parish where the woman still lives,” &c. &c. “Quite satisfied with having thus contradicted the statement in Mr Maher’s letter, so far as I am concerned, I remain, &c. &c.”

“MICHAEL LAFFAN.”

Mr Maher is a Roman Catholic, and, had not his veracity been thus

doubly impeached, he would have, perhaps, rather endured wrong from the priest than exposed him. Feeling, however, that, as a gentleman, only one resource was left him, he published his correspondence with the archdeacon, and we extract from it what appears to us most material.

In letter No. 1, Mr Maher refers to the statement of the archdeacon, *that a woman and her child had both died*, and requests to know the name, &c. of the woman.

No. 2.—The archdeacon, in reply, declines mentioning name or particulars: he says, "I also added that the woman and child *both* died, and I am prepared to produce the clergyman who officiated on the melancholy occasion."

No. 3.—Mr Maher.—"I asked you a plain and simple question, and must again beg a plain and simple answer. Did the turning out of the woman occur on my land? What was her name—with the name of the clergyman who, you say, officiated on the melancholy occasion?"

No. 4.—The archdeacon corrects his letter, No. 2, and still declines to answer Mr Maher.

"SIR, In looking over the copy of my letter of the 20th to you, I find a mistake made by me '*currente calamo*' [query, does this mean 'the pen of a precursor?'] I am anxious to correct. For the '*woman and child both died*,' read '*the woman survived, and the child died*.'—M. L."

This is a curious correspondence, and merits a brief analysis. We shall begin with the speech.

Archdeacon, speaking, "*I saw the woman perish*,"—writing, "*I did not see the woman perish, but I saw the clergyman who officiated when both mother and child were dead*."

Archdeacon, in correction—"the woman survived." "I have referred Mr Maher to the clergyman of the parish where she lives."

Such is the course, like that of true love, not running smooth, of the priest's "personal narrative," reminding us of Lord Plunkett's witty application of the legal distinction between "personals" and "reals." At the meeting, he spoke *what he had seen*. In his study, the pen reminds him that *he* had not *seen* the melancholy event, but that he *knew*, and that *somebody nameless* had seen, an incident still more afflicting. Present-

ly he becomes admonished that the pen had run too fast, and misled him (there is precedent for such an error in the school-boy's excuse for his exercise—that "*nobody could spell well with such a bad pen*."). On second thought, he contradicts the death it had hastily fabricated; and, finally, in order to prove the accuracy of vision with which *he saw a woman die*, and the veracity of the report of that officiating clergyman whom he would produce to prove *that she was dead*, he is now ready to bring upon the table another ecclesiastical witness—namely, the clergyman of the parish in which the anonymous *revenant* may be found at this day, alive!!! But—the venerable necromancer belongs to a Church which retains the power to work wonders.

And now for the moral of our story. Archdeacon Laffan has not been in the least more forward—nor have his representations been more evidently untrue, than his brethren and their stimulating exhortations. Is Archdeacon Laffan with the people, or against them, in his judgment upon the "*Landlord crime*?" Does he strive to moderate, or to exasperate their fury? Does he understate their sufferings, and speak with just severity of their misdeeds, when uttering harangues which he knows they will read or have read? Does he strive to divest charges made against their landlords of such extraneous matter as might render them injurious—does he reduce them to their natural magnitude, and speak of them with sobriety? Or, does he pander to the passions of the people, by investing their atrocities with attributes of justice? Does he aggravate the bad feeling which wicked men have excited between them and the landed proprietors, by retailing, if not inventing groundless and most detestable calumnies?—We leave the reader to determine.

2. THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

The Bribery and Intimidation Committee have given the answer in the evidence they have reported. Tipperary, Carlow, Limerick, Waterford, Cork, &c. &c., can attest, on the part of the priests, that they have not taught another doctrine than the people have embodied in their practice.

3. EVIDENCE IN A COURT OF LAW.

Why is the character of a hireling

murderer less odious than that of an informer, however disinterested and conscientious? How comes it that priests, favoured with all facilities for good, have in so numerous instances enforced upon the "petty-larceny villains," stealers of five shillings or of five pounds, the necessity of making restitution, and that during the period (nearly a century) in which they have been allowed to attend upon condemned criminals of their Church, to the last moment of their forfeited lives, they have so seldom procured that satisfaction to the laws of the land—the discovery of crime, meditated or committed, which a true penitent should be ready to communicate? If the Roman Catholic priests think, and teach their flocks, that it is an imperative duty to give information whereby crime can be punished or prevented—it is not possible to believe that the people should hold the informer infamous, and yet reverence the instructions which boast that he is to be honoured for the discharge of a stern duty. We hold, that the law of opinion on this subject, as well as the former, coincides with the law which the priests teach as of the essence of religion. We offer but a single instance of the manner in which priests think proper to exercise their power over witnesses. It occurred, according to our reports, at the Assizes in Longford.

"An occurrence took place during the trial, unhappily of late but too frequent in courts of justice, exhibiting the disgusting and illegal interference of the Roman Catholic priests, in endeavouring to defeat the ends of justice. A witness of the name of Farrell, sentenced to transportation for life, at the previous assizes, and brought back specially by the government, was produced on the table to give evidence. When about to be sworn, he cast his eyes about, as if looking for some acquaintance, and immediately on his catching the eye of a Roman Catholic priest of his own name, the governor of the gaol, who stood behind the witness, and facing the priest, stated boldly to the judge, 'that the priest opposite to him had twice nodded in a significant manner to the witness,' who instantly declined being sworn as an evidence. The judge ordered the priest to be put forward, and expressed in the strongest manner his indignation at such conduct, and stated he would permit

the person accused to make an affidavit, as to whether he did so or not; but that if he declined doing so, he would order informations to be sworn to the fact, by the governor of the jail; and he would know how to deal with him.—The priest, by way of a defence, in a Jesuitical manner, offered to swear that he did not look at the witness more particularly than any other person. But the anxiety on the part of the crown counsel to hush up the matter, was so apparent to every person in court, that the good intentions of the learned judge were not followed up. The jury retired at three o'clock, P. M., to consider their verdict, and were discharged the following day, at half-past twelve o'clock, having been locked up the entire time, without either meat or drink, and having passed the night in a small comfortless room. The prisoner remains in custody, and will again abide his trial at the ensuing assizes."

3. OBLIGATIONS OF A JUROR.

We are common-place enough to look for information on this subject to the doctrines of the Roman Church.

"The substance of papal doctrine, as regards judges and jurors, may be understood from the following passage, a note in the Rhemish Testament in St Matthew, c. 24, v. 27. 'Though Pilate was much more innocent than the Jews, and would have been free from the murder of our Saviour, seeking all the means that he could (without offending the people and the emperor's laws) to dismiss him, yet *he is damned* for being the minister of the people's wicked will against his own conscience. *Even as all officers are, and especially all judges and juries, who execute laws for temporal princes against Catholic men, for all such are guilty of innocent blood, and are nothing excused by that they execute other men's will, according to laws which are unjust,*' &c. Such is the doctrine of the Church of Rome, as taught in a book which one of her Bishops pretended to disclaim, which is now proved to be one of her standard authorities. In the winter of 1830, priests, in conference, to prepare themselves for their duty as leaders, discussed the question, 'What are the duties of judges and jurors?' The following year afforded an illustration of the conclusion to which they came."

"Fourteen individuals in the year 1831, were murdered in the County Killenny, under circumstances which were calculated to enlist every sympathy against their assassins. Trials were to be had at

the Assizes of Kilkenny for these murders (the massacre of Cruickshank, as it was called), and the attorney-general for the Crown was forced to move an adjournment,—not because popular feeling was so excited against the murderers, that the culprits could not hope for a merciful consideration, but because *juries* could not be hoped to return true verdicts."

5. THE CRIME OF PROTESTANTISM, OR CONVERSION FROM ROME.

Dr McHale and the Ackill Mission have rendered it unnecessary for us to prove that the priests not only sympathise with their "subjects" in hatred of Protestants, but lend themselves to exasperate the feelings of hostility and estrangement.

6. SECRET SOCIETIES, NOBLEMEN, &c.

We dare not say that the Roman Catholic priests belong to these societies, because we have no direct proofs of their having joined them, but we know thus much,—

1. The societies consist exclusively of Roman Catholics.

2. The societies contemplate the extermination of heretics.

3. The societies have not been communicated by Romish bishops ;

4. And would not be excommunicated, to use the well-remembered words of Dr Doyle, though "rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear."

Thus, it seems clear, that the prejudices and false principles which alienate "the people" from justice and law, have the priests also for their patrons and promoters. Legislators and magistrates should, therefore, remember that they are to govern without the aid by which, ordinarily, law is strengthened. But if they were wise and honest, the circumstances in which they learn this truth, would not daunt them. The priests and the agitators, and the more hidden traitors, have a harder task to keep their posts even now, than a well-principled government would have to dislodge them. Latent, but not extinct, in the hearts of the Irish people, there are principles which consistency and justice would bring out, and which, once brought out, the empire of iniquity in Ireland is at an end. Organised, and armed, and remorseless bands, villains in whom the instincts of cruelty and destructiveness have been pampered, un-

til men have been metamorphosed into beasts of blood—many youthful spirits, fired with the love of adventure, a species of poetry in action which exalts and allures them into enterprises which they court for the difficulty and danger—are certainly at the disposal of most unrighteous authorities. But the great mass of the Irish people are weary of the life they lead—of the terror that cometh by night—of the arrow that fleeth in the noonday ; and whenever there is a hope held out of a GOVERNMENT—of an administration which acknowledges other duties to the country than the duty of retaining place and power to harm it, which is resolved to do justice and to protect those who will aid in their endeavour—a new sight will be seen in Ireland—such a change as will recompense those who live to witness it for many a day of trouble. But it is not a change upon which agitators or traitors desire to look. It is not a change which Romish priests desire to anticipate. In identifying themselves with the "popular party," they know the real strength of the people is but seemingly with them. In resigning themselves to political atrocities, they have, as they know well, lost that apparent sanctity of demeanour which had previously covered many sins. Their power has had its death-blow, and the only matter in doubt is, whether they can, by stimulants, prolong a kind of galvanic life, until they have given a fatal shock to England—or if we are, beyond our deserts, preserved to witness the subsidence of their power into a state in which it shall cease from troubling. Never, certainly, was terror more significant and instructive than that which smote Priest Laffan with Conservatism, and the confidence in increased and superior strength, by which he was recovered from a transitory moderation.

But whatever may be done by other than our present rulers, or by our present rulers with altered views, it is clear that the priests have nothing to apprehend from the system under which the British empire is now governed. So far from resisting, the Irish Government promote their views, as if, indeed, they had been contracting parties to a league for bringing law into disrepute, and for the introduction of anarchy. Our limits are almost reached, or, to speak

more correctly, we have passed them, and cannot pay this part of our subject the attention its importance merits; but we must attempt a hurried proof that the principles of priests and precursors are those also which the Irish Court seems disposed to bring into fashion. Indeed, after the boast of the noble Viceroy, in the House of Lords, that, for the first time in the annals of history, the British Government was IDENTIFIED WITH THE POPULAR PARTY IN IRELAND, it cannot be matter of surprise that the acts of the Irish part of the Government should be those of sympathisers (the word is American, but it shall stand) with the "popular cause." We will, however, enumerate in the detail, those principles of political ethics in which we have already seen the agreement of priests and precursors.

1. THE LANDLORD CRIME.

"For the first time," the Government has denounced* the landed proprietary of the country, in terms upon which Father Laffan could hardly improve, and with about as much reason, and decency, and truth, as the great necromancer himself.

2. ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

It is enough to say that the administration depended upon a majority, to be obtained in Ireland. Barristers shifted about, according as their opinions or their pliability adapted them to the necessities of the various registrations—returning officers judiciously selected, in open defiance of the judges' lists,—a cunning distribution of the constabulary force, &c., may explain how, "for the first time," since the Revolution, the British Government rejoiced in a majority, even by practices which tended to perpetuate anarchy in Ireland. We have not space to speak of the methods to which success was owing at the Carlow election, and to the consistent iniquity with which it was afterwards followed out to the extreme. These circumstances have not been exposed, as they ought to have been, before Parliament. We will not give up a hope, that even yet, that duty may be discharged.

EVIDENCE.

The magistrates of Carlow addressed a memorial to the Government, praying an investigation into the conduct of a constable, and undertaking to prove charges of gross delinquency against him. Government denied their prayer, accepting the word of the accused party as a sufficient reply to their accusation. The magistrates remonstrated in a wise and temperate memorial, to which twenty-seven signatures were appended.† This was forwarded in the summer of 1837. It did not shake the resolutions of Government; but, in the following spring, *six of the subscribing magistrates were put out of the commission of the peace.* Bad encouragement for volunteer prosecutors!

The Irish Government have, certainly, issued proclamations and offered rewards; but the rewards have, generally, been so insignificant, as rather to seem intended for the purpose of warning a culprit off (or, as the case may be, setting him at his ease at home), than with a hope of inviting a prosecutor. Perhaps, however, the best scarecrow to keep off witnesses and prosecutors has been set up by Lord Normanby's "humanity." The constancy with which the laws of Viceroyal clemency have acted, so as that, when conviction has overtaken offence, the royal pardon has hastened to take away the sting of conviction, must have had a most pernicious effect. No man will be easily induced to let the culprit he is prosecuting "take his picture" from the dock, when he has good grounds to apprehend that the man he has prosecuted to conviction will afterwards meet him, not in ghostly shadow or in dreams, but in bodily presence, armed, exasperated, and, by the grace of Lord Normanby's mercy, free to wreck merciless vengeance on the informer. "You shall have your share" (perhaps a tenth) "of forty pounds," cries out the proclamation to the witness, if you prosecute to conviction. "The man you convict will be liberated, to work his will against you," cry out the thousands whom the Viceroy has commanded the prisons and the hulks to disgorge, and those of whom he has robbed the

* Lord Normanby, in the House of Lords—Mr Drummond, from Dublin Castle, &c.

† See *Ryan's Disclosure*, &c. &c.

scaffold. Which of the two notices is most likely to prevail? The returns to Parliament on Mr Jackson's motion have already answered. The offered rewards and proclamation system appears to have been a mere mockery—"spent thunderbolts" all.

JURY.

"For the first time," the Government in Ireland, by an abandonment of its necessary prerogative, declared that culprits should be enabled to pack their juries, and be tried, it may be, by their accomplices. This protection to crime would seem to be a concession wrung from Ministers in the Litchfield House negotiations. During the administration of Earl Grey, Mr O'Connell's partisans wished to have the principle of the ballot adopted in the casting of juries. The Government resisted, and the Liberal solicitor-general of the day for Ireland declared that from juries so formed true verdicts could not be expected. Failing in the more moderate purpose—convinced that Parliament would never sanction any thing so wicked and absurd, Mr O'Connell obtains, through the law-officers whom he was able to raise into power, a concession infinitely more pernicious to equity and law than, in his most extravagant anticipations, he could dare to hope from Parliament,—the relinquishment, on the part of the crown, of their right to object—at least, the discontinuance of the exercise of such a right—while the culprit retained and exercised his. Taking into account the classes from which petit juries are now selected, this was giving the prisoner power to pack them. Mr O'Connell announced the triumph in a letter to his constituents and the people of Ireland in general, April 28, 1835:—"Perrin and O'Loughlin fill the highest ministerial offices of the law. None but a maniac can now apprehend that a jury will be packed, or that partisans will be selected to try him;"—that is to say, he can now select his own partisans; and, having made an arrangement with one or two friends, perhaps accomplices, he may look on, as many a culprit has looked, with impudent composure, while the strongest evidence is given against him. In consequence, crime has increased enormously. We subjoin one passage, to show how painfully upright men feel the mockery of justice in trials con-

ducted on the present fashion. Other extracts inform us of the amazement and dismay expressed by even Whig or Liberal judges; and one, of a procession of priests, to congratulate and convey in triumph from the gaol a culprit who had good friends on the jury.

"The murderers of those unfortunate victims now enjoy impunity, and are proceeding in their career of crime, in defiance of the law, which, secure of an acquittal, they hold in utter contempt. In vain does the blood of our slaughtered Protestants cry to heaven for vengeance—in vain are remonstrances and entreaties from the loyal and good in the country made to our wicked and imbecile rulers on their fatal policy in permitting the prisoner to nominate his own jury in cases of murder, thereby rendering that great palladium of British justice, 'trial by jury' in Ireland (as now in Canada), not alone a mere mockery, but also a protection of crime.

"It may not be here amiss to detail again for the public the particulars of the trial of Michael Kenney, at the last Summer Assizes of this town, for the murder of Hugh Moorehead, to whose situation, as bailiff to Lord Lorton, ill-fated William Morrisson succeeded. On this trial being brought on, and the jury about to be sworn, the prisoner, Michael Kenney (as was his right), set aside the first twenty names, composed of as respectable persons as this or any other county could produce; but not one challenge (as was their right) was made on the part of the crown, on behalf of the prosecution, for this barbarous murder, notwithstanding the fatal consequences of such policy, as demonstrated in successive acquittals of the murderers of Mr Brock, in the same neighbourhood. The result turned out as every loyal and peaceable subject anticipated. The prisoner selected his own jury, and amongst them an individual against whom bills were found by the grand jury of this county for perjury. What has been the consequence? No verdict—which almost amounts to an acquittal, notwithstanding the most clear and undeniable evidence that perhaps ever went before a jury, given not only by the widow of the victim, but by the dying declaration of Moorehead, taken down in writing by a magistrate, in addition to his original identification of the prisoner, Michael Kenney, when brought to his bedside, the day after he was mortally wounded. For the defence, the usual resort of an alibi was got up, and rested on the testimony of three fellows, associates of the prisoner, whose evidence was by no means satisfactory, and at total variance with a

statement of the prisoner on the day he was identified by the deceased Moore-head."

PROTESTANTISM.

"For the first time," the Government has proclaimed that, as a condition of its place, it must strike a heavy blow at Protestantism.

The spirit in which the Government regard Protestants, we will not infer from that odious abuse of patronage, which has disgusted every man acquainted with the reputation of those who have been promoted and those who have been passed by. This may be party tactic carried out to an extreme. We shall offer two instances, selected from a very great number, which, we imagine, no party feeling can palliate. The first we shall state in the words of a clergyman of the Church of England, and wish much that some member of Parliament would enquire whether the legal functionary who so grossly misbehaved has been dismissed from office, and at what time the dismissal took place; or if the Irish Government has contented itself with a friendly rebuke, of that kind which is understood to be precursory of promotion.

Extract from a Memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant, from Rev. J. Galbraith, Vicar of Tuam, August 12, 1838.

"These facts were taken in evidence by two stipendiary magistrates, who attended at Tuam, by your Excellency's order; they daily forwarded to your Excellency the evidence as it was taken down; and it is stated that you were so satisfied of the unprovoked attack on the minister of the Established Church, that the crown solicitor was ordered to attend at Tuam, and take informations against the offenders. This he did, AND THE CROWN UNDERTOOK THE PROSECUTION. And now, my Lord, it might be fairly expected that the law would be vindicated, and that Protestants would at length find that the free exercise of their religion was their right, not exclusively, but equally with favoured neighbours. Mark, my Lord, the offence, and the mode of proceeding against it. First, three Roman Catholic priests place themselves at the head of a large number of persons attending the funeral of a Protestant gentleman, *they read a Latin service through the streets, in defiance of the statute.* And how is this noticed by the crown? In no way—no penalty, no reproof. Secondly, a riotous mob, who followed these priests, interrupt the Protestant curate in the discharge of his duty. Are they indicted for this *interruption* contrary to

a statute? No! Both those tangible offences are overlooked, and bills are sent before a grand jury of the county of Galway against one of the priests and others, "for a riot;" observe, my Lord, "for a riot"—not for *causing* a riot. And what follows? The grand jury necessarily cannot find against the priest *for a riot*; he *said*, but did not. They find true bills against those alone who had actually rioted; and here your Excellency might suppose, if you did not know it to be otherwise, that some light punishment would mark the crime; but no, the counsel for the crown think differently; with their approbation the rioters, upon pleading guilty, are discharged, and when a remonstrance was made by me to the leading counsel, his reply was this, "I think it not advisable to bring before the public *sectarian* differences."

Our second instance we take from the "proclamations." It is unnecessary to remind the reader that value is altogether comparative, and that a sagacious people, as the Irish undeniably are, will judge of the real desire and intention of their governments as to discovery of crime, by the price at which they are willing to purchase it. We feel it well to premise, that, in the outrage in the first proclamation—the "turf burning"—a highly respectable Roman Catholic was a sufferer—in the house burning, no less respectable Protestants only were injured.

"FEB. 19.—On the morning of the 13th instant, about the hour of two o'clock, a very large stack of turf, the property of Mr James Grey, residing near Coal Island, and Mr John Hughes, residing at Dunganon, parish of Clonoe, in the county of Tyrone, tile and brick manufacturers, was maliciously set on fire by some person or persons unknown, and totally consumed—Fifty Pounds.

"By his Excellency's command,
"T. DRUMMOND."

"AUGUST 3.—Between the hours of two and three o'clock on the morning of the 22d ult., the house of Mr Zachariah Ledger, of Killbreedy, parish of Bruree, and county of Limerick, was attacked by seven or eight armed men, who set fire to it and burned it to the ground, together with property to a considerable amount, for which outrage two men have been apprehended and fully identified.—Fifty pounds, &c.

"T. DRUMMOND."

Fifty pounds to discover "the person or persons unknown" who burned a stack of turf; and "fifty pounds" for the discovery of "armed men"

who "attacked" and "burned a house to the ground!!" The stack of turf, to be sure, it is said, was "a very large one." The dimensions of the house are not specified. Another thing is not specific, which, though not directly noticed, may have had a serious influence upon the proclamation:—It is not mentioned (as is related in the well-known story of the culprit who implored a royal pardon for having thrown a man's hat into the river, but omitted to state the superfluous fact that the wearer's head was in it) that, at the time when Mr Ledger's house was set on fire, between two and three o'clock in the morning, its owner, a brave Protestant gentleman, with two stout sons and two good friends, were sleeping in it. The Geraldine's well-known apology for burning a church,—*"I thought the bishop was there,"* diverted from him the anger of an English monarch. Why may not the good intentions of the house-burners have had a similar effect in propitiating the favour of the Irish executive? *"Burn every thing English except the coals,"* was an aphorism of Swift. The conclave in Dublin Castle seem to have embodied the spirit of it in their proclamation. The crime for which they offer a reward is that of attacking and destroying "a house," a crime which, however it is considered, was of far greater magnitude than that of burning even a Roman Catholic's turf stack; BUT THEY WHO BURNED THE HOUSE MEANT TO TAKE THE LIVES OF THREE PROTESTANTS,—Englishmen, perhaps; and this, though not "put in the bill," may have had its influence in diminishing the charges, of causing their offence to be seen through the proper medium, and distanced into an equality with that to which "the very large turf stack" fell a victim.

From a very able speech delivered by Mr Dartnell of Limerick, at a meeting to revive the Orange institution, we learn that this proclamation was the second notice given by the Irish Government of the price at which they estimated Protestant life. Mr Ledger had been attacked on a former occasion, in the course of last year, when his house was entered by an armed party. He and his two sons made a most gallant resistance; and, although dreadfully wounded, they repulsed their assailants, and suc-

ceeded even in making prisoners. Mr Leger must have been a person of very conciliatory habits, for he was assisted by some of his Roman Catholic neighbours, who came to his relief, and were mainly instrumental in making the prisoners, whom he, at the Spring Assizes, prosecuted to conviction. Believing his Roman Catholic friends entitled to the reward for their apprehension, he applied for it; and with much difficulty, and after long delays, procured for two, out of the eight, a bounty of fifty shillings each, which, on his remonstrating, he was informed—but it is better to cite the words read by Mr Dartnell from the Under-Secretary of the Irish Government,—

"I am directed to observe that the sum already paid as a reward to the persons who seemed instrumental in saving your lives, cannot be augmented."

"Five pounds for the head of a Protestant!" has sometimes been a cry in Irish party fights;—the Castle sets another value on them, "five pounds for three."

Mr Dartnell has explained this most flagitious transaction, if his information, which we have no reason to doubt, is correct. The repeated attacks on Mr Leger were owing to his having been denounced from the altar by a priest. How could the Government dare to protect one thus banned? It is, perhaps, unnecessary to observe that, in the second attack, when he was roused from deep sleep to defend his life, by flakes of fire from his burning roof falling on his face, he had no Roman Catholic friends to succour him,—the significant shabbiness of the fifty-shilling affair had effectually warned them off. Mr Leger may thank God, who gave him a stout heart and brave sons; and, as the following extract will show, he may be thankful that the registration of his good muskets was not informal:—

"A Paternal Government.—It is but a few days since we recorded the particulars of an attack on the house of Mr Holmes in the Glen of Aherlow, county of Tipperary, and the gallant defence made by his son, a young lad. In consequence of the outrage, a chief constable of police from a neighbouring station was, last week, directed to repair to the spot—to investigate the circumstances? no;—to obtain some clue to the apprehension of the perpetrators of the outrage? no;—to offer a reward for their apprehension?—no; but

for what purpose? — to ascertain if Holmes had any certificate of having registered his arms!!! Yes—this is the course which a paternal government adopted to a gentleman who gallantly repelled an armed party, who, in the noon day, attacked his premises, and if they had effected an entrance would, in all probability, have sacrificed the lives of every member of his family.”—*Limerick Standard*.

RIBBONISM.

“For the first time,” the Government has as its non-official, but absolute dictator and counsellor, the individual who was also *consulted as counsel by the Ribbon Society*, and who is bound by the most solemn engagements, and, we add, by motives of *personal interest*, to effect, if in his power, a repeal of the union.

It is, we own, a very unlikely thing, that any government would, knowingly, favour a treasonable society; but, with whatever views, the Irish government has certainly served the interests of the Ribbon Society. Promotion has been given to constabulary officers, who made either their ignorance or their duplicity manifest, by expressing doubts of the existence of such a confederation. We are informed, that individuals connected with the Irish Government have uttered wilful untruths for the purpose of preventing Parliamentary enquiry; and while they thus leave treason free to mature its plans, they diminish the available force for the defence of the country and support of law, by disarming the yeomanry; and they inform loyal subjects of the crown, that if they are in danger, and require the protection of the police, it is not to be granted to them unless they can pay for it.* Want of protection caused many to join the treasonable societies of the last century, until the Orange institution was formed, to give a security which the laws without its aid had not been able to afford. Our Government now constrain the Orangemen to dissolve their societies, and then say, that whoever

is in danger must pay for protection, if he require it. Government measures are often more mischievous in their supposed significance than in their direct tendency or intention.

The amount in “shillings” which came into the Police Treasury since the order was made, cannot be a very material item in the receipts of that establishment, and has not to any considerable extent diminished the burden of taxation; but the “order” may have had its effect in another direction—it was issued in the autumn of 1837, and, before the summer of 1838, as the evidence of Mr Atkinson has proved, the Ribbon Society had detachments told off from its militia, organised under the name of Polishers, and placed under orders to bring all whom terror and injury would overcome, within the lines of the conspiracy.

We are done. Our task is not ended, although our limits are overrun. To the wise we think we have spoken sufficiently plain. The outrages in Ireland are not “desultory and driftless.” Injuries to person and property are visitations of war. Threats, assassinations, are warnings of judicial vengeance or acts of military execution. In short, the “Agrarian system,” as the conspiracy is daintily styled, is a rebellion which is, at little other expense than the destruction of its adversaries, and the utter debasement and demoralization of its instruments, safely and surely working out its ends. It has the aid and counsel of Roman Catholic priests. It has the advantage, great though indirect, of Government connivance, if not co-operation. It has not yet the cordial support of the Irish people. It retains multitudes in its service by no other influence than of brute force and terror. It may in its present, the “pre-cursory” stage, be arrested and defeated. If the day of grace is suffered to pass away, the “new era” for Ireland, of which Priest Laffan spoke, will expand itself into a new and most disastrous era for the British empire.

* “Circular.—His Excellency has established the rule, that it is only in cases of urgent necessity that protection is to be afforded to individuals, by placing men of the force in their premises. When individuals receive such protection, they will, in future, be obliged to provide the men with lodging, bedding, and fuel; and to pay for each man a sum not exceeding one shilling per night,” &c. &c.

“Constabulary Office, September 7, 1837.”

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER.

FASCIOLUS THE SEVENTH.

"I never uses a Animal so,
 Cos that I thinks below me;
 But if I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
 If I didn't wallop him—blow me!
Costermonger's Song.

EQUESTRIAN reader, have you ever done any thing in horse flesh? We do not desire to be construed to enquire whether you may possibly be engaged in the cat's-meat line, or to insinuate that you are a costermonger, but simply, in the ordinary acceptation, of the bargain and sale of that noble animal, the horse. Are you on the turf? Then I need not explain, to your erudite comprehension, the art and mystery to give and take the long odds knowingly, to make a "book," to "handicap," and to "hedge." You know a thing—or, it may be, two; you can *stick* the best friend you have in the world in the sale of a charger, or of a thoroughbred mare "to carry a lady;" you are aware of the trivial distinction between sweepstakes and beefsteaks—in short, you are "uptoginger." Enough; I know you, as the pickpocket said to the dealer in handkerchiefs!

"I say, Tim, what's the name of the day of the week?"

"Auction day," replied Timothy, whose conceptions of the Roman hebdomadal nomenclature were less vivid than those arising immediately out of his learned profession. "Auction day," repeated Timothy, with emphasis, rubbing, as he said it, a couple of curbs in the hollow of his left hand, with the palm of his right. "Busy day, d'ye think?"

Timothy redoubled the friction of his palms, as if to intimate, by that particular hieroglyphic, what a very busy day auction day was likely to be.

It was in the sporting coffee-room of the Connaught Rangers' Imperial Hotel, in St Stephen's Green, that this remarkable conversation took place, on the—I love to be particular about dates—on the fourteenth day of —; and this reminds me that I am bound, in courtesy, to indulge the ignorant reader in a digression of and concerning St Stephen's Green.

St Stephen's Green is the most

spacious square in Europe—or, for all I know of to the contrary, any where else—having in the middle a large green meadow, cut as artificially as possible into disagreeable promenades, and surrounded on all sides with a visible horizon of bricks and mortar. In the centre of the green meadow is a pedestal—on the top of the pedestal the image of a horse—and on the top of the horse, a likeness of a kingly crown rides on the whole apparatus, bearing the same relation to the space wherein it is enclosed, as a midge might be supposed to bear to an elephant. This the Dublin architects do for effect. By the same rule, a colossal monument to the undying Nelson is hemmed in by a long-winded double row of brick and mortar; and when the great pyramid comes to Dublin, it is to be deposited, by the same rule, in the canal docks—all for effect! There is no great uniformity in the structures that circumscribe the amplitude of St Stephen's Green; on the contrary, they possess, in an eminent degree, all that picturesqueness of effect which is ever the result of variety. You build your house four stories high, a friend to the right pushes his edifice up to six, while your neighbour to the left sits down modestly contented with three. Here, you see a neat Magdalene Asylum, with, under its left wing, a battered old house of too good reputation; there, a gorgeous palace rises from a terrace of steps as long and as lofty as Jacob's ladder; next door to it, the original cabbage shop. This is the town mansion of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin; that, of Flanagan the tripe-scourer. Here domiciles the gripe-gut Chancellor Hannibal, whose jolter-headed progeny have at last, we congratulate tax-payers, attained to all the public plunder which it is intended to bestow upon them, for the sake of the man who "never had nor made a friend;" and there—which is

of much more importance to the progress of my personal narrative—is located the vast emporium of Mr Spicer of the Auction Mart, and Universal National Horse Repository.

It was, as I have said, in the sporting coffeeroom of the Connaught Rangers' Imperial Hotel, that the above-recorded conversation was held between Mr Bodkin of Bodkin Bog, in the county of Galway, who has been already introduced to the curious reader as the gentleman horse-jockey for whom my respected mother kept house, and a very near relative of that illustriously ruinous family, the Snakes of Galway. Mr Snake Bodkin was standing, with the ends of his coat tail in his fists, the latter being, for greater convenience, crammed into the depths of his splashed "excusables," with his back to the fire, airing something—no matter what. The knees of his "excusables" had the usual number of button-holes, but a lamentable lack of buttons, the deficiency whereof was supplied by untanned thongs, which encircled the leg, retaining, with difficulty, a pair of mahogany-coloured "tops," that had never tasted oxalic acid.

The neck of this gentleman was enveloped by a striped silk "bandany," the ends much worn and tagged, and, at the particular crisis of which I speak, considerably irrigated by occasional submersion, together with the wearer's empimpled proboscis, in a magnanimous tumbler of "something short." A double-breasted seal-skin vest, retained by pea-green glass buttons set in brass, over a coarse but not clean shirt, whose plaits, hardly held together by an old-fashioned cornelian brooch, partially exposed a hirsute thorax of brawny latitude. The coat was a cut-away, that had once been bottle-green, and the castor, a broad-brim of provincial manufacture.

Mr Timothy Crick, the hero of the curbs, and second person of the dialogue, was born at that memorable emporium of horse-flesh, Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire, whence he thought proper to emigrate, in company of a Bow Street officer, who had come down to Ashby on a visit, in consequence of some ill-natured reports touching a halter accidentally found in a pasture-field by Timothy, who had been passing, quite promis-

cuous, as a body may say; but who unconsciously took the halter to a neighbouring fair, "and then, and there," as the snuffling clerk of the arraigns proceeded officially to observe, "not having before his eyes the fear of our Sovereign Lord the King, did, feloniously, wittingly, knowingly, and with malice aforethought, dispose of, alienate, and sell, for good and valuable consideration, all that, and those the halter, cord, yarn, rope, twine, pack-thread, hawser, cable, and so forth, as aforesaid, value five farthings, be the same more or less, of good and lawful moneys of our Sovereign Lord the King, defender of the faith, *et cetera*, as aforesaid."

Did you ever hear a more scientific libel on the character of an innocent man?

The weak point in Timothy's case, as he often assured me himself, was the unforeseen accident of a horse becoming somehow entangled with the end of the three-halfpenny rope which cuts such a figure in the indictment, a circumstance exciting such strong suspicion in the minds of the jury, that they hinted through their foreman their unanimous opinion that Timothy, who stood behind the spikes of the dock a picture of injured innocence, had stolen a horse, whereupon the judge earnestly recommended Mr Crick to turn his attention to Botany—assuring him, at the same time, that the climate was delightful, and that His Majesty, out of regard to his scientific attainments, had been graciously pleased to provide him with apartments in the neighbourhood of Woolwich, until a frigate could be prepared for his adequate accommodation to Australia.

Upon this, Mr Crick, seeing himself fairly logged, made a rejoinder as polite as the invitation of the learned judge, "assuring his lordship, that he (Mr Crick) was very fond of natural science, and Botany in particular, and would certainly take the earliest opportunity of sending his lordship a live rhinoceros." The Court acknowledged this civility by bursts of uncontrollable laughter, which the crier, as soon as his lordship had laughed it out, sought to repress by erecting his little, round, polished nob, and crying "silence" with a loud voice; while the clerk of the arraigns proceeded to read through his nose,

from three sheep-skins tacked tail to tail, a rigmarole purporting to be the indictment against Miss Cypriana Max, a desolate orphan of eleven years of age, for embezzling a bit of pickled pork, value threepence.

How Mr Crick conducted himself in Australia, and in what manner he returned therefrom, I would in this place fully inform the reader, if a forthcoming fashionable novel had not been announced by a very eminent person, wherein will be introduced, in conjunction with Mr Crick, divers famous highwaymen and journeymen pickpockets, under the attractive title of "THE HULKS; or the Leicestershire Horse-Stealer."

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" who can perambulate a race-course, riding-school, horse fair, or repository of whatever denomination, without an exulting glow of gratified admiration at the favourable aspect of human nature which such scenes present? Here the philanthropist may wear his heart upon his sleeve—there is no selfishness, trickery, or falsehood, to wound him here—all is candour, truth, and honour. Regard that friendly group of country dealers standing up to their knees in the litter—amiable men!—devoting the energies of their lives with more than Arabian fidelity to the interests of that noble animal the horse—when he grows old, they renew the days of his youth—when he gets "groggy," they blister and fire him over and over again—when he is past sale, they hire him out by the job—and when he is past a job, they hand him over to the tender mercies of the knackers—generous souls! As they pass from lip to lip that pot of "Combe's Entire," a bland expression of mistrustless affection towards each other plays over their expanded features; one by one, as they slowly withdraw the generous fluid from their lips, a sigh of sympathy escapes them for the misfortunes of humanity; and when the tankard is once more replenished, from ear to ear expands a grin of universal philanthropy from pole to pole! If any be sceptical, I recommend him to visit Smithfield market on a Friday, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon—then is Smithfield in its glory, and all alive with donkey-dealers, costermongers, cruelty-to-animals-men, dog-cart drivers, cats-meat speculators, and

knackers. Pause awhile, and attend to the unshaven blackguard in the greasy smock-frock, who is chaffering with that enterprising knacker—what emphasis in every blow he lays on the blind old animal, patiently awaiting, with drooping head and downcast ears, the issue of the argument—with what sincerity he invokes eternal damnation if he can take less than "fifteen bobs," and hopes he may be struck dead on the spot if the skin alone is not worth the money!—observe three generous youths belabouring with all their united force the head of that aged donkey, as if he were a mere Frenchman, and shut your unwilling ears, if you can, to the unnatural imprecations that issue from their lips;—now, sir, if your curiosity is satisfied, return home through Cock Lane with a better opinion of human nature—exulting that you live in moral England, and have the happiness to be a true-born Briton.

"Horses look well, Timothy?" enquired Mr Bodkin of Bodkin Bog.

"Unkimmon well—never seed 'em look so well," was the gratifying reply.

"Bay mare don't bark?"

"Only sneezes a little," said the compliant Tim.

"You have entered her all sound, of course?" enquired the master.

"As a trout," replied the man.

"You'll stick to that?"

"Swear to it," rejoined the uncompromising Timothy, "for a tanner."

"What's the time at Spicer's?"

"Sharp one, and no mistake."

"Will you take any thing?" said Mr Bodkin, insinuatingly.

"I don't mind if I do have half a pint," assented Mr Crick, with the native modesty peculiar to that gentleman.

Leaving Mr Crick to imbibe the half pint at his leisure, the sporting reader will take his gloves and whip, and accompany me across the Green to the emporium of Mr Spicer.

Mr Spicer was a great man—morally, physically, and socially, a very great man. Morally, as the supreme judge of appeal in all matters controverted among rival horse-choppers; physically, as measuring four feet six, in the clear, from shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade, and one foot nine round the small of the leg; socially, as a householder, bachelor, man of fortune, vice-

president of the Cork-Screw Club, and patron of the Jolly Tipplers' Benevolent Drunken Association.

That Mr Spicer was not elected to the vice-presidency of the Cork-Screw Club without adequate qualification for that high office, might be inferred from one single glance at the vast expanse of his leuco-phlegmatic countenance, rounded superiorly into a knob of a head, over which was flattened a thin stratum of coal-black hair, coming down very low on the forehead, and out square just over the eyebrows. Below, the visage of Mr Spicer expanded into concentric circles, radiating from a central dimple, and forming a series of independent ohins, the inferior ohin of all settling down like a dewlap, without the intervention of that often inconvenient appendage—a neck, upon shoulders of which I have heretofore described the measured latitude.

The privation of a neck economized to Mr Spicer considerable sums in the article of neckcloths,—a fancy article with gentlemen of his learned profession, but which he was enabled altogether to dispense with, wearing his shirt collar Byronically tied in front with a slip of black ribbon, which gave to the countenance and ohins of Mr Spicer a highly romantic and Werter-like appearance. His coat was pepper-and-salt, with waistcoat to match; pocket-holes that you might easily dive into, well begrimed round the orifices with snuff; black bone buttons, as big as a crown piece, mounted the coat, and half-crown buttons of the same answered to the waistcoat. On ordinary occasions, Mr Spicer sported a pair of Isabella-coloured moleskin "shorts," with mahogany "tops;" but on auction days his nether toggery consisted of white-ribbed cords, and tops of the same innocent colour, with massive chain spurs of solid silver, and boot leathers of bran-new chamois. I can safely say there was nothing of the Quaker about Mr Spicer, save the style of his hat and cut of his coat, both which articles Mrs Fry herself must have confessed to be orthodox.

His dexter mauley, not much unlike a brown quartern loaf, sported a silver-mounted waggoner's whip, with a lash as long as to-day and to-morrow. Many a playful cut of it I have got, when loitering about the "ride" with my newspapers; and, when used

con amore, that whip I have seen take a bit out of a horse's buttock as cleverly as a butter-taster scoops a sample from a suspicious firkin.

When I looked on the shoulders and calf of Mr Spicer, I admired him as a man; when I heard that he could imbibe sixteen tumblers of whisky punch, without any other external indication than a slight inspissation of speech, I revered him as a hero; but when I came to be informed that he "banked" a thousand a-month, clear of all expenses, I was ready to fall down before him in the litter, and worship the moneyed divinity.

The emporium of this Mæcenæas of horse-jockeys was as wonderful a concern as the Mæcenæas himself. As we say of the Cove of Cork, that it can harbour the whole navy of Britain, so we might observe of Mr Spicer's establishment, that it could stable the entire cavalry of the line. Here stood the riding-school—there blew the everlasting bellows of the busy forge. Every where gallery opened into gallery, extending to such a vast expanse of tenanted stalls, that you would have sworn, like the Irishman and the chain cable, that somebody had cut the other end off the stabling! But the "ride," as the space whereon the animals for sale display their points and action in technically styled, was the centre of attraction. Here were assembled Lord Miltown, Lord Howth, Colonel Westenra, Mr Maher, and the other magnates of the Irish turf;—here was the grand resort of the provincial dealers of the sister island—while the dashing embroidery of the Light Dragoons, the massive toggery and double-hilted sabres of the "Heavies," the braided undress frocks and light-blue trowsers of the Horse Artillery Brigade, and the aristocratic yet unobtrusive undress of the Guardsmen, gave to the varied scene the gaiety and animation of a ball-room.

The conversation I have recorded between Mr Bodkin and his faithful familiar Mr Orlek, and which came to my ears while waiting upon the former gentleman with a copy of that excellent and independent paper, the *Morning Register*, induced me to attend at the emporium of Mr Spicer, at the hour prescribed for the commencement of the auction, where I arrived just as a very natty gentleman was settling himself in the pulpit, hammer in hand.

The natty gentleman was of a florid, well-fed, strong-ale complexion, with regular features and well brushed whiskers to match—exceeding nice in his dress, and unexceptionable in the tie of his birds-eye fogle—a gold chain peeped out of the right pocket of his cut velvet waistcoat, and disappeared suddenly under the waistband of his drab cassimeres.

The gentleman was no other than Mr Gingersall, a relative of the gentleman of the same name, not altogether unknown at the west end of the town, who had recently arrived from London—like a bottle of genuine Cogniac—“neat as imported.”

Mr Gingersall was at last fairly settled in his pulpit, and had given the leaves of his sermon—we beg pardon, his catalogue—a preliminary flourish; the registrar of sales sat in the reader's desk, with a pen stuck over his dexter auditory organ, impatient to catch the first fall of Mr Gingersall's hammer, and to take the deposit accordingly.

Mr Gingersall stroked his whiskers with great complacency—gave a sudden glance behind his pulpit—then addressed himself to the audience. But, before we explain what he said to the audience, it is necessary, for the proper developement of this true picture of life, to expound wherefore Mr Gingersall did look behind him.

Immediately in the rear of Mr Gingersall's pulpit was the stable, whence horses intended for that day's sale were led out to “the ride.” For the convenience of the owners of such horses whose excessive modesty might preclude their appearance among the congregated bidders, a casement communicating with the pulpit of the auctioneer was built into the stable wall, where confidential communications, not intended for the vulgar ear, might pass unheard between the counsel and his client in the progress of the cause.

It was to this casement that Mr Gingersall turned for information respecting the first lot—having received a preliminary poke in the short rib from a whip handle, which I had observed to be guided by no meaner hand than that of Mr Snake Bodkin of Bodkin Bog.

“Very well,” said Mr Gingersall, impatiently, in answer to the poke in the short rib, “I understand.”

“Gentlemen,” said Mr Gingersall, turning to the attentive audience, “lot number one is a bay mare, four years off, fifteen hands and a half high, quiet to ride”——

“And drive,” whispered Mr Bodkin, through the casement, with another poke at the auctioneer's short rib.

“Quiet to ride and to drive,” continued Mr Gingersall, wincing under the application of Mr Bodkin's whip-handle, “got by Phosphorus, dam by Phenomenon, out of a Filho-da-puta mare, grandam by the Sligo Waxy, out of Comet, by Eclipse.”

“Run her down,” said Mr Spicer, cracking his whip.

The bay mare was run down accordingly, but before she got the second run, a gentleman stopped her to make a more particular examination; and, to my great astonishment, disclosed the examining party as no other, although totally metamorphosed in dress, than the hero of the curb-chains, the identical Mr Timothy Crick.

“What shall we say to begin with, Mr Horseman,” observed the natty auctioneer, addressing Mr Crick, who, I perceived, had left off his patronymic with his stable dress.

“Fifty, to begin with,” replied Mr Horseman, *alias* Crick, with unblushing effrontery.

“Gentlemen,” continued Mr Gingersall, in a high unvaried key, fifty pounds is bid, to begin with, for this celebrated bay mare, four years off, fifteen hands and a half high, quiet to ride and to drive, got by Phosphorus, dam by Phenomenon, out of a Filho-da-puta mare, grandam by the Sligo Waxy, out of Comet, by Eclipse.”

“Warranted sound,” said Mr Bodkin, *sotto voce*, with another dig at the ribs of the auctioneer.

“Warranted sound in every particular,” echoed Mr Gingersall, with a loud voice; whereupon the bay mare gave an ominous cough, as much as to say that Mr Gingersall lied in his teeth.

“Gentlemen,” continued Mr Gingersall, rather disconcerted, for it was his first appearance, as George Robins would have said, before an Irish audience; “I need not, gentlemen, dwell upon the qualities of that excellent bay mare, which I am about to sacrifice, if there is no advance, for the paltry consideration of a poor fifty pounds—look at her action, gentlemen.”

"Run her down once more," observed Mr Spicer.

The bay mare had another run accordingly, and the veriest old apple-woman on the "ride" must have observed, as the bay mare came up, that she was dead lame on the off fore leg.

"Look at her action, gentlemen," repeated Mr Gingersall.

A rather satirical laugh was the reply of the auditory to this polite invitation, which completely threw the auctioneer off his balance. He stroked his whiskers as usual, but could not get out another word.

"To be sold without reserve," whispered Mr Bodkin, digging with his whip at the discomfited auctioneer, as he stood crest-fallen in the pulpit.

"Confound your blood!" exploded Mr Gingersall, losing temper and patience together, "what do you mean?"

"Never mind," said Mr Bodkin, with great nonchalance; "go on with your auction, my Cockney!"

"*Eternal flames!*" ejaculated the Cockney, taking deadly aim at Mr Bodkin's head with his hammer, with which he would doubtless have annihilated the owner of Bodkin Bog, had not that gentleman, with great presence of mind, shifted his devoted person to one side, and thus created a vacancy for Mr Gingersall, who, losing his centre of gravity in the vehemence of his passion, precipitated himself head foremost out of the pulpit, through the open casement, into the stable below, exactly as harlequin in the pantomime disappears through the Post-office letter-box.

Screams of laughter followed this evolution of Mr Gingersall, nor was it until the last laughter had laughed his last, that some of the officers present thought of sending their compliments to know whether the auctioneer had broken his neck—to which friendly interrogatory the squashed Mr Gingersall replied, in terms which I cannot bring myself to recapitulate to ears polite. Another auctioneer was speedily procured, and the business of that day's sale proceeded without further interruption.

On the same evening, the bay mare, Mr Timothy Crick, your very obedient and most humble servant, and the unfortunate Mr Gingersall, embarked for Parkgate, the former with a view

of exhibiting the points and action of that invaluable daughter of Phosphorus, by Phenomenon, at the ensuing Chester fair—and the latter, with a no less laudable ambition of exhibiting his own points and action about the west end of the town. Mr Bodkin invited me to accompany Mr Crick in a fancy dress—in short, I was to appear in a fictitious character, Mr Bodkin kindly promising to pay my expenses, which, I need hardly tell the reader, have not been paid to this day.

As I was naturally desirous of seeing foreign parts, I consented, and forthwith alienated my newspaper property to an old Waterloo pensioner, with an introduction to all my customers, for the good and valuable consideration of four-and-sixpence, the odd sixpence having been drunk in the progress of the negotiation—then, having taken a respectful leave of the kind-hearted billiard-marker and his affectionate family, I stepped on board the vessel, and saw the far-famed attractions of Dublin bay fade gradually upon the sight, without any very tender emotion, satisfied that I was quit of an impoverished and distracted country, and that wherever fortune might kick me, I might possibly do better, but could by no human possibility do worse.

I shall ever remember, as one of the most pleasing sensations of my life, the first spring I made from the side of the vessel upon English ground. It was like taking possession of some newly discovered territory, whence I was ultimately to reap employments, honours, and rewards. I planted my foot firmly on the sod, as if taking a hold, and screamed out, "Rule Britannia," with such pulmonary intensity, that our skipper ordered the cabin steward to let me have a biscuit and glass of grog, protesting with a miscellany of imprecations, that he considered me equal to a trump!

Heavens! if the mere touch of British ground can thus thrill a stranger from the sole of the foot to the crown of his head—a poor friendless black-guard, in a stable dress—what must be the sensations of a Percy, a Talbot, a Cecil, or a Paget, as they spring upon the bosom of that time-honoured and reverend soil, whose history is made up of the deeds of their noble sires, and whose glory has been over

and over again attested by their enemies' blood.

With what emotions must they not behold the grey cliffs of Albion rise from the lap of her ocean mother, and her subject—with what subdued yet intense exultation do they not regard the "guardian giants that prowl around her coast"—with what rapture do they not behold returning from afar the long-remembered faces of countrymen and friends!

On our way to Chester fair, Mr Crick, who had dropped the patronymic of Horseman, the daughter of Phosphorus, and myself, had occasion to bait, gin and water, and bread and cheese, at the small, but not unromantic village of Guttlebelly West, where the daughter of Phosphorus excited, in the stable-yard of the Fighting Cocks, no little attention from several gentlemen in the coaching line, who were then and there assembled to assist at an auction of "fast machiners" advertised for that very day.

The fast machiners having been auctioned off, as high as the moon, to my thinking, the anxiety to see the daughter of Phosphorus was so loudly and generally expressed, that Mr Crick, like Lord John Russell, did not feel himself at liberty to refuse his assent to the unequivocal expression of the wishes of the House, and the daughter of Phosphorus was unclothed and led out into the stable-yard accordingly.

Loud and general was the expression of approbation among the assembled coach proprietors of the points of the bay mare,—such bone, sinew, and shape—so much strength combined with so much symmetry,—nothing now remained but to form an accurate conception of her action, and for this purpose, the assembled coach-owners requested Mr Crick, as a favour, to run her up a little. This that gentleman peremptorily declined,—the mare had been shown to the gentlemen, and praised by the gentlemen, which he (Mr Crick) was grateful to behold; he would do any thing to oblige so many gentlemen *what* was there assembled, but the thing was impossible, Lord Jersey's second head groom being, no doubt, by this time in waiting at Chester, with the "tin" to pay for the daughter of Phosphorus;—run her up, therefore, he would not, and run her up, therefore, he could

not. Upon this, one or two of the coach-owners, nettled at the preference which Timothy appeared inclined to bestow upon the noble Lord, hazarded a not altogether unreasonable assertion, that their "money might be as good as my Lord's;" at which Mr Crick incontinently pricked up his ears, declaring, for his part, that if he could get his price at Guttlebelly West, he would save himself a journey to Chester; and he dared to say that his master, the Earl of Clangallagher, did not care a damn whether the daughter of Phosphorus was disposed of to the Pope, the devil, or the pretender. This manly declaration of Mr Crick, tickled the assembled coach-owners mightily, who thereupon repeated their wish to have an opportunity of seeing how the daughter of Phosphorus could go. The faithful Timothy having discovered a lane well strewn with litter, leading from the stable-yard to the farm, assented to the wishes of the assembled coach-owners, and ran the daughter of Phosphorus cautiously up and down, where he well knew the slight "thrush," under which that noble animal had the misfortune to labour, could in no wise be perceptible. When the bay mare poked down her head, the usual preliminary to the emission of her constitutional cough, I observed an agony of perspiration breaking over Timothy's brow,—when she raised her head without coughing, he wiped off the sweat with the cuff of his stable-jacket, like a man relieved.

"Will she take a five-foot gate?" enquired one of the assembled coach-owners?

"Will a duck swim?"—replied the unblushing Timothy.

"Is she sound?"—was the enquiry of another of the assembled coach-owners.

"Sound in every respect—wind and limb," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Gentle?" demanded a third assembled coach-owner.

"Gentle!" ejaculated Mr Crick, in that undefinable, but very characteristic tone of voice, in which one gentleman may be supposed to express his opinion of the absurd question put by another.

"Gentle!—a infant at the breast may ride her—gentle!" for the third and last time, ejaculated Crick, dismount-

ing and caressing, with the tenderest affection, before the assembled coach-owners, the invaluable daughter of Phosphorus, beginning at her head, and ending, to show his unsuspecting confidence in her temper, by stooping directly behind the heels of the infernal beast, who, lifting her accursed hoof, which Crick was gently stroking, struck the poor unfortunate fellow right in the umbilical region with such vindictive emphasis, that he went spinning, heels over head, against the kitchen door of the Fighting Cocks, where he lay doubled up like a wet sack. Recovering somewhat, he raised himself with difficulty, on his feet, and holding one hand on his injured abdomen, he walked in the attitude of a man suffering under a wind colic, over to the perfidious daughter of Phosphorus, when, gently stroking her neck before the assembled coach-owners, as if nothing unpleasant had ever passed between them, he faintly articulated, *oh ! you playful rogue !*

The assembled coach-owners turned away, heartily sick of the daughter of Phosphorus, and taking no pains to conceal their indignation ; while the faithful Timothy sneaked to the hay-loft, where I soon after attended upon him.

"Pat, I'm a dead dog!" piteously ejaculated the poor fellow.

"Don't say so, Timothy," said I ; for I was rather *green* at the time, and could not behold the death even of a horse-jockey without emotion..

"I'm cat's meat," added the dying man, pathetically.

"I'll go for a doctor, Timothy dear!" said I, wringing the hands of the expiring horse-jockey.

"I won't be hurried," said Tim, with an attempt at a wink, which plainly indicated his words as a cut at the faculty.

"Pat," said my poor friend, faintly.

"What is it, my poor fellow?" said I, squeezing his hand, as the tears halled off my face.

"Promise me this one thing."

"I will," replied I ; "so help me"—

"*Tell Bodkin I did my best.*"

"I will—Tim," sobbing, I replied.

"And, Pat," continued Timothy, in a whisper, "don't—let—them—try the—mare"—

Here I raised him in my arms, for the death-rattle began to gurgle in his throat—

"*She's a roarer!*" he faintly ejaculated, and expired.

FASCICULUS THE EIGHTH.

"Oh London, oh London!
How many are undone
In thy miscellaneous shop?
How curious—how various
Thy bipeds gregarious—
High up, low down, slides, bottom, and top!"
O.—R.

The funeral obsequies of the late lamented Mr Timothy Crick were not finally completed without much intestine agitation among the constituted authorities of Guttlebelly West, regretting, as they must, the loss of so amiable a man, and consigning to ten thousand devils, as they unsparingly did, the impudent horse-jockey who died at their door, when, as one of the overseers pitifully remarked, the blasted beggar might just as well have kicked the bucket ten thousand miles off!

It was seriously proposed, among these parochial worthies, to pickle the deceased Mr Crick, and to return him to the place from whence he came, as the justices say, for interment. This course, most probably, would have

been adopted, but for a suggestion of the parish surgeon, that the pickle and carriage would be more costly than the usual interment "*in forma pauperis.*" Secondly, it was gravely suggested that the parish should impound the bay mare, to the credit of all costs to be incurred respecting the fatal blow she had cruelly and wantonly inflicted upon the horse-jockey ; and this suggestion might have been acted on as well, had not the landlord of the Fighting Cocks been earlier in the field, and impounded the bay mare upon his own account. I would have disputed this matter with the landlord, looking at the bay mare in the light of a ward in Chancery, of whom, in the absence of Mr Bodkin, I considered myself the next friend and lawful

guardian, but desisted, when I reflected that the landlord was acting on his own responsibility, and that, before I could have replevined the bay mare, she would have committed suicide—in the only way in which that noble animal, the horse, has been known to terminate so ingloriously his earthly calamities; that is to say, by eating his own head off!

It was next proposed that I should be sent to the House of Correction as a vagrant, or rather as security for the funeral costs and charges of Mr Crick, which I had been invited to disburse; to which invitation (for I was piqued at the parochial brutality of these cheese-munchers) I replied, with as much confidence as if I had had the money in my pocket—that I would see them all *condemned* first! Dame Nature at last, however, kindly stepped in to settle the argument, by instituting the putrefactive process, which, appealing directly to the noses of the parish officers of Guttlebelly West, convinced their worship that it would be safer for the public health to lay the mortal remains of the late Timothy Crick in his mother earth, cost what it might, without any further exhibition of their ale-inspired rhetoric; and, accordingly, poor Timothy was "earthed," as he would have said himself, with a haste as indecent as the indecency of the precedent delay.

For my own part, judging of the tone and manner of the humane authorities of Guttlebelly West, I entertain not a doubt but that, if Timothy had not begun to stink, he would have lain unburied, without note or comment, until the carrion crows had picked the bones of his carcase as clean as a whistle.

It was a few days before Christmas that I shook the inhospitable dust of Guttlebelly West from my shoes, and set out on my long-wished-for journey towards that London, whose vaunted magnificence it was then my utmost ambition to behold, but which bitter experience has long since taught me to look upon as I look upon literature itself—as a capital staff, but a confounded crutch. My wardrobe, luggage, and incumbrances generally, consisted of one cotton chemise, fine Irish front, for dress; one sailor's striped ditto for night wear; one and a half pairs of mixed cotton socks, one ditto, of lambs-wool stockings presented me by Mrs Rafferty, the bil-

liard-marker's kind-hearted wife, one tooth brush, one nail ditto, and Crick's favourite curry-comb, all tied up promiscuously in a blue and white bandana, and suspended over my left shoulder—I hope the precise critic recollects that I am left-handed—from the bone handle of Timothy's hunting whip, the lash whereof I had carefully coiled up in my breeches' pocket for future occasions.

It was a genial and a cheerful season—vegetation took her winter nap, and the glebe fattened under the influences of a kindly frost—the air was of that keen and bracing sort that gave tone to every nerve, and elasticity to every step—the calm sky reposed in cerulean cloudlessness; and, what was of more importance to a gentleman of fortune [youth and health] like myself, privileged to strut unscathed through every turnpike in the kingdom, the roads were in prime pedestrian order. Nor did animated nature present a spectacle less pleasing to the mind than the amenity of the wintry landscape exhibited to the eye. The little birds, it is true, had ceased their individual song, but they had collected into a commonwealth among the bushes at the rise of the hill, and chirruped an irregular ode in praise of society; that impudent, delightful, familiar, little monster in the olive-brown uniform with red facings, Captain Cook Robin, accompanied me on my route, scrutinizing me intently with his large round black eye, and almost—not quite—accepting the sweepings of my pocket, as I usually eat my oysters, when I can get them, out of hand.

I have said it was the advent of that high and holy season, when the message of God's pardon and love came to the children of sin, from the first feeble cry of the God made Man—when a morality began to be preached to the nations, which the vaunted scribes of Hebrew theology answered with revilings and blows—a morality that reposes confidently upon the mercy of God and the free-offering of his Son, that stifles within our miserable bosoms the blind fury of unlicensed passion, and deposits in the all-reaching hand of God's providence our avenges and our wrongs. It was verging towards that gracious day, whose bare commemoration opens the fountains of every heart, and sheds

balm over every soul—draws together from the ends of the earth the long-sundered family, and lets fall upon the paternal hearth the tender, the mingled tear of brotherly and sisterly affection!

Groups of happy and innocent children carolled the glad tidings of our Saviour's coming on his errand of fallen man's redemption. Oh! it was delicious music, for the voice was from the heart, and the heart was pure.—

“All in a stable He was born
When He to save us came :
Hallowed be that holy morn,
Hallowed be His name.”

I lifted up my voice, and would have carolled with the children, but the song died away upon my tongue—the heart was out of tune—I paused and wept—wept that I was no longer innocent, no longer happy!

Oh, days of childhood!—dear departed days! When to be vacant was to know enough—when to be careless, was perfect joy—when the unsuspecting heart lives upon the laughing lip, and love, pity, and devotion, commingle in the pure unmeditating eye.

Knowledge! Fame! Ambition! Fashion! London!—what can you offer to efface the memory of days like these?

As I journeyed from town to town, scenes of joyous preparation obtruded themselves every where upon my view. I lingered in the fat market, where the poor widow, basket in hand, was making thrifty entertainment for the fatherless babes that toddled at her knee. I followed, with longing, lingering eyes, the truck that conveyed away a plain yet plentiful dinner to the work-house, and wished myself, for that day only, a pauper.

The alehouses along the road were verdantly tricked out in festoonings of ivy, with his pimple-nosed jolly companion, the famous old holly—and peeping into the kitchens, I had more than one opportunity of observing the maids busily engaged in the clandestine putting up of the formidable misletoe bough.

The road was alive with cheerful faces—stagecoaches stopping every five minutes to gin and water; guards perpetually jerking down parcels, and even the coachman himself relaxing to something like a grin at the uncommon

funniness of the outsides. How I do love a stagecoach! Let me live on the box, die beside the guard, and be buried in the front boot! How I do love spanking along at ten miles an hour, including stoppages, in a clear cold winter day, or under the glorious light of a harvest moon! Then comes a long hill, and at the top, quite promiscuous, as a body may say, is the Red Lion standing on his hind legs, inviting us all in to gin and water. I help the young woman in the cotton wrapper down with the most sedulous attention—“Care of your petticoats on the lamp iron”—“lend me your foot, Miss”—“my eye, what an ankle”—“this is the step”—“now, turn round and jump into my arms”—“all right”—“there you are”—“fie, for shame”—“don't mention it!” “Take a drop of any thing”—“don't say no, if you'd rather not.” “Now, gentlemen, if you please,”—“give me your hand”—“care of the wheel”—“I see your garter”—“Oh! you wretch”—“there you are,”—“all right behind”—and away we go again!

A fig for your cheap and nasty railway, smelling like a cookshop—a fig for the great kettle of hot water that pulls it along—a fig for the filthy policemen prowling about in green frocks and glazed hats, taking people into custody, as if they were Mounseers or Frenchmen—and a fig for the prison vans, in which poor devils of passengers are hurried from town to town, without as much as a drop of any thing short to take the director's dirt out of their whistles!

Railways!—to the devil I pitch you with sixpence, and hope you'll enjoy the money and company!

Thank God! there were no cheap and nasty railways when I made my first journey towards London—there, clattered away a yellow post-chaise packed with children, their noses flattened up against the windows—and there spanked along—Lord, how beautiful!—a dashing barouche and four—a lady and gentleman inside enveloped in sables, with the tips of their noses peeping out. What a tidy farmer's cart, and such a devilish nice girl going to spend her Christmas—and talk of the devil, here he comes—po! only a provincial sweep careering along upon his donkey.

As evening comes on, I enter a town, and pass alehouse after ale-

house, where the blazing tap-room fire streams through the well-cleaned window, and exhibits within a semicircle of elderly gentlemen with pipes and pots, engaged in settling the affairs of the nation—groups of rosy laughing girls gather for mutual protection at the corner, and wo betide the hapless bumpkin who draws down upon his numbskull the concentrated artillery of their tongues. You see a knot of young artizans flitting about the opposite corner, but, Lord bless you! sooner than attack that bevy of virgins, as they stand, the poor fellows would jump into a lime-kiln! The markets are sumptuous to behold, and every thing is promised feasting and anticipated revelry.

“Do you suppose, because I trudged along, poor, hungry and friendless, that I observed all these indications of

“How good the God of seasons was to them,”

with emotions correspondent to the bitterness of my lot? if so, you suppose ignorantly. I thank my God, my heart warmed, glowed, expanded, under the influence of the hospitable atmosphere around me. I forgot for the moment, my individual desolation in the contemplation of surrounding plenty, and feasted in imagination upon the prospective feastings of my fellow-creatures! You, born and nursed in the lap of luxury, whose associations of this holy season are made up of the recollections of hospitable interchanges of social courtesies—who wander abroad with your relatives hanging upon your arm, and return home loaded with presents for your little brothers and sisters—to whom, at this time of year, the old and faithful servant of your house is as a father, and your great dog Neptune a familiar friend—you, fallen from your better fortunes, and trudging along without a dinner, or money to buy one, might, in the bitterness of your heart, be tempted to curse the hospitality which you alone were not to be permitted to share. But the case was altogether different with me—desolate from my birth—flung friendless upon the wide world, days as bad as a man could see and live, had already gone over my head; it was a luxury to me to see poor people happy, and the mere aspect of com-

fort and unostentatious plenty was a feast, stranger though I was, and penniless in the land!

It was on a Christmas eve that I entered a small town in one of the midland counties, weary, hungry, and without a penny in my pocket. I had tried some ballads along the road, in my very best style, such as I used to turn to very good account in the maritime purlieus of Dublin;—and here let me pause to observe, that I have ever found sailors just landed from a trip the very best judges of lyrical poetry—their criticism is contributed in copper, a coin very superior indeed to the reviewers’ brass—in short, there is no comparison. I sung over and over again, till my larynx felt as rough as a file—

“Come, listen awhile, and you soon shall hear—

By the rolling sea lived a maiden fair,
Her father he followed the smuggling trade,

Like a warlike hero—

Like a warlike hero that never was afraid.

“In seaman’s clothes young Jane did go,
Dressed like a sailor from top to toe;
Her father he was become old and poor,

Like a warlike hero—

Like a warlike hero, as I told you before.”

And so on, but sing as I might, I got never a penny. This led me to reflect a little; if I had had money in my pocket, no doubt I would have gone through Swillingham, for that was the name of the place, with sovereign contempt for their “cruel taste in music,” as the cow facetiously observed after she had eaten the bagpipes; but money I had none, and therefore I began to consider whether a village in the midland counties was just the sphere in which a nautical ballad, like the *Female Smuggler*, was likely to be properly appreciated.

After hearing arguments *pro* and *con*, I concluded it was not; and this literary failure I put on record for the benefit of all those scribblers who may not be aware of the importance of attending to the time and manner of bringing out a work; from the ingenious hidalgo who pumped *The Great Metropolis* upon the town, down, down, down to—let me see how low I can go—down to Lord Mulgrave, the unreadable novel-twister, or his equally great camarado, Lord Morpeth, the Keepsake poet!

In considering what lyrical production I should substitute for the *Female Smuggler*—for it was with me a clear case of “No Song, no Supper,”—the sound of a shrill voice, chanting carols, struck upon my ear. I followed the sound, and arrived at the corner of a lane whence the sacred melody was pouring forth—I approached, and found the musician a youth of some eleven years of age, rolling his eyes on diverging axes, and straining his throat as if his heart would break—as well it might, for the poor youth was singing to empty benches,—he cried out like Wisdom in the streets, but no man paid the slightest attention to him! Now, I sing a remarkable second—remarkable, inasmuch as it is not the result of a knowledge of music, scientifically or practically—but an instinctive blending of a second in strict harmony with any tuneable voice—I cannot help it, and I cannot go wrong—hum an opera air, I will chime in a second to the fraction of a semitone—sing a second, I will come in mathematically with a bass—descend into bass, I harmonize with a tolerable falsetto. I never could account for this; but, if I ever have the honour of an introduction to Mr Hogarth, who has made himself master of the subject, I intend to ask him all about it.

I chimed in, however, with the youth, and very soon attracted a not inconsiderable auditory, who, I could easily perceive, were true judges of correct taste and harmonious execution. A few coppers fell into the hands of the straining youth, who took occasion to observe, at the close of one of our carols, that, if I continued to assist him, he had no objection to let me go “snacks.” To this I very readily assented, and the straining youth and myself having expended a halfpenny each in small beer to keep us in voice, carolled through the town of Swillingham with such great and unprecedented success, that, when we found ourselves unable to get out another note, we were in the joint possession of the gross sum of fifteen-pence halfpenny, with which we proposed immediately to adjourn to our hotel.

The reader is not to suppose that we entered beneath one of those houses of extortion, which suspend a lie over their doors in the shape of

some green dragon, blue lion, golden griffin, or such like fabulous monster, never to be seen, except at Greenwich fair, in “*rerum natura*,”—we entered a house in the lane where I first discovered the straining youth, and which displayed, in a window of two feet square, an assortment of red herrings, pipes, ballads, penny rolls, rush-lights, bacon, matches, and general merchandise. We entered, as I have said; when the straining youth demanded, authoritatively, to know what he could have for supper; to which the matron of the mansion replied by another interrogatory, “what he had got to pay it with.”

The reply to this business-like request, was a display of the fifteen-pence halfpenny upon the table, which completely satisfied the lady of the house, who set about preparing our supper *con amore*, while the youth and myself amused our innocent minds by arranging in the Macedonian phalanx the fifteenpence halfpenny, until the banquet was announced as quite ready.

We began, I recollect, with a salt herring—removed by a quarter of a pound of streaky bacon—seven pounds of potatoes, a penny roll each, and a quart of small beer.

The bill, which I also well remember, was as follows:—Fish, a penny—bacon, twopence—vegetables, twopence halfpenny—bread, twopence—beer, one-penny,—the sum total of the joint repast, eightpence halfpenny, fire, cooking, and candles included. This I submit to the consideration of gentlemen frequenting the Clarendon; and I ought to add, that our lodging was twopence each, waiters, chambermaids, and boots inclusive.

My belly was full, and my spirits, as is always the case, buoyant in proportion—I drank to the health of the factory boy—for such was the profession of the straining youth—with many expressions of the pleasure I felt in making his acquaintance—which the factory boy—with a pull at the small beer, returned by wishing me a merry Christmas and plenty of ‘em; to which I replied across the table in a “neat and appropriate speech.”

We then proposed “the King, and the rest of the royal family,” which was responded to with enthusiasm—

whereupon the matron said we were good boys, and might have another mug of beer, if we chose to pay for it, which hospitable offer the factory boy, with a wink at me, declined.

As the factory boy was the only gentleman of a literary turn of mind I had encountered since my arrival in England, I thought I might as well, for I was always insufferably vain, have his opinion of certain poetical trifles, in the composition of which I had amused myself while in the newspaper line, but which my late lamented friend Crick considered, one and all, as very low, and every way inferior to the *Kibriderry Hunt*, as, in truth, was the case.

The factory boy, I thought, might be of a different opinion; and, whether he was or not, I proposed to myself the gratification of spouting my own doggrel, which is luxury enough to a manufacturer of epics any day.

Accordingly, having intimated to the factory boy that I intended to astonish his weak mind,—an intimation which he replied to by a copious libation of small beer, as if to gather strength to undergo the operation,—I took out of my bosom a little manuscript book, which, for greater safety, I had tied round my neck with a string; and, after the usual number of preliminary hems, proceeded to astonish the factory boy as follows:—

THE RAINBOW.

I.

“In jocund boyhood’s gay career,
Nor care, nor blight, nor sorrow near,
Oft, in wild hope, I’ve followed on,
Upland and vale, woodland and lawn,
In eager chase,
To gain the space
Where heaven’s gay arch found resting-
place.”

Breathless, I toiled from hill to hill;
From hill to hill the vision flew,
Lingering on earth, yet lingering still
Without my reach, within my view.

II.

“In manhood thus—a graver child,
Hope, like that arch celestial, smiled,
Apparrelling in colours gay
The toy, the wish of every day—

Allures the view,

And we pursue,

Fond fools! to find our day-dream true.
Still, far as ever from our eyes,
The expected blessing mocks the sight,
And, like the rainbow of the skies,
Dissolves in tears or fades in night.

III.

“Love! Glory! Fame! Ambition!—all
Hues of the brightest—fastest fly;
Dark days of twilight round us fall,
As one by one we see them die.

Thrice happy they

To die away—

As to that fading bow ’tis given—
Rising in death from earth to heaven!”

“What do you think of that?” said I, after a decent pause, to the attentive factory boy.

“I was thinking,” answered the juvenile manufacturer, with an air of grave deliberation—“I was thinking,” replied him of the factory, “that we might sing it to-morrow—if it would pay.”

“PAY!—if it would PAY!” From the heights of Parnassus I came tumbling with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling. I could have eaten the factory boy without salt; but, having already supped, I contented myself with putting *The Rainbow* into my breeches’ pocket, and draining to the dregs, out of pure malice, what little there remained of the small beer.

EGYPT—THE TROJAN WAR—HOMER.

I. IN our last Egyptian article, of which Mr Cory's *Ancient Fragments* formed the text (see No. 273, July 1838), we discussed the origin and progress of phonetic discovery until it became a profitable appendage to history, by means of those chronological tablets which it has rescued from the night of ages; and which have supplied us with a contemporary outline of the most remarkable, and heretofore the most questioned portion of the heathen annals of antiquity, and placed at our disposal records of the mythic ages of Greek and Roman writers.

We pointed out to our readers the classification which must be observed with reference to the Egyptian records, to investigate them with effect—namely, that portion, belonging to the declining period of the monarchy, which is obnoxious to the test of contemporary history, although less fully elucidated by recent discovery than the great age of art and empire—and that portion referring to the latter, which, from the absence of connected contemporary criteria, had hitherto bid defiance to theory, but which involves the foundation of all the great existing monuments, and the lists of their constructors, now so effectually vindicated.

In our examination of the chronology of the twenty-first and following dynasties, the claims of the principal annalist Manetho were shown to be indisputable; the restoration of the chronological outline of his text from among the conflicting versions which appear in Mr Cory's collection, practicable; and the scientific principles of his history to be the same with those more recently adopted by the Græco-Egyptian astronomers, and which are on all hands agreed to be incontrovertible.

The more full elucidation of these principles we reserved for our investigation of the early dynasties which are in a great degree beyond the pale of contemporary history, but of many of which we now possess the original counterparts—anticipating that we should, by this course, be equally conducted to a true outline of the antecedent text; and hence, to criteria for

testing the system of the historian, and the various theories which have been founded on it in ancient and modern times.

We now, therefore, return to that more interesting part of the history to which the recovered monumental records, and the great remains of art belong. This has been preserved in various forms, more or less original, by Herodotus, the author of the *Old Egyptian Chronicle*, Manetho, Eratosthenes, Diodorus Siculus, and Josephus (whose respective outlines will be found in "*Ancient Fragments*"); and has re-appeared in connexion with the chronological theories of the fathers of the church—more particularly in the writings of Eusebius and Syncellus—followed by many learned moderns, as Scaliger, Ussher, Marsham, Perizonius, Newton, and Pritchard—up to the period of the present hieroglyphic discoveries.

With Dr Pritchard's learned analysis of Egyptian mythology and chronology, which appeared in the year 1819, the old school of this branch of criticism may be said to have closed: while in the same year the new was originated by the hieroglyphic dissertations and chronological tables published by Dr Young. Champollion, Felix, Rosellini, Seyffarth, Wilkinson, Sharpe, Cory, and others, have followed; and all have endeavoured to combine the new discoveries with the old systems.

None of these are right, nor could it be expected, while so much difference of opinion prevails regarding even the sacred chronology of the ages in question; but it is singular that, while the present continental critics advocate a long system of time, in correspondence with the Samaritan and Greek versions of Scripture, the English, with scarcely an exception, consider the era of the deluge given by Moses in the Hebrew Numbers, *a.c.* 2348, as exceeding the limit to which the chronology of the Egyptian dynasties extends—an opinion which we also decidedly adhere to, viewing all the lengthened periods as reducible without force to the limits of Ussher's Biblical chronology.

Under such circumstances, we be-

lieve we can do, no better service to the cause of enquiry, than to collect and examine the results of ancient and modern opinion regarding the early dynasties. This we propose to do in the order of the respective ages of the writers—omitting, or passing briefly over, those moderns who preceded the hieroglyphic era, and noticing several points of importance to history, which have been heretofore overlooked. We hope by this process to arrive at the true sense of the original authorities, which will, as already intimated, help us to test the results of modern opinion; and we propose to conclude by a tabular view of the several systems, with our own inferences from the whole. Indeed, our proposed course is the more necessary, because it will appear that several of the ancient systems, as those of Herodotus, Manetho, and Diodorus, have never hitherto been clearly submitted to modern readers; while some of the leading theories of the present time, as those of Rosellini and Wilkinson, have not hitherto been criticised by our tenacious reviewers, who content themselves with echoing the dogmas of the hierologists.

But, there is one writer not hitherto admitted into the canon of historians, who preceded all these whom we have enumerated, and whose notices, connected with Egypt, are probably synchronous with the close of the continued hieroglyphic records, and of the nineteenth Dynasty of Diospolitans, when the great cycle of Egyptian art terminates. We mean the poet Homer (the probable contemporary of his own Polybus or Thuoris), whose knowledge of history, geography, art, mythology, and every subject he has handled, astonishes us, only because clothed in the poetical garb of the age in which he flourished; and whose Egyptian notices and allusions we hope to see incorporated in their due place, in the third edition of Mr Cory's excellent compilation.

Justice to history, to Homer, and to polite literature, demands this; and, in the mean time, we shall introduce this venerable chronicler, like one of his own episodes, between the first and second portions of our enquiry, so as not to offend the prejudices of unprepared readers, by disturbing the chain of recognised wri-

ters on history. We hope to demonstrate that the scientific principles of the systems of Manetho and the Græco-Egyptian astronomers were not unknown to Homer, and that by developing his chronological calendar, we shall the better prepare our readers for the chronological calendar of Herodotus which is to follow. In fine, our hope is to restore Homer to his place, as the true father of profane history, and thereby render, we trust, an acceptable and interesting service to the cause of both Greek and Egyptian history and literature, and add one more link to the chain which binds them together. Having thus far introduced the subject, we shall, without further preface, proceed with our Homeric episode.

II. Nothing can be more delightful to the cultivated mind than the juxtaposition in which the sisters, Art and Poetry, appear in the earliest known ages of both. That the military sculptures of the Pharaohs are represented to the life in the Homeric battle-scenes, and that the descriptions of the poet are equally represented to the life in the efforts of Egyptian art, are observations which have occurred to every traveller and admirer of ancient genius.

While Homer's knowledge of Greece and its dependencies is that of a native, his knowledge of Egypt is that of a traveller, with little more of exaggeration and embellishment than are to be found in travellers, from Herodotus or Marco Polo; and the ancients have, with almost one consent, assigned Egypt either as the country of his birth, or that from whence he derived the varied materials embodied in works which every succeeding age has been content to imitate. The uncertainty regarding the country and history of the poet has left room for many an hypothesis to account for his extraordinary degree of knowledge; and one writer—Heliodorus—goes so far as to make him a son of the Egyptian god Hermes, by a priestess of Thebes.

Be this as it may, it is by no means an untenable hypothesis that the voyages of

"The man for wisdom's various arts renowned,"

are either wholly or in part, those of the poet himself, who,

"Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states surveyed ;"

and,

"When his muse had sung the destined fall
Of sacred Troy,"

and enriched the Iliad from his stores of accumulated knowledge, embodied these wanderings in the history of one of his principal heroes.

It is at least certain that the age of the wanderings of Ulysses is that of the poet ; and this will explain many seeming difficulties and anachronisms which occur in the Odyssey, but not in the Iliad. It will account for the events of different ages being mingled together. It will explain why the three hundred years are annihilated, which separated the Egyptian King Memnon, the contemporary of Priam, from Polybus and Proteus, the contemporaries of Homer ; and the idea only requires to be carried out to explain the two ages to which the events of the Trojan war have been assigned, and to account for the congress of Æneas and the foundress of Carthage.

The Egyptian origin of the Homeric calendar of divinities was asserted by Herodotus ; and this is confirmed by the whole tenor of subsequent history and mythology ; but it has not hitherto been suspected that the frame-work of the Iliad and Odyssey is itself derived from the Egyptian calendar, and that the Trojan era, and the Homeric, or second Trojan era, are discoverable with mathematical accuracy in the cycle of the erratic Egyptian year.

The taking of Troy was, as we learn from Diodorus, the *εκατοστής*, or regulating epoch of early Grecian history and chronology (like that of the Olympiads in subsequent times) ; and that it was an astronomical one appears from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who, in the first book of his Chronicle, acquaints us that Troy "was taken on the approach of summer, seventeen days before the solstice, on the eighth day," before the end (*i.e.* on the 24th) of the (11th) Athenian month Thargelion,—twenty days remaining to complete the current year, which thus ended thirty-seven days after the capture of the city." This he had from the historians Ephorus, Callisthenes, and other very ancient authorities, who affirmed that the month Thargelion was for this reason, always accounted unfortunate among the barbarian or foreign nations.

The most ancient Attic year consisted, like the Egyptian, from whence it was derived, of twelve months of thirty days each, which were kept to their places in the solar year, by modes of intercalation not now understood ;† for, the explanation attributed to Solon (Herod. I. 32), and repeated by Geminus, Censorinus, and others ; according to which a month of thirty days was added every alternate year to that of 360 days, will aid us but little.

The most ancient writer who professes accurately to fix the year of the taking of Troy, is Timæus Siculus (a.c. 285—1), who dated it 417 years before the Olympian era, a.c. 776. This ascends to the year a.c.

* The Parian Chronicle has "*the seventh day*," which evidently means *seven days* before the expiration of the month, as determined by the express statement of Dionysius, which proves its own exactness.

† Since these pages were written, we have ascertained that the ancient Attic months were kept in their places by an intercalary solar cycle of nine years, which is alluded to by Homer, *Odys.* xix. 178, and represents the difference of time between the calendars of the Iliad and Odyssey. By the returns of this cycle, which has been most erroneously confounded with the lunar *octaëteris*, or cycle of eight years, the recurrence of the ancient Grecian festivals and games—the Panathenæa, the Isthmia, the Pythia, the Olympics, &c.—was regulated in the ages preceding the Olympian era, at which time the period of nine years was replaced by that of four. The events of history were also conventionally adjusted by the former ; as, the nine years' interval of the tribute imposed on the Athenians by Minos ; the nine years from the rape of Helen till the siege of Troy ; the nine years of the siege ; the nine years interposed between the taking of Troy and the return of Ulysses, &c. But we cannot do more than allude to a question so comprehensive, and so important to history, in the compass of a note, and shall probably recur to it on another occasion, more especially because it has been wholly overlooked by the Anaxims of ancient and modern criticism.

1193, and is nearly the date given by Paterculus, 415 years before the first Olympiad, and by Aretas, 414 years before that era. It is further confirmed by the accurate chronologist, Castor Rhodius, in whose Assyrian Canon (cited in Ancient Frag. p. 75, 76) the taking of Troy is referred to the thirty-second year of King Tautanes, 418 years before the first Olympiad. The date assigned by the Parian Marbles, a record of the age of Timæus (as corrected by Selden and Marsham), by Bractothenes, Apollodorus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Porphyry, is 407 years before the Olympiad, which is raised by Diodorus, Solinus, and Lactantius, to 408, and diminished by Eusebius to 406—the difference between this series and the former probably resulting from the ten years of the siege.*

In the early part of the twelfth century B.C., the solstice occurred on July 4th in the Julian year; and seventeen days before this, or June 17th, Troy was taken, according to the authorities of Dionysius. This day has been altered to June 11th in the year B.C. 1184, by Petavius; to June 10th B.C. 1183, by Dodwell; to June 22d B.C. 1183, by Scaliger; and to June 21st B.C. 1182, by Bunting, who respectively conjecture that the statement of the ancients refers to the Metonic or Callippic lunar year†—an hypothesis which, independently of the blundering calculations of these chronologists, the fact that Ephorus and Callisthenes lived a century before Timæus, of itself confutes; and proves, as will immediately appear, that the characters of the date were derived

from ancient observation or invention. But, invention would in this case imply a refinement in calculation which only belongs to modern times, unless the following coincidence be a mere accident.

June 17th was, in fact, the Thoth or first day of the erratic Egyptian year, at the date assigned by Timæus and his followers—the Thoth, which receded a day in each quadriennium, answering to that day from B.C. 1193 to 1180, as the elements preserved by Claudius Ptolemy, Censorinus, and Theon, and quoted in Mr Cory's work, determine with mathematical certainty.

This is of itself a remarkable coincidence, but not more than might be expected if the history and its era were derived from the priests of Egypt, who connected every historical era (and doubtless the information derived from the visit of Menelaus, one of the principal actors in the scene) with their erratic calendar, and thus left a method of determining the truth of such eras, which descended to the astronomers of the Græco-Egyptian school; and, in the records of Hipparchus and Ptolemy, has proved more useful than any other system of ancient chronology. The Thoth of the taking of Troy was, in fact, that of Priam's death, and would have been that of the reign of his successor—the system referring every accession to the first day of the erratic year in which it occurred (as demonstrated by the chronological canon of Hipparchus and Ptolemy, in which the reigns of less than a year are invariably included in the next, in order

* There is another series of rough dates, also at the interval of ten years from the latter, viz., B.C. 1176 or 400 years before the first Olympiad, according to Varro, B.C. 1173, according to Syncellus, and B.C. 1171, or 395 years before the first Olympiad, according to Sosibius. Besides these, we have B.C. 1269, or 770 years before the descent of Xerxes on Greece; in the life of Homer attributed to Herodotus (a date resulting from a palpable error of 200 years, in early transcription, as will appear farther on), and B.C. 1209, as it stands in the uncorrected Parian Marbles. And, if we add the depressed epoché of Herodotus, B.C. 972–939 (the reign of Proteus), of Virgil, about the time of the foundation of Carthage, B.C. 887, and of Constantinus Manasses, who makes Priam send an embassy for auxiliaries to King David, we believe we shall have before us all the dates to which the Trojan war has been referred by the ancients.

† "Preinde non pro historicorum coævorum testimonio, sed pro juniorum qui sub Metonico Cyclo vixerint, retineamus." (*Dochoell, Diss. I. de Vet. Gr. Romanorumq. Cyc.*) The elements stated by this critic belong to the year B.C. 1184, and not 1183, to which he refers them; nor do any of the above quoted dates agree with the premises assumed, which are principally founded on the Metonic Solstice, June 27th, and belong to the 8th year, ending, of the Metonic Cycle of 19, ascending from B.C. 433, the date of Meton's observations.

that each reign might take its date from the antecedent Egyptian Thoth; and, in the present case, it could not be far removed from the event, which Virgil (*Æneid* III.) and the ancients refer to summer, in conformity with the general sense of Homer.

It is difficult to suppose that such a coincidence could be accidental; while it gives us a consistent reason for the astronomical characters stated by Dionysius; and, if valid, a mathematically correct date for the siege of Troy, with reference to the year. It is, besides, consistent with the known Egyptian origin of the Attic year, and with the reputed and most consistent and probable origin of the Homeric *metæra*. We need hardly add, that none of the other dates, to which the taking of Troy has been referred, can offer the required characters.

Again, by ascending with the erratic Egyptian year till the Thoth corresponded with the first day of the Attic year, *i. e.* thirty-eight days after Thargelion 23, and June 17, or $38 \times 4 = 152$ years + *a.c.* 1193, we shall find *a.c.* 1345—1341 for the date of coincidence, and of the derivation of the Athenian year from the Egyptian;* and the year *a.c.* 1349, according to Eusebius, marks the arrival of Pelops in Peloponnesus, with whose Olympic games, celebrated at Elis, *a.c.* 1321 (the epoch of the Egyptian

Canicular Cycle, as explained in our former articles), we have the first indication of that year in Greece.

Let us next descend from the Trojan era to the age of Homer, and we shall be directed to equally consistent results.

The best supported age of the poet is that of Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian legislator, about the time of the first Olympiad instituted by Iphitus, *a.c.* 884—108 years before the date of the continued series of Olympiads, according to Eratosthenes and Phlegon—and Homer flourished 302 years after the taking of Troy, according to the marble chronicle of Paros, the majority as well as the most authentic and judicious of the ancient historians differing little from this (although we find Homer raised to *a.c.* 1109, and depressed to *a.c.* 684, as will appear in the sequel). Herodotus, the most ancient of them, dates the age of Homer (*II.* 53) 400 years before his own time; and, as Herodotus was born in the year *a.c.* 484 (or fifty-three years before the Peloponnesian war), according to Aulus Gellius, we thus obtain the Homeric date *a.c.* 884, as above.

An Egyptian astronomical date occurs at this time—the coincidence of the Thoth with the vernal equinox, April 2, to which it had receded *a.c.* 889—885; the recession, from the

* The following table will show the relation of the Attic and Egyptian months for this epoch, together with their places in the Julian year.

<i>a.c.</i> 1345.		Attic.		Egyptian.	Days.
July 25.	I.	Hecatombeon,	I.	Thoth,	30
Aug. 24.	II.	Metagitnion,	II.	Paophi,	30
Sept. 23.	III.	Boedromion,	III.	Athyr,	30
Oct. 23.	IV.	Pyanæpion,	IV.	Choiac,	30
Nov. 22.	V.	Mæcacterion,	V.	Tybi,	30
Dec. 22.	VI.	Posideon (the reduplicated month in the intercalary year),	VI.	Mechir,	30
<i>1344.</i>					
Jan. 21.	VII.	Gamelion,	VII.	Phamenoth,	30
Feb. 20.	VIII.	Anthesterion,	VIII.	Pharmuthi,	30
Mar. 22.	IX.	Elaphebolion,	IX.	Pachon,	30
April 21.	X.	Munychion,	X.	Payni,	30
May 21.	XI.	Thargelion,	XI.	Epiphi,	30
June 20.	XII.	Scirrophorion,	XII.	Mesori,	30
July 20.				Epagomenæ or intercalary days,	5

former astronomical date, June 17, B.C. 1193—1189, being seventy-six days $\times 4 = 304$ years.

Such was the state of the erratic Egyptian calendar when Homer wrote—the commencement of the year corresponding with the opening of the Iliad, as well as of the Odyssey, as will presently appear; and the 23d of Thargelion, on which Troy was taken, answering to the 17th of the third Egyptian month Athyr, the day of the Aphanism or disappearance of Osiris, and of the mournful rites of the Egyptian calendar; * in correspondence with the unlucky character of Thargelion among the barbarians, as above.

We thus discover a difference of time strictly Egyptian, which, we cannot doubt, would be marked by the priests, admitting Homer's information to have been derived from them. They would, like every one else, use the current calendar of the period. It is literally the difference between the calendars of the Memnon of the Iliad and the Polybus of the Odyssey—

namely, the Ramses Miamon, or Ramses II. (the author of the Memnonium, and of the finest military sculptures), and the Thuoris or Polybus of Manetho's dynasties—the period from the accession of the former to the death of the latter being 303 years, according to the fragments in Josephus; and varying from 295 to 315 years, according to the other copies of the dynasties.

We have remarked that the commencement of the Egyptian year at the equinox, in Homer's time, corresponded with the opening of the Iliad and Odyssey. Now, it is quite certain that if Troy was taken near the time of the summer solstice, the action of the former poem belongs to the vernal quarter of the year—the most probable time for the campaign; and, the whole action of the Iliad being limited to about fifty-six days, it will fall within this period.

The time of action of this poem is thus unequally distributed:—

		Day.
Book I.	The Contention, and Plague in the Grecian camp, ...	9 days 1st.
	The Council of the Kings, ...	1 ... 10th.
	The Festival, and Voyage of Jupiter and the gods to Ethiopia, ...	12 ... 11th.
	II.—XXII. The Battles, &c.	7 ... 23d.
	XXIII. The Funeral of Patroclus, ...	3 ... 30th.
	XXIV. The Truce, and Funeral of Hector, ...	24 ... 33d.
		56 days 57th.

Pope, who has in most respects correctly stated the times of action, has through an oversight made the interval of the battles eight days instead of seven, in consequence of calling the twenty-eighth day the 29th, at the commencement of Book XVIII.

The synchronous (with reference to the annual calendar) action of the Odyssey is thus distributed by Pope.

		Day.
Book I.—IV.	Minerva's descent to Ithaca, on the return of the gods from Ethiopia—the voyage of Telemachus to Pylos and Sparta, ...	6 days 1st.
	V. Mercury's descent to Ogygia, on the same occasion—the voyage of Ulysses to Phœnicia, &c.	25 ... 7th.
	VI.—XIII. Voyage to Ithaca, &c., ...	3 ... 32d.
	XIV.—XXIV. The return and restoration of Ulysses, &c., ...	7 ... 35th.
		41 days 42d.

* Plutarch, de Isid. et. Osirid.

But, it is evident that the time of Books I. to IV. is synchronous with the first six days of Book V., the events equally originating with the council at Olympus on the return of the gods from their Ethiopian feast; and the first series—the voyage of Telemachus, &c., being subsidiary to the second—the return of Ulysses. To the same annual council of the gods equally originates the main action of the Iliad, in connexion with the wrath of Achilles; so that the twenty-third day of the *incident* of that poem answers, in the annual calendar, to the first of the *main action* of the Odyssey, while the interval thence, to the conclusion of both poems, is the same, or, at most, does not differ more than one day.

The annual (aquatic—see the Pillar of Rosetta) festival or procession of Jupiter and the gods at Diospolis or Thebes, is mentioned by Herodotus and Diodorus, and its duration fixed at twelve days by Eustathius. From this, Pope anticipated ultimate elucidation of the time of the year when the action of the Iliad commences. This question is greatly illustrated by an hieroglyphic calendar on the wall of the palace of Ramses III., or Sesostris at Medinet Abou, in which the images of Amun Ra, or Jupiter Ammon, and the rest of the gods, are carried out in procession on the Thoth, or first day of the year; and likewise on the nineteenth of the second month, Paophi (Champollion, *Lettres de l'Egypte*, xviii. p. 361), forty-eight days after the first procession, which (sc. the first) must be viewed as the great annual festival of Jupiter Ammon, independently of the relation between his symbol of the ram and the coinciding sign *Aries*, in the time of Homer. In fact, the difference of time between the two festivals, just involves the forty-six days of the Iliad which follow the first of them. The action of the poem is *suspended* during the first twelve days of this interval, in compliment to the gods, and it concludes in thirty-four days more, or immediately before the commencement of the second divine feast.

In like manner, the action of the Odyssey, which begins as above, from the council of the gods on their return from Ethiopia, extends thirty-four days from that point in the calen-

dar: so that both poems (although the events are supposed to be separated by an interval of eight or ten years) are adjusted on the same fixed principles of mythological chronology, and are reciprocally demonstrative of those principles which can alone be derived from the calendar of the annual festivals.

Thus, then, the anticipations of Pope, who never contemplated such a parallelism in the times of action which he so laboriously elicited, are realized; and the calendar of Homer effectually illustrated from those sculptures which appear to have furnished the prototypes of his finest descriptions. The commencement of the twelve days' festival is identified with the equinoctial Thoth of the age of Homer—being the eleventh day of the action of the Iliad, which will thus extend forty-six days from the vernal equinox, as above, and leave exactly a month of thirty days, of the seventy-six which preceded the fall of Troy, for the events following Hector's funeral,—that is, according to the conventional calendarian principles of the poem, which would suppose a second suspension of action during the twelve days of the second divine festival, and thus leave sixteen days only for the subsequent events of the war (as decided by the gods in council, on their second return to Olympus). Nor should it be forgotten that the hieroglyphic calendar mentioned, belongs to the period which separated Homer from the Trojan war.

The erratic Egyptian calendar may be stated as in the following table, in relation to the Attic year, for the Trojan and Homeric eras; by which it will appear that the events of the year a. c. 1193—1189, are stated in the calendar of the year 889—5, being that which, as above, was current and best understood when Homer visited Egypt, and whose accurate acquaintance with the annual calendar of that country can no more be doubted than his knowledge of its canonized divinites.

The times and action of the twenty-four Books of the Odyssey, are briefly incorporated with those of the twenty-four books of the Iliad, in the annexed tabular statement; * because the

* See end of this article.

calendar of the former is necessarily the same as that of the latter,—namely, the Egyptian calendar of the age of Homer,—and because, as above, the time of the main action of both poems, is not only identical, with reference to the months and days of the year, in its commencement—the assembly of the gods in council at Olympus, on their return from Ethiopia—but in its duration of thirty-four days following the twelve of the voyage to Ethiopia, and ending immediately before the next divine festival.*

We have here two eras of the Egyptian annual calendar in exact correspondence with the required characters, and with the two eras to which the war of Troy has been assigned, and precisely at the required interval of three centuries; all which it is incumbent on the critic who objects to the present inferences, to account for.

The first of these eras agrees with

the astronomical date of the Trojan war as preserved by Timæus, Dionysius, &c., and the second with the lower epoch to which that war has been assigned, and with the framework of the Homeric records. They are explicable only on the supposition that the original era, and the groundwork of Homer's history were preserved and transmitted by the priests of Egypt, in agreement with the general tradition of antiquity, and with the voyage of Menelaus to Egypt after the taking of Troy, which is attested alike by Homer and Herodotus—the latter referring to the authority of the Egyptian priests; while, admitting the truth of statements which we have not the slightest grounds to question, the chronological coincidences are, as already intimated, no more than might reasonably be expected to exist; apart from the relationship between the royal lines of Diospolis and Troy, asserted by the Greeks, who make Tithonus the father of the Egyptian Mem-

* "The will of Jove" (Iliad I. 5) is the primary argument of the Iliad, as an eminent scholar, Mr Pease has demonstrated, in agreement with the present chronological results, which equally demonstrate that it is the primary argument of the Odyssey. This is determined at the first divine councils in both. On the return of the gods from the twelve days' Ethiopian feast, the events connected with the wrath of Achilles are decreed; and on the same occasion, with reference to the annual calendar, the return of Ulysses from the island of Ogygia to Ithaca—the fundamental event of the Odyssey—is equally determined.

The incidents of ten days in the Grecian camps, and the twelve days of the voyage to Ethiopia, precede the time of the main action in the Iliad; while the incidents of six days only precede the time of the main action in the narrative of the Odyssey—that being, however, necessarily identical with the first six days of the main action dated as above, from the Council of the gods who decreed the return of Ulysses on their regaining Olympus—Neptune remaining behind in Ethiopia to oppose the return of the hero by storms (the equinoctial gales?), as appears in Books I. and V.

The gods assemble at Olympus, as in the Iliad, on their return from the Ethiopian feast, on the first and seventh days of the incident of the Odyssey, as stated by Pope. On the first occasion Minerva is despatched to Telemachus in Ithaca, and on the second, Mercury to Calypso in Ogygia. With reference to the calendar we must, as already mentioned, date the divine council on the day from which the leading action—the deliverance of Ulysses—commences, and view its first introduction as a poetical anachronism in connexion with the introductory *incident* of the poem, which Pope clearly distinguishes from the *action*. (Note to Book V.)

It follows that the twelve days of the feast, and, consequently, the commencement of the year, anticipate the narrative of the Odyssey by six days, and the leading action by twelve; and this accordingly forms the chronological parapegma of our table; independently of which, the council and decree of the gods on the twenty-third day of the incident of the Iliad, and on the seventh of that of the Odyssey, forms the rallying point of both poems. The years B.C. 1192 and 887 are given as the critical dates of the coincidences of the Thoth with the seventeenth day before the solstice, and with the equinox—these marking the calendars of the respective ages, and answering within a year or two to the dates of history.

It should be observed that, besides the great councils at Olympus on the return of the gods from their annual voyages and festivals, at which the grand events of fate were decreed, there were frequent intermediate councils to regulate the subordinate actions of mankind, as appears from many parts of the Iliad and Odyssey. These occur often, but the grand council of fate once only, at the commencement of the main action of both poems.

non, brother to Laomedon the father of Priam.

According to this, Troy would be an Egyptian colony, and its line of kings a branch of the great Egyptian family, ascending to Tros the founder of Troy,* and the father of Ilus the father of Tithonus and Laomedon; and it is not unworthy of remark that Ramses II., who answers, as already observed, to Homer's Memnon, appears occasionally designated as son of the god *Atmou*, *Tmou*, or *Tethmou*, who answers to *Heron*, the father of the same Ramses in Hermapion's translation of his obelisk, and we may suppose, represents the Greek Tithonus.

Another curious circumstance in connexion with the subject is, that Pelops who brought the Egyptian year to Attica, is said to have been expelled from Phrygia with his father Tantalus, by Ilus the father of Tithonus. But, if the connexion between the Egyptians and Trojans was as close as above mentioned, every difficulty is removed regarding the derivation of the Egyptian† year from Phrygia to Greece; while the alleged expulsion of the house of Pelops by the Trojans, may furnish a better reason than the rape of Helen, for the

invasion and destruction of the Trojan kingdom by the Pelopidan dynasties of Greece.

Let us now compare the lowest of our eras—that of the calendar of Homer—with the lower Trojan Epoch, which is principally founded on the congress of Æneas and Dido supposed in the Æneid.

According to the Tyrian historian Menander, cited by Josephus (Anc. Frag. p. 186-8), Dido migrated and founded Carthage in the seventh year of her brother Pygmalion King of Tyre—being the 126th from the 12th of King Hiram, when the temple of Solomon was founded. The established era of the temple is B.C. 1012, and the 126th year from this is B.C. 887, which is the date of the Egyptian calendar of Homer. The record of Menander, it should be observed, is beautifully confirmed by sacred history. *Ithobal* reigns in Phœnicia from B.C. 939 to 907; and, Ahab King of Israel, who married Jezebel, the daughter of *Ehobaal* King of the Zidonians, (1st Kings, xvi. 31), reigned from B.C. 920 to 900.

Again, Carthage was destroyed by the Romans A.U.C. 608, or B.C. 146, after it had stood 737 years, as we learn from Solinus. This refers

* The chronology of the Trojan line, which remounts to Dardanus, the grandfather of Tros, is computed at 296 years, ending with Priam's death, (viz.:—Dardanus 65 years, Enethonius 46, Tros 49, Ilus 40, Laomedon 44, Priam 52); and this period added to B.C. 1193, will point to B.C. 1489 for the era of the line—being that of the cycle of the fixed Egyptian year, which was renewed at the Augustan era, B.C. 29, as we learn from Syncellus, p. 312. And the year B.C. 1489, was likewise the epoch of the great XVIII. dynasty of Diospolitans, as will appear in the sequel. These are coincidences which are worthy of being investigated. It was the invariable habit of ancient colonies to adopt the antecedent chronology of the parent states.

† The Egyptian canicular era of Menophres, which is likewise the Olympian era of Pelops as already mentioned, B.C. 1321, occurred in the reign of Ilus, whose accession belongs to the year B.C. 1329, according to the particulars mentioned in the preceding note.

It is also of much importance to this question to note, that the date of the foundation of Troy, as stated by Eusebius (Chron. Num. 698), B.C. 1319, is almost identical with the last mentioned era of Pelops and Menophres, B.C. 1321; while the foundation of Troy, as stated by the ancient and accurate chronographer Thrasyllus, quoted by Clemens of Alexandria, ascends 25 years higher, or to B.C. 1344, i. e. 152 years before the destruction of that city (or 133 years preceding the date of the carrying off of Helen by Paris, which Homer refers to the twentieth year before the destruction of Troy).

But the Trojan epoch of Thrasyllus is the actual date of the coincidence between the Attic and Egyptian years. It seems to follow from hence, that the Egyptian year, which Pelops brought from Phrygia to Greece, was first brought into Phrygia when Troy was founded; and hence that the Trojans were really a colony from Egypt, as the alleged consanguinity of the Egyptian and Trojan lines of kings would lead us to infer. It is worthy of remark, that the name *Troia*, or *Troia*, is clearly read in the Phonetic list of countries, west of the Tigris, invaded by the father of Ramses II.—Homer's Tithonus—as appears from Mr Cullimore's *Geographia Hieroglyphica*, published in vol. ii. part 2 of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*.

the foundation to B.C. 883, four years after the era of Menander, and one year after the Olympian era of Iphitus, which fixes the age of Lycurgus the contemporary of Homer, according to Timæus, and all the best and most ancient authorities, and is, moreover, the date to which the poet has been referred by Herodotus.

Can we any longer question that the congress of Æneas and Dido is another result of the receding Egyptian year, which brought the events of the time of Memnon, Ulysses, and Æneas, to that of Polybus, Proteus, and Dido, and thus made the taking of Troy to coincide with the mournful rites of Osiris, Adonis, or Thammuz, (Ezek. viii. 14), on the seventeenth day of Athyr?

We do not find the Memphite King Proteus, or Cetna of Homer, Herodotus, and Diodorus, mentioned by name in the dynasties of Manetho; but Thuoris the last King of the 19th dynasty of Diospolites or Thebans, is stated, as already mentioned, to be the same with Homer's Theban Polybus.

The Epoch of Proteus is, according to the system preserved by Herodotus, nine generations of three to a century, before the death of Sethon, and accession of Psammetichus B.C. 672; i. e. B.C. 972—939; while, according to the outline received by Diodorus from the priests of Thebes, Cetna, or Proteus, was the first king

of the XXII. dynasty,* called Bubastides by Manetho, and Tanites in the Old Egyptian Chronicle. The first king of this dynasty is Sesonchis, the Shishak of the bible, and his Epoch, B.C. 985—964, with which the mean dates of Herodotus sufficiently agree.

We can, however, trace no likeness between Proteus and Sesonchis, and must, therefore, rather suppose the former to be one of the omitted kings of the twenty-second dynasty, of which the names of three only out of nine (the first, second, and sixth,) are preserved by Manetho. Hieroglyphic discovery has augmented this number to five or six, but the dynasty is still incomplete. This dynasty ended B.C. 865—twenty years after the date resulting from the receding calendar of the Egyptians; so that Proteus is more likely to have been the last than the first king of the twenty-second dynasty; and this seems confirmed by the age of his contemporary Polybus, King of Thebes. For, if Polybus be the Thuoris of the nineteenth dynasty, as affirmed by Manetho, his death is fixed to the year B.C. 867, or 135 years (the period of the twentieth and last dynasty of Theban kings), before the Ethiopian conquest of Actisanes or Sabacon, which put an end to that line in its last prince, the Amasis of Diodorus and Anysis of Herodotus, B.C. 732.†

All this is in strict agreement

* This is evident, because, in the record of Diodorus, Proteus is immediately preceded by six generations, beginning with *Mendes*, the only name given—these answering to the six descents of the twenty-first dynasty, as stated in the old chronicle, of whom *Smendes* or *Amendes* is the first in Manetho's list of that dynasty. (Collata Anc. Frag. pp. 90, 122, 123, 143, 152.)

† According to Diodorus, Actisanes the Ethiopian conquers Amasis, the last of the line of Sesösis, or Sesostris, and consequently the last of the Diospolitan line of the twentieth dynasty—the next king in the order of the narrative being Mendes, the founder of the twenty-first dynasty, as shown in the preceding note. Again, Sabacon, the founder of the twenty-fifth, or Ethiopian dynasty, slays Bocchoris, the last of the line commencing with Mendes, and whose reign (scil. *Bocchoris*) constitutes the twenty-fourth dynasty of Manetho. (Anc. Frag. pp. 126-7, 152-3.) But, according to Herodotus, it was Anysis, the eighth successor of Sesostris, who was conquered by Sabacon (Anc. Frag. p. 156): and, as Diodorus is the only writer who speaks of the first mentioned of these Ethiopian conquests (while Actisanes does not appear as the founder of a dynasty, but simply as an Ethiopian, reigning between the Egyptian kings Amasis and Mendes), it follows that Actisanes and Sabacon are the same Ethiopian, and Amasis and Anysis the same Egyptian king, as Marsham and Newton long ago insisted.

It thus appears that the line of Sesösis ending with Amasis or Anysis, the last of the twentieth Diospolitan dynasty, and the line of Mendes ending with Bocchoris of the twenty-fourth dynasty, both descended to the Ethiopian conquest by Actisanes or Sabacon; and hence that these lines were contemporary, in agreement with Homer's contemporary Theban king Polybus, and Memphite King Proteus; and in further

with the history, and with the date of the receding Calendar of Homer; while the accession of his Memnon the Ramses Miamoun of Manetho's XVIIIth's dynasty, and the Ramses II. of the monuments, ascends to B.C., 1181—twelve years after the first astronomical Trojan era: but two years after the taking of Troy, if that era refers to the beginning of the war. And Memnon, let it be noted, led his Ethiopian auxiliaries to Troy in the reign of his father Tithonus, who may be represented by the Egyptian King Thonis of Homer and Herodotus.

The monumental Ramses II., it should be repeated, is the founder of the Memnonia of Thebes and Abydos, which are ascribed by Strabo and Diodorus to Memnon, Ismenides, or Oay-

mandyas; so that no doubt remains on the identity of these personages: while the astronomical ceiling of the Memnonium of Thebes, refers the month Thoth to the sign Gemini,* with which it corresponded in the erratic calendar, a.c., 1138, being the forty-fourth year of Ramises II., who reigned sixty-six according to Manetho, and of whose sixty-second year the British Museum contains a tablet.

We cannot dismiss our subject without further alluding to Homer's battlescenes in connexion with the sculptures and temples of his Hecatompyles or hundred-gated city of Thebes, mentioned in the speech of Achilles in the ninth Iliad—thus rendered by Pope:—

“ Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Egyptian plain,
That sends her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,—
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
Through each wide portal issuing to the wars,” &c.

The hundred gates, Diodorus explains to refer to the propyla or porches to the temples in Thebes, rather than to the gates of that city—an opinion which recent discovery demonstrates to be the truth, because no foundations of city walls are to be traced among the gigantic Theban ruins, as fully proved by the topography of Mr Wilkinson.

In further confirmation of this, the intelligent traveller and antiquary Mr Bonomi, who has passed a great part of his life in Egypt, acquaints us that it is a very general impression among observant travellers, that the Theban temples were also fortresses, from whose massive walls and propyla the forces mentioned by Homer may have issued, and which were probably originally numerous, as they were certainly capacious enough to answer the

description. Diodorus mentions four of these temples as remaining in his time, the most ancient of which was thirteen stadia in circuit, and forty-five cubits high, with a wall twenty-four feet thick. This is evidently the great temple of Karnak, and the other three, the temples of Luxor, the Memnonium, and Medinet Abou.

The military sculptures of Thebes having reference to foreign expeditions, we do not meet any representations of Egyptian fortresses to compare with the temples, unless Mr Burton's *Excerpta Hieroglyphica*, plate xxxvi, from Karnak, representing a military scene of the father of Ramses II.—the Tithonus of Homer—in which appears a fortress, resembling the propylon of an Egyptian temple, offers an exception. We, however, learn from Mr Bonomi, that a wall attached to the

agreement with “the kings of the Egyptians,” who are mentioned in 2d Kings vii. 6, as among the allies of Jehoram King of Israel, when Samaria was besieged by Ben-hadad King of Syria, about the year a. c. 891—which was equally the age of the greatest of the prophets, Elijah, and of the greatest of profane poets or prophets (*Vates*) Homer, and of the Egyptian kings, who were probably reigning when the poet visited Egypt. Thus does the contemporary evidence of sacred history confirm the contemporary evidence of Homer, while both fall in with the conquest of two distinct lines of princes by the Ethiopians, as affirmed by Herodotus and Diodorus.

* As proved by Mr Cullimore in the proceedings of the Royal Society of Literature for 1837—and confirmed by Mr Sharpe, who, in his *Hieroglyphic Vocabulary*, No. 173, reads the names of the stars of Gemini, at the commencement of the month Thoth, on the ceiling of the Memnonium.

temple or palace of Ramises III. or Sesostris, at Medinet Abou, has semi-circular battlements precisely similar to those of the fortresses in the military scenes; and, as we believe that all the sculptured fortifications are of the same kind, though referring to different countries invaded by the Pharaohs, they are probably derived, like the rest of the system of art, from the conventional Egyptian type.

Again, it is in the temples in question that the principal military sculptures are found, and this fact seems immediately to connect the former with the purposes of war as well as of religion; and it is not a little remarkable, that it is the temple of Medinet Abou, having the above-mentioned fortified wall, which has also, between the propylæ on the south side, the calendar of the annual festivals of the gods, on which the times of action of both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* appear to be founded; while the same temple offers the magnificent campaigns of Ramses III., which may well have furnished the prototypes of some of Homer's descriptions.*

We shall conclude with a statement of the several dates to which Homer has been referred by ancient writers, attaching to each the days of the Julian year answering to the first and forty-ninth days of the erratic Egyptian year—being those of the two great Ethiopian or Theban festivals of the gods, according to the calendar of Medinet Abou; and which, as already shown, mark the interval of the main action of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.† By this it will be evident, that, admitting the Egyptian foundation of these poems, the calendar of Homer, whose age, as already mentioned, has been raised to the year B. C. 1109, and de-

pressed to B. C. 664, could only be long to about the middle of this interval, or the beginning of the ninth century B. C., to which the most judicious and authentic writers have referred him.

For, it will appear that the higher dates would make the burial of Hector, with which the *Iliad* concludes, altogether irreconcilable with the conventional date of the taking of Troy, agreed to by the ancients—seventeen days before the solstice. This answered as above, to June 17th at the time of that event, B. C. 1198–1189; but the solstice had receded four Julian days at the latest age to which Homer has been assigned. It will be manifest, that every date before B. C. 1000 would bring Hector's burial beyond the capture of the city, while the dates from thence to B. C. 950, would not leave time for the subsequent events, which, as already suggested, probably imply a suspension of action during the twelve days of the second visit of the gods to Ethiopia (following the action of the poems, as in the case of the first festival), on their return from which we may suppose the fall of Troy would have been finally decreed.

It will appear that the lower dates would, on the other hand, remove the beginning of the campaign of the *Iliad*, nearer to winter than is at all consistent with probability. Had Homer flourished in the seventh century B. C. his times of action would have been more advanced in the year. We thus obtain a criterion of the age to which the calendar on which the *Iliad* is founded, must necessarily belong—being that of Lycurgus and Iphitus, the contemporaries of Homer, at the beginning of the ninth century B. C.

* Let us add, that the *Batrachomyomachia*, or War of the Frogs and Mice, attributed to Homer, has likewise its literal prototypes in the caricature papyri and sculptures of Egypt, in which fortresses appear attacked and defended by cats, rats, and monkeys, while jackasses are seen officiating as priests at the altars of the gods. In a word, every thing points to Egypt as the grand source of Homer's information; and we even find a contemporary example of exquisite satire against the divinities of heathenism, in the words of the prophet Elijah, 1 Kings, xxviii. 27.

† It affords us much satisfaction to acquaint our readers, both Egyptians and Greeks, that we have a prospect of shortly possessing a copy of the important calendar of Medinet Abou, which has hitherto been only alluded to by Egyptian travellers.

This boon to literature we expect through the favour of the Rev. Mr Tattam, who, we are happy to announce, has departed on his literary mission to Egypt, spoken of in a note at page 109 of our July number.

B. C.	The ages to which Homer has been referred by ancient writers, with the limits of the time of the main action in the Iliad and Odyssey, according to the re-reading Egyptian Calendar, for each date.		First Voyage of the Gods.	Second Voyage of the Gods.
			Thoth 1	Paophi 19
1109	Eusebius, . . .	Chronicon. Num. 908,	May 27	July 14
1104?	Crates, . . .	Before return of Heraclidæ, 80 yrs. after Trojan war,	May 26	July 13
1101	Life of Homer, . .	622 years before Expedition of Xerxes, . . .	May 25	July 12
1083	Eratosthenes, . .	100 years after Trojan war,	May 21	July 8
1050?	Syncellus, . . .	Chronog. A.M. 4452	May 13	June 30
1043?	Aristarchus, . . .	140 years after Trojan war,	May 11	June 28
1023	Cassius Hemina, . .	160 years after Trojan war,	May 6	June 23
1020	Eusebius, . . .	Chronicon. Num. 937	May 5	June 22
1003?	Philochorus, . . .	180 years after Trojan war,	May 1	June 18
983	Euthymenes, . . .	200 years after Trojan war,	April 26	June 13
943?	} or Apollodorus, {	240 or } after Trojan war, {	April 16	June 3
933		250 } after Trojan war, {	April 13	May 31
923	Pliny, . . .	1000 yrs. before A.U.C. 830,	April 11	May 29
920	V. Paterculus, . .	950 yrs. before A.U.C. 783,	April 10	May 28
913	Cor. Nepos, . . .	160 years before foundation of Rome, . . .	April 8	May 26
907	Parian Marbles, . .	302 years after Trojan war,	April 7	May 25
903	Juvenal, . . .	1000 yrs. bef. A.U.C. 850,	April 6	May 24
887	Egyptian Calendar of Homer, . . .	305 years after Trojan war,	April 2	May 20
884	Herodotus, . . .	400 yrs. before Herodotus,	April 1	May 19
884	Timæus, Apollodorus,	Time of Iphitus and Lycurgus, 108 years before 1st Olympiad, . . .	April 1	May 19
866	Sosibius, . . .	90 years before 1st Olymp.,	Mar. 28	May 15
784 †	Others (Tatian, Euseb.)	400 years after Trojan war,	Mar. 7	April 24
684	Theopompus, Euphori- on, Archilochus, . .	500 years after Trojan war, 23d Olympiad, . .	Feb. 10	Mar. 30

With reference to this Table, let us further remark, that the 622 years which the life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, places between the birth of the poet and the expedition of Xerxes to Greece, B. C. 479, is a manifest error in early transcription, for 422, as proved by the 400 years which

Herodotus tells us, separated Homer from himself, who was born in the year B. C. 484, or five years after the passage of Xerxes; and by his limiting the Trojan war to the assumed age of Proteus, in the tenth century B. C. ||

In concluding our episode on Ho-

* The destruction of Troy would precede Hector's burial and the close of the Iliad, had that poem been composed at this or any of the antecedent dates.

† The gods would not have returned from their second Ethiopian voyage (which supposes a twelve days' suspension of action) when Troy was taken, had the Iliad been composed at this or the preceding date.

‡ This and the following date would suppose the plague caused by Apollo, or the Sun, with which the Iliad opens, to occur at a time of the year when the Sun was comparatively powerless, and would also refer the opening of the campaign to an improbable season. The plague would raise that poem to as early a date as its chronological elements will admit.

It follows that the Homeric Calendar and compositions belong to an epoch between (†) and (‡).

|| This correction will, as intimated in a preceding note, depress the Trojan era, which the author of the life of Homer places 168 years before the poet's birth, from

mer—himself an episode between poetry and history, on the confines of the monumental and written annals of mankind—we would again suggest to any reader who may hesitate assent to inferences which add the dry character of an arithmetician and chronologist to the more delightful one of the poet, the necessity he is under of otherwise accounting for the extraordinary coincidences of the receding Egyptian calendar of the year with the Trojan and Homeric epochs, as fixed by history; the corresponding agreement of the times of action of the Iliad and Odyssey, which point to a

common calendarian source of computation; and the consistency of the whole with the character of these poems, and with their asserted and most probable origin.

We are, however, far from insisting that our reasoning may not be improved upon, as the subject is a novel and untried one. To any who would assume the coincidences which we have adduced to be mere *accidents*, we have no reply to make: while we flatter ourselves there are few impartial readers, whether Egyptians or Grecians, who will not agree that we have, in this outline, done something towards fix-

a. c. 1269, to 1069. On the same error the date of Crates, and the higher date of Eusebius would appear to be grounded. The former states, that Homer wrote before the return of the Heraclids to Greece—an event which, with Thucydides and the best authorities, he dates eighty years after the taking of Troy. This opinion demands some attention in connexion with a modern hypothesis. Mitford conceives, that as Homer does not allude to so important an event as that which expelled the Pelopidan dynasties, whose exploits he celebrates, he probably wrote before its occurrence; and he (Mitford) thence takes occasion to lower the Trojan era to within eighty years of the time of Homer, as fixed by Herodotus, or to the commencement of the ninth century a. c., in agreement with the hypothesis of Newton.

But, had the poet alluded to so recent an occurrence in Grecian history, it would have destroyed the consistency of statements intended for the edification of his countrymen. It would be as if a modern English writer mixed up the accession of the house of Stewart or of Brunswick with the heroic age of King Arthur. Homer might make a poetical use of the distant history of Egypt; but he could not do so with the reigning dynasties of Greece, without making his history ridiculous.

Mitford also infers with Newton (Chronology, p. 61), principally because the father of Oxyllus the first Heraclid king of Elis, and the father or grandfather of Iphitus, the restorer of the Olympiads, had the same name—Hæmon,—that Iphitus was probably the grandson of Oxyllus; and on such grounds reduces the interval between the return of the Heraclids and the first Olympiad, a. c. 776, from nearly three centuries and a half, to half a century. But there are several errors in this statement. Iphitus was not the founder of the established Olympian era, but celebrated discontinued Olympiads 108 years earlier, as already shown from Eratosthenes and Phlegon; and the collateral genealogies of the Heraclid kings of Lacedæmon, Corinth, Macedon, &c., are well preserved. Caranus, the first king of Macedon, who reigned a. c. 812, is agreed to have been the seventh from Temenus, the first Heraclid king of Argos.

We believe we should not have thought Mitford's objections to the established age of the Trojan war worth noticing, had they not been advocated by an acute and able Egyptologist. Mr Sharpe, in his "Early History of Egypt," in support of Mitford, prefers the incomplete genealogy of Pythagoras as stated by Pausanias, to the established descents of the Heraclid kings of Greece, preserved by the same writer, and rendered indispensable by the Parian chronicle,—supporting his views by the age of Thuoris and Proteus, nearly as we have stated it, and that of the foundation of Carthage—points which we have shown to be alone explicable, and reconcilable with ancient testimony, by the receding Egyptian calendar of Homer. Were the hypothesis of Mitford valid, its effect would be, with Crates, to raise the age of Homer to the end of the twelfth century a. c., but not to alter the well established era of the Heraclid dynasties, nor that of the Trojan war which preceded it. Had the ancients left us no express statements on these questions, speculation would be justifiable: but, as it is, our business should be to reconcile, and not to replace the profuse evidence of antiquity; and that this may be effected in a manner equally simple and convincing, we trust we have fully proved. Let it also be remarked, that, admitting the same Hæmon to have been the father of Oxyllus and Iphitus, or even the grandfather of the latter—the utmost latitude the hypothesis admits,—the effect would be to bring the return of the Heraclids to the era of the Olympiads, and thus to make history ridiculous.

ing the authorities, principles, and age of the Homeric writings; and towards restoring their authors to that place which is due to him, as the father of profane history as well as of poetry; as the oldest historian of the series which we hope to display in full relief in another Egyptian article; and, as a chronologist who acquired his information in the same school from which Manetho and Hipparchus drew theirs, and who consequently raises the most complete scientific system of time that has ever been propounded, six and seven centuries earlier than the ages to which it has hitherto been traced.

Such are the results of our attempt, which more immediately address themselves to the antiquarian and historical reader; while the poetical and classical reader will, we trust, be equally struck with the bearing of our numerical arguments on the questions of the unity of Homer and his writings, and the completeness of the latter as they have descended to us in the Iliad and Odyssey. For, it will be agreed that the coincidences in the times of action, and the elements which connect them with the annual calendar, are altogether irreconcilable with the hypothesis which supposes these productions to be collections of rhapsodies by different individuals of the mythic age, which were afterwards put together and arranged in their present form: and equally irreconcilable with the rejection of any material portion of them, on the grounds of what is termed "the primary argument," or for any other reason.

Thus, if with the German critic Wolf, we reject the last six books of the Iliad, as an excrescence unconnected with "the wrath of Achilles," because, coming after his reconciliation with Agamemnon, we reject not only the heroic actions of Achilles, but the general action of twenty-eight days, or of

exactly half the time into which the events of that poem are distributed, and destroy the coincidence with the action of the Odyssey; while, if with other critics we only throw overboard the twenty-fourth Iliad, as unnecessary to the main object of that poem, the action of twenty-four days* is relinquished, and the effects are nearly the same. But, although the whole may be unnecessary to "the wrath of Achilles,"† it is strictly so to "the will of Jupiter and the gods," which is chronologically measured by the coinciding times of the Iliad and Odyssey, and the calendarian festivals on which these times are founded, and thus numerically demonstrated to be the true primary argument of both poems.

It follows, that, whatever interpolations or extraneous matter the critic may detect in these wonderful productions as they have descended to us, we possess them complete, and as they were originally written and arranged, so far as regards the general plan and substance; while we have numerical proofs of unity in the composer, not only as regards each, but both of them, in accordance with the unity of purpose flowing from the true primary argument which it was the poet's object to develope.

It is almost needless to add that the Egyptian source of Homer's materials, and his alleged and necessary visit to that country, supplies a very efficient answer to those who would object to the Homeric compositions being by a single individual, on the grounds of the impossibility of committing such lengthened and complicated productions to memory, in an age when writing materials were unknown in Greece. The papyrus of the Egyptians long anticipated the parchment of the Greeks, and we have written examples of the reign of Ramses II. the poets' Memnon.

* This disproportionately long interval (which includes twelve days, during which the body of Hector remained in the tent of Achilles, and twelve more for the truce allowed for interment), compared with that of three days assigned to the burial of Patroclus, l. xxiii., would appear added by the poet to fill up the prescribed calendarian time of action.

† Or, more properly, "the sultriness of Achilles," of whom we know little as a hero till after the 18th book. Can we suppose that Homer ever intended that the hero of the Iliad should be outshone in valour by Hector, Diomedes, and many others of his dramatic persons?

Iliad.		Odyssey.		Calendar of the Year for the Trojan and Homeric eras.									
Books.	Days.	Day of action.	Day of action.	Books.	Athic Months.	d.	d.	Egyptian Months.					
								n. c. 1192.	d.	n. c. 927.	d.		
I. Contention and Plague in the Grecian Camp, — Council of the Kings, — The Gods in Ethiopia,	9	1	—		VIII. Anthesterion, 27	March 23	X. Phyai, 10	XII. Mesi, 26					
	1	10	—		IX. Elaphebolion, 6	April 1	—	19	—	Epagomen, 5			
	12	11	1		—	2	—	20	I. Thoth, 1	Equinox.			
					— The Gods in Ethiopia,	7	—	20	I. Thoth, 1				
					I.—II. Minerva's descent, the Council of Ithaca, &c.	13	—	26	—	7			
					III.—IV. Voyage of Telemachus to Pylos and Sparta, V. Wall of the Gods, the return of Ulysses—Mercur's descent to Ogygia, — The Voyage, &c.	15	—	28	—	9			
II.—XXII. Will of the Gods, the Battles, &c.	7	23	18		—	19	—	14	XI. Epiphi, 2	—	18		
					—	24	—	19	—	7	18		
					—	26	—	21	—	9	20		
XXIII. Funeral of Patroclus, XXIV. Truce, and Funeral of Hector,	3	30	20		—	29	—	24	—	12	23		
	24	33	23		X. Mungition, 12	May 7	—	25	II. Phaophi, 6				
					—	14	—	9	—	—	8		
					— The Storm, Arrival in Phenicia—Narrative of Ulysses, XIV.—XIV. Arrival in Ithaca, &c.	17	—	12	—	30	11		
— The Truce ends,	2	37	47		— Ulysses restored,	18	—	18	XII. Mesi, 6	—	17		
					—	25	—	20	—	—	19		
The Gods in Ethiopia, Their return. The Fall of Troy decided?	16	71	61		—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Troy taken and burnt, The Solstice, The Attic year ends,	17	67	77		XI. Thargelion, 7	June 1	—	30	III. Atyr, 1				
	20	104	94		—	23	—	17	I. Thoth, 1	—	17		
	—	124	114		XII. Scirophorion, 10	July 4	—	18	—	IV. Choiak, 4	Apurium Solstice.		
					—	30	—	24	II. Phaophi, 8	—	24		

NEW DISCOVERY—ENGRAVING, AND BURNET'S CARTOONS.

WE WELL recollect many years ago hearing a letter read before the Society at the Adelphi, from a tailor in St Martin's Lane, in which he boasted of an invention to make pictures by patches of cloth. The importance he attached to his scheme was amusing, but more so from the manner in which he insinuated the inconvenience of all other processes of picture making, for his invention was "*to supersede the necessity of painting in oil.*" The Royal Academy has still persevered in oil, and to show their contempt of the tailor and "*Rag Fair,*" have assumed an extraordinary finery; and the purple patch has been adopted without extraneous aid, and so effectually daubed on, as to "*supersede the necessity*" of being stitched on by the Knight Templar.—

"Purpureus late qui splendet unus et alter

Assuitur pannus."

Since the tailor's failure to "*supersede,*" many have been the inventions to promote arts. A lady has discovered that the old masters did not, after all, paint in oil, but saturated their works with it afterwards, though some of them, before that theory was born, had painted themselves at their easels, and exhibited their cups and brushes, of which, according to her account, there was not the slightest necessity. Still the Royal Academy are obstinate, and artists will perseveringly entitle themselves "*painters in oil and water colours.*" The art has a little coquetted with encaustic painting, and there have been serious proposals of reviving fresco: while all these great revolutions of art in "*posse*" are in contemplation, innumerable are the contrivances in "*esse,*" to render colouring so brilliant, that, if much further progress be made this way, the sun himself will not be able to look at them, and the dilettanti will labour under universal ophthalmia. The "*modesty of nature*" has been discovered to be a cheat, a coinage of the brain. Varnish predominates—painters crack of their pictures, and their pictures will, in a few years, crack of themselves. But let invention go on, and when it shall happily

drive varnishes out of the field, and with it some absurdities and monstrosities, British artists may acquire a lasting fame. While genius is at one time playing the capriccio with discoveries, and at another time goes to sleep, hoping to awake to new and more perfect ones; invention is still busy, and despairing of the permanency of the works themselves, takes pains to make the transcripts of them as multiplied as possible. Great have been the "*improvements*" in the art of engraving, and in imitation of engraving. First came Lowry's diamond points—then the sky rulers, shade rulers, and substitution of machinery for the hand. Much more has consequently been done in all that concerns effects and tones; but it must be confessed that this has been attained not without great sacrifice—a sacrifice of that which is, after all, the chief beauty, that free and inexplicable execution, which is, as it were, the sign manual of genius. The handling of the etcher, such as is visible in the works of Wood, Mason, Vivares, men whose merits have been strangely overlooked, is now never seen. For our own part, we would forego all the advantages gained, for the recovery of the old "*needle work*" which showed so well the mind of the painter; it gave a transcript of the spirit, more than of the tones. But these "*improvements*" have reflected themselves, as it were, back upon painting; for now artists, seeing the power of the graver's tools, have become themselves mechanical, and fleece and smoke, velvet and tin, represent or misrepresent, flesh, drapery, air, land, water, and trees. The city-bred and city-inhabiting population, who take their ideas of external nature from our annuals, where white satin buildings, variously shaded, as it were, with cigar smoke, stand for towns, and masses of soot for woods and forests, sent off into proper distance by the most approved jet blacking, must be truly astonished, if they have not already lost their eyes and capability of taste, when they go out to look at nature herself. It is true the steam-boilers by sea and rail-road, may for a while deceive them into a

belief that all is right, but they must be unfortunate indeed, if they do not leave the low levels of the "sooty Acheron." The substitution of steel for copper, the power of multiplying plates as before we did impressions, was another wonderful stride; and with it came a fear that the public would die of a plethora of taste, when good engravings might be sold for little more than the cost of paper, and plates be renewed, *ad libitum*, for ever.—"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*" verified to the letter. We know not how it is, but just as we are going to have something good in this world, up starts a mischief to mar it or to vilify it. There is not a real panacea, but has its rival. Engraving, set upon so firm a basis, one would have thought might have been supreme. No such thing—her illegitimate sister, Lithography, sets up her claim, and by means of cheap publications, calls in the masses, who naturally prefer the inferior article; and here commences the democracy of art. Print shops have increased out of number—print auctions are every where; so that, if all the world do not become judges of art, it cannot be for lack of means to make them acquainted with it. It is somewhat, perhaps, to be feared, that art itself will be held cheap, when all its productions are so; and that the bad will outsell the good. Great, certainly, are the powers of lithography, but it affords a fearful facility of setting forth abundant mediocrity, and engendering bad taste, and ultimately disgust. Few better specimens of lithography are to be seen than those of the Dresden Gallery, yet, in comparison with steel and copper plates, how unsatisfactory are they!

We have omitted to speak of Mezzotinto, which has been likewise greatly improved—the cheap "gems of art" supplied the public with some very beautiful things; in these, the fault of mezzotinto, the opaque blackness, was much remedied, and a transparency given to the shades and reflected lights very gratifying to the eye. It is, however, better adapted to subjects of deep tones than of light; and in those extraordinary illumination fails. It is a pity this method was adopted for the engraving the beautiful subject of Salvator Rosa's *Jacob's Dream*. The picture is too light for it,—the bold clouds that require outline (more

particularly as suitable to the free execution of Salvator), inundated as they are with preternatural, with heavenly light, bearing their radiation from the very seat of Divine intelligence, look in mezzotint as if emitted from a manufactory furnace, and the angels appear as if they came out with the smoky volumes. In the picture, the whole ground, not dark, is evidently high and under a clear atmosphere, and, besides, seems in some degree itself pierced by the heavenly vision. But the print is altogether too dark, and yet the contrast with the high lights does not give brilliancy. We are sorry to say this in the teeth of a most able engraver; and who, after all, if he has failed in giving the full beauty of the original, has yet added to the public stock a good and valuable print.

We wish to see that picture and its companion, as they were exhibited at the British Gallery, Pall Mall, well etched and engraved—to see the needle and the graver throw out the bold execution of Salvator Rosa's hand. The character he has thus given to the clouds is very important; they communicate with the angels ascending and descending; they allure them and accompany them in their heavenly and earthly mission. Here ends our digression on this particular specimen of mezzotint. There is no breathing space—all is one great movement. Where are we going? Who can tell? The phantasmagoria of inventions parses rapidly before us—are we to see them no more?—are they to be obliterated? Is the hand of man to be altogether stayed in his work?—the wit active—the fingers idle? Wonderful wonder of wonders!! Vanish aqua-tints and mezzotints—as chimneys that consume their own smoke, devour yourselves. Steel engravers, copper engravers, and etchers, drink up your aquafortis and die! There is an end of your black art—"Othello's occupation is no more." The real black art of true magic arises and cries avant. All nature shall paint herself—fields, rivers, trees, houses, plains, mountains, cities, shall all paint themselves at a bidding, and at a few moments' notice. Towns will no longer have any representatives but themselves. Invention says it. It has found out the one thing new under the sun; that, by virtue of the sun's patent, all nature, animate and inani-

mate, shall be henceforth its own painter, engraver, printer, and publisher. Here is a revolution in art; and, that we may not be behindhand in revolutions, for which we have so imitative a taste, no sooner does one start up in Paris, but we must have one in London too. And so Mr Daguerre's invention is instantly rivalled by Mr Fox Talbot's. The Dagueroscope and the Photogenic revolutions are to keep you all down, ye painters, engravers, and, alas! the harmless race, the sketchers. All ye, by whom the "*Plumen Rhenum, aut pluvius discubitur arcus*," before whose unsteady hands towers have toppled down upon the paper, and the pagodas of the East have bowed, hide your heads in holes and corners, and wait there till you are called for. The "mountain in labour" will no more produce a mouse; it will reproduce itself, with all that is upon it. Ye artists of all denominations that have so vilified nature as her journeymen, see how she rises up against you, and takes the staff into her own hands. Your mistress now, with a vengeance, she will show you what she really is, and that the cloud is not "very like a whale." You must positively abscond. Now, as to you, locality painters, with your towns and castles on the Rhine, you will not get the "ready rhino" for them now—and we have no pity for you. Bridges are far too arch now to put up with your false perspective. They will no longer be abridged of their due proportions by you; they will measure themselves and take their own toll. You will no longer be tolerated. You drawers of churches, Britton, Pugin, Mackenzie, beware lest you yourselves be drawn in. Every church will show itself to the world without your help. It will make its wants visible and known on paper; and, though vestry and churchwarden quash the church rates, every steeple will lift up its head and demand proper repair.

"Mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

Ye animal painters, go no more to the Zoologicals to stare the lions out of countenance—they do not want your countenance any more. The day is come for every beast to be his own portrait-painter. "None but himself shall be his parallel." Every garden will publish its own *Botanical Magazine*. The true "Forgetmenot"

will banish all others from the earth. Talk no more of "holding the mirror up to nature"—she will hold it up to herself, and present you with a copy of her countenance for a penny. What would you say to looking in a mirror and having the image fastened!! As one looks sometimes, it is really quite frightful to think of it; but such a thing is possible—nay, it is probable—no, it is certain. What will become of the poor thieves, when they shall see handed in as evidence against them their own portraits, taken by the room in which they stole, and in the very act of stealing! What wonderful discoveries is this wonderful discovery destined to discover! The telescope is rather an unfair tell-tale; but now every thing and every body may have to encounter his double every where, most inconveniently, and thus every one become his own caricaturist. Any one may walk about with his patent sketch-book—set it to work—and see in a few moments what is doing behind his back! Poor Murphy undone!—the weather must be its own almanac—the waters keep their own tide-tables. What confusion will there be in autograph signs manual! How difficult to prove the representation a forgery, if nobody has a hand in it!!

Mr Babbage in his (miscalled ninth Bridgewater) Treatise announces the astounding fact, as a very sublime truth, that every word uttered from the creation of the world has registered itself, and is still speaking, and will speak for ever in vibrations. In fact, there is a great album of Babel. But what too, if the great business of the sun be to act registrar likewise, and to give out impressions of our looks, and pictures of our actions; and so, if with Bishop Berkeley's theory, there be no such thing as anything, *quoad* matter, for aught we know to the contrary, other worlds of the system may be peopled and conducted with the images of persons and transactions thrown off from this and from each other; the whole universal nature being nothing more than phonetic and photogenic structures. As all readers may not have read the accounts of this singular invention, upon which we have made these comments, we subjoin the letter of Mr Talbot to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, in which valuable periodical we first saw the announcement of the discovery in France, to

which we will add, from the same source, the French account of M. Daguerre's invention. The extreme modesty of Mr Fox Talbot's will be very striking. Specimens have been exhibited at the Royal Institution and before the Royal Society.

"To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have great pleasure in complying with the wish you have expressed to me, that I would go into some details respecting the invention which I have communicated to the Royal Society, viz., the art of photographic drawing, or of forming pictures and images of natural objects by means of solar light. I do this the more readily, on account of the interest with which the scientific public have read the accounts which have recently appeared respecting the discoveries of M. Daguerre, of Paris, in some respects identical with mine; in others, I think, materially different. Although I am very far indeed from being of the opinion, that

'Chance rules supreme in the affairs of men;'

yet, I cannot help thinking that a very singular chance (or mischance) has happened to myself, viz. that, after having devoted much labour and attention to the perfecting of this invention, and having now brought it, as I think, to a point in which it deserves the notice of the scientific world—that exactly at the moment when I was engaged in drawing up an account of it to be presented to the Royal Society, the same invention should be announced in France. Under these circumstances, by the advice of my scientific friends, I immediately collected together such specimens of my process as I had with me in town, and exhibited them to public view at a meeting of the Royal Institution. My written communication to the Royal Society was, from its length, necessarily deferred to the week following. These steps I took, not with the intention of rivalizing with M. Daguerre in the perfection of his processes (of which I know nothing, but am ready to believe all that Biot and Arago have stated in their praise), but to preclude the possibility of its being said that I had borrowed the idea from him, or was indebted to him,

or any one, for the means of overcoming the principal difficulties. As the process of M. Daguerre is at present a profound secret, even at Paris, it is evident that no one could imitate him here, or exhibit pictures formed in the same way, or depending on the same optical principles, who was not already fully acquainted with a secret, not indeed *the same*, but similar or tantamount to his. That M. Daguerre's pictures will stand the effect of time, is, I suppose, the fact, though I do not find it expressly mentioned in the report of M. Arago, (*Comptes Rendus*, 7th January). My own have stood between three and four years; I therefore consider that the principles of the art are firmly laid. Many instruments have been devised, at various times, for abridging the labour of the artist in copying natural objects, and for insuring greater accuracy in the design than can be readily attained without such assistance. Among these may be more particularly mentioned the camera obscura and the camera lucida, which are familiar to most persons; certainly very ingenious and beautiful instruments, and in many circumstances eminently useful, especially the latter. Yet are there many persons who do not succeed in using them, and, I believe, few are able to do so with great success, except those who, in other respects, are skilled in drawing. Up to a certain point, these inventions are excellent; beyond that point they do not go. They assist the artist in his work, they do not *work for him*. They do not dispense with his time, nor with his skill, nor with his attention. All they can do is to guide his eye and correct his judgment; but the actual performance of the drawing must be his own. From all these prior ones, the present invention differs totally in this respect (which may be explained in a single sentence), viz. that, by means of this contrivance, it is not the artist who makes the picture, but the picture which makes *itself*. All that the artist does is to dispose the apparatus before the object whose image he requires; he then leaves it for a certain time, greater or less, according to circumstances. At the end of the time, he returns, takes out his picture, and finds it finished. The agent in this operation is solar light, which being thrown by a lens upon a sheet of prepared

paper, stamps upon it the image of the object, whatever that may chance to be, which is placed before it. The very foundation of the art, therefore, consists in this—eminently curious—natural fact, viz. that there exists a substance so sensitive of light, as to be capable of receiving even its faint impressions. The whole possibility of the process depends upon this; for, if no such substance existed in *rerum naturâ*, the notion of thus copying objects would be nothing more than a scientific dream. Moreover, it is not sufficient that the paper should be so sensitive as to receive the impressions of external objects; it is requisite also, that, having received them, it should retain them; and, moreover, that it should be *insensible* with regard to other objects to which it may be subsequently exposed. The necessity of this is obvious, for otherwise, new impressions would be received, which would confuse and efface the former ones. But it is easier to perceive the necessity of the thing required than to attain to its realization. And this has hitherto proved a most serious obstacle to those who have experimented with this object in view. This was one of the few scientific enquiries in which Sir Humphry Davy engaged, upon which fortune did not smile. Either his enquiries took a wrong direction, or else, perhaps, the property sought for was of so singular a nature, that there was nothing to guide the search; or, perhaps, he despaired of it too soon. However this may be, the result undoubtedly was, that the attempt proved unsuccessful, and it was abandoned. As Sir Humphry Davy himself informs us, “no attempts have as yet been successful.” These words are quoted from his own account, in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*, 1802. The subject then dropped, and appears to have been no more spoken of for upwards of thirty years; when, in 1834, unaware of Davy’s researches, I undertook a course of experiments with the same object in view. I know not what good star seconded my efforts. After various trials, I succeeded in hitting upon a method of obtaining this desideratum. By this process it is possible to destroy the sensibility of the paper, and to render it quite insensible. After this change it may be exposed with safety to the light of day; it may even be

placed in the sunshine; indeed I have specimens which have been left an hour in the sun without having received any apparent deterioration. A fact, therefore, is thus established, which is not without its importance in a theoretical point of view, besides its more immediate application to purposes of utility. With this kind of paper, eminently susceptible of being acted upon by light, and yet capable of losing that property when required, a great number of curious performances may readily be accomplished. The most remarkable of these is undoubtedly the copying the portrait of a distant object, as the *façade* of a building, by fixing its image in the camera obscura; but one, perhaps, more calculated for universal use, is the power of depicting exact fac-similes of smaller objects, which are in the vicinity of the operator, such as flowers, leaves, engravings, &c., which may be accomplished with great facility, and often with a degree of rapidity that is almost marvellous. The specimens of this art, which I exhibited at the Royal Institution, though consisting only of what I happened to have with me in town, are yet sufficient to give a general idea of it, and to show the wide range of its applicability. Among them were pictures of flowers and leaves; a pattern of lace; figures taken from painted glass; a view of Venice, copied from an engraving; some images formed by the solar microscope, viz. a slice of wood very highly magnified, exhibiting the pores of two kinds, one set much smaller than the other, and more numerous. Another microscopic sketch, exhibiting the reticulations on the wing of an insect. Finally, various pictures, representing the architecture of my house in the country; all these made with the camera obscura, in the summer of 1835. And this I believe to be the first instance on record of a house having painted its own portrait. A person unacquainted with the process, if told that nothing of all this was executed by the hand, must imagine that one has at one’s call the genius of Aladdin’s lamp. And, indeed, it may almost be said that this is something of the same kind. It is a little bit of magic realized—of natural magic. You make the powers of nature work for you, and no wonder that your work is well and quickly done. No matter whether the subject be large

or small, simple or complicated; whether the flower branch which you wish to copy contains one blossom or one thousand; you set the instrument in action, the allotted time elapses, and you find the picture finished, in every part and in every minute particular. There is something in this rapidity and perfection of execution which is very wonderful. But, after all, what is Nature but one great field of wonders past our comprehension? Those, indeed, which are of every-day occurrence do not habitually strike us, on account of their familiarity; but they are not the less, on that account, essential portions of the same wonderful whole. I hope it will be borne in mind by those who take an interest in this subject, that, in what I have hitherto done, I do not profess to have perfected an art, but to have commenced one, the limits of which it is not possible at present exactly to ascertain. I only claim to have based this new art upon a secure foundation: it will be for more skillful hands than mine to rear the superstructure.—I remain, dear sir, yours," &c.

"H. FOX TALBOT."

Now for some account of the French discovery.

"*French Discovery—Pencil of Nature.*—Who has not admired the splendid and wonderful representations in the camera obscura?—images so clear, so full of life, so perfectly representing every object in nature. These living pictures, by traversing lens and mirrors, are thrown down with double beauty on the table of the camera obscura by the radiant finger of light. The new art has been discovered to fix these wonderful images, which have hitherto passed away volatile—evanescent as a dream—to stop them, at our will, on a substance finely sensible to the immediate action of light, and render them permanent before our eyes, in traces represented by tints in perfect harmony on each point with different degrees of intensity. We must not, however, believe, as has been erroneously reported to the public with respect to these [Parisian] experiments, that the proper colours of objects are represented in these images by colours: they are only represented, with extreme truth, by light, and in every gradation of shade; as an oil painting is given by a perfect

engraving, consisting of black lines; or, perhaps, more akin to a design made with mathematical accuracy, and in aqua-tinta; for there are no crossings of lines in the designs by the pencil of nature: red, blue, yellow, green, &c., are rendered by combinations of light and shade—by demitints, more or less clear or obscure, according to the quantity of light in each colour. But, in these copies, the delicacy of the design—the purity of the forms—the truth and harmony of tone—the aerial perspective—the high finish of the details, are all expressed with the highest perfection.

The formidable lens, which often betrays monstrosities in the most delicate and aerial of our masterpieces, may here search for defects in vain. The creations of nature triumph. Far from betraying any defect, the highest magnifier only tends to show more clearly its vast superiority. At each step we find new objects to admire, revealing to us the existence of exquisite details, which escape the naked eye, even in reality. Nor can this astonish us when the radiant light, which can only act according to the immutable laws of nature, substitutes its rays for the hesitating pencil of the artist. M. Daguerre has represented, from the Pont des Arts, and in a very small space, the whole bank of the Seine, including that part of the Louvre containing the grand gallery of pictures. Each line, each point, is rendered with a perfection quite unattainable by all means hitherto used; he has also reproduced the darkness of Notre Dame, with its immense draperies and Gothic sculpture. He has also taken the view of a building in the morning at eight o'clock, at mid-day, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, during rain and in sunshine. Eight or ten minutes at most, in the climate of Paris, is sufficient; but under a more ardent sun, such as that of Egypt, one minute will suffice. To artists and savans, who travel, and who often find it impossible to prolong their stay at interesting places, this process must be most welcome. The French journals, and reports of proceedings, however, admit that these admirable representations still leave something to be desired as to effect, when regarded as works of art. It is singular, they observe, that the power which created them seems to have

abandoned them, and that *these works of light want light*. Even in those parts the most lighted, there is an absence of vivacity and effect; and it is to be allowed that, amidst all the harmony of their forms, these views appear subjected to the sober and heavy tone of colour imparted by a dull northern sky. It would appear that, by passing through the glasses of the optical arrangements of M. Daguerre, all the views are uniformly clothed with a melancholy aspect, like that given to the horizon by the approach of evening. Motion, it is obvious, can never be copied; and the attempt to represent animals and shoe-blacks in action, consequently failed. Statuary is said to have been well defined, but, hitherto, M. Daguerre has not succeeded in copying the living physiognomy in a satisfactory manner, though he does not despair of success. It could not have escaped chemists that various chemical products are sensibly affected by light. Some gases may remain together in the dark without any effect, but a ray of light will cause instant explosion. Other bodies, such as the chloruret of silver, are modified in colour. It at first takes a violet tint, afterwards becomes black. This property would doubtless have suggested the idea of applying it to the art of design. But, by this method, the most brilliant parts of the object become discoloured, and the darker parts remain white. This produces an effect contrary to fact; and, again, the continued action of light tends to render the whole dark. Mr Talbot's method would seem to be based on the use of the salts of silver, with the addition of some substance or covering to prevent the further action of light after the design was complete. This discovery will doubtless make a great revolution in the arts of design, and, in a multitude of cases, will supersede old methods altogether inferior. The temporary interest of many may at first be affected; but whatever has the true character of good, cannot essentially do mischief. The invention of printing soon gave employment to many more than were employed as copyists. Even in our own time, the substitution of steel plates for engraving, instead of copper, although fifty times as many copies may be taken from them, has, by the substitution of good engravings for indifferent ones, so extended the

demand, that more steel plates are now required than were formerly used of copper.

We must add a few words with reference to science. This newly discovered substance, so easily acted upon by the rays of light, opens a wide field for photometric experiments which hitherto have been hopeless, more particularly on the light of the moon. M. Arago recalls to our attention some experiments made by himself, jointly with other philosophers, by which the light of the moon (300,000 times less than that of the sun) concentrated by the most powerful glasses, gave no indication of chemical action on the chloruret of silver, nor any sign of heat on the most delicate thermometer. We should be glad to know if any experiments have yet been made with the concentrated light of the moon on thermo-electrical apparatus, which may be constructed of extreme delicacy. The substance used by M. Daguerre is evidently sensible to the action of lunar light, since, in twenty minutes, he can represent, under the form of a white spot, the exact image of this luminary.

M. Biot, who, from the nature of his labours in the fields of science, takes a lively interest in the discovery in question, anticipates much from the means afforded by it to carry out the analysis of some of the most delicate phenomena of nature. M. Daguerre has, it is asserted, already discovered some new properties of light, and is still carrying on the investigation."

Here, in truth, is a discovery launched upon the world, that must make a revolution in art. It is impossible, at first view, not to be amused at the sundry whimsical views the coming changes present. But, to speak more seriously, in what way, in what degree, will art be affected by it? Art is of two kinds, or more properly speaking, has two walks, the imaginative and the imitative; the latter may, indeed, greatly assist the former, but, in the *strictly* imitative, imagination may not enter but to do mischief. They may be considered therefore, as the two only proper walks. It must be evident that the higher, the imaginative, cannot immediately be affected by the new discovery—it is not tangible to its power—the poetry of the mind cannot be submitted to this material pro-

cess ; but there is a point of view in which it may be highly detrimental to genius, which, being but a power over materials, must collect with pains and labour, and acquire a *facility* of drawing. Now, it is manifest that, if the artist can lay up a store of objects without the (at first very tedious) process of correct drawing, both his mind and his hand will fail him ; the mind will not readily supply what it does not know practically and familiarly, and the hand must be crippled when brought to execute what it has not previously supplied as a sketch. Who will make elaborate drawings from statues or from life, if he can be supplied in a more perfect, a more true manner, and in the space of a few minutes, either with the most simple or the most complicated forms ? How very few will apply themselves to a drudgery, the benefits of which are to be so remote, as an ultimate improvement, and will forego for that hope, which genius may be most inclined to doubt, immediate possession ? But if genius could really be schooled to severe discipline, the new discovery, by new and most accurate forms, might greatly aid conception. If this view be correct, we may have fewer artists ; but those few, who will "spurn delights and live laborious days," will arrive at an eminence which no modern, and possibly no ancient master has reached.

But, in the merely imitative walk, and that chiefly for scientific purposes, draughts of machinery and objects of natural history, the practice of art, as it now exists, will be nearly annihilated—it will be chiefly confined to the colouring representations made by the new instruments—for it is not presumed that colour will be produced by the new process. Our mere painters of views will be superseded, for our artists have strangely dropped the wings of their genius, and perched themselves, as if without permission to enter, before the walls of every town and city in Christendom, and of some out of it ; so much so, that after-generations, judging of us from our views in annuals and other productions, may pronounce us to have been a proscribed race, not allowed to enter within gates ; pictorial lepers, committed to perform quarantine without, and in the face of the broad sun, if possible, to purify us. These mere

view-makers will be superseded ; for who, that really values views, will not prefer the real representation to the less to be depended upon ? We have so little taste for these things, that we shall say so much the better, if it does not throw many worthy and industrious men out of employment. Yet who is allowed to think of that in these days, when the great, the universal game of "beggar my neighbour" is played and encouraged with such avidity ? Then it remains to be considered,—will taste be enlarged by this invention ? Do we not despise what is too easily attained ? Is not the admiration of the world at once the incitement and the reward ? Has it not greatly, mainly, a reference to *ourselves* ? It is what man can do by his extraordinary manual dexterity that we are so prone to admire.

People prefer a poor representation of an object made by a human hand to the beauty of the thing itself. They will throw away a leaf, a flower, of exquisite beauty, and treasure up the veriest daub, that shall have the slightest resemblance to it. We suspect our love—our admiration of art arises, in the first place, because it is art, and of man's hand. This is a natural prejudice, and one designed, probably, to bring the hands nature has given us to their utmost power. There are things so exquisitely beautiful, and at first sight acknowledged to be so by all, that it is surprising they are not in common use. For instance, the camera obscura—how perfectly fascinating it is ! Yet, how unsatisfied are people with it, because it is not of a human hand, and how seldom do people, even of taste, return, as it might have been expected they would, to the exhibition of it ? We are afraid something of this indifference will arise from the new invention. However beautiful may be the work produced, there will be no friend to be magnified, no great artist for the amateurs to worship with all the idolatry of their taste, or of their lack of it. The love of imitation, innate though it be, and so determinate in infant genius as it has ever shown itself, will undoubtedly be checked as mere idleness ; and, in lieu of improvement by practice, the young genius will be surfeited with amusements which he has had no share in creating, and for whose excellence he has had no praise. If this view be

correct, it may be presumed that the number of artists will be greatly lessened, and that a few will attain greater excellence.

Another question arises, will painters and engravers be equally affected? In the present view of the matter, for we have not seen any announcement of a power of making impressions *ad infinitum*, though in certain cases of fixed objects, and with fixed light and shade something of this kind may be looked to; yet, for practical purposes, it is probable that the engraver will even more than ever be in demand. We hope it may be so, for it is in this way practice in drawing will still be required; and without practice in drawing, we can have no painters. Yet, when one thinks of the possible power of copying pictures—in having fac-similes, in all but colour, of Raphael and Correggio, one cannot but dread, in the midst of hope of the rich possession, the diminution of so admirable an art. We should not have written this paper at all, had we not been led to it by the contemplation of the effects of this new discovery on engraving, though we have not come very direct to our object. We had been disgusted beyond measure, with the vile, trashy, flashy, and presuming things, so impudently staring out of our printsellers' windows, and had retired home to refresh our eyes and taste with a recent purchase, Burnet's cartoons. We began to speculate on what would be the difference between these and transcripts from the new invention. If we are to have the true handling of Raphael, we must be satisfied—but it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have it not in these prints of Burnet. Their freedom is delightful—no further finish is wanted; we could not look at the elaborate hair-splitting engravings of these cartoons, after these bold expressive plates; and here, the world may have before them for a few shillings excellent representations of the finest things by the best of masters—so cheap, and, at the same time, so very good, that to be without them, having seen them, will argue a lack of feeling of the best art. Now, that no one may think this a puff for the benefit of Mr Burnet, we positively declare it is not, that we know not, and never saw that eminent engraver in our lives; but we have long known his works, and valued his knowledge of art, which he has indefatigably endeavour-

ed to engraft upon the public; we have often purposed to review his works, and probably to question some of his theories, rather as imperfect, however, than wrong. But that is little to the purpose; we thank him for these fine specimens of his art, and think the public greatly indebted to him. The four plates are now before us: *Christ's Charge to Peter*, *Elymas the Sorcerer struck Blind*, *Paul Preaching at Athens*, and the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*.

The Cartoons are too well known to require description or criticism at any length. There is nothing more remarkable about them than their simplicity. They are so perfectly unassuming in themselves, so destitute of all pretension of art, and yet so full of all its reality, that you look at them long, without thinking anything can be said concerning them. They have the most matter-of-fact air—yet is their arrangement, notwithstanding, of wondrously artful accomplishment. The perfect union of part with part, and preservation of the whole as one subject (we speak of each separate picture), shows the highest skill; but were this visible at first, the naturalness would have been injured. Here is *Christ's Charge to Peter*. It is one subject; the charge to Peter, and the other disciples are included in the group as in the injunction. There are two parties in this command, Christ and his sheep—Peter and his brother disciples. They are accordingly so grouped, that there can be no mistaking their separateness, and yet the oneness of the subject is preserved. On one extremity are the sheep, the heavenly charge; on the other extremity, the boat and water, the worldly and present occupation of the disciples. There is a peculiar sanctity in Christ standing apart; the pointing of one hand to the sheep connects them with him; the other hand and extended arm, nearly touching the key in St Peter's hand, connects our Lord with the disciples. The arrangement, even in minutæ, is more nice and artificial than one could at first suppose; for instance, if (omitting even the consideration of the subject) the hand of Christ, in dark shade, was not so distinctly extended over the sheep, the whole figure would be isolated, and the whole passage from the figure to the end, including the sheep, super-

fluous; and so at the other extremity of the picture, were there a too marked and abrupt outline of the terminating figure, the picture would, somewhat hardly, end there; but the group must be connected with their employment, and that is artificially done by the drapery of that figure breaking the line which would otherwise terminate it, and carried beyond and immediately over the projection of the boat. And this not only answers the purpose in either case, but by the very sameness, almost repetition of the manner of doing it, even when the art is discovered, impresses the mind with the simplicity of the whole. Another very striking thing in the arrangement is, the distance from Christ to St Peter, being as if measured from Christ to the end of the picture, which includes the sheep; so that (if we may so speak) the two parts in the covenant are clearly, at first view, set forth; and then, that the whole of the disciples may be one group, and equally connected with Peter, their head in this instance, and Christ, the larger mass, those pressing forward, are admirably united with the rest, by the upright central figure, and one of that part of the group mentioned, with the head turned towards him. Even in the very back-ground, the parts are not without object; the tall building over the heads of the last-mentioned figures directs the eye to them, and from them to either side, and so to them jointly as a whole. Du Bos has been censured, for too easily, in this picture, distinguishing the character of Judas, who had hanged himself and could not have been present, and there are certainly but eleven disciples,—yet the character of the figure, evidently alluded to, must, we think, strike every one as of a sinister cast, and it is remarkable that the figure is grasping a bag.

The same clear arrangement is made in that of *Paul Preaching at Athens*. St Paul perfectly stands alone, although the figures are all about him,—and so his audience, though of several parts, are one group. The figure standing up, facing St Paul, is the key of that whole group; and the figure behind him, and those in the opposite corner, bring the whole subject, as it were, round in a circle, and make it one, by connecting all its parts. We could dwell at great length on these sort of arrangements, which are infinite, to show that, though they appear so

simple, there is in them the most consummate skill. Here, again, is *Elymas the Sorcerer*. Nothing can be more distinct than the two parts—even as in a court of justice: on the one side Paul, on the other Elymas,—you see nothing at first but these two—the one to utter the awful punishment from God, the other at the same instant to feel it. The accessories are but accessories, and attest it. And mark how they are connected with the principal figures. The effect upon Sergius Paulus was to be told; how open, then, is the space between him and Saul and Elymas—and how very remarkably are all the hands in this picture connected, and all finally tend to the denunciation, or rather the marking, the instant effect of the denunciation, on the sorcerer. The hand of Saul uttering the curse is in strong light, it reaches, not in perspective but in fact, to the right hand of Sergius Paulus, whose left is towards Elymas, and thence all the hands are directed to the sorcerer but one, that of a woman, whose finger points to Saul—and thus, here again, one extremity of the picture communicates with the other: nor are the hands of the sorcerer himself to be forgotten, which connect the proconsul with the apostle. There is precisely the same complicated arrangement and apparent simplicity in the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*. Christ is still apart—the worker of the miracle. The group, though in separate boats, is still one group, they are connected by one figure, which, in the arrangement belongs to both; the very light and shade is made subservient to this object, and hence the great simplicity. We know these remarks may be considered technical, and do not reach the greater merits of these wonderful pictures—they are intended to be so, because, if they are *technically true*, they are of value to those who may not have made similar observations; and may lead them to make others of the kind, by which we are quite sure their admiration will be increased. And we cannot but add, that, in the prints of the day, beautifully executed and very costly, you will scarcely ever see this art of arrangement practised. It is often hard to say what is the subject—what the principal figure, where there are many claimants—what is the character of beauty designed, where the stern and the meretricious are blended in confusion.

BANNISTER THE COMEDIAN.

THE lives of actors are entitled to all the natural value that can belong to variety and vivacity of adventure, to pleasantry adopted as a profession, and to an habitual intercourse with all that is strange, showy, and original in society. They sometimes have another and a higher use. If they, in their darker instances, exhibit fine faculties abused and brilliant opportunities sacrificed to personal vices, they also, and not seldom, exhibit manliness and self-control, steady perseverance under severe difficulties, and the comforts, and even the honours of old age, achieved through impediments which might have broken down the integrity, or wearied the fortitude of many a prouder name.

Within these few years, "Lives" of the principal performers of the last half century have appeared. It is not to be doubted that they have made a very pleasing addition to our biographical stores. They have recalled the shapes and voices of a race of men, whose memory is proverbially fleeting; they have largely added to the gay and harmless anecdotes of private life; and they have unquestionably supplied many a picture of the past, which could have been preserved in no other keeping, and which will be received with interest and use by the future.

JOHN BANNISTER was born at Deptford, May 12, 1760. He was singularly fortunate in his whole career. Thrown on the stage in boyhood, he continued the especial favourite of that very fickle mistress, the English public, for five-and-thirty years—grew in reputation from year to year—saw no rival in his own delightful style—suffered no reverse of personal success, and no personal casualty—retained his fine perceptions, and acquired skill until the time, and long after the time, when the stage required them no more—retired in the midst of public regret—in his retirement lived in competence, quiet, and respectability—and at the age of seventy-six, in full possession of his faculties, his good-humour, and the respect of all who

had ever known him, died without a pang. Old wisdom will say that there was a reason for all this. His grandmother, immediately on his birth, had snatched a silver spoon from the side-board, and put it to the infant's mouth. The old proverb has seldom been more strictly verified.

Fate seems to have marked him for the theatre. His father Charles was an actor, and, like himself, an especial favourite. Charles was the son of an officer in the victualling department at Deptford. A company of strollers tempted his young ambition to try the stage. His fine figure, handsome face, and buoyant spirits, were strong qualifications. He offered himself to Drury Lane—was rejected by the manager—again made the circuit of the country—and attracting the notice of Trote, by that eccentric yet remarkable wit, was brought back to London. The life of the stage is memorable for the mistakes made by clever men relative to their own powers, and the circumstances which finally point out where their talents lie. Charles had conceived himself to be born for tragedy; and, during some time, he played tragic heroes of all ranks, from the Richards and Romeos, down to those humbler victims of love and ambition, who die without having the honour of breaking hearts or subverting dynasties. Accident discovered to the tragedian that he could sing, and that he had a remarkably sonorous yet sweet voice. Singing was then the delight of the day in private life; mimicry has always been the enjoyment of the people in public. Charles had a fine voice, a fine taste, and a copious recollection of traits and tones. His song became an imitation, sometimes serious, oftener burlesque, of the principal singers of the period. In both he was excellent. Garrick once took Giordini, the famous violinist, to hear his imitations of Tenducci and Champneyo. The violinist declared the imitation perfect; sarcastically remarking, however, that "it had one fault,—the voice of

the mimic was better than that of either of the originals."

It was once the habit of all actors, with, perhaps, the single exception of the greatest among them—Garrick, to be in debt. They habitually lived like butterflies, or any other glittering creation which was made for a summer, and never thought of any thing beyond the day of sunshine. This has passed away with other fashions of the last century, and some of our contemporaries have even exhibited the miser as faithfully off the stage as on. But we have never heard of a wit, ancient or modern, whether in the days of our fathers or our own, who had not "his distresses like a lord." Whether it is that wit is the antipodes to prudence—that the expenditure of the fancy runs away with all of the brain that belongs to calculation—that the organ of pleasantry withers the organ of pounds, shillings, and pence; or that nature, in giving this most brilliant of all qualities, balances her bounty by subtracting common sense, the fact is certain, that no wit *ever* escaped being embarrassed in his circumstances. Charles Bannister gave his share of evidence to the maxim. He was a capital wit, and he was always in difficulties. A pleasantry of his told both. At the time when all the world were talking of the death of Sir Theodosius Boughton, in 1781, who was poisoned by laurel water—"Poh," said Charles, "don't tell me of your laurel leaves; I fear none but a *bay-leaf*!" (bailiff.)

His wit was so redundant, that he could afford to throw it away even upon his son. John, when a mere lad, had exhibited a singular fondness for drawing, and used to sketch heads cleverly, for each of which Charles gave him a shilling. On some occasions the young artist wanted the shilling without having the head to produce. He would make some alteration in an old performance, and present it for the customary reward. Charles, rather dunned in one of those instances, and surprised, perhaps, to find that he had created the dun in his own family, exclaimed, "Why, hang it, Jack, you are just like an ordinary; come when you will, it is always a *shilling a head*."

But Jack was a seedling of the same stock, and knew how to throw back the pleasantry fresh pointed. Once, when he had caused his father some

slight irritation, the offence was marked by "Jack, I'll cut you off with a shilling." "I wish, father," said Jack, "you would give it to me *now*." His father, delighted at the kindred spirit, gave him much more than he had asked.

The ruling passion sometimes develops itself slowly, but sometimes bursts through all circumstances. Young Bannister had been intended for a painter, and sent to study at the Royal Academy, but there he made himself remarkable by practical jokes. As Nollekens afterwards observed, he used to frighten old John Moser terribly with his tragedy tricks. Moser was the keeper of the Academy. The more regular artists were said to be glad when he left them. His facetiousness put them out of their way, but he was probably a favourite; and, when he had fully abandoned the profession, old Moser himself took a whole box to patronize his first appearance on the stage. The theatre, of course, was to Bannister not what it is to so many others, a new world. He had constantly followed his father to the green-room, where his handsome face and lively manners had already obtained for him the *soubriquet* of Cupid. Even managerial majesty had for him but few alarms. From his boyish days he had been a carrier of messages from his father to Garrick, and had been accustomed to see that singular person in all his variety of moods. Garrick seems to have been the actor in a more entire sense than any man within the memory of the stage. He was acting in every thought and gesture, in every hour and occasion of life. When the boy brought the letter, the manager would sometimes put on a frowning countenance, and affect anger; at others affect deafness; at others lose his articulation and hesitate, or suddenly throw every feature into grotesque convulsion; and then, when he found his young spectator on the point of laughing in his face, he would finish the farce by a burst of unrestrained merriment. Bannister was but eighteen when he commenced his theatrical life. Nature had been liberal in her gifts: he was of good height, well formed, with a remarkably brilliant though small eye, and a voice, which, though not musically effective, was at once clear, and sweet, and speaking. Dancing was

then, as now, the universal accomplishment, and fencing essential to the gentleman. Bannister possessed both, and frequently exhibited them with grace and dexterity.

To have seen Garrick, to have known him—and, above all, to have enjoyed his personal notice—was a distinction which seems to have made an extraordinary impression on all his contemporaries. Bannister, in some of the recitations which he delivered in his tours, described his first interview with this genius, so astounding to novices. Bannister's imitation of manner was always remarkable, and he was said to give Garrick to the life. His story was in this style:—

"I was a student of painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr Garrick, under whose superior genius the British stage bloomed and flourished beyond all former example. In my first interview with him I expressed my desire of quitting the study I then pursued for the stage. After frequent visits to him, he was pleased to say that he perceived a—a something in me which conveyed a—a promise, a—an indication of theatrical talent: and here I am led into an imitation—I beg pardon—I mean an humble attempt at imitation of his manner in private. He had a sort of a—a kind of a—a hesitation in his speech,—a habit of indecision which never marked his public exertions.

"One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, where he was before the glass, preparing to shave; a white nightcap covered his forehead, his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds, a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed his shining blade upon the strop with as much dexterity as if he had been a barber at the Horse Guards, and shaved for a penny; and I longed for a beard, that I might imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.

"'Eh! well—what—young man—so—eh?—(this was to me)—so you are still for the stage? Well, now—what character do you—should you like to—eh?'

"'I should like to attempt Hamlet, sir.'

"'Eh! what? Hamlet the Dane! Zounds—that's a bold—have you studied the part?'

"'I have, sir.'

"'Well, don't mind my shaving—speak the speech—the speech to the ghost—I can hear you,—never mind my shaving.'

"After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair so that it might stand on end,

'Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,'

I supposed my father's ghost before me, armed cap-a-pie, and off I started:

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'

he wiped the razor—

'Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,'

he strapped the razor—

'Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

he shaved on—

'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee!'

he took himself by the nose—

'I'll call thee Hamlet, King, father, royal Dane. O answer me! Let me not burst in ignorance.'

He lathered on. I concluded, but still continued my attitude, expecting prodigious praise; when, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandishing the razor, and thrusting his half-shaved face close to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I was more frightened at him than at my father's ghost. He exclaimed in a tone of ridicule,

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'

'Yaw, waw, waw, waw.'—The abashed Prince Hamlet became sheepish, and looked more like a clown than the grave-digger. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good nature, took me by the hand, and said, 'Come, young—eh! let's now see what we can do.' He spoke the speech; and how he spoke it those who have heard him can never forget."

Bannister's imitations were always excellent. His handsome countenance, his graceful figure, and his natural *bonhomme* gave admirable effect to his skill in this species of

portraiture. He had all the vivacity without the sting. Garrick was a great imitator. His propensity was so strong, that he was perpetually imitating some one or other, as if unconsciously. In private life, he gave the happiest resemblances of all his friends; in public, he gave portraits of the living actors, touching every peculiarity, yet without offence. Foote was dexterous, but unsparing; he touched not foibles, but deformities; and accordingly contrived to make himself dreaded by one half of his acquaintance, and hated by the other. On this mimic, Churchill, who hated and yet resembled him, laid the lash, in these vigorous lines :—

“ Doth a man stutter, look askint, or halt,
Mimics draw humour out of nature’s fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortune out to public scorn.
Even I, whom nature cast in hideous
mould,

And having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath a load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature’s errors are my own.”

Bannister’s good-nature was once exercised strongly on this subject. Nothing is more difficult than for an actor to give up *any thing* by which he makes what is technically called “a hit;” or, if there be a superior difficulty, it is to prevail on himself to give up a successful caricature. Bensley, the actor, was a public favourite in the higher parts of tragedy, but his pompous manner, lofty stride, and the general and unnatural stateliness, which once were deemed essential to the kings and heroes of the stage, offered attractive food to Bannister. Of course, Bensley frequently figured on the stage, when the true man was absent. Vexed at this species of celebrity, he begged to have the “character withdrawn,” on the ground of its actual injury to him in his profession, and Bannister gave it up without delay. After this, what becomes of the continence of Scipio?

But the singular versatility of his features entitled him to work other wonders, scarcely intelligible by men of more stubborn visages. Once he thus copied in the life all the heads of a volume of Lavater. Simply placing himself in a position which enabled him to have a view of his own countenance, he gave a succession of living likenesses of the passions through all

their varieties, from hatred to love, and of all the degrees of intellect from idiocy up to genius.

The course of theatres, like the course of true love, seldom has run smooth; and the expedients to restore the smoothness of the current have been as numberless as they have been generally unsuccessful. We have seen balloons and bull-fights come to the aid of Shakspeare; stag-hunts and horse-races summoned to revive the jaded appetites of the lovers of comedy, farce and melodrama; and, at this moment, two theatres crowded, to see the feats of two menageries; while Melpomene and Thalia are no where to be seen on earth, except fixed outside the walls of Covent Garden Theatre. For this we attach not the slightest blame to the managers. It is the public taste. The public taste dictates to the public servants, and, instead of lauding them as heroes, we should think them simpletons, for sacrificing themselves and their houses to the imaginary honour of the drama. Let the people choose better, and authors write better; and the managers will be as willing as either. Let it be the public command that nothing but French farces shall be suffered on the stage. Let the nobility desert the stage, and spend their patronage on the unnatural absurdities and exhausting *longueurs* of the Italian Opera, and the process must go on, till the drama is made up as much of frivolity as the Queen’s Theatre is of paint and pasteboard.

One of the novel contrivances of Bannister’s early time, was the coalition (abhorred name) of the two great theatres. By this ridiculous and vexatious arrangement, the actors were to be transferred from house to house, as the exigencies of the night, or, as it seems, even of the house, might demand. Thus the actor was alternately flung from the heights of tragedy into the depths of burlesque; and the same performer might be dancing in all the antics of “My Grandmother” at Drury Lane, within the hour in which he had stalked before Hamlet, bringing with him “airs from heaven or blasts from hell,” and making the Crown Prince’s hair stand on end. But this childish plan soon wearied the actors, next wearied the town; and, finally, before the end of the season, effectually wearied the managers,

In 1778, Bannister made his first appearance in London, and in tragedy. Nothing could be more favourable than his introduction, except his association, for Garrick was his tutor in the part of Zaphna, which he had resigned to the debutant, and his Palmira was the well known, then superlatively lovely, and perhaps then innocent, Mrs Robinson. Davies describes this performance, "as conceived justly, and with accuracy, and sometimes executed boldly and vigorously." Poor Davies seldom ventured on any thing so distinct as this, yet two of his epithets are expletive. It is, however, evident, that he had not penetration to discover the future man in the boy, however bold, or find out the first comedian of the coming age, in the trembling representative of Zaphna. But Zaphna had other distinctions: it was the last part which Garrick ever played (he died January 15, 1779), and it was the finale of old Sheridan's Dublin theatre; his management and his fortunes all being ruined by a riot, in which he had the absurdity to resist a whole audience,—and to resist them, if possible, for the greater absurdity of refusing to recite a few foolish lines out of a vapid play.

But this season (1799) presented the public with a dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, *The Critic*; a farce which has no title to the name, only because it deserves a better. It has been long established so completely above rivalry, in its keenness of perception and happiness of satire, as to be almost wholly without even an imitator. Whether Sheridan constructed his piece as an instrument of torture for Cumberland, or, finding him fit it when it was made, screwed him in while the English language endures, is a question which Sheridan could never be persuaded to solve. But neither in France nor Spain is there any thing so witty, so pungent, and so characteristic as the first act of *The Critic*. Cumberland certainly deserved to be taught that he could feel. He was a perpetual thorn in the side of every theatrical writer; a sneer and a scoff waited upon every man's success. It is true that the sneer was accompanied by a bow, and the scoff by a compliment, and both equally polished and contemptuous. But excellence was not to be forgiven, and Cum-

berland was the Apollo who equally dispensed physic and fame. His antipathy to the young author of *The Rivals*, *The Duenna*, and the *School for Scandal*, must have been incurable; and Sheridan, to show him the awkwardness of indulging it, flung *The Critic* on him, like a swarm of hornets, to cling and sting till his authorship was tormented out of the theatre and out of the world.

But what is the value of theatrical criticism, especially from theatrical men, when Garrick, confessedly the prince of actors and the most experienced of all men in the public taste, actually cut up Hamlet, and presented it in this mutilated form to the stage? Boaden, the biographer of the late John Kemble, found the copy of this extraordinary work in his library; it having been given as a present from Mrs Garrick. He thus describes the massacre:—"Garrick cut out the voyage to England, and the execution of Rosinchantz and Guildenstern, who had made love to the employment, and marshalled his way to knavery." This, perhaps, might be forgiven. But the adroit manager "cut out the funeral of Ophelia, with all the wisdom of the prince and the jocularity of the grave-diggers." For the purpose of condensing the action, "Hamlet is made to burst in upon the king and court, when Laertes reproaches him with his father's and sister's deaths. The exasperation of both is at its height; when the king interposes, and declares that his wrath at Hamlet's rebellious spirit, in not departing for England, shall fall heavy. Then feel you mine, says Hamlet, and stabs him." The rest is huddled up with the rapidity of a scene-shifter. And all this was told, *not* in Shakespeare's language, but in that of some adventurous genius in the manager's closet. The attempt to mend Shakespeare's phraseology, however, was laughed at; and the play, thus improved, naturally returned to the darkness from which it came. Yet Garrick was rather vain of his alteration; and in a letter to Sir William Young, in 1773, he writes, that "his producing Hamlet with alterations was the most imprudent thing he ever did; but he had sworn that he would not leave the stage until he had rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act;" adding, "the alteration was

received with general approbation, beyond my most vain expectations." But this stigma was not to be left on the great bard. After Garrick's death the play was restored; and it was among the laurels of young Bannister that he was appointed to perform the principal part. Still, the adherents of Garrick looked upon the restoration as an offence to his fame; and even twenty-four years after, as Bannister, one night in the green-room, happened to say to Waldron, "Do you know who first restored the scene of the grave-diggers, and played Hamlet on the occasion? It was I."—Waldron replied, "Yes, and you ought to have known better; had Garrick been alive he would have been angry with you;" oddly adding, that if he should meet Garrick in a better place, his first expression would be, I am glad to see you, Jack; and his second, Why did you restore the grave-diggers?

Yet, to the best of players, the life of the stage is what is termed "up-hill work," and Bannister had, for many years, his share of the drudgery. The chief torture of a clever actor must be to play a dull part; and Bannister's cleverness often actually fixed him in parts which no man could play with effect, because few but himself could play them at all. One of those unhappy characters, Lord Falbridge, in *The English Merchant*, a comedy by the elder Colman, was thus fastened on him, and he seems to have inherited a kind of uniform of dulness for this and similar parts. "There was," says one of his chroniclers, "a very persevering sky-coloured suit of laced clothes lugged out of the Haymarket wardrobe on such occasions; and Jack Bannister, in his light-blue and silver, with a sword by his side, was, to all play-goers at this time, as infallible a token of a clever young actor in a bad part, as deep mourning is a sign of death in a family."

In 1783, Bannister did, perhaps, the wisest of the many wise things of his life—he married. The lady was a Miss Harper, a singer at the Haymarket, with a sweet voice, a pretty face, and an honest fame. The general prognostics of the world were rather against the lady's wisdom on the occasion. "That poor girl," said they, "has saved some money, and that thoughtless fellow will squander it all. Her fortune will afford a short period

of pleasure, and then her talents must be taxed to support his dissipation." The prognostics were untrue. Bannister's thoughtlessness of manner never corrupted his heart. His life was domestic, and public feeling was never outraged by any deviation from the conduct of a husband.

But the great luminary of the theatre in our generation was now to arise. In 1782, Sarah Siddons appeared in Drury Lane. She had, some years before, made an attempt; and so precarious is even the highest order of ability when first exposed to the trials of the stage, that even Siddons had failed, had retired in discouragement, and seems to have thought of wholly abandoning the profession. But she now felt her genius, and at her first step on the boards (October 10, 1782), seized on all the celebrity that the boards can give. In this season of triumph, the circle of her performances was remarkably limited,—Isabella, in which she had made her first appearance, Euphrasia, Jane Shore, Calista, Belvidera, and Zara.

The enthusiasm with which she was received was boundless and universal. The theatre was railed off, a part of the pit being converted into boxes. The fronts of the galleries were secured at an early hour for ladies, and crowds, every night, were obliged to retire from the doors. When the tragedy was ended, the great majority of the audience went away, unable to sit out the afterpiece, or disdaining to mingle their high-raised recollections with any thing that *could* follow. The old playgoers attempted to make faint battle for the fame of the Cibbers, Crawfords, and Yateses: but it was hopeless; the extraordinary woman before them combined all past excellencies, and the critics forgot their own recollections in applause. All this, in the present state of the stage, must seem extravagant. Yet even this does injustice only by its inadequacy. The power of Siddons is inconceivable but by those who have seen her. Uniting singular beauty with grace in her early life, she won the heart before she spoke. When she spoke, she penetrated it. Her voice was at once incomparably sweet and powerful, her conception instinctively true; and the result of the whole combined was a tragic faculty which exercised the most singular and unlimited

force over every feeling. No other actress perhaps ever possessed such a spell for dissolving her whole audience into a passion of tears—for creating such mingled pain and delight—and, without the slightest exaggeration on her part, throwing hundreds and thousands of hearts, by a single gesture or even a single look, into something little short of convulsion. Of course, all the favours that success brings in its train poured in upon this pre-eminent performer. Her salary was instantly raised—she had two benefits in the season—and, as one of the most gratifying marks of public honour that could be offered, the bar raised a subscription, presented with an address, of his accustomed eloquence, by the celebrated Erskine.

The fame of the actress brought forward her brothers, Stephen and John Kemble. Both took high ground at their first step; both had acquired a name in the provincial theatres; but, unluckily, there was one name which preceded both, yet was appropriated to neither. "The great Mr Kemble is engaged—is coming—is come," was the phrase: all was perplexity. But a London season settles every thing. Stephen Kemble played Shakspeare's characters with the greatest rotundity of stomach ever seen before on the metropolitan stage. John played them majestically, if coldly, and with force, if not with nerve. The distinction was thenceforth clear, between the "great" Mr Kemble and the "big" Mr Kemble. John's first appearance in London was at Covent Garden, in *Hamlet* (30th October, 1783).

The novelty of the season was General Burgoyne's Comedy, *The Heiress*, the fashionable product of a man of fashion; neither inelegant nor unnatural, yet too commonplace for character, and too feeble for interest. Like other new fashions, it lived its season, and then was incapable of return. It is mentioned here, chiefly for the sake of Mrs Inchbald's remark. The subject seems to have given pungency to a pen seldom guilty of either point or precision. "Burgoyne was complete in mediocrity. He sent the most pathetic accounts from America of the surrender of his whole army. The style charmed every body, but he had better have beaten the enemy and misspelt every word of his despatch; for so,

probably, the great Duke of Marlborough would have done both the one and the other."

There are few anecdotes told in favour of Foote's magnanimity; yet one deserves to be told. The epilogue to his farce of *The Minor* contained a burlesque of the style and manner of the well-known Whitfield, under the title of Dr Squintem. During the run of the farce, it happened that Whitfield died. The epilogue was withdrawn. On its being loudly called for by the audience, Foote came forward, and said, that he was incapable of holding up the dead to ridicule.

The claims of the patent theatres have always been a source of jealousy. At this period, Palmer, an actor of some reputation, attempted to try their strength by setting up a theatre in the Tower district, which he called the *Royalty Theatre*; his pretension being founded on the idea that the district called the Tower Hamlets was *Royalty*, that the lieutenant-governor of the Tower had there the rights of the King at Westminster, and that this officer had been unwise enough to grant him a license. Nothing could be more unquestionable than that this license was in the teeth of the law, and the vagrant act (17th George II.) gave a summary power of imprisonment to the justice of the peace, before whom any performers should be brought, as an offender against the law. At this theatre, Braham made his first appearance. Palmer, in the first instance, evaded prosecution by giving up the regular drama; but the appearance of oppression always produces popularity in England. The people crowded Palmer's theatre, and he took good care not to leave them ignorant of his sense of injury. He was continually introducing hits at what he called the severity of the law. He lamented in a prologue, his restricted condition:—

"Should I from Shakspeare but a scene
 retail,
A moral sentence drags me to a gaol."

And, in a scene representing a vocal club, Bannister bore a conspicuous part in a glee to this effect:

"Come, come, my boys, lets sing a catch.

Other voices.

"A match, a match!

One voice.

"Beware of catchpoles,

Warrants, and darkholes.

* You're a vagrant ;—'tis a fact !

Bannister.

" Stop !—stop ! let me look at the act.
(*Having examined the book.*)

I'm a gentleman !—

The one.

" I ask your pardon,
You're only such in Covent Garden.

Bannister.

" Curse your odious explanation.

Let us sing

God save the King,

And be loyal in spite of information."

Still the performances were not so guarded, but that an information was laid against Charles Bannister and some others for playing in entertainments of the stage, contrary to the statute ; and the justice, whose name was *Staple*, convicted and committed them ; but another magistrate, most illegally and irregularly, superseded the warrant. This incident occasioned one of Bannister's usual happy puns, which was related with great humour and effect by Lee Lewis, while exhibiting a drunken man, in the *Lecture on Heads*, at the Royalty. " I said a remarkably good thing," exclaimed the drunkard, " better than Charles Bannister said to the justice ; perhaps you don't know what that was ? ' Why,' says his worship, says he, ' Charles, you are a vagabond, and I'll put my padlock upon you.' ' Will you ?' said Charles ; ' why, then, I'll knock out the *Staple*.' "

It may be presumed that the managers of the regular theatres did not look calmly upon this attempt to evade their right. They issued a well-reasoned protest against it ; in which they contended, and with truth, as the public have very fully found, that this was but the beginning, not merely of encroachments on the rights of the patentees, but of injuries to all established theatrical property, degradation to the public taste, and impoverishment to the regular drama : that we should have similar houses starting up in all the outskirts, whose numbers would preclude their success ; and that the ruin of all would be the natural consequence. This argument luckily prevailed at the time, and London saw her two great theatres flourish, until our modern era of universal change came to enlighten the world. The clamour rose against right, which was pronounced tyranny,

VOL. XLV. NO. CCLXXXI.

and order which was stigmatized as the repression of genius. A crowd of mushroom theatres were suffered to exist, which have shown little else in their performances than alternations of dulness and ribaldry ; in their performers the humblest specimens of the profession ; and in the fortunes of their managers the successive grades of bankruptcy. As the general result, the stage was never so depressed as at this moment ; all authorship seems to have shrunk away from its contact, and a new actor is next in rarity to a new planet. Of course, if this condition of things is ever to be cured, it must be by returning to the old spirit of the dramatic laws. The license of those pitiful, dreary, and mendicant receptacles for pauperism, calling itself a company, must be revoked ; the wretched imitations of the drama, which disgrace even the suburbs, must be forbidden ; and, if the Lord Chamberlain can find time from carrying the Queen's knife and fork or standing with a white rod behind her chair, for enquiring into the nature of the performances at those equally dull and profligate places of exhibition, the dramas themselves must be thrown back to their Parisian authors, and left to the congenial hotbed of the Continent. But nothing of those will be done, and the drama is doomed.

About this time John Kemble's marriage amused the public with a little romance. One of the daughters of a noble lord, formerly holding high office, but then living in retirement, had fallen in love with the graceful and showy actor, merely from seeing him on the stage. Kemble was sent for by the father, and, to his astonishment, acquainted with the circumstance. The noble lord told him further, that it was in his power to do him either a great evil or a great favour ; and that, if he would do the latter, by relieving him from all apprehension of the lady's indulging her fantasy, and relieve him effectually, by marrying any one else for whom he might have an attachment, his wife should receive a dower of L.5000. Kemble immediately proposed for Mrs Brereton, a pretty actress in the company, and the marriage took place without delay. But the amusing part of the tale is, that the afflicted and magnanimous father instantly recovered his spirits, and lost his memory—on being applied to for

his thousands, declared that he had no recollection whatever of the compact, nor, indeed, any of the idea, further than some general conversation on such matters with the "very intelligent person in question;" adding, "that if he was to pay L.5000 for every whim of his daughters, he must soon be a much poorer man than he ever intended to be." It is certainly believed that Kemble never got a shilling from this very sensitive nobleman, and that, for the rest of his life, he attached a new value to the vulgar etiquette of signing and sealing beforehand, even with the most plausible of mankind.

The little theatre in the Haymarket had now devolved into George Colman's hands, by the death of his father. George's history, like that of his father, is a beacon to all aspirants after dramatic rule. The father, a natural son of Lord Bath, highly educated by him for official and public life, and with competence or even with distinction before him, chose to abandon his career, for the production of plays and the management of theatres. After a life of struggle, he died a beggar. His son George, a man of excellent parts, followed the same course, and would have come to the same end, but for the patronage of George the Fourth, who gave him the licensership of plays, worth about L.400 a-year. He lived the greater part of his years in the Rules of the King's Bench; and, with powers which, even in their idle application, made him the amusement of a large circle, and which, in their rational and manly exercise, might have raised him to opulence and honour, continued poor, harassed, and in debt, almost till the jail delivered him to the grave. But his theatre, as it certainly exhibited the happiest specimens of pleasantry before the curtain, is acknowledged to have been remarkable for the harmony of its performers. "I have often thought," said Bannister, long after, "that I was very fortunate in making one of this pleasant and amicable professional coterie. I think there was as little mixture of envy, jealousy, or malevolence prevailing among us as ever could exist among so many competitors for the same prize,—the applause of the public."

The outbreak of the French Revo-

lution, in July 1789, by the capture of the Bastille, changed the current of all public opinion in Europe, and, among the rest, turned the tastes of the stage. The greater theatres, awed by the sceptre of the licenser, were more tardy; but the lesser seized upon the subject at once, and the suburbs blazed with patriotic melodrama. Astley's, then in high popularity, exhibited a *Capture of the Bastille*, which had full as much smoke and shouting, and was probably little less hazardous to the house and the performers than the operation in the Faubourg St Antoine. At length Drury Lane came into the field. The Hon. Mr St John produced a performance, which he named *The Isle of St Marguerite*, as a cover for the rather too glaring politics involved in the event of the hour. The "Man in the Iron Mask," who had become so well known by Voltaire's romantic description, and who had been actually incarcerated in the isle, was brought forward as the hero of the Bastille, though dead long before the assault; and all the rest was a similar incongruity. But it was the passion of the time; and the final display of the Temple of Liberty rising over the ruins of the Bastille was applauded as a prodigious theatrical invention, and, perhaps, as an equally prodigious national omen. Among the other oddities of the piece was the exhibition of a French lawyer moving to issue a *habeas corpus* (1) for the liberation of the "Man in the Mask." Kelly was the hero, and is described as having sung well and been "decently dismal" in his acting, so far as poor Kelly ever attempted to act. The rest was made up of farce and fun, a great deal of lively singing, a great many clap-traps about France, congratulations to England, and promises for the immediate renovation of mankind. The scaffold would have been a truer emblem than the temple; but it soon forced itself upon the eye, and stood till it was succeeded only by the chain.

The death of Edwin the comedian, in this year, gave another opening to Bannister's talents. Edwin was one of the most extraordinary actors of low comedy that the stage had ever possessed. Henderson, at least, a competent evidence, declared, that in dumb action, a very difficult art of the drama, he had never seen him equalled. In

Sir Hugh Evans, when preparing for the duel, he had seen him keep the house in an ecstasy of merriment for many minutes together, without speaking a single word. Bannister's brief but characteristic epitaph, on hearing of his death, was—"Alas, poor Edwin! I knew him intimately. He was a choice actor, and a pleasant club companion. His career was short and brilliant; it was a firework—a sort of squib—bright, dazzling, sputtering, and off with a pop."—Edwin was another of the theatrical examples which, with competence and enjoyment within their grasp, prefer living in discomfort and dying in beggary. He enfeebled his powers by excess of brandy, until he died degraded, and worn out with disease. Yet his powers were originally so strong, that even his excesses could scarcely impair his popularity. To the last, he was an universal favourite; and, when he died, men looked round the stage, in doubt where they were to find a successor. It is a sign of the general improvement of manners, that an intoxicated actor is now not to be seen on the stage; that no favouritism could withstand this evidence of personal brutality; and that even the manager who could suffer the repetition of this offensive spectacle would be regarded as offering an insult to the audience.

Bold things were sometimes said in those days. Parsons, the actor, performed the part of a carpenter in the *Siege of Calais*, where a gallows for the execution of the captives was to be raised, the whole, however, being a too palpable imitation of the grave-digger's scene in *Hamlet*. On one occasion, George the Third had commanded the play. It was in the carpenter's part to say, "So, the King is coming; an the King like not my scaffold, I am no true man." But, on this night, the favourite went further. Advancing near the royal box, he said, "An the King were here, and did not admire my scaffold, I would say, I'd be hanged but he has no taste." This, perhaps, first astonished his auditors; but Parsons' grimace soon threw the house into a roar of laughter, in which the monarch, the best-natured of men, heartily joined, laughing as loudly as any of the rest, and applauding to the last.

A creditable act of Bannister's

ought not to be forgotten. On the re-appearance of the celebrated singer and beauty, Mrs Billington, all other female singers, of course, gave way at once; and Bannister, as he would not suffer his wife's feelings to be hurt by sinking into an inferior level where she had so long taken the lead, withdrew her from the stage. At the time of his marriage, he had settled upon her all the money which she had previously realized, and had entered into a covenant that the produce of her performance should be laid by until a certain sum had been accumulated. When she was about to retire, Bannister acquainted her trustee with his intentions, and paid, from his own means, the sum that was still deficient. This was his answer, and none could be better, to the suspicions entertained of his character at the time of their union. The character of actors has been greatly improved ever since that day; but no man, at any period, could deserve or desire a happier testimony than that given to Bannister by Boaden, the theatrical writer, in the following words:—

"Men, when made up of whims, like Bannister, commonly fly out of the course; and, however diverting in their humour, secure every thing but respect from the world whom they cheer. But, from my first knowledge of Bannister to the present hour, he made his prudence a guard over his festivity; and though no man was ever more solicited in social life, his amusement neither disturbed his business nor deranged his circumstances. He could always dispense the liberal aid which he did not need, and he never drew on himself, in a single instance that I remember, the displeasure of the public." But his animation was not confined to the stage. An intelligent witness said, and said truly, that "Bannister could make even that trying time, the half hour before dinner, more than bearable. I have seen my old friend Jack arrive when the ladies and gentlemen were all looking at each other; but, on his appearance, every cloud was dispelled—some frolic—some humorous dissertation—some playful dialogue, put an end to all impatience, and even made the company wish that the dinner hour should still be postponed." This we regard as the very acme of social

panegyric, an achievement of the highest mark, a conversational impossibility, but that we are told that it was one of the exploits of this very pleasant and happy tempered man.

His early knowledge of painting gave him so much gratification throughout life, that it affords an additional argument for the cultivation of every graceful taste which exhibits itself in boyhood. He always declared that it was a source of some of his best pleasures; and, further, that the time which he had given to its study under De Loutherbourg, had frequently made his advice of importance to managers, in the scenery, costume, and general "getting up" of their plays. This knowledge, too, brought him into the society of intelligent artists, and, in both London and Bath, he spent a large portion of his leisure in the studio of the celebrated Gainsborough. Bannister's restless gaiety was notorious. "Jack," said Gainsborough, on one of those days of frolic, "if I die first, you shall certainly have a legacy." The actor looked expectant. "My cap and bells,"—said the artist, "for yours will, ere long, be clean worn out." Gainsborough had been long charged with eccentricity. "That nature intended us both for monkeys, is certain," said he; "but pray, who taught you to play the fool so well? Was it your old tutor, Davy Garrick?" "No," said Bannister; "it was my old mother Nature—she who put the pencil into your hand, and made you a painter."

Some instances of his invention in the art are still preserved. Two very popular satirical prints appeared about half a century ago, named the French and English firesides. In the latter, a group of gentlemen were displayed crowding the hearth, turning their backs to the blaze, and elevating their coat tails to gain the full influence of the warmth, while the ladies were shivering and shuddering in a distant part of the room. In the French, the ladies, not quite so attentive to decorum in their dresses, monopolised the fire; while the poor beaux, with their tongues and teeth chattering, and keeping up a brisk circulation by the aid of muffs, appeared to be uttering gallantries and dispensing small talk, without a chance of gaining the least warmth from the fire, which blazed cheerfully only to tantalize them.

Those prints, which were remarkably popular, originated in two pen and ink sketches by Bannister.

It is worth remembering that the Boydell Shakspeare owed its birth to a club of artists and actors, among whom Bannister mingled. One night, the idea was started of an united effort of the principal painters to form a tribute to the great national poet. The project, after various discussions, was brought into shape, and communicated to the late Alderman Boydell. Bannister took not merely a strong, but an active interest in the design; and he certainly deserved the honour due to the promoter of a national undertaking.

Theatrical life is distinguished for the most momentous sources of quarrel before the curtain, and the most trivial ones behind it. Kemble, as manager, and Mrs Jordan contrived to get into keen dissension. It had been customary in the play-bills to place the names of the principal male performer, and the principal female at the bottom of the list, in a line by itself, and preceded by the word *and*. Kemble reformed this practice. Mrs Jordan was indignant at what she probably thought a degradation from her solitary dignity. The quarrel, of course, got into the newspapers. They amused themselves with burlesques on the *conjunctive* nature of the word in dispute; and in occasional sketches of the angry actress's history; and asked the provoking question—"Who was, or ever had been, the husband of Mrs Jordan?" Her *widowhood* was a peculiar source of sport, and she was condoled with for the loss of "an excellent spouse, killed in the battle of *Nubibus*."

The new Drury Lane theatre, a great event, opened in March, 1794. The building was beautiful, but too costly, too large, and too expensive in its scale of performance. The era of small houses and large audiences had gone by. That of large houses and small audiences had come. Bankruptcy was the natural prospect, and no manager was fitter than Sheridan to make that prospect sure. His careless expenses, his intolerable disregard of the common forms of business, his habitual contempt of order, all stimulated by his political connexion with a party, combining at once the highest of the peerage and the lowest of the rabble,

—the arrogance of the one with the looseness of the other—the wastefulness of patrician vice with the indolence of pauper profligacy—rendered all his undertakings abortive. Sheridan only adds another unhappy example to the long list of theatrical ruin. Born with abilities to renovate an empire, he died of a broken heart, in beggary and desertion—and deserved so to die. Personal regret must be felt for the gay companionship, the brilliant wit, and the exquisite knowledge of character buried in his tomb; but patriotism will leave few sorrows there, dignity of mind fewer still, and honesty none.

Of course the industry of the critics was not slow in publishing the defects of the new theatre. An imitator of Martial sent forth these lines from the epigram

“Non silice duro, structillive cemento :”

“Not like Blackfriar’s bridge, frail, crumbling stone,

Nor plaster, like the mansion of Calonne,*
Did Holland† choose (of brain perversely thick)

For Drury’s walls; but deal encased with brick!

Ah! who shall count what slaughter’d forests fell,

For this huge rat-trap in a brickwork shell!

So Britain boasts her wooden walls at sea,
So fir-framed dykes keep Holland water-free;

Here, too, we view, where props of timber groan

Beneath the cumbrous front of useless stone,

While rock-hewn shafts in vain parade deride

The flimsy patchwork tott’ring at their side.

Our builders’ genius needs no further proof,

Save lath foundations and a leaden roof.”

But, notwithstanding criticism, whether profound or peevish, the theatre was a beautiful work, and did honour to the arts of England. It appropriately opened with *Macbeth*—the Thane and his wife performed by Kemble and Mrs Siddons—the noblest tragedy of human genius, sustained by the noblest performance that the stage had ever seen, or probably will ever see again.

In this play, Kemble, who was too fond of rash innovations, performed the banquet scene *without* the apparition of Banquo. The actor evidently confounded the effect of a vision raised by the workings of a diseased mind, with that of an inhabitant of another world sent to denounce vengeance. He also evidently confounded Shakspeare’s object, which was to exhibit the influence of Macbeth’s apparent frenzy upon the assemblage, with the desire to exhibit his own distraction. The public altogether differed from Kemble’s conception, and the ghost soon resumed the chair in which Shakspeare had placed him. Unluckily, as if to make up for the spiritual deficiency in this scene, Kemble introduced a coterie of little imps in the incantation, jumping about the cavern in smock-frocks of various colours. Those were the

“Black spirits, and white,
Red spirits and grey.”

But the public did not suffer them to mingle long, and the evolutions of the little host of darkness were speedily extinguished.

But this very able man soon had a more vexatious antagonist to contend with than the newspapers. George Colman had written a drama on the story of Godwin’s *Caleb Williams*. The novel, wholly improbable in its story, and unnatural in its characters, was hurried into popularity by the passions of the time. Caleb was, like his author, a Jacobin, and he had a Jacobin’s fate, universal success for the day, finishing by being flung into contemptuous and returnless oblivion. Colman made a dull play out of his untractable materials. Probably no man could have done more, certainly few works could have deserved less. The two principal parts in the *Iron Chest* were given to Kemble and Bannister. It was coldly received, and after four nights, withdrawn. Colman subsequently performed it on his own stage, and it is played at remote intervals still. But George Colman’s was a ready pen, and he flew instantly at the manager. A long recrimination followed. Colman charged Kemble with neglecting the rehearsal, and being unfit to play on the night of the per-

* Near Hyde Park corner.

† The architect.

formance. Kemble retorted, that however indisposed, which he acknowledged he might have been on the first night, the indisposition was much more in the piece than in the actors; that a week was expended in trying to make it palatable; that nothing would do; that its best success was only sufferance, and that the only course was its withdrawal. This produced the publication of the obnoxious play, with a more obnoxious preface. The angry poet here throws out all his vengeance. In allusion to Kemble's peculiar stateliness of manner, as fitting him for characters of Sir Edward Mortimer's description, he says—

"The arrogant fault of being more refined than refinement—more proper than propriety—more sensible than sense,—which nine times in ten will disgust the spectator,—becomes frequently an advantage to him in characters of this description. In short, Mr Kemble is a paragon representative of the *Lusus Naturæ*; and were Mr Kemble sewed up in a skin to act a hog in a pantomime, he would act a hog with six legs better than a hog with four."

Of his playing this part, Colman says, "Frogs in a marsh—flies in a bottle—wind in a crevice—a preacher in a field—the drone of a bagpipe, all—all yielded to the inimitable and soporific monotony of Mr Kemble." All this amused the town prodigiously. It was calculated to amuse every body but its object. Kemble was violently angry for a while, and this, of course, amused the town still more; but he was a man of sense, and he soon felt his way. Colman in jail, in oppression, and in the wrong, was a desperate antagonist. The affair was brought to an amicable conclusion. Peachum and Lockit supplied the established form in the reconciliation:—"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong;" and the rival managers became friends once more.

Bannister's pleasantry, always alive, once saved him from a lawsuit. He had taken a house in Gower Street, from whose drawing-room windows he threw out a balcony. This ebullition of his taste for the picturesque, being unusual at the time, and unauthorized by his lease, the churchwarden called to remonstrate against

the proceeding, alledging that it was contrary to the act of Parliament. "Sir," said Bannister, "I have studied acts of plays, but I never meddled with acts of Parliament." The fact struck the churchwarden on whatever part of his brain was the most susceptible of conviction, for he retired. The Duke of Bedford and his agent, the proper authorities, stirred no further in the affair, and the facetious actor kept his bowpots and his balcony.

In this season, he, for the first time, gave up his Haymarket engagement. His salary had been £12 a-week. He asked an advance. Colman wrote him a rather managerial note:—"Where can you do so well?"—"Well or ill, I shall leave you, at all hazards," was the firm answer. In this instance his usual good fortune attended him. He made a tour of some of the country theatres, and in three months returned to town with a clear balance of L.1400, more than a satisfactory reply to Colman's predictions.

During his engagement at Liverpool in 1798, happened that affecting and singular event, the death of John Palmer, on the stage. He was acting the Stranger, in Kotzebue's play; and in one of the most interesting portions of the play, and, as it is said, immediately after uttering the words, "There is another and a better world," he tottered back a few paces, fell, and expired. The audience had the good feeling instantly to leave the house. Palmer's circumstances had been embarrassed for some time, and this was supposed to have enfeebled his health. But he had many friends, and the melancholy nature of his death produced a strong effect upon the public liberality. A benefit night was immediately given for his orphans, which produced L.400! Another benefit was given by Colman, which, as the Haymarket theatre was too small for the occasion, was given in the Opera House. A third benefit was given at Drury Lane, of which the produce was reckoned at little less than L.900. Painful as was Palmer's death to the feelings of his family, it was probably fortunate for their resources.

In this world, nine-tenths of all success depend upon the time. Sheridan's Pizarro came out, in prodigious triumph, at the close of 1799. Ten years before, it would have been

forgotten among the fiery politics of the Revolution; ten years after, it would have been laughed at among the past alarms of invasion. But, in 1799, it found the nation at once indignant at the atrocities of French republicanism, and startled at the repeated threats of invasion. Rollo, the hero, is the defender of his native soil against an unprincipled invader. Pizarro is a villain prompted by the love of blood and plunder. The public saw Rollo only as the English patriot and volunteer, and Pizarro, as the French cut-throat and military slave. A tide of popularity poured in upon the drama. Charming music, showy scenery, the fine figure of Kemble, and the finer acting of Siddons, gave their attractions to the piece. It has been long since found to be but a string of clap-traps, feeble in plot, extravagant in character, and commonplace in language. But the time was all in all. The King commanded its performance. The people rushed to see it. It was loyalty, courage, and national pride personified. How Sheridan apologized to his brother Whigs, or managed to make his peace with the frenzied republicanism of Fox, or the acrid animosity of Grey, is yet to be discovered. For his own part, Sheridan *never* was a Whig but in name. Idle and unfortunate as he was, he had a heart not altogether contemptible; giddy as he was, he had judgment enough to be disgusted with the inveteracy of his associates; and out of sorts as he was with fortune, he had conscience enough to disdain the hope of place when it was to be realized only at the expense of honour. He learned at last to hate the Whigs, whom he had so long scorned, utterly abandoned them, and was followed by their impotent revenge to his grave. But Pizarro, in spite of Whiggism, triumphed. Between the 24th of May and the 5th of July, it was represented, one-and-thirty times, to houses always crowded. Thirty thousand copies of the melodrama were sold, and fifteen thousand thrown into the treasury.

At the close of this year, public attention was strongly and anxiously interested by an attempt on the life of the King. His Majesty had commanded the performance of "*She would, and she would not.*" On his entrance, as he was advancing to the

front of the box, a man in the pit, next the orchestra, stood up on the bench, and fired a pistol directly at him. The whole audience were in an uproar. The King, on hearing the report of the pistol, retired a pace or two, stooped for an instant, then came forward to the front, and looked round the house without the smallest appearance of alarm. The late Marquis of Salisbury was behind the King in attendance, and fearing that some further attack might follow, he suggested that his Majesty might retire into an adjoining room. The King's sensible and firm reply was, "Sir, you discompose me as well as yourself. I shall not retire one step." Hatfield, the man who had fired, was seized and examined. On his trial, lunacy was pleaded. He was, of course, acquitted of the capital offence, but was sent to Bedlam for life. He could assign no reason for this atrocious act, except his inclination to kill a king. Regicide happened to be the fashionable topic of the time. The attempt was formidably near effecting its purpose. The pistol was loaded with slugs; they scattered a good deal, and some of them were found in the front of the King's box, and some in that of the box above.

The popularity of *Caleb Williams* had induced its author to try his strength in the drama. The experiment gave another attestation to the superior difficulty of the stage. Godwin produced a tragedy named *Antonio*. To avoid the hazard of political hostility, it was brought forward as the work of a Mr Tobin. It was furnished with a prologue by Lamb, and was supposed to be ushered in full security on the boards. But *Antonio* utterly failed. The powers of Kemble and Siddons were in vain: the performance never reached the epilogue. Its only description now is, that it was too regularly dull, even to be hissed. An act of absurd atrocity awoke the audience at last from a three hours' slumber; but awoke them only to hoot the frigid philosopher's folly from the stage. The Epilogue was printed—it was as witless as the play, and evidently escaped being condemned along with it, only by being unheard. So much easier is it to be a critic than a writer.

In 1803, Jack Johnstone, afterwards

so well known as Irish Johnstone, added to the attractions of the Drury Lane Company. Twenty years before, when a very young man, he had appeared on the stage in London, and having a fine voice, was a promising performer of opera. The talent by which he was to be distinguished, seems to have been utterly concealed from himself. How it came to be discovered, he used thus to tell, "He was one morning in the green-room when Macklin came in: the actors crowded round him. Fixing his eyes on Johnstone, he bid him come to breakfast next morning. On going, he found the old man with the manuscript of *Love à la Mode* in his hand. "Read that, sir," says he, marking out the part of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan. When the reader expressed his admiration. "You shall play it sir," said the author. Johnstone made many excuses, but was forced to give way. His Irish talent was developed by his success, and in it he was unrivalled to the end of his days.

But the brilliant theatre of all those displays was to be as vanishing as any of its own melodramas. On the night after the performance of a new opera, *The Circassian Bride* (25th February), an alarm of fire was given. It was so early (eleven o'clock) that assistance was poured in from all quarters; but when was fire ever mastered in a theatre? Scenery, machinery and structure were all instantly in an uncontrollable blaze; and in two hours the roof fell in. Apollo, standing like a hero, to the last, on the top of his own citadel, gave up the battle, tumbled into a deluge of fire, and Drury Lane was a pile of ashes.

It was supposed, that some wadding from the muskets discharged in the opera, which was a desperately warlike affair, had fixed in the scenery, and had gradually burned its way until the conflagration became general. The opera was the only fortunate thing in the whole affair. It escaped the stigma of the last sentence that can fall on operas, or any thing else. No performance had ever advanced nearer to that fatal verge, than *The Circassian Bride*, on its first night. At the end of the first act its sentence had appeared inevitable; at the end of the second, Bishop, the composer, whose very clever music was utterly

sacrificed by the dialogue, had jumped from his seat in the orchestra, and fled in despair; and at the end of the third, when Bannister approached to implore another trial, even he had been overwhelmed with a roar, in which nothing was to be heard but ruin. Yet it was intended to make a second attempt, after curtailments and corrections; which, however, could not have given any thing but a more immediate extinction to the piece. The burning of the theatre averted this catastrophe, and, like the man who fired the temple of Ephesus, the name of the opera has slipped into memory, on the strength of the devastation. It was justly remarked, as singularly fortunate, that the fire happened on a Friday night in Lent, when there was no performance. If there had been, the loss of life would probably have been tremendous; the conflagration must have occasioned great alarm from its rapidity, and the scarcely less than actual frenzy by which audiences seem to be actuated, where fire is apprehended. This event produced extreme misery among all the lower ranks of the theatre; and effectually ruined Sheridan. The affairs of that extraordinary but most improvident man, had been long in disorder; but the fire brought them to a crisis; and from that hour his struggles assumed a darker hue—the improvidence of years gathered upon him in a heap—helost the little energy that he had left—and finished by dying in distress which every one must lament, and in a despair which proved how easily party abandons those who can serve it no longer.

The liberality of the public was largely exerted on this occasion. Benefits, subscriptions, and private gratuities were active; and those players whose salaries did not exceed three pounds a-week received the amount of their losses and their incomes in full. At this time Bannister received the following note from Rundell, the opulent goldsmith, who was a relative of his wife:—

"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in enclosing you a bank-note, L.500, which I hope you will do me the favour to accept, in consideration of the loss you may sustain from the late serious change in your concerns.—I

remain, dear sir, with the greatest regard for your welfare, your friend and humble servant,

PHILIP RUNDALL."

This was certainly well timed ; but the goldsmith was one of the richest men in England, and out of his treasury the draft was comparatively nothing.

The interval of rebuilding the theatre was filled up by Bannister in making tours with an entertainment which he called his *Budget*, and of which the *materiel*, compiled from many sources, was arranged by Colman. George himself gave this characteristic account of its parturition :—

"In 1807, after having slaved at some dramatic compositions, I forget what, I had resolved to pass one entire week in luxurious sloth. I was then so disgusted with pen, ink, and paper, that, had I been an absolute monarch, I should have made it felony in any subject to present to me a petition written with or upon any stationer's ware whatever. At this crisis, just as I was beginning the first morning's sacrifice at the altar of my darling goddess, Indolence, enter Jack Bannister, with a huge manuscript under his arm. This, he told me, consisted of loose materials for an entertainment, with which he meant to 'skirr the country,' under the title of *Bannister's Budget*, but which, unless I reduced the chaos into some order for him, and that instantly, he should lose the tide, and with it his emoluments for the season. In such a case, there was no balancing between the alternatives ; so I deserted my darling goddess, to drudge through the week for my old companion. To correct the crudities he brought me, by polishing, expunging, adding—in short, almost rewriting them—was, it must be confessed, labouring under the 'horrors of indigestion.' But the toil was completed at the week's end ; and away went Jack Bannister into the country with his *Budget*."

The adventure turned out prosperously, and the player was grateful. On his return to town he cancelled a bond for no less a sum than L.700, due to him by the author. The bond would, perhaps, never have been paid, for Colman's affairs were in the deepest embarrassment ; but Bannister, at least, deprived himself of the chance, and in

this he certainly only acted with the habitual kindness of his nature.

When men become candid in their opinion of themselves, they often indulge the world with curious discoveries. Dimond, the son of the Bath manager, who had written a considerable quantity of melodramas, published a play, *The Doubtful Son*, in which Bannister had a part. The author sent it into the hands of the reading world with this certificate, which it would be cruel to doubt :—

"*Sincerely speaking*, I believe this to be a good play. But the declaration springs from my wish to be *ingenuous*, and not from any vanity."

The public, of course, required the intimation, and the author exhibited only the natural love of a parent for his offspring.

Colman now called Bannister back. His letter was pithy and characteristic :—

"My dear Jack,

"Say Tuesday at two o'clock. I should appoint an earlier day, but my engagements do not permit me, for reasons which I shall explain when I have the pleasure of seeing you. Do you never mean to stay a week again in a place? Jack Bannister should not become Jack-a-lantern.—Your very true and too stationary friend,

"G. COLMAN."

George's position, which was so hostile to his locomotive propensities at this time, was the King's Bench !

In 1812, Drury Lane theatre again rose from the ground, opened its doors, and recommenced its career of adding to what Johnson pronounced "the public stock of harmless pleasure." A minor transaction accompanied this event, which placed the committee in a ridiculous position, remarkably amused the town, and ended in the happier circumstance of giving birth to a very pleasant volume. The Committee for superintending the affairs of the theatre, oddly advertised for an address to be spoken on its opening. This awkward procedure was followed by others still more awkward. Three-and-forty poems were sent in anonymously. The committee, perplexed with the attempt to decide among the various claims, where all was mediocrity ; took the resolution of throwing them all aside, and applying to Lord

Byron. Lord Byron desired that they should be sent to him; and, whether he made use of them or not to assist his own conceptions, every author of the forty-three, of course, imagined that he could discover some plunder filched from his poem. The Noble Lord's product, too, whether original or borrowed, was, by public consent, the worst that ever came from his pen. The clamour against the Noble Bard and the Committee rang through all ranks.

One of the candidates, a Dr Busby, was so indignant at what he termed the injustice of the whole affair, that he resolved to recite his own address on the stage. This he actually accomplished, amid the angry resistance of the managers, the infinite laughter of the audience, and the struggles of the Bow Street officers, who chased him from corner to corner of the house, and only after a fierce manual conflict succeeded in excluding the irritated little poet. Byron's was a calamitous labour, of which, as it has been observed, the first twelve lines afford a sufficient specimen. And they who can relish Apollo sinking, Shakspeare deposed, radiance which mocks and adorns ruin, and Israel's pillar chasing night from heaven, may admire the rest.

"In one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust the drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign!

Ye, who beheld, O! sight admired, and mourn'd—
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned—
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven."

The pleasant little volume was *The Rejected Addresses*; a burlesque of the styles of the more popular writers of the day, by the Smiths.

At length Bannister retired from the stage, his last night was the 1st of June, 1815. The same year saw the retirement of Mrs Jordan and Miss Mellon, from the latter of whom, then Mrs Coutts, he received on his final appearance this good-humoured note:

"Dear Bannister.—Twenty years we have been fellow servants together in Drury-Lane Theatre. May your retirement from labour be as happy as I wish. I feel assured none rejoiced more sincerely than yourself at the happy and honourable *exit* that I have made from *my* professional service. Yours truly, AUDREY (the last part I acted with you).

"HARRIET COUTTS."

In 1835, he began to feel decline press more sensibly on him. He had been long a sufferer from gout, his limbs now rapidly failed; and on the 7th of November, he placidly died. The narrative by Mr Adolphus, is as gracefully and spiritedly written as we should expect from his accomplished pen.

BEN-NA-GROICH.

A PLAIN dark-coloured chariot, whose dusty wheels gave evidence of a journey, stopped to change horses at Fushie Bridge, on the 7th of August, 1838. The travellers seemed listless and weary, and remained, each ensconced in a corner of the carriage. The elder was a lady of from forty to fifty years of age—thin, and somewhat prim in her expression, which was perhaps occasioned by a long upper lip, rigidly stretched over a chasm in her upper gum, caused by the want of a front tooth. Her companion had taken off her bonnet, and hung it to the cross strings of the roof. The heat and fatigue of the journey seemed to have almost overcome her, and she had placed her head against the side, and was either asleep or very nearly so. It is impossible to say what her appearance might be when her eyes were open; all that we can say under present circumstances is, that the rest of her features were beautifully regular—that what appeared of her form was unimpeachable—that her hair was disengaged from combs and other entanglement, and floated at its own sweet will over cheek, and neck, and shoulders. In the rumble were seated two servants, who seemed to have a much better idea of the art of enjoying a journey than the party within. A blue cloak, thrown loosely over the gentleman's shoulders, succeeded (as was evidently his object) in concealing a certain ornamental strip of scarlet cloth that formed the collar of his coat; but revealed, at the same time, in spite of all the efforts he could make to draw up the apron, the upper portion of a pair of velvet integuments, which, according to Lord Byron's description of them, were "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." The lady, reclining on his arm, which was gallantly extended, so as to save her from bumping against the iron, requires no particular description. She was dressed in very gay coloured clothes,—had a vast quantity of different hued ribbons floating like meteors on the troubled air,—from the top and both sides of her bonnet; while a glistening pink silk cloak was in correct keeping with a pair of expansive cheeks, where the roses had

very much the upperhand of the lillies. While Mistress Wilson, the respectable landlady of the posting-house, was busy giving orders about the horses, a carriage was heard coming down the hill at a prodigious rate, and, with a sort of prophetic spirit, the old woman knew in an instant that four horses more would be required; and then she recollected as instantaneously that there would only be one pair in the stable. Under these circumstances, she went directly to the door of the plain chariot, whose inmates still showed no signs of animation, and tried to set their minds at rest as to the further prosecution of their journey,—though, as they had no knowledge of the possibility of any difficulty arising, they had never entertained any anxiety on the subject.

"Dinna be fleyed, my bonny burdy," she said, addressing the unbought young lady, who was still apparently dozing in the corner. "Ye sal hae the twa best greys in Fushie stables; they'll trot ye in in little mair than an hour; an' the ither folk maun just be doin' wi' a pair, as their betters hae dune afore them."

The young lady started up in surprise, and looked on the shrewd intelligent features of the well known Meg Dods, without understanding a syllable of her address.

"Haena ye got a tongue i' yer head, for a' ye're sae bonny?" continued the rather uncomplimentary landlady—"maybe the auld wife i' the corner 'll hae mair sense. Here ye what I said? ye sal hae the twa greys,—and Jock Brown to drive them; steady brutes a' the three, an' very quick on the road."

The elder lady gazed with lack-lustre eyes upon the announcer of these glad tidings.

"Greys, did you say?" she asked, catching at the only words she had understood in the address.

"Yes, did I. An' ye dinna seem over thankful for the same. I tell ye, if ye hadna a woman o' her word to deal wi', ye wad likely hae nae horses ava';—for here comes ane o' the things thae English idewots ca's a dug-cart that they come doon wi',

filled inside an' out wi' men, and dogs, an' guns—a' hurryin' aff to the muirs, an' neither to haud nor bind if they haena four horses the minute they clap their hands. They'll mak' a grand fecht, ye'll see, to get your twa greys; but bide a wee—the twa greys ye sal hae, if it was the laird o' Dalhousie himsel."

And in fact in a very few seconds after the venerable hostess had uttered these sybilline vaticinations, they received an exact fulfilment—

"Four horses, on!" exclaimed a voice from the last arrived vehicle, which sorely puzzled the knowing ones of Fushie Brig to determine to what genus or species it belonged. It was a long high carriage, fitted for the conveyance both of men and luggage; and its capabilities in both these respects were, on this occasion, very severely tried. On the high driving seat were perched two gentlemen, counterbalanced on the dicky seat behind by two sporting-looking servants. Inside, four other gentlemen found ample room; while a sort of second body swinging below, seemed to carry as many packages, trunks, and portmanteaus, as the hold of a Leith smack. "Four horses, on!" repeated the voice, which proceeded from one of the sporting-looking servants on the seat behind.

"Blaw awa', my man," murmured Mrs Wilson; "it'll be a gay while or the second pair comes out, for a yer blawin'. Did ye want ony thing, sirs?" she enquired, going up to the equipage.

"To be sure," answered one of the gentlemen; "four horses immediately—we're pushed for time."

"Hech, sirs, so are we a', but time'll hae the best o't," replied the hostess. "Ye maun just hae patience, sirs, for ye canna get on this three hours."

"Three hours!" exclaimed the gentleman; "why, what's the matter? Why the deuce don't they get out the horses?"

"Just for the same raison the Hielanman couldna' get out the bawbee," replied the imperturbable Meg Dods; "the diel a plack was in his pouch, puir body—an' sae, ye see, ye maun just stay still."

"My lord," interposed one of the servants, touching his hat, "there's a pair of very natty greys just coming out of the stable, and a pair of bays

with the harness on. I have seen them in stall!"

"Then let us have them, Charles, by all means," replied his lordship.

"Yes, my lord."

In a very short time high words were heard, from which it was evident that by no means a complimentary opinion was entertained of the gentlemanly conduct of the nobleman's dependant by the guard and ornament of the plain chariot.

"I say, my fine chap, you leave them there grey 'osses alone, will ye? they ain't none o' yourn."

"Quite a mistake, Johnny," replied the noble retainer, with a supercilious glance at our friend, who was still perched high in air.

"Oh! if ye come to go to be a-leaving off of names, old Timothy, you'll find I've a way of writing my card with my five fingers here in a text hand as no gentleman can mistake."

While boasting of his literary acquirements, our Hector in livery slewed himself down from the side of the red-cheeked Andromache, and presented an appearance which apparently induced the gentleman in the cockade to believe that the mistake might possibly be on his own side.

"My lord is in a great hurry."

"So is my ladies."

"He must have four horses."

"They must have two."

"Lauds!" exclaimed the voice of the hostess, addressing three or four stablemen who had been gaping spectators of this altercation, "bring yer grapes and pitchin' forks here, an' lift this birkie wi' the cockaud in his head back till his seat again. Tell Jock Brown to get his boots on wi' a' his micht, and drive thirr ladies to Douglass's Hotel. An', am sayn', if ony o' thae English bit cratures, wi' their elippy tongues, lays hand on bit or bridle o' my horses, dinna spare the pitchin' fork—pit it through them as ye wad a lock strae;—I'll hae nae rubbery in my stable-yaird—I'm braw freens wi' the Justice-Clork."

As affairs now appeared to grow serious, the Noah's Ark disembogued the whole of its living contents, and a minute inspection of the stables was commenced by the whole party. The ladies, in the mean time, who had some confused idea that all was not right, were looking anxiously from the win-

dows, and if the elder lady had been an attentive observer of her companion's looks, she would have seen a flush of surprise suffuse her whole countenance as her eyes for an instant rested on one of the gentlemen who stood apparently an uninterested spectator of the proceedings of his friends. A similar feeling of amazement seemed to take possession of the champion of the ladies, as he recognised the same individual. He left his antagonist in the very middle of a philippic that ought to have sunk that gentleman in his own estimation for ever, and walking hurriedly up to the gentleman who was still in what is called a reverie, said,—

"Mr Harry!—hope ye're quite well, sir?"

"What?—Copus?" replied the gentleman, "I'm delighted to see you again. Who are you with just now?"

"Family, sir—great family—equal to a duke, master says;—lady's-maid uncommon pleasant, and all things quite agreeable."

"Do you mean you are with a duke, Copus?"

"Bless ye! no sir, only equal to it. Master has bought a Scotch chiefship, and we're all a-going down to take possession. Master made all the tartans himself afore we left off trade."

"I don't understand you—what is he?"

"Smith, Hobbins, and Huxtable, they called us at Manchester,—great way of business—but master, old Smith, has retired, and bought this here Scotch estate, and makes us all call him Ben-na-Groich."

"And his family, Copus?"

"Only his old sister, and our young lady."

"Well,—her name?"

"Miss Jane. She's a niece, they

say, of old Smith—Ben-na-Groich, I means; but I don't b'lieve it. She's a real lady, and no mistake; and, they say, will have a prodigious fortin. By dad, our old 'ooman takes prodigious care of her, and is always a snubbing."

"My dear Copus, say not a word of having seen me; you can be the greatest friend I ever had in my life—you'll help me?"

"Won't I?—that's all;—'clect all about Oriel, Mr Harry, and Brussels? Ah! them was glorious days!"

"We shall have better days yet, Copus, never fear."

After a few minutes' conversation, the face of affairs entirely changed. An apology was made by his lordship in person for the mistake of his servant; that individual was severely reprimanded, greatly to the satisfaction of Mr Copus; the two greys were peaceably yoked to the plain chariot, and Jock Brown cracked his whip and trotted off at a pace that set loose the tongues of all the dogs in the village.

"What a barbarous set of people these Lowlanders are," exclaimed the senior lady—"so different from the brave and noble mountaineers. My brother, the chieftain, is lucky in having such a splendid set of retainers, and the tartan he invented is very becoming."

"Vell, only to think of picking up my old master in a inn-yard!" murmured Mr Copus, resuming his old position, and fixing his guarding arm once more inside of the rumble-rail; "after all the rum goes we had together at Oxford and Brussels. Nothing couldn't be luckier than meeting a old friend among them Scotch savages. Do ye know, Mariar, they haven't no breeches?"

"For shame, Mr Copus!"

CHAPTER II.

It must be evident to the most unpractised eye, that the young gentleman recognised by his old servant, and the pretty young lady in the plain chariot, are the hero and heroine of this true story. And a very fitting hero and heroine they would have been for a tale of far higher pretensions than the plain, unvarnished one which it is now our duty to deliver. At present, all we can afford to tell

the reader is the fact of their being consumedly in love,—that their love proved its truth by not running very smoothly,—and that, at the moment at which we have brought them on the stage, they had had no communication for several months before. The delight, therefore, of Henry Raymond on recognising Jane Somers at Meg Dods's door was equalled by his surprise. He formed one of a party going

down for the twelfth of August to the moors of his friend, Lord Teysham; but the interview he had had with his former domestic, Bill Copus, who had attended him through his career at Oxford, and afterwards for a short time to the Continent, somewhat cooled his zeal as a sportsman, by adding to his hopes as a lover. The forced embargo laid on them by the hostess of Fushie Bridge, for she was resolute in refusing to take them on with a pair, and the cattle of the last stage were miserably tired, gave him time to lay so much of his plans before his friends as he saw fit; and, long before the second pair, which had been with a party to Leith, had been refreshed, and were ready to start, his companions had unanimously passed a resolution, "that it was incumbent on the members of this excursion, collectively and individually, to give all possible aid and assistance to Henry Raymond in overthrowing the plans of all persons of the name of Smith, or of any other name or denomination whatever, and marrying a certain young lady of the name of Jane Somers."

But Lord Teysham, who united a great deal of good plain sense with his buoyancy of spirits, took him quietly aside, and asked him—

"Why, in heaven's name, if he liked the girl, he didn't propose for her in form?"

"I have, my dear fellow," replied Harry, "and been refused."

"By whom?"

"The uncle. He wrote me a letter, saying my favour of 3d ult. had come duly to hand, and he declined the offer as expressed therein,—and he remains, sir, for self and niece, my obedient servant, Thomas Smith."

"But had he a right to send you this letter?"

"As guardian and uncle, I suppose he has; but as empowered by Jane herself, none whatever."

"But what's his objection?"

"I've an elder brother."

"Well, but your governor is a close old boy. He has metal enough for a frigate besides his First-rate."

"Yes; but he has told me a hundred times that tit for tat is the only game he plays at—whatever fortune I bring he will pay me over the same; if I marry for love, I must live on it. I could give you a score or two more of his wise sayings."

"Oh! thank ye—I've a good stock of my own; but why, in the name of wonder, is he so distrustful? Can't he give you credit for being able to choose, without bribing you, as it were, to look out for a fortune?"

"My father won't give credit to any one, especially to me; besides, he has some little cause to be suspicious, for I've cleaned him out of a trifle once or twice, in a way that makes him slow to bite now. I have been on the point of marriage twice—once to old Crocky, and once to Stulz."

"How?"

"Why, you see, last year I was dipt a little to the fishmonger, and wrote a matrimonial letter home, hinting at trousseaus and other expenses, but mentioning no names. Nothing could please the old gentleman so much, and it was on that occasion he sent me up the paper properly signed and attested, binding himself to give me guinea for guinea whatever fortune I might get with my wife. A thousand he sent me to do the needful in the way of jewels and other presents, set me square with all the world."

"And your progenitor was indignant at the disappointment?"

"Oh! horribly; and unless it had been for a four-year bill of Stulz, I shouldn't have troubled him so soon. But, as I was aware that Walter knew of the obligation about my future fortune, I gave him to understand that I was devoted to Miss Coutts, and that I had no reason to despair. The very thought of such a thing was death both to the old Jack Daw and the young. The squire and his eldest hope would have been both in the poor-house if I had succeeded in carrying off the heiress, and had kept them to their bond. So, after a week or two, I let them off for their alarm, and a moderate tip. But all these things, my dear Teysham, are over now. I am resolved to marry Jane Somers, and cut both Stulz and Crocky."

"If you can get her; but this old monster, with the uncommon name, has her in his power. We must concert measures calmly, and we need not despair. Will she herself help us?"

"To be sure she will. Her new home must be misery to her. She is the daughter of a sister of this old Smith, who, by some chance or other,

married a gentleman. She had a large fortune, which now belongs to this only child. Colonel Somers has long been dead; the widow died a few years ago. Jane was then educated in the house of another guardian, a cousin of Colonel Somers, who lived near Bath; and, on his lately being sent to India on a high command, she was claimed by this Manchester hobgoblin, and torn from all her old friends."

"Yourself among the rest?"

"Just so—and now you know the whole story."

In which respect, as we conclude, the reader is by this time on a par with Lord Teysham, we quit the conclave at Fushie Bridge, and proceed to the more splendid apartments in Douglas's Hotel.

In the little drawing-room that looks to St Andrew's Square, the evening seemed to have passed stupidly enough. Aunt Alice, after yawning till tea time and scolding the greater part of that excellent time-killer, had at last, at about nine o'clock, betaken herself to her bedroom, to bring down the *Scottish Chiefs*—a book of manners and statistics from which all her notions of the Scottish nation of an early period were derived. Waverley, and the other northern stories of the enchanter, supplied her with all her modern information; and not very bad sources they would have been, if Miss Alice had been able to understand the language in which they were written. But our noble vernacular was to her a more impenetrable mystery than any revealed at Eleusis, and it was, perhaps, on this account that she entertained so decided a preference for the performance of Miss Porter.

Jane Somers, whom we have hitherto represented as either listless or sleeping, was sitting busily engaged in the somewhat unusual occupation of thinking. And, as her thoughts were wandering about Lansdowne, and a vast apartment, nobly lighted and filled with the sounds of revelry by night, we need not be surprised if they occasionally made a detour to the stables of Fushie Bridge, and the sight that met her there. While musing deeply on these very interesting subjects, our friend Copus entered the room and said—

"Please mum, one of the waiters

here knows all about them there places as master talks so much on; p'raps Miss Alice would like to hear about 'em?"

"I will tell my aunt, William," said the young lady, and returned to her former musings.

Copus retired and shut the door.

A low voice at her ear as she again rested her head upon the arm of the sofa, whispered "Jane!"

On looking up she saw a tall man dressed in the usual waiter's costume, with a large white cloth spread over his left arm.

"Harry Raymond!" she said, but by some unaccountable instinct speaking, even in the extremity of her surprise, in a tone of voice that scarcely reached beyond the person she addressed,—"In Heaven's name, what do you here?—in this disguise? Aunt Alice will detect you, and then my situation will be made doubly miserable."

"Then it is miserable, Jane?—Why do you submit to it? Ah, Jane, you have forgotten, surely, the promises you gave me."

"Forgetfulness seems to have existed on more sides than one. I have been four months in Lancashire, and am indebted, at last, to a chance meeting in Scotland for being recalled to your recollection."

"Recollection!" echoed the young man, in the liveliness of his emotion, flinging the white cloth upon the floor. "Good heavens! what can have put such a notion into your head? I have written letter upon letter, both to you and your guardian—that is, after I found out where you had gone to—my letters to you have not been answered; my letter to him was answered by a refusal."

"Harry, Harry, he never consulted me—I never"—but here she checked herself, as perhaps she considered that the vehemence of her denial might be construed into something very like an anxiety to retract it,—and whether this was the construction put on it, or not, all we have to say is, that on Miss Alice Smith slipping quietly into the room, with a volume of the *Scottish Chiefs* in her hand, she almost screamed, as she saw a stranger seated on the sofa beside her niece, and holding her very earnestly by the hand.

"How!—what's all this?" exclaimed Miss Alice. "Them Scotch is the oddest people!"

"Young lady nearly fainted, ma'am, at some accounts I was giving her of the Highlands, ma'am. I'm waiter here, ma'am; and it's part of my business, ma'am, to give all sorts of information to the English families as they pass through the city, ma'am."

"And what were you a telling of to this young lady?"

"Only a few incidents that occasionally happen in such wild scenes as Fash-na-Cairn or Ben-na-Groich. They say the new Ben-na-Groich is an English nobleman, with a very handsome sister;—I was merely telling this young lady here what would probably be the fate of the beautiful Englishwoman."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Alice: "no wonder she fainted, poor thing. What was it?—for mercy's sake—what will they do to her?"

"Fash-na-Cairn and all his clan have been at war for hundreds of years with Ben-na-Groich. He will probably lead a foray upon the new chief, and carry off his sister."

"Gracious!—how old is this Fash-na-Cairn?"

"About five-and-twenty. He has buried his fifteenth wife. They seldom live more than three months."

"Oh, Jane! Jane! we're lost—ruined—murdered! Waiter, I'm the sister of Ben-na-Groich, the victim of Fash-na-Cairn!"

"Sorry, ma'am, I've alarmed you; but perhaps the friends of the clan may gather round Ben-na-Groich, and succeed in capturing Fash-na-Cairn."

"And what then?" enquired Miss Alice, with a glimpse of hope.

"Oh, then it is the universal custom for the next in blood of the chieftain, if she be unmarried, to cut off a finger of the prisoner every day with an old hereditary hatchet kept for that purpose, till he relents, and offers to make her his bride. If he does so before he has lost the fingers of both hands, the feud is at an end."

Miss Alice shuddered at the thoughts of cutting off a young man's fingers.

"Oh, waiter, this is dreadful news! I'm certain my poor brother knew nothing of this when he purchased that horrible property.—And what will they do to *him* if the furry succeeds?"

"Tie him up in a wolf's skin, and hunt him to death with bloodhounds."

"My poor brother, my poor brother! And he so fat, and subject to the gout!—But it's quite true—it's exactly what they did to the Bohemian in *Quentin Durward*."

"The present Fash-na-Cairn is a descendant of Le Balafre."

"Oh, the monster!—Have they no police at Ben-na-Groich, nor even special constables?—no justice of peace?"

"The only justice there is the dirk and claymore.—But the young lady seems revived now. Do you take supper?—I'll send the chambermaid directly, ma'am."

When the historical and veracious waiter left the room, the long and stately figure of Miss Alice sank slowly down upon the sofa. Jane Somers's face was buried in her hands, and, by the tremors that ran through her whole frame, and the redness of what was visible of her cheeks and neck, it was evident that she was nearly in convulsions with some powerfully suppressed feeling. The aunt, of course, considered it to be the result of terror, whatever sager guess the reader may make upon the subject, and gave way to a fit of dolorous lamentation, that did not much contribute to her niece's recovery.

"This comes of pride, and being one of the Scottish chiefs! To be eaten up by bloodhounds, and have his sister carried off by Fash-na-Cairn! Blue-Beard was a joke to him—fifteen wives, and only five-and-twenty!—more than three per annum since he came of age! I will put my brother on his guard the moment we arrive.—This is truly a barbarous country, and inhabited by nobody but murderers and cannibals. Hobbins and Huxtable will be amazed to hear of their partner's fate—and my brother never was partial to dogs!"

CHAPTER III.

The castle of Ben-na-Groich was an old square building, situated in a wild ravine of the North Highlands. It consisted of little more than a high

tower of the rough stone of the country, at one corner of a low mass of building, in many parts fallen into decay, and presenting an appearance

of strength and massiveness, on which any attempt at beauty would have been thrown away. One side of the square had something more of a habitable look than the remaining portions, from the circumstance of its chimneys being newly rebuilt and tastefully whitewashed; the roof also was repaired, and the windows fitted with glass,—a luxury which was considered useless by the inhabitants of the remaining three sides, the said inhabitants consisting of two or three cows, half a score of dogs, and one or two old representatives of Fingal, who clung to their ancient habitation with a local attachment that would have done honour to a cat.

On the evening of the 10th of August, the parlour (for it was nothing more, though bearing the nobler designation of the hall) was occupied by a solitary gentleman of somewhat solid dimensions, who cheered his loneliness by an occasional stir of the fire, and a frequent sip at a tumbler of whisky toddy. From time to time he went to the window and listened. The cataract that rushed down the ravine would have drowned any other external sound, even if such had existed; and with an expression of increased ill humour after every visit to the window, the gentleman renewed his former occupation of sipping the toddy and stirring the fire.

"Some folly or other of sister Alice," at last he grunted, "putting off her time in Edinburgh. They ought to have been here by two o'clock, and here it is eight, and not a sound of their wheels. That cursed rivulet, to be sure, drowns every thing else; 'tis worse than our hundred horse engine. I wish they were here, for being a Highland chieftain is lonely work after all—no coffee-house—no club—no newspaper. Hobbins was right enough in saying, 'I should soon tire;' but tire or not, I am too proud to go back—no! Young Charles Hobbins shall marry Jane Somers. I will settle them here for three or four months in the summer, and we can all go back to his house for the rest of the year. A real chieftain will be something to look at there, though, in this cursed country, it does not seem to create much admiration. What can be keeping sister Alice?"

The gentleman walked to the window once more, and opening it a little

way, shouted "Angus Mohr! Angus Mohr!" A feeble voice in a short time answered from the dilapidated end of the building.

"Her's comin'—fat ta tiel does ta fat havril want?" Uncertain steps not long after sounded along the creaking passage; the door was opened, and presented to the impatient glance of the new proprietor the visage of the grumbling Gael. He was an old decrepit man, with bright ferocious eyes gleaming through his elf-locks. If he had succeeded in making a "swap" of his habiliments with any scare-crow south of the Tay, he would have had by far the best of the bargain, for his whole toilet consisted in a coarse blue kilt or petticoat (for it had none of the checkers that give a showy appearance to the kilt;) his stocking—for he only rejoiced in one—was wrinkled down almost over his shoe; his coat was tattered and torn in every variety of raggedness; and the filth, which was almost thick enough to cover the glaring redness of his fortnight's beard, showed that Angus Mohr took very little interest in the great question about the soap duties. "Fat d'ye want, auld man?" enquired the visitor—"bringin' a poddy a' this way to hear ye'r havers."

"I merely wish to know, Angus, if there is any lad here you can send to the side of the hill to see if a carriage is coming this way."

"Tere's a laud oot in the byre," replied Angus; "but he's four score year auld, an' has been teaf and blind since they took him to Inferness jail for dirking the packman—tiel tak their sows for pittin an honest man in ony such places—ye can pid him gang, if ye like."

"Why, if he's deaf and blind, Angus, he will be no great help."

"Ten gang yersel'; petter than than sitting filling yer pig wame wi' whisky."

"You shall have a glass, Angus, when I have tea brought in."

"An' little thanks for it too. It's a small reward for comin' a' this way through the cauld."

"You may go now," said our fat friend, who was now more anxious to get quit of his visitor, than he had been for his appearance.

"Tiel a pit, tiel a pit; no without the glass ye promised."

"Be off, sir—be more respectful to

your superiors. I am chief of this clan."

"He's ta chief!" cried old Angus, with a laugh that shot a chill into the gallant chieftain's heart—"he's ta chief is, he? Hu! hu! hu!"

"For goodness' sake, old man, go back to your own room. You shall have a whole bottle; I'll send it to you directly."

"Mak it a gallon, an' I'll gang. Mak it a gallon—it will do for twa days."

"Well, well, you shall have a gallon—only go," urged the now alarmed proprietor; for Angus, perceiving his advantage, went on increasing in his demands, and the self-elected chief began to perceive that his subjects were not so obedient as he had expected; and vague ideas of dirks and drownings occurred hurriedly to his mind.

Angus, however, seemed for this time satisfied with his prize, and resumed his way to the lower regions, muttering and growling as he went, as if he had been a highly injured individual, and leaving the fat gentleman in a very uncomfortable frame of mind.

"Savages!" he murmured to himself; "by dad, we shall all be murdered to a certainty. However, when all my own servants arrive, we shall turn Angus and the blind old man out of the castle, and have things a little better managed than this. But it certainly is very strange my sister does not come! Our new man, Copus, is a stout fellow, and would keep this old rascal Angus in order."

"Fat, in the tiel's name, are ye skirlin' there for?" said the sharp voice of that uncourteous seneschal, as he put his shaggy head out of the glassless orifice that served as a window; "are we a' teaf, think ye?"

"Hallo, old feller!" shouted the voice of Copus in reply, "leave off your hinferral jabber, and open the door, will ye?"

"Open't yersel', and be t—d till ye," screamed the old man—"her's no servant o' your's, I'm thinking."

"William, isn't there never a bell?" enquired Miss Alice.

"Bell!" re-echoed Mr Copus; "no, nor nothing else that a gentleman is acquainted with; so here I thinks, ma'am, we must stay all night, for that 'ere waterfall wont let nobody

hear, and the old lunatic, as peeps out of the hole in the wall, don't seem inclined to be civil."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, William, try again—shout as loud as you are able."

"Hillo! hillo! hillo!"

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the voice of the new proprietor himself, at the same moment that his head appeared at the window.

"Here we are, sir," replied Copus, "half dead with fear and hunger, and yet can't get in to our own house for love or money."

"I'll open the door myself," said the chieftain, and putting for the nonce his newly acquired dignity into his pocket, he waddled through the blustering passages, and turned the key with his own hand.

"And this, then, is Ben-na-Groich Castle," sighed Miss Alice, as at length she entered the parlour, leaning on the arm of her niece, and looking round with a dolorous expression that would have furnished a study for a picture of despair.

"Even so," replied her brother, with an attempt at a joyous chuckle that died off into a groan.

"Oh, brother Ben—since Ben-na-Groich you insist on being called—oh, brother Ben, what tempted you to buy such a place as this?—in such a country?—among such hideous people?"

"Partly a bad debt that the late owner was on our books,—partly a desire to be a regular chief, and astonish the Huxtables; but cheer up, sister, things will be better in a day or two. We shall all put on our tartans—cheer up you too, niece Jane, Charles Hobbins will be here ere long—I've got some clothes ready for him too, and intend to give him a black feather, and make him as good a downy-whistle as you can desire."

"Ah, brother!" interposed Miss Alice, "that would have been all very well a short time ago, and it would have been delightful to see you with your henchman and jellies and downy-whistles—but 'tis too late now. Oh, brother! we are doomed to destruction. Copus will tell you what he has seen this very day."

"Why, what has he seen?—a ghost?—they are wery superstitious, and believe in the second sight."

"Oh first sight is quite enough for

us. I saw them myself, though they were at such a distance, I confess, I took them for a flock of sheep."

"Who?—what was it you saw?—speak, Copus." Thus adjured, our travelled friend, with a face from which the expression of alarm had not yet entirely subsided, commenced his narrative.

"This morning, sir, when we first changed 'osses, I gets off the rumble, sir, and leaves Mariar by herself. I goes into the small house while the cattle was a coming,—a lonely place sir, in the midst of a moor, sir,—and says I to the landlady, says I, 'here's a fine day, says I.'

"'Make the most of it,' says she—'you bid fair never to see another.'

"'You're wery purlite,' says I—'I don't think I'm in a dying condition.'

"'You carry your death sentence at your breast,' says she, in a hollow voice, like a drum with a hoarseness.

"'What do you elude to,' says I?—and looking at my breast, sir, I seed nothing in life but this here watch-ribbon as you gived me, of your own tartan, you know sir.

"'Why wear ye the badge of the doomed Ben-na-Groich?' says she—'Know you not that his web is spun?'

"'There you're misinformed,' says I, ma'am—they're all done by machinery.'

"'Fool, says she, quite in a passion, you've put yourself under a ruined wall, and will be crushed to the dust by the tumble.'

"'Wrong again,' says I, 'for master has had the whole building repaired.'

"'Blind mole, you will take no warning; perhaps because you don't believe—see there!' And when I looked in to where she pointed, sure enough I sees ten or a dozen stout chaps all a-sharpening of their swords upon great grinding-stones, at the other end of the house.

"'What's all them fellows arter?' says I.

"'Blood,' says she.

"'Blood and wounds!' says I, 'I never heared such a woman.' 'Clect, at Oxford, hearing of an old Roman Catholic lady they called the Civil, as spoke in that 'ere fashion, and was a dealer in books and stationary, but, cuss me, if you doesn't beat her hollow. Whose blood do you mean, ma'am?'

"'His who calls himself Ben-na-Groich.'

"Oh, brother Thomas, did you ever hear of the like?" shuddered Miss Alice.

"A witch," said the gentleman thus appealed to, with a very unsuccessful effort to appear disdainful. "What more, Copus?—did she say any thing else?"

"Lots more, but I've nearly forgotten it."

"How long did this detain you?"

"Oh, he kept us waiting three or four hours," interposed Miss Alice; "and when he came out, he couldn't have been more unsteady if he had been a-drinking."

"Yes, indeed, sir," added Maria, "his manners has been wery extraordinary ever since; he has been either singing songs or sleeping, the whole way here."

"The interview was a very strange one. Did any one else see the ten or twelve men?" enquired the chief.

"I seed one of them, sir," replied Maria—"a tall, handsome gentleman, in a green frock coat. He went towards a horse that was tied near a stack of fuel, just at the moment Copus came out."

"Indeed? Did you see him Copus?"

"Oh yes. I saw a figure something as she describes it. He is the surest sign, the wild woman said, of something awful; they calls him Kickan-drubb."

"How strange!" repeated the chieftain, for the hundredth time—"a regular conspiracy, and nobody here to defend us. The old tiger down stairs, Angus Mohr, would be the first to kill us if he could, and what is to become of us Heaven only knows."

"Better let the horses stay at the door, sir; the carriage may be useful," suggested Copus.

"There's no time to be lost, indeed," replied the master; "but yet what would be the use of flying? We are safer here than on the road."

"No, no; let us go, brother Ben—brother Thomas, I mean—for do you know that Fash-na-Cairn has vowed he'll have your life?"

"Who the devil is Fash-na-Cairn?—I never did him any harm."

"But his clan has been opposed to Ben-na-Groich for hundreds of years:

He'll murder *you* and *me*! Oh dear! oh dear! he'll force me to be Mrs Fash-na-Cairn!" Here Miss Alice, overcome by her horrible imaginings, covered her face with her hands; but whether she wept or not history does not record.

"Will ye no let a poddy sleep, and be d—d till ye?" again screamed the shrill voice of Angus Mohr; "hoo mony mair o' ye southron prutes is coming yammering to the door?"

No answer, apparently, was given to this enquiry, for it was renewed with bitterer tones than before.

"Fat's a' this o't?—wi' swords and targets, an' the Stuart stripe in yer plaids. Are ye come to harry ta auld fat man? huigh! hurra! Cot, an Angus had a dirk himsel', he'd pit it up to the handle in ta fat cairl's wame."

While these words of encouragement or enquiry were issuing from the wrathful native, a hurry of steps was heard upon the stairs—the clank of steel, as if of the crossing of swords, sounded in the passage, and with a shout, Fash-na-Cairn! Fash-na-Cairn! the parlour door was burst open, and six wild figures in the full Highland costume rushed in upon the deliberations of the new chieftain and his household. One of the party seized the arm of aunt Alice; another, with a flat-sided blow of his claymore, laid our heroic friend Copus quietly on the floor; a third took Jane Somers by the hand as she sat retired in a corner of the room, and kept guard over her during the whole of the scene; while the others placed themselves opposite the astonished Ben-na-Groich himself, and pointed their weapons at his throat without saying a word.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" said that individual, with a tremor in his voice that revealed the conflict within. "I'll give you a cheque for as much as you require—fix your own price! What shall it be?"

"Revenge!" said a hollow voice, proceeding from the chief of the party. "I have you now in my power—the first time after a search of eight hundred years."

"What have I done? I never did you a mischief; if I did, I'm willing to pay damages, assessed by your own surveyor."

"Your ancestor, Fin of the crooked finger, stabbed my ancestor Kenneth of the flat nose, as he dined with him in this hall in the reign of Fergus the First—give me back his blood."

"Can't, indeed—haven't a drop of it, or any one else's blood—but I will pay the worth of it—only spare my life."

"Fash-na-Cairn may spare, but on one condition—you have a sister."

"Oh no, indeed, he hasn't, sir," said Miss Alice, "she died when she was quite a baby."

"Speak, dog," said the ruthless Fash-na-Cairn, kicking Copus as he lay on the carpet; "who is the sister of Ben-na-Groich?"

"That ere middle-aged lady with the red nose. That's our Miss Alice."

"She must be Fash-na-Cairn's bride, or the Wolfskin must cover Ben-na-Groich."

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed the disconsolate lady; "will nothing do but that?"

"Even that won't save him—I see another maiden."

"Oh, I'm sure you are quite welcome to Jane Somers," said Miss Alice, "my brother will give his consent directly—won't you Thomas?"

"Say the word, and I give you the hand of friendship."

"What word," asked the sorely puzzled Ben-na-Groich; "I will say whatever is needful."

"Does the maiden herself consent?—Bring hither the fair one of the hill."

Jane Somers was brought forward by her guard.

"Now, Jane," began the Chieftain, "this here gentleman, Mr Fash-na-Cairn, is anxious to marry some one of my family—are you disposed to save me from murder and robbery by giving him your hand?"

"To save you, my dear uncle, from any thing unpleasant, there is no sacrifice I would not make."

"There's a dear good girl," cried the Chieftain, delighted. "Take her; you are very welcome; and when I get home, which will be in three days from this time, I will send you some marriage presents. If you have any fancy for this estate, you shall have it a bargain;—in the mean time let the rest of us get into the carriage, and be

off as fast as we can. Come, Copus, get up, you lazy hound—we must be off."

"Off or not off, sir, I doesn't budge a foot. I stays with my young missus."

"Very well, only let us out of the house." While preparations were making for a rapid retreat, one of the brigands went up to Jane Somers and whispered, "my carriage is waiting on the bridge. Lady Teysham and the other ladies at my shooting-box expect us every moment; so be under no alarm."

Jane bowed her head and yielded to her destiny, and since that time has been as happy a specimen of the married life as is often to be met with, Ben-na-Groich, on finding out the hoax, was too much afraid of the

ridicule of his friends to make it public; and to this hour, Aunt Alice tells the most wondrous tales of the lawlessness of the Highlands, and the blood-thirstiness and revenge characteristic of a Scottish Chieftain. "Only to think of people cherishing a resentment for nearly a thousand years, and only satisfying it at last by marriage or murder. Oh, Mrs Hobbins, never believe what people says when they talk to you about the foodle system—the starvation system would be a much better name for it, for the whole country is made of nothing but heath, and the gentlemen's clothes is no covering from the cold; and besides all that, they are indelicate to a degree!"——

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

PART VII.

THE CONCLUSION.

CHAP. I.

THE argument, in the foregoing part of our discussion (in which we showed that morality is grounded in an antagonism carried on between our nature and our consciousness), is obviously founded on the assumption that man is born in weakness and depravity. We need hardly, now-a-days, insist on the natural sinfulness of the human heart, which we are told by our own, and by all recorded experience, as well as by a higher authority than that of man, is desperately wicked, and runneth to evil continually. Deplorable as this fact is, deplorably also and profusely has it been lamented. We are not now, therefore, going to swell this deluge of lamentations. Instead of doing so, let us rather endeavour to review dispassionately the fact of our naturally depraved condition, in order to ascertain, if possible, the precise bearing which it has on the developement and destiny of our species, and at the same time to carry ourselves still deeper into the philosophy of human consciousness.

To do good and sin not, is the great end of man; and, accordingly, we find him at his first creation stored with every provision for well-doing. But that this is his great end can only be admitted with the qualification that it is to do good *freely*; for every being which is *forced* to perform its allotted task is a mere tool or machine, whether the work it performs be a work of good or a work of evil. If, therefore, man does good by the compulsion of others, or under the constraining force of his own natural biases, he is but an automaton, and deserves no more credit for his actings than a machine of this kind does; just as he is also an automaton if he be driven into courses of evil by outward forces which he cannot resist, or by the uncontrollable springs of his own natural frame-work. But man will be admitted, by all right thinkers, to be not a mere automaton. But then, according to the same thinkers, man is a *created* being; and, therefore, the question comes to be, how can a created being be other than an

automaton? Creation implies predetermination, and predetermination implies that all the springs and biases of the created being tend *one way* (the way predetermined), and that it has no power of its own to turn them into any other than this one channel, whatever it may be. How, then, is it possible for such a being to do either good or evil *freely*, or to act otherwise than it was born and predetermined to act? In other words, the great problem to be worked out is, How is man to come to accomplish *voluntarily* the great end (of doing good—of well-doing) which he originally accomplished *under compulsion*, or in obedience to the springs of his natural constitution?

We undertake to show that the living demonstration of this great problem is to be found in the actual history of our race;—that the whole circuit of humanity, from the creation of the world until the day when man's final account shall be closed, revolves for no other purpose than to bring human nature to do *freely* the very same work which it originally performed *without freedom*;—and that this problem could not possibly have been worked out by any other steps than those actually taken to resolve it. This shall be made apparent, by our showing, that in the actual development of the consciousness of our species, two distinct practical stages or articulations are to be noted:—the first being an act of antagonism put forth by man against his paradisiacal or perfect nature, bringing along with it the Fall—(this is consciousness in its antagonism against good); the second being an act of antagonism put forth by man against his present or fallen nature, issuing in the Redemption of the world through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the restoration of man to the primitive condition of perfection which he had abjured—(this is consciousness in its antagonism against evil). The practical solution of the problem of Human Liberty, will be seen to be given, in the development of these two grand epochs of consciousness.

In the first place, then, let us contemplate man in his paradisiacal state. Here we find him created perfect by an all-perfect God, and living in the garden of Eden, surrounded by every thing that can minister to his comfort and delight. Truly the lines are fallen

to him in pleasant places; and, following his natural biases, his whole being runs along these lines in channels of pure happiness and unalloyed good—good nameless, indeed, and inconceivable, because as yet uncontrasted with evil, but therefore, on that very account, all the more perfect and complete. He lies absorbed and entranced in his own happiness and perfection; and no consciousness, be it observed, interferes to break up their blessed monopoly of him. He lives, indeed, under the strictest command that this jarring act be kept aloof. He has no personality: the personality of the paradisiacal man is in the bosom of his Creator.

Now, however enviable this state of things may have been, it is obvious that, so long as it continued, no conceivable advance could be made towards the realization of human liberty. Without a personality—without a *self*, to which his conduct might be referred, it is plain that man could not possess any real or intelligible freedom. All his doings must, in this case, fall to be refunded back out of him into the great Being who created him, and out of whom they really proceeded: and thus man must be left a mere machine, inspired and actuated throughout by the divine energies.

But, upon the slightest reflection, it is equally obvious that man could not possibly realize his own personality without being guilty of an evil act—an act not referable unto God, a Being out of whom no evil thing can come—an act in which the injunctions of the Creator must be disobeyed and set at naught:—He could not, we say, realize his own personality without sinning; because his personality is realized through the act of consciousness; and the act of consciousness is, as we have all along seen, an act of antagonism put forth against whatever state or modification of humanity it comes in contact with. Man's paradisiacal condition, therefore, being one of supreme goodness and perfection, could not but be deteriorated by the presence of consciousness. Consciousness, if it is to come into play here, must be an act of antagonism against this state of perfect holiness—an act displacing it, and breaking up its monopoly, in order to make room for the independent and rebellious "I." In other words, it must be an act curtail-

ing and subverting good, and therefore, of necessity, an evil act. Let us say, then, that this act was really performed—that man thereby realized his own personality; and what do we record in such a statement but the fact of man's "first disobedience" and his Fall?

The realization of the first man's personality being thus identical with his fall, and his fall being brought about by a free act,—an act not *out of*, but *against*, God; let us now ask how man stands in relation to the great problem, the working out of which we are superintending—Human Liberty. Has the Fall brought along with it the complete realization of his freedom? By no means. He has certainly realized his own personality by becoming conscious of good. He has thus opposed himself to good, and performed an act which he was not forced or predetermined by his Maker to perform. He has thus taken one step towards the attainment of Liberty: one step, and that is all. The paradisiacal man has evolved one epoch in the development of human consciousness; and has thus carried us on one stage in the practical solution of the problem we are speaking of. Being born good and perfect, he has developed the antagonism of consciousness against goodness and perfection; and thus he has emancipated the human race from the causality of goodness and perfection.

But this antagonism against good, though it freed the human race from the causality of holiness, laid it at the same time under the subjection of a new and far bitterer causality—the causality of sin. For the consciousness of good, or, in other words, an act of antagonism against good, is itself but another name for sin or evil: and thus evil is evolved out of the very act in which man becomes conscious of good. And this is the causality under which we, the children of Adam, find ourselves placed. As he was born the child of goodness and of God, so are we, through his act, born children of sin and of the devil.

Therefore the evolution of the second epoch in the practical development of consciousness devolves upon us—the fallen children of Humanity. Just as the paradisiacal man advanced us one stage towards liberty, by developing in a free act the antagonism

of consciousness against the good under which he was born; so is it incumbent upon us to complete the process by developing the practical antagonism of consciousness against the evil of our natural condition. As Adam, in the first epoch of consciousness, worked himself out of good into evil by a free act, so have we, who live in the second epoch of consciousness, to work ourselves back out of evil into good by another act of the same kind; repeating precisely the same process which he went through, only repeating it in an inverted order. He, being born under the causality of good, transferred himself over by a free act (the antagonism of consciousness against good) to the causality of evil, and thus proved that he was not *forced* to the performance of good. We, on the other hand, who are born under the causality of evil, have to transfer ourselves back by another free act (the antagonism of consciousness against evil), into the old causality of good; and thus prove that we are not *forced* to the commission of evil. Adam broke up the first causality—the causality of good; and emancipated our humanity therefrom, in making it thus violate the natural laws and conditions of its birth. But in doing so he laid it under a second and dire causality—the causality of sin; and this is the causality under which we are born. Whenever, therefore, we too have trampled on the laws and conditions of our natural selves; have striven, by an act of resistance against evil, to return into the bosom of good, to replace ourselves under the old causality of holiness, to take up such a position that the influences of Christianity may be enabled to tell upon our hearts; in short, have violated *our* causality just as Adam violated *his*; then may the problem of human liberty be said to be practically resolved, for there are no conceivable kinds of causality except those of evil and of good—and both of these shall have then been broken through in the historical development of our species.

And here, let it be observed, that although, in putting forth this act of resistance against evil, we return under the old causality of good, and thus make ourselves obedient to its influences, yet the relation in which we stand towards that causality is very different from the relation in which

the first man stood towards it. He had good forced upon him: *we* have forced ourselves upon it by a *voluntary* submission; and in this kind of submission true freedom consists; because, in making it, the initiative movement originates in our own wills, in an act of resistance put forth against the evil that encounters us in our natural selves, whichever way we turn; and thus, instead of this kind of causality exercising a strictly causal force upon us, we, properly speaking, are the cause by which it is induced to visit and operate upon us at all. "From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and *the violent take it by force*:" that is to say, it does not take *them* by force—it does not force itself causally upon us. On the contrary, we must force ourselves upon it by *our own* efforts, and, as it were, wring from an All-merciful God that grace which even He cannot and will not grant, except to *our own* most earnest importunities.

Would we now look back into the history of our kind, in order to gather instances of that real operation of consciousness which we have been speaking of? Then what was the whole of the enlightened jurisprudence, and all the high philosophy of antiquity, but so many indications of consciousness in its practical antagonism against human depravity? What is justice, that source and concentration of all law? Is it a natural growth or endowment of humanity? Has it, in its first origin, a *positive* character of its own? No; there is no such thing as natural or born justice among men. Justice is nothing but the consciousness of our own natural injustice, this consciousness being, in its very essence, an act of resistance against the same. Do the promptings of nature teach us to give every man his due? No, the promptings of nature teach us to keep to ourselves all that we can lay our hands upon; therefore it is only by acting against the promptings of nature that we can deal justly towards our fellow-men. But we cannot act against these promptings without being conscious of them, neither can we be conscious of them without acting against them to a greater or a less extent; and thus consciousness, or an act of antagonism put forth

against our natural selfishness, lies at the root of the great principle upon which all justice depends—the principle *sum cuique tribuendi*. Therefore, in every nation of antiquity in which wise and righteous laws prevailed, they prevailed not in consequence of any natural sense or principle of justice among men; but solely in consequence of the act of consciousness, which exposed to them the injustice and selfish passions of their own hearts, and, in the very exposure, got the better of them.

If we look, too, to the highest sects of ancient philosophy, what do we behold but the developement of consciousness in its antagonism against evil, and an earnest striving after something better than any thing that is born within us? What was the whole theoretical and practical stoicism of antiquity? Was it *apathy*, in the modern sense of that word, that this high philosophy inculcated? Great philosophers have told us that it was so. But oh! doctrine lamentably inverted, traduced, and misunderstood! The "*apathy*" of ancient stoicism was no *apathy* in our sense of the word—it was no inertness—no sluggish insensibility—no avoidance of passion—and no folding of the hands to sleep. But it was the direct reverse of all this. It was, and it inculcated, an eternal war to be waged by the sleepless consciousness of every man against the indestructible demon-passions of his own heart. The *awakenings* of stoicism was an energetic *acting against* passion; and, if our word *apathy* means this, let us make use of it in characterising that philosophy. But we apprehend that our word *apathy* signifies an indifference, a passiveness, a listless torpidity of character, which either avoids the presence of the passions, or feels it not; in short, an *unconsciousness* of passion, a state diametrically opposed to the *apathy* of stoicism, which consists in the most vital consciousness of the passions, and their consequent subjugation thereby. It has been thought, too, that stoicism aimed at the annihilation of the passions; but it is much truer to say, that it took the strife between them and consciousness, as the focus of its philosophy; it found true manhood concentrated in this strife, and it merely placed true manhood where it found it—for it saw

clearly that the only real moral life of humanity is breathed up out of that seething and tempestuous struggle.

The passions are sure to be ever with us. Do what we will,

"They pitch their tents before us as we move,
Our hourly neighbours ;"

Therefore, the only question comes to be—are we to yield to them, or are we to give them battle and resist them? And Stoicism is of opinion that we should give them battle. Her voice is all for war; because, in yielding to them, our consciousness, or the act which constitutes our peculiar attribute, and brings along with it our proper and personal existence, is obliterated or curtailed.

The Epicureans sailed upon another tack. The Stoics sought to reproduce good, by first overthrowing evil; the only method, certainly, by which such a reproduction is practicable. They sought to build the Virtues upon the suppression of the Vices, the only foundation which experience tells us is not liable to be swept away. But their opponents in philosophy went more directly to work. They aimed at the same end, the reproduction of good, without, however, adopting the same means of securing it: that is to say, without ever troubling themselves about evil at all. They sought to give birth to Love without having, first, laid strong bonds upon Hatred. They strove to establish Justice on her throne, without having, first, deposed and overthrown Injustice. They sought to call forth Charity and Generosity without having, first of all, beaten down the hydra-heads of Selfishness. In short, they endeavoured to bring forward, in a direct manner, all the amiable qualities (as they were supposed to be) of the human heart, without having gone through the intermediate process of displacing and vanquishing their opposites through the act of consciousness. And the consequence was just what might have been expected. These amiable children of nature, so long as all things went as they wished, were angels; but, in the hour of trial, they became the worst of fiends. Long as the sun shone, their love basked beautiful

beneath it, and wore smiles of eternal constancy; but when the storm arose, then Hatred, which had been overlooked by Consciousness, arose also, and the place of Love knew it no more. Justice worked well so long as every one got what he himself wanted. But no sooner were the desires of any man thwarted, than Injustice, which Consciousness had laid no restraint upon, stretched out her hand and snatched the gratification of them; while Justice (to employ Lord Bacon's* metaphor) went back into the wilderness, and put forth nothing but the blood-red blossoms of Revenge. Generosity and Charity, so long as they were uncrossed and put to no real sacrifice, played their parts to perfection; but so soon as any unpleasant occasion for their exercise arose, then the selfish passions, of which Consciousness had taken no note, broke loose, and Charity and Generosity were swept away by an avalanche of demons.

Such has invariably been the fate of all those epicurean attempts to bring forward and cultivate Good as a natural growth of the human heart, instead of first of all endeavouring to realize it as the mere extirpation of evil; and hence we see the necessity of adopting the latter method of procedure. Every attempt to establish or lay hold of good by leaving evil out of our account, by avoiding it, by remaining unconscious of it, by not bringing it home to ourselves, must necessarily be a failure; and, sooner or later, a day of fearful retribution is sure to come—for the passions are real madmen, and consciousness is their only keeper; but man's born amiabilities are but painted masks, which (if consciousness has never occupied its post) are liable to be torn away from the face of his natural corruption, in any dark hour in which the passions may choose to break up from the dungeons of the heart.

The true philosopher is well aware, that the gates of paradise are closed against him for ever upon earth. He does not, therefore, expend himself in a vain endeavour to force them, or to cultivate into a false Eden the fictitious flowers of his own deceitful heart; but he seeks to compensate for this loss, and to restore to himself in

* Lord Bacon calls revenge a species of wild justice.

some degree the perfected image of his Creator, by sternly laying waste, through consciousness, the wilderness of his own natural desires, for he well knows, that wherever he has extirpated a weed, there, and only there, will God plant a flower, or suffer it to grow. But the epicurean, or false philosopher, makes a direct assault upon the gates of paradise itself. He seeks to return straight into the arms of good, without fighting his way through the strong and innumerable forces of evil. He would reproduce the golden age, without directly con-

fronting and resisting the ages of iron and of brass. By following the footsteps of nature, he imagines that he may be carried back into the paradise from which his forefather was cast forth. But, alas! it is not thus that the happy garden is to be won; for, "at the east of the garden of Eden" hath not God placed "cherubims, and a flaming sword which turns every way, to keep the way of the tree of life?" and, therefore, the epicurean is compelled, at last, to sink down, outside the trenches of paradise, into an inert and dreaming sensualist.

CHAPTER II.

Neither overrating nor underrating the pretensions of philosophy, let us now, as our final task, demonstrate the entire harmony between her and the scheme of Christian revelation. Philosophy has done much for man, but she cannot do every thing for him; she cannot convert a struggling act (consciousness in its antagonism against evil); she cannot convert this act into a permanent and glorified substance. She can give the strife; but she cannot give the repose. This Christianity alone can give. But neither can Christianity do every thing for man. She, too, demands her prerequisites; she demands a true consciousness on the part of man of the condition in which he stands. In other words, she demands, on man's own part, a perception of his own want or need of her divine support. This support she can give him, but she cannot give him a sense of his own need of it. This philosophy must supply. Here, therefore, Christianity accepts the assistance of philosophy; true though it be, that the latter, even in her highest and most exhaustive flight, only brings man up to the point at which religion spreads her wings, and carries him on to a higher and more transcendent elevation. Her apex is the basis of Christianity. The highest round in the ladder of philosophy is the lowest in the scale of Christian grace. All that true philosophy can do, or professes to do, is merely to pass man through the preparatory discipline of rendering him conscious of evil, that is, of the only thing of which he can be *really* conscious on this earth; and thus to place

him in such a position as may enable the influences of loftier truth, and of more substantial good, to take due effect upon his heart. The discipline of philosophy is essentially destructive—that of Christianity is essentially constructive. The latter busies herself in the positive reproduction of good; but only after philosophy has, to a certain extent, prepared the ground for her, by putting forth the act of consciousness, and by thus executing her own negative task, which consists in the resistance of evil. Christianity re-impresses us with the positive image of God which we had lost through the fall; but philosophy, in the act of consciousness, must first, to a greater or a less extent, have commenced a defacement of the features of the devil stamped upon our natural hearts, before we can take on, in the least degree, the impress of that divine signature.

Such, we do not fear to say, is the preliminary discipline of man, which Christianity demands at the hands of philosophy. But there are people who imagine that the foundation-stone of the whole Christian scheme consists in this; that man can, and must do, *nothing for himself*. Therefore, let us speak a few words in refutation of this paralyzing doctrine.

Do not the Scriptures themselves say, "*ask* and it shall be given unto you." Here, then, we find *asking* made the condition of our receiving; and hence it is plain that we are not to receive this asking; for supposing that we do receive it, then this can only be because we have complied with the condition annexed to our receiving it;

or, in other words, it can only be because we have practised an anterior asking in order to obtain the asking which has been vouchsafed to us. Therefore this asking must ultimately, according to the very first requisitions of Christianity, fall to be considered as our own act; and now, then, we put the question to those who maintain the doctrine just stated—must we not “ask,” must not this “asking” be our own deed—and do you call this *doing nothing for ourselves*? In the same way does not the Gospel say, “*seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you,*” evidently holding forth *seeking* as the condition of our finding, and *knocking* as the condition upon which “it shall be opened.” And, now, must not this “seeking” and this “knocking” be done by ourselves; and if they must, what becomes of the doctrine that man can do nothing, and must attempt to do nothing, for himself?

This doctrine that we can do nothing for ourselves is based upon an evident oversight and confusion of thought in the minds of the espousers of it. “Attempt no toil of your own,” say these inert disciplinarians of humanity, “but seek ye the kingdom of heaven in the revealed word of God, and there ye shall find it with all its blessings.” True; but these teachers overlook the fact that there are two distinct questions, and two distinct tasks involved in this precept of “seeking the kingdom of heaven.” To some people, the injunction, “seek for it faithfully, and ye shall find it in the Scriptures,” may be sufficient. But others, again, (and we believe the generality of men are in this predicament) may require, first of all, to be informed about a very different matter, and may be unable to rest satisfied until they have obtained this information: they may demand, namely, an answer to a new question—but where shall we find the *seeking* of the kingdom of heaven? Before finding itself, we must know how, and where, and in what way, we are to *find the seeking* of it; for that is the great secret which eludes and baffles our researches.

The only answer that can be given to these querists is, you must find the seeking of it *in yourselves*. The Bible reveals to us the kingdom of heaven itself; but philosophy it is that leads us to the discovery of our own search

after it. To this discovery philosophy leads us, by teaching us to *know ourselves*—by teaching us what we really are. And what does philosophy teach us respecting ourselves? Does she teach us that we stand in an harmonious relation towards the universe around us—towards the universe within us—towards the world of our own passions and desires—towards the strength or the weaknesses (be they which they may) of our own flesh and blood? And does she thus show us that the life of man here below is a life of blessedness and repose? Not—on the contrary, she shows us that our very act of consciousness, on the one hand; and, on the other hand, all the natural laws and conditions under which we are born, stand in a relation of diametrical discord towards each other: that we are made up of passions and susceptibilities, every one of which is thwarted and condemned in our very consciousness of it: that “there is a law in our members” (the causal law) “warring against the law in our minds” (the law of will, of freedom, of consciousness); and that the war between these two laws is one which no truce, brought about by human diplomacy, can ever still. For though consciousness may act against evil, yet it can never change the mere resistance of evil into a positive body of good. Consciousness may resist wrath, but it cannot convert this resistance of wrath into a positive peaceful-mindedness. Consciousness may resist hatred, but this act cannot transmute the resistance of hatred into positive and substantial love. Consciousness may resist selfishness, but it cannot convert this resistance of selfishness into a decided and abiding spirit of charity. This conversion cannot be effected by consciousness or by philosophy, it must be effected by the intervention of a higher power—building, however, on the ground-work which consciousness lays in its antagonism against evil; and this is what philosophy herself teaches unto man. She shows him, that so long as our consciousness and our passions merely, are in the field, although it is true that our regeneration must commence in their strife, yet that these elements meet together only in a bitter and interminable struggle, and do not embody of themselves any positive issues of good. Thus is he led by the very strife which philosophy reveals to

him, tearing his being asunder, to feel the necessity under which he lies of obtaining strength, support, and repose, from a higher source:—thus is he led by philosophy to discover, in the bitter strife between consciousness and his passions, his own importunate seeking of the kingdom of heaven, as the only means through whose intervention his struggling and toilsome acts may be embodied and perpetuated in glorious and triumphant substances—his resistance of hatred changed by Divine grace into Christian love—and all his other resistances of evil (mere negative qualities) transmuted by the power of a celestial alchemy into positive and substantial virtues.

Thus philosophy brings man up to the points which Christianity postulates, as the conditions on which her blessings are to be bestowed. In revealing to man the strife, which, in the very act of consciousness, exists be-

tween himself and his whole natural man, philosophy, of course, brings him to entertain the desire that this strife should be composed. But the desire that this strife should be composed, is itself nothing but a seeking of the kingdom of heaven. It is no desire on man's part to give up the fight, to abandon the resistance of evil, but it is a determination to carry this resistance to its uttermost issues, and then, through Divine assistance, to get this resistance embodied in positive and enduring good. Thus philosophy having brought man up to the points so forcibly insisted on by Christianity—having taught him to “knock,” to “ask,” and to “seek”—having explained the grounds of these pre-requisites (which Scripture postulates, but does not explain), she then leaves him in the hands of that more effective discipline, to be carried forward in the career of a brighter and constantly increasing perfectibility.

CHAPTER III.

We will now conclude, by recapitulating very shortly the chief points of our whole discussion.

I. Our first enquiry, regarded the method to be adopted, and the proper position to be occupied when contemplating the phenomena of man, and, out of that contemplation, endeavouring to construct a science of ourselves. The method hitherto employed in psychological research we found to be in the highest degree objectionable. It is this: the fact, or act of consciousness, was regarded as the mere medium *through* which the phenomena, or “states of mind”—the proper facts of psychology, as they were thought to be—were observed. Thus consciousness was the point which was looked *from*, and not the point which was looked *at*. The phenomena looked *at* were our sensations, passions, emotions, intellectual states, &c., which might certainly have *existed* without consciousness, although, indeed, they could not have been *known* except through that act. The phenomenon looked *from*, although tacitly recognised, was in reality passed over without observation; and thus consciousness, the great fact of humanity, together with all its grounds and consequences, has been altogether over-

looked in the study of man, while, in consequence of this oversight, his freedom, will, morality—in short, all his peculiar attributes, have invariably crumbled into pieces whenever he has attempted to handle them scientifically.

We trace this erroneous method, this false position, this neglect of the fact of consciousness, entirely to the attempts of our scientific men to establish a complete analogy between psychological and physical research; and, to follow the error to its fountain-head, we boldly trace it up to a latitude of interpretation given to the fundamental canon of the Baconian philosophy: “*Homo, naturæ minister et interpres, de naturæ ordine tantum scit et potest, quantum observaverit, nec amplius scit aut potest.*”

As far as this great rule is held applicable to the study and science of nature, we admit it to be unexceptionable; but when we find it so extended in its application as to include man indiscriminately with nature, we must pause; and although this extension of its meaning should be shown to be in perfect accordance with the whole spirit of Bacon's writings, we must venture, in the name of philosophy, and backed by a more rigorous observation

than that which he or any of his followers contend for, to challenge its validity, venerable and authoritative though it be.

We do not, indeed, assert that this maxim, even when taken in its utmost latitude, contains any thing which is absolutely false; but we hope to show, that, in its application to the science of man, and as a fundamental rule of psychology, it falls very far short of the whole truth, and is of a very misleading tendency. If it has acted like fanners upon the physical sciences, it has certainly fallen like an extinguisher upon philosophy.

The method laid down in this canon as the only true foundation of science, is the method of observation. The question then comes to be: can this method be properly applied to the phenomena of man, in exactly the same sense as it is applied to the phenomena of nature? The disciples of Lord Bacon tell us that it can, and must; if we would construct a true science of ourselves; but, in opposition to their opinion, we undertake to show, that, in the case of man, circumstances are evolved, which render his observation of his own phenomena of a totally different character from his observation of the phenomena of nature. Let us, then, illustrate the method of observation,—first, in its application to nature; and secondly, in its application to man.

We will call nature and her phenomena B, and we will call the observer A. Now, it is first to be remarked, that in A there is developed the fact of A's observation of B: but the proper and sole business of A being to observe the phenomena of B, and A's observation of the phenomena of B not being a fact belonging to B, it, of course, does not call for any notice whatsoever from A. It would be altogether irrelevant for A, when observing the phenomena of B, to observe the fact of his own observation of these phenomena. Therefore, in the natural sciences, the fact of A's observation of B is the point looked *from*, and cannot become the point looked *at*, without a departure being made from the proper procedure of physics. These sciences, then, are founded entirely on the method of *simple* observation. *Observatio simplex* is all that is here practised, and is all that is here necessary; and, whenever it shall have been put forth in its fullest extent, the

science of B, or nature, may be considered complete.

Let us now try how the same method of simple or physical observation works in its application to psychology. We will call man and his phenomena A; and, as man is here the observer, as well as the observed, we must call the observer A too. Now, it is obvious that in A (man observed) there are plenty of phenomena present—his sensations, "states of mind," &c., and that A (man observing) may construct a sort of science out of these by simply observing them, just as he constructed the natural sciences by observing the phenomena of B. And this is precisely what our ordinary psychologists have done, adhering to the Baconian canon. But the slightest reflection will show us that such a science of man must necessarily be a false one, inasmuch as it leaves out of view one of his most important phenomena. For, as in the preceding case of A and B, so now in the case of A and A, there is developed the fact of A's observation of A. But this fact, which, in the case of A and B was very properly overlooked, and was merely considered as the point to be looked *from*, cannot here be legitimately overlooked, but insists most peremptorily upon being made the point to be looked *at*; for the two A's are not really two, but one and the same; and, therefore, A's observation of the phenomena of A is itself a new phenomenon of A, calling for a new observation. Thus, while physical observation is simple, philosophical, or psychological observation is double. It is *observatio duplex*: the observation of observation, *observatio observationis*.

Now, we maintain, that the disciples of the Baconian school have never recognised this distinction; or rather have never employed any other than the method of *single* observation, in studying the phenomena of man. They have been too eager to observe every thing, ever to have thought of duly observing the fact of observation itself. This phenomenon, by which every thing else was brought under observation, was itself allowed an immunity from observation; and entirely to this laxness or neglect, are, in our opinion, to be attributed all the errors that have vitiated, and all the obstructions that have retarded the science of ourselves.

The distinction which we have just pointed out between these two kinds of observation, the single and the double, the physical and the psychological, is radical and profound. The method to be pursued in studying nature, and the method to be pursued in studying man, can now no longer be regarded as the same. The physical method observes—but the psychological method swings itself higher than this, and observes observation. Thus psychology, or philosophy properly so called, commences precisely at the point where physical science ends. When the phenomena of nature have been observed and classified, the science of nature is ended. But when the phenomena of man, his feelings, intellectual and other states, have been observed and classified, true psychology has yet to begin:—we have yet to observe our observation of these phenomena,—this fact constituting, in our opinion, the only true and all-comprehensive fact which the science of man has to deal with—and only after it has been taken up and faithfully observed, can philosophy be said to have commenced.

Further, the divergence which, in consequence of this distinction, takes place at their very first step, between psychological and physical science is prodigious. In constructing the physical sciences, man occupies the position of a mere observer. It is true that his observation of the phenomena of nature is an act—and that so far he is an agent as well as an observer,—but as this act belongs to himself, and as he has here no business with any phenomena except those belonging to nature, he cannot legitimately take any notice of this agency. But in constructing a science of himself man occupies more than the position of a mere observer—for his observation of his own phenomena is an act—and as this act belongs to himself whom he is studying, he is bound to notice it; and, moreover, as this act of observation must be performed before it can be observed, man is thus compelled to be an agent before he is an observer; or, in other words, must himself *act* or *create* the great phenomenon which he is to observe. This is what he never does in the case of the physical sciences—the phenomena here observed are entirely attributable to nature. Man has nothing to do with their

creation. In physics, therefore, man is, as we have said, a mere observer. But in philosophy he has, first of all, to observe his own phenomena (this he does in the free act of his ordinary consciousness): he thus creates, by his own agency, a new fact—the fact, namely, of his observation of these phenomena; and then he has to subject this new fact to a new and systematic observation, which may be called the reflective or philosophic consciousness.

The observation of our own natural phenomena (*observatio simplex*), is the act of consciousness: the observation of the observation of our own phenomena (*observatio duplex*), or, in other words, the observation of consciousness is philosophy. Such are our leading views on the subject of the method of psychology, as contradistinguished from the method of physical science.

II. The act of consciousness, or the fact of our observation of our own natural modifications having been thus pointed out as the great phenomena to be observed in psychology, we next turned our attention to the contents and origin of this act, subdividing our enquiry into three distinct questions: *When* does consciousness come into manifestation: *How* does it come into manifestation; and what are the *consequences* of its coming into manifestation.

III. In discussing the question, when does consciousness come into manifestation? We found that man is not *born* conscious; and that therefore consciousness is not a given or *ready-made* fact of humanity. In looking for some sign of its manifestation, we found that it has come into operation whenever the human being has pronounced the word “I,” knowing what this expression means. This word is a highly curious one, and quite an anomaly, inasmuch as its true meaning is utterly incommunicable by one being to another—endow the latter with as high a degree of intelligence as you please. Its origin cannot be explained by imitation or association. Its meaning cannot be *taught* by any conceivable process; but must be originated absolutely by the being using it. This is not the case with any other form of speech. For instance, if it be asked what is a table? a person may point to one, and say, “that is a table.”

But, if it be asked: what does "I" mean; and if the same person were to point to himself and say—"this is 'I,'"—this would convey quite a wrong meaning, unless the enquirer, before putting the question, had originated within himself the notion "I," for it would lead him to suppose, and to call that other person "I."—This is a strange paradox, but a true one; that a person would be considered mad, unless he applied to himself a particular name, which, if any other person were to apply to him, *he* would be considered mad.

Neither are we to suppose that this word "I" is a generic word, equally applicable to us all, like the word "man;" for, if it were, then we should all be able to call each other "I," just as we can all call each other with propriety, "man."

Further, the consideration of this question, by conducting us to inquiries of a higher interest, and of a real significance, enables us to get rid of most or all of the absurd and unsatisfactory speculations connected with that unreal substance which nobody knows any thing about—called "mind." If mind exists at all, it exists as much when man is born, as it ever does afterwards,—therefore, in the development of mind, no new form of humanity is evolved. But no man is born "I"; yet, after a time, every man becomes "I." Here, then, is a new form of humanity displayed—and, therefore, the great question, is,—what is the genesis of this new form of man?—What are the facts of its origin? How does it come into manifestation? Leave "mind" alone ye metaphysicians! and answer us *that*.

IV. It is obvious that the new form of humanity, called "I," is evolved out of the act of consciousness, and this brings us to the second problem of our inquiry: how is the act itself of consciousness evolved? A severe

scrutiny of the act of consciousness showed us, that this act, or in other words, that our observation of our own phenomena, is to a certain extent, a displacement or suspension of them; that these phenomena (our sensations, passions, and other modifications) are naturally of a monopolising tendency—that is to say, they tend to keep us *unconscious*—to engross us with themselves,—while, on the contrary, consciousness or our observation of them, is of a contrary tendency, and operates to render us *unsentient, unpassionate, &c.* We found, from considering facts, that consciousness, on the one hand, and all our natural modifications on the other, existed in an inverse ratio to one another—that wherever the natural modification is *plus*, the consciousness of it is *minus*, and *vice versa*. We thus found that the great law regulating the relationship between the conscious man (the "I") and the natural man was the law of antagonism—and thus consciousness was found to be an act of antagonism; or (in order to render our deduction more distinct) we shall rather say was found to be evolved out of an act of antagonism put forth against the modifications of the natural man.

But out of what is this act of antagonism evolved? What are its grounds? Let us consider what it is put forth against? All man's natural modifications are derivative—and this act is put forth against all these natural modifications—there is not one of them which is not more or less impaired by its presence. It cannot, therefore, be itself derivative, for if it were, it would be an acting against itself, which is absurd. Being, therefore, an act which opposes all that is derivative in man, it cannot be itself derivative, but must be underived—that is, must be an absolutely original, primary, and free act. This act of antagonism, therefore, is an act of

* Our leading tenet may be thus contrasted with those of some other systems in a very few words. The sensual or Lockean School teaches, that man becomes conscious; or "I" in consequence of his sensations, passions, and other modifications; the Platonic and Kantian Schools, teach that man becomes "I," not in consequence, but *by occasion* of his sensations, passions, &c.; and this is true, but not the *whole* truth. According to our doctrine, man becomes "I" or a conscious Being, *in spite* of his sensations, passions, &c. Sensation, &c. exist for the purpose of keeping down consciousness—and consciousness exists for the purpose of keeping down sensation, &c. &c.

freedom,—or, we shall rather say, is evolved out of freedom. Its ground and origin is freedom.

But what are the explanatory grounds of freedom? We have but to ascertain what is the great law of bondage throughout the universe, and, in its opposite, we shall find the law or grounds of freedom. The law of bondage throughout the universe, is the law of cause and effect. In the violation, then, of this law, true freedom must consist. In virtue of what, then, do we violate this law of bondage or causality? In virtue of our human will, which refuses to submit to the modifications which it would impose upon us. Human will thus forms the ground of freedom, and deeper than this we cannot sink. We sum up our deduction thus: The "I" is evolved out of the act of consciousness—the act of consciousness is evolved out of an act of antagonism put forth against all the derivative modifications of our being: This act of antagonism is evolved out of freedom; and freedom is evolved out of will; and thus we make will the lowest foundation-stone of humanity.

Thus have we resolved, though we fear very imperfectly, the great pro-

blem—How does Consciousness come into operation? the law of antagonism, established by facts, between the *natural* and the *conscious* man, being the principle upon which the whole solution rests.

V. In discussing the consequences of the act of consciousness, we endeavoured to show how this act at once displaces our sensations, and, in the vacant room, places the reality called "I," which, but for this active displacement of the sensations, would have had no sort of existence. We showed that the complex phenomenon in which this displacing and placing is embodied, is perception. The "I," therefore, is a consequence of the act of consciousness; and a brighter phase of it is presented when the state which the act of consciousness encounters and displaces is a passion instead of being a sensation. We showed that morality originates in the antagonism here put forth. But we have already expressed ourselves as succinctly and clearly as we are able on these points; and, therefore, we now desist from adding any more touches to this very imperfect Outline of the Philosophy of Human Consciousness.

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FRANCE AND HER ELECTIONS.

FRANCE has arrived at another crisis. It is one of no ordinary importance; and the results which will spring from it involve nothing short of the peace or war of the whole world. When we make use of this language, we do so advisedly. It is not for the purpose of rounding a period, or of exciting attention. If the Conservative cause in France shall now be defeated, and if Louis Philippe shall be reduced to accept for ministers men imposed upon him by a majority of the Chamber of Deputies, who will then be *not* his ministers, but the ministers of a faction:—from that moment there is not only an end to the Charta and to the Royalty of France, and not only will that country then practically become a republic—but from that hour all the friends of propagandism, war, revolution, anarchy, and mob government, will be let loose—and Europe *must* be up and defend herself, from the aggressions, insults, bad faith, encroachments, and violence of modern French democrats. We propose, in this article, to establish by indisputable facts the truth of these assertions—facts which we have selected from a mass of materials, and to which we could add at pleasure; and facts which will open the eyes of the most unconcerned to the present dangerous and alarming condition not only of France, but of the whole of Europe. The geographical position of France, the character of her people, the general adoption of her language on the Continent, the diffusion of her modern

VOL. XLV. NO. CCLXXXII.

vile literature, the nature of her political institutions, and of the fruitless experiments she has been making in the science of government for the last half-century, as well as the influence she exerts over the leaders of the democratic parties of all countries, give an importance to her movements, and a weight to her decisions, which cannot be too constantly felt or too frequently referred to. We invite, then, the best attention of our thinking readers to the following view of the state of France with reference to her elections—such elections having been resorted to by the King of the French as the *only* and *last* means for preserving the remains of a monarchy which can date its origin from Pharamond and Clodion, Childeric and Clovis. The defeat of Louis Philippe is the defeat of the French monarchy, and its defeat is nothing short of war to the hilt against all the monarchical institutions of Europe. We approach, then, this subject with natural anxiety and just alarm; we shall exaggerate nothing—but we shall not conceal any facts which are calculated to present, in its true light, the present situation of the country whose decisions and destinies *must* have so powerful an operation over the futurity of the whole of Europe.

For the right understanding of this momentous question, it is necessary to take a rapid review of the events of the last nine years. We shall be as brief as these events will admit—but it is essential to present a *resumé*.

We shall begin with the overthrow of the Martignac Ministry, and with the appointment of the Polignac Cabinet.

In 1829, the French Chamber of Deputies began that struggle which is still going on against the prerogatives of the monarch. The present ambassador to the court of St James's, General Sebastiani, was one of the foremost in the opposition then raised against the right conferred by the Charta of Louis XVIII. on the government, of being *exclusively* entitled to propose laws to the Chambers. Besides this, the communal and departmental laws presented in that session by the Viscount de Martignac, were so wholly changed by the commission appointed to examine them, that, had they passed in their altered form, there would have been some thousands of little republics established in the very heart, and over the whole surface, of the kingdom of France. "We march in the midst of anarchy!" cried the eloquent and admirable Martignac—but he could not go on. The Chamber of Deputies required the monarchy to yield. The monarchy refused. The bill was withdrawn. A new ministry was named. Prince Polignac and his friends were called on to raise the standard of *resistance* to the encroachments of democracy, and to the threats of the *Extreme Gauche* that they would ride their horses rough-shod through the palaces of kings." The selection of the Polignac administration was intended to demonstrate, not that Charles X. preferred the priests or the Jesuits, as some writers have absurdly imagined, but simply that the crown was well informed as to the character of the opposition which had been got up, as to the objects proposed by the men of the *Gauche*, and that, being so informed, it had come deliberately and firmly to the resolution to *resist*. The Polignac Cabinet was *not* intended by the King, the royal family, or the court, as a cabinet of attack, but simply as one of resistance. None had the least notion of making the Ordinances of July 1830, when that cabinet was named,—nor, indeed, till long after those associations were formed for refusing the payment of taxes, which were nothing short of open, proclaimed rebellion against the Crown, the Chambers, and the Charta. The demands made by the Chamber of Deputies, in 1829, were

unjust, inasmuch as they were anti-monarchical; and that at the very time when the Charta, so often appealed to by all parties, established a monarchical form of government in the country. Such laws as they required would have vested one hundred thousand small communal republics in the French monarchy, by erecting communal assemblies, in which the affairs of the state were to be brought constantly under the discussion of the mobocracy. These demands originated in a jealousy, if not in a hatred, of the rights and prerogatives of the Throne, as guaranteed by the Charta; and it is only necessary to refer to the journals and pamphlets of that period to be convinced, that the deputies, journalists, and public teachers of the Opposition, levelled all their attacks against the Throne, the King, the monarchy. When the *National* was prosecuted, on the 10th March, 1830, for its celebrated article, written by Thiers, "*Le Roi regne, et ne gouverne pas*," it was so prosecuted because the article was *anti-monarchical*. It is *not* true that Prince Polignac either hated or feared the press. It is *not* true that Prince Polignac prosecuted the French journals either for attacks on himself or on his coadjutors;—the prosecutions instituted were only against journals, and journalists who put forth all the energy of their talent and eloquence to excite the people to hate and to oppose the rights and prerogatives of the Crown. Thus, then, the character of the resistance of Prince Polignac, up to the period of the signing the fatal Ordinances, which led to the rising of the Parisians and the events of July,—was a resistance to the anti-monarchical dispositions, tendencies, and acts of the Chamber of Deputies, press, and political associations. We will not admit, for it is not true, that either Charles X. or the Prince de Polignac had any idea of curtailing or attacking the liberties enjoyed by the French people, under the Charta of 1814, when the Polignac Cabinet was formed. To resist encroachment—to defend the monarchy—to erect barriers against the assaults of democracy—were the only objects proposed;—and these objects were not only praiseworthy but indispensable, if merely the semblance of a French

monarchy was to be preserved in that country.

It is a favourite opinion with some writers, that the opposition to the monarchy of Charles X. was founded, not on any dislike on the part of the Chambers, the press, or the associations, to monarchical institutions, but to the alleged "*foreign origin*" of the government of 1814. As this error has been widely spread, and as its belief by any of our readers would prevent them from rightly understanding the real character of the continuous opposition of the *Gauche* to the monarchy, from 1829 to the very hour in which these observations are written; we propose to show the fallacy of this statement. It is said that the *origin* of all the opposition to Louis XVIII. and Charles X., is to be found in the fact, that they were brought back to France by "*foreign bayonets*." Now, if this were the case, the anniversary of such an event would necessarily be a day of sadness or of silence. No voice would be heard to rejoice in its return,—and it would be allowed to pass over without notice, even if expressions of regret should not escape from both magistrates and people. But was this really the case? Quite the contrary. Let us look at the facts of history—and turn to the *official* record of France—the *Moniteur*. And, in order that we may escape from the charge of selecting a period of public history when the people were most favourably disposed towards the Crown and the government, we will turn to the accounts of the proceedings which took place on the 12th April, 1830, the *sixteenth* anniversary of the return of the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) into the capital. Let it be remembered that, on 12th April, 1830, the country was in a state of unparalleled agitation—that the address of the 221 had been voted—that the King had prorogued the session to 1st September, preparatory to a dissolution,—and that from one end of the kingdom to the other the *Gauche* was plotting against the government and the monarchy. Yet, on this sixteenth anniversary of the return of the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) to Paris, we read the following account of the proceedings of the representatives of the various civil and military orders

in the state and the country, all congratulating the King and the nation on that very return.

The first president of the Court of Cassation, Count Portalis, accompanied by all the judges and officers of the highest tribunal of the country, said,—

"Sixteen years ago, this very day, your Majesty appeared in the midst of us. Weary of pursuing, from revolution to revolution, after vain phantoms of liberty, France, after having been obliged to submit to the yoke of despotism in order to crush the efforts and disorders of anarchy, was reduced to the necessity of fighting for her invaded territory. . . . May you, sire, it is the wish of our love, during a long series of years, receive the tribute of the gratitude of the country for the great benefits secured to it by your return."

Baron Seguier, the president of the Royal Court (and the president still), accompanied by the judges, the bar, and the officers, approached the foot of the throne, in April 1830!! and said to Charles X.,—

"Le lien resserré entre votre majesté et la patrie est indestructible; il garantit la grandeur de vos enfans, et la fidélité des notres.

"Sire, vous aimez à être aimé; ce fût le meilleur moyen du vainqueur de la Ligue. Votre royal penchant de famille sera comblé outre mesure par nos cœurs reconnaissans et dévoués."

And lest it should be said that this was only the language of courtiers; turn to the speech of Count de Châlval, now so popular with even the *Gauche*, and hear what he said, as prefect of the department of the Seine, representing, on this 16th anniversary of the return of the Bourbons, the whole population of Paris.

"As organ of the faithful inhabitants of your good city of Paris, we come, on the return of this joyous day, to pray you to accept the homage of the love, respect, and devotedness of all its population."

And finally, "The Society for the Protection of Agriculture" came with its offering of grateful recollection on the 16th anniversary of the entry of the Bourbons "with foreign bayonets;" and no language could be more loyal or respectful. The King replied,

"The *souvenirs* which you recall to my mind produce, I assure you, the liveliest satisfaction; rendered, as they are,

more lively by the fact, that I see the country tranquil and happy, and agriculture flourishing in all my kingdom. A king—a father—how can he desire any thing else than the happiness of his children?"

Had the Chamber of Deputies been sitting at the period of the anniversary in question, its members likewise would have appeared at the Tuileries to express their gratitude and love. All classes and ranks were represented on the return of the 12th April of every year—and all vied with each other in declaring that such anniversaries were to them the source of unfeigned delight. It is *not* true, that only official representatives, paid functionaries, or persons attached to the court made these declarations: no, all classes sent their deputations to the palace, to assure the King that the remembrance of the day on which the Bourbons returned to the capital gave them unqualified satisfaction. It cannot be, then, that the "*foreign origin*" of the events of 1814, and the return of the Bourbons to France with foreign bayonets, were the reasons why, in 1830, the majority of the Chamber of Deputies, the press, and the associations, sought to destroy the prerogatives and rights of the Throne, and to reduce it to a state of dependence on 100,000 communal republics.

We contend, then, 1st, That the Government of France, as established by the Charta of 1814, was that of a limited *monarchy*; 2d, That the mass of the people not merely adopted, but preferred that form of government; 3d, That the people had no aversion to the Bourbons, from the fact that, in 1814, they were replaced on the throne of their ancestors by foreign bayonets; 4th, That a faction in the country, and a majority of forty in the Chamber of Deputies, began, in 1829, its attacks on the rights and prerogatives of the crown; and, 5th, That now, in 1839, this same faction, joined by others, after having stripped the throne of some of the most valuable of its prerogatives, as possessed by the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, is now engaged in bringing about the state of things years ago described by M. Roger Collard, in one of his admirable speeches.

"The day that the Government shall only exist by the will of the majority of the

Chamber; the day that it shall be established as a fact, that the Chamber may repulse the ministers of the King, and impose on him others who shall be the ministers of the Chamber, and not the ministers of the King;—the day that this shall arrive, there will not only be an end of the Charta, but of our royalty—of that independent royalty which protected our fathers, and from which alone France has received all that she ever possessed of liberty and of happiness. . . . On that day, France will be a republic; and yet the Charta wills that we remain a monarchy."

Yet this very M. Roger Collard took up to Charles X., and read to him an address, which attacked, in the name of the "majority of the Chamber," this very prerogative of the King, which, only a few months previously, he had defended with so much of truth and eloquence! This address—this attack—led to the ordinances of July and to the Revolution; and now, nine years afterwards, the very same attacks are renewed against Louis Philippe, although some of the most valuable rights and prerogatives of the crown, as enjoyed under the Charta of 1814, were repealed by the Charta of 1830.

The language and conduct of Charles X. did not justify the aversion felt by the majority in the Chamber of Deputies to the influence of the crown. Though that amiable prince insisted on the importance of the great principle of legitimacy to the stability of the political institutions of France, yet his language was always mild, paternal, and benignant. Does he reply to the president of the Court of Cassation? he says,—

"L'amour que les Français ont conservé pour la race de leurs rois est, j'ose le dire, ce qui constitue leur force et ce qui consolidera à jamais leur bonheur. La légitimité, et je puis en parler moi-même, car il n'y a pas là de mérite personnel, la légitimité a ce caractère distinctif, que l'intérêt même des peuples en fait la force et assure le succès de ses efforts: je l'ai bien éprouvé lors de mon entrée dans Paris."

Does he speak to the Court of Accounts? he says,—

"Uniquement occupé du bonheur de mon peuple, j'espère parvenir à le consolider; mon vœu le plus cher c'est que la postérité puisse bénir mon nom."

Does he address the citizens of

Paris, through their organ the Count de Chalval? he says,—

“Tous mes efforts tendront comme ils ont tendu jusqu'ici à consolider d'une manière indestructible le bonheur des Français.”

Does he publish a proclamation to all France, and call on the electors to do their duty,—hear the mild and moderate language he makes use of, in June 1830, on the eve of the general elections:—

“La dernière Chambre des Députés a méconnu mes intentions. J'avais droit de compter sur son concours pour faire le bien que je méditais : elle me l'a refusé ! Comme père de mon peuple, mon cœur s'en est affligé ; comme roi, j'en ai été offensé : j'ai prononcé la dissolution de cette Chambre.

“Maintenir la Charte constitutionnelle et les institutions qu'elle a fondées, a été, et sera toujours, le but de mes efforts.

“Mais pour atteindre ce but, je dois exercer librement, et faire respecter, les droits sacrés qui sont l'apanage de ma couronne.

“C'est en eux qu'est la garantie du repos public, et de vos libertés. La nature du gouvernement serait altérée si de coupables atteintes affaiblissaient mes prerogatives ; et je trahirais mes sermens, si je le souffrais.

“C'est votre Roi qui vous le demande ; c'est un père que vous appelle. Remplissez vos devoirs ; je saurai remplir les miens.”

Does the King open the Session on the 2d March, 1830,—what does he say? Why, he points out, in measured and constitutional, though firm and decided language, the attacks which are made against the Crown, the royal prerogatives, the rights of the throne,—the monarchy itself.

“Messieurs—Le premier besoin de mon cœur est de voir la France heureuse et respectée, développer toutes les richesses de son sol et de son industrie, et jouir en paix des institutions dont j'ai la ferme volonté de consolider le bienfait. La Charte a placé les libertés publiques sous la sauve-garde des droits de ma couronne : ces droits sont sacrés : mon devoir envers mon peuple est de les transmettre intacts à mes successeurs.”

In all this there is nothing that is not constitutional, liberal, and wise, at the same time that it is monarchical and paternal. But yet this language did not satisfy the faction—did not content the majority of the Chamber of Deputies—did not appease the irri-

tation and excitement of the revolutionary party, but, on the contrary, appeared to act as a stimulant to them to cry, with even more fervour and zeal,—“France has the right to govern herself ;” and it is precisely the same cry, in precisely the same words, which is uttered to-day. After nine years of agitation, civil war, regicide, insurrections, prevotal courts, states of siege, and then amnesty, order, prosperity, and peace, the *National* still exclaims, as it did when Thiers was one of its editors,—“The first and great idea of the first French Revolution was, the right of France to govern herself. This same idea has been constantly kept in view ; and now, in 1839, France again returns to it, and asks why she is not competent to govern herself?”

As Charles X. was attacked, in 1829 and 1830, for naming an administration in which he had confidence, so is Louis Philippe for the same proceeding attacked now. As Charles X., in 1830, was accused of having the intention of establishing an absolute monarchy, and of getting rid of the Charta, so is Louis Philippe now. As Charles X., in 1830, was supported by the property, character, and aristocracy of the country, so is Louis Philippe now ; with the melancholy exception, indeed, that the peerage is no longer hereditary, and that some of the oldest families of France have refused to identify themselves with the Crown. As the journals and factions in 1830, with the *Agier* defection, and the *Chateaubriand* defection too, insisted that the attacks then made on the royal authority and prerogatives were not against the monarchy, but only against the ministers:—so now, in 1839, the Guizot and De Broglie, the Soult and the Persil defections, make use of the same language—and vow that all they do “is for the good of the Crown, and out of pure love to the reigning dynasty.” As the Chamber of Deputies, in 1830, voted that address of the 221, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to refer—so the Chamber of Deputies, in 1839, voted, within four or five votes, paragraphs quite as strong, and sentiments quite as anti-monarchical. As the Chamber of 1830 discussed the right of Charles X. to name and maintain his own ministers—so the Chamber of 1839 accused one of the three powers

of the state (always so alluding to it as to make it quite clear which of the three was intended), of attempts to overthrow the other two powers, and to destroy the constitutional character of the existing monarchy. As the Lafayettes and Corcelles, Audry de Puiraveans, and Dupont de L'Eurés of 1830 joined with the Sebastianis, Gautiers, Schonens, and Charles Dupins of that period, in forming a COALITION against the court and the Crown—so in the present day, the Garnier Pages, Lafittes, Aragos, and Cormenins of the Chamber, are joined by the Periers, the Guizots, the Persils, the Duchatels, and the Thiers's—and another COALITION is forming against the French monarchy. It is not a coalition against Count Molé, as we shall prove hereafter, but against Louis Philippe as King, and because he is King; which coalition would be formed against any other king, whatever might be his name or character, simply because he was king.

There is no reliance to be placed on French assurances, and no confidence to be reposed in even French conduct. Look at the language, as published in the official and other records, which was made use of to Charles X. and to the royal family, even up to the period of the Revolution. Did the King appear at the Chamber? He was received with shouts of "Vive le Roi!" Did his majesty receive congratulatory addresses on occasion of the capture of Algiers? They were full of protestations of devotedness to the monarchy. Did the Duke d'Angoulême journey to Marseilles, Toulon, and the south of France, to superintend the departure of the Algiers expedition? Every where the air resounded with the cries of "Vive le Dauphin! Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!" At Aix, the co-citizens of the republican Thiers, who was at that very moment labouring in the *National* of 1830 to overthrow the monarchy, were so loud in their demonstrations of affected loyalty, that there seemed exaggeration in their zeal, whilst the procureur-general said—"Ce jour est beau pour nous, monseigneur; et les acclamations d'une population fidèle montrent toujours à votre altesse royale comment les provençaux savent aimer leur roi." At Marseilles, the prefect, in the midst of the citizens, exclaimed—"Monseig-

neur, la France est bien heureuse; son Dauphin, comme son Roi, ont un cœur d'or et un corps de fer." When the fleet sailed for Algiers, the cries, *Vive le Roi!* and *Vive le Dauphin!* were so often repeated, and so loud, that a correspondent of that period wrote word, though himself a royalist, "that the enthusiasm was almost excessive," and the crews of the vessel sailed from the port with yet "seven" and "seven times seven more cheers." When the Duke d'Angoulême appeared at Lyons, the Academy of Sciences, Belles Lettres, and the Fine Arts, undertook to address him; and the following is a specimen of the language they adopted towards a family, whom three months afterwards they tranquilly beheld expelled from France by 93 deputies out of a Chamber of 450:—"Oui, Monseigneur, nous croyons que la liberté ne peut exister qu'avec l'ordre—que l'ordre n'a d'autre garantie qu'un pouvoir fort et protecteur—que le pouvoir n'est fort qu'autant qu'il est stable, et que la stabilité est inseparable de la légitimité. C'est à la royauté, Monseigneur, que les communes durent leurs franchises; c'est à la royauté légitime que nous devons la Charte; c'est elle qui la main tiendra; c'est elle seule que peut la maintenir; et ce n'est qu'à l'abri des droits sacrés et imprescriptibles du trône que fleuriront les libertés publiques." Did the Duchess d'Angoulême proceed, even in July 1830, to the baths of Vichy for her health? Every where she was received with shouts of "*Vivent les Bourbons!*" Whenever she appeared in public, the people were in transports of joy—and even up to the 13th July, the inhabitants of Lyons professed their ardent loyalty at the inauguration of the portrait of the King. As to the addresses presented to Charles X. by all classes, on occasion of the conquest of Algiers, they were so complimentary as to be fulsome: and could the French have been believed, no people could be more loyal, or more monarchical. And yet, this very Count Portalis, this very Baron Segulier, these very same public functionaries who stimulated the King, by their speeches and addresses, to arm himself with the power vested in him by the Charte, and to "save the monarchy," but a few weeks afterwards reproached him for complying

with their insidious counsels, and were the first and foremost to hail the new King of the French. It has often been asked, who would have thought, that those who on the 18th of July, crowded the Tuilleries, and almost the Carrousel, to congratulate the monarch that the white flag of the Bourbons floated on the palace of the Cassaba, would, on the 28th of the same month, aid in tearing it down, from one end of the French dominions to another, and place in its stead the tricoloured banner of the Revolution? Why, those only would have believed it to be possible, who knew the French character, and who were aware that no reliance could be placed in them. When they professed loyalty, they were *not* loyal.

When they vowed an eternal gratitude to their princes, they did not feel what they professed. When they shouted at the opera, *Vive le Roi!* on occasion of the news from Africa, they uttered a lying cry; and when the 221 deputies assured the King of their devotion to his family, his person, and his prerogatives, they pronounced, in the face of Heaven and of the world, one of the most audacious falsehoods which the pages of sacred or profane history have ever recorded.

It is *not* true that the Ordinances of Charles X. were the occasion of this change. It is *not* true that it was his fault that their loyalty, or professed loyalty, at the commencement of the month, was changed into animosity and rebellion at its close. It is *not* true that these Ordinances were the occasion of their defection. If Prince Polignac had taken the necessary measures for maintaining the peace of the capital, and *had* maintained it; if, instead of the Ordinances being abolished, they had been rendered availing by military measures; if rebellion had been put down, and the cause of resistance had been successful, this Count Portalis, this Baron Seguier, these public functionaries, would have talked of the "wisdom of the Crown," and of the "inherent rights of the monarchy;" and they would have remained the most faithful and devoted servants of the reigning dynasty. When the Ordinances first appeared—what said these very men, both in private and in public? "The King can do no wrong!" When the next day there was some display of resistance, but very feeble and partial—they said,

"rebellion is never lawful!" When, on the Wednesday, the resistance increased in proportion to the feebleness of the government, they said "*nous verrons!*" On the Thursday, they hid themselves; and on the Friday, when the conflict was over, and their places were in danger, they exclaimed, "The ordinances were a flagrant violation of the Charta—and the Revolution was just and legal." Nor was the conduct of the mass of the people one whit more honest. Out of the thirty-three millions of people, most assuredly thirty-two millions waited till all was over, and till Louis Philippe had actually taken the oath to the new Charta, before they pronounced an opinion. If Charles X., instead of signing the act of abdication at *Rambouillet*, had retired with his body guard and troops to the west of France—had divided the country into two great camps, and had expressed his determination to maintain his ground; out of thirty-three millions of people, more than thirty-one would have been as silent as the grave. They would have waited the result. The winner would have been their idol—the conqueror their god.

And what is the reason of all this fickleness, this uncertainty, this evident want of principle? The reasons are twofold. *First*, moral; and *second*, political. *First*, moral. The French are destitute of fixed moral principles. We speak of the mass when we say this, and not of the splendid exceptions, which we should be the first to acknowledge and to record. But we speak of the mass; and of the mass we affirm that they are not moral. They have not high moral principles—they do not set up great moral standards—they have no belief in themselves or in others—they are, for the most part, wholly irreligious, not only *not* being Protestants, but also *not* being Papists. They do *not* believe in Providence. They have indistinct notions of a hereafter. They have not a hatred to falsehood. They adopt the doctrine of "*expediency*" as a rule of conduct. They applaud the successful, no matter by what means he has obtained success. They cultivate adroitness, tact, cleverness, in their children, rather than virtue and religion. They have, therefore, no confidence in the duration of any thing—neither of their government,

nor of the throne, nor of the laws or institutions of the country. As all is chance, luck, hazard, with them—so they are prepared for any change, and are surprised at none. The *second* is a *political* reason. The French of the present day have seen so many changes, and been used to so many forms of government, that they are not attached to any. They have seen the Old Monarchy, the Republic, the Empire, the Restoration, the Revolution, the Restoration re-restored: and they have talked, gone to the cafés, stalked on the Boulevards, lounged in the Tuileries, read the journals, wondered, gaped, stared, and been amused at all. They have seen so much of every thing, that they are prepared for all changes, and are resolved on amusing and enjoying themselves, happen what will. They are not attached to any but one idea—and that is, the original idea of the First Revolution, handed down from year to year—which is this—THAT FRANCE SHOULD GOVERN HERSELF. How? subject to what restrictions? by what laws?—they know not—and care not; but somehow or other, “*France is to govern herself.*” This is the only one of their principles which can be called *hereditary*.

It is a singular and a striking fact, but a fact about which there can be no dispute, that the French always occupy themselves most about politics, and prepare to introduce changes and effect revolutions, in the days of their *prosperity*. When trade is bad and commerce low, when manufactures are in a state of stagnation and public credit has greatly fallen, when the working-classes are starving, when the looms are unemployed, when the shops are deserted, and misery and want are staring the population in their faces—then the French rouse themselves, cry for “*Order*,” support the government, put down anarchy, and rally round those who are the Conservatives of the day. Soon, trade improves, because confidence returns—soon, public credit rises, because private individuals feel assured—and, in a very little time, the poverty and wretchedness of the past are forgotten in the affluence and comfort of the hour. That moment is precisely the one when the French turn to politics! When the shopkeeper can close his shop at ten o'clock at night, because his receipts have been abundant; when

on a Sunday he no longer keeps his place of business open all day, as he did formerly, because trade was bad, and he strained every nerve to scrape together all he could from the public, but, on the contrary, shuts up his establishment, and rushes with his wife and children to Versailles, or St Germain, or to the environs of the great towns and cities he inhabits; when he has leisure to read the journals—play at billiards in the morning, go to the theatre in the evening—and yet find his receipts sufficient, and more than enough to satisfy all his desires; then he will talk of politics, of the treaties of Vienna, of the necessity for extending the frontiers of France, of the progress of absolutist principles, of the necessity for war, of the past glory of his country, and will aid the first man, or the first club which may invite him, to get up some *anti-monarchical* movement, having for its *avowed* object, to “keep the Crown within its just and constitutional limits”—but having for its *real* object, the destruction of monarchical influence, and the overthrow of monarchical rights and monarchical prerogatives. As confirmatory of the truth of these observations, let us look back to the state of the country in question in 1830, prior to the Revolution; and let us also examine its late condition previous to the deplorable *coalition* which has been formed against Louis Philippe.

The Count de Chalval, who is now one of the idols of the liberal party, though then he belonged to the Centre Droit, and was Minister of Finance, thus described, at the end of his long and magnificent report as to the state of the finances of France, in March 1830, the general situation of the treasury and the country:—

“Le tableau que je viens de mettre sous les yeux de votre Majesté, pour lui exposer dans toutes ses parties la situation des finances de l'état, ne présente que des résultats satisfaisans sur le passé, et plus favorables encore pour l'avenir. Jamais aucun peuple n'a recueilli des avantages plus précieux et plus prompts que ceux dont la France a commencé à jouir depuis le retour de ses souverains légitimes; jamais aucune nation n'a été appelée à de plus belles destinées que celles que prépare encore la sollicitude royale à la reconnaissance publique. Tous les efforts se réuniront désormais à ceux du souve-

rain pour conserver les bienfaits d'un gouvernement qui a fondé la prospérité de la France, et qui doit satisfaire chaque jour davantage à ses nouveaux besoins et à ses plus chères espérances."

There was nothing excessive or exaggerated in this language, for France in 1829 and 1830 was in a state of almost unparalleled prosperity. The funds were high—the three per cents were at 84—money was abundant—the taxes were paid with the utmost regularity—the *indirect* taxes for the three first months of 1830 presented an augmentation of 1,846,000 francs over those received for the first three months of 1829, notwithstanding a considerable reduction in the duties on all sorts of "*boissons*"—the manufactories of France were all in full employ—the workmen of Lyons, St Etienne, Wheelhausen, Lisle, &c. &c., were all well occupied, and abundantly provided for—the shopkeepers and tradesmen of the towns and cities were increasing in riches every month—and the agricultural and rural districts had no reason to do otherwise than rejoice. Indeed, the agricultural societies addressed the King on more than one occasion, and acknowledged, with apparent gratitude at least, the advantages they had derived from peace and from a paternal government. But better than all this is the testimony of the 221 deputies themselves. Even these men, with all their factious tendencies, and anti-monarchical dispositions, were obliged to render the following testimony to the then material happiness of the country:

"Sire, le peuple chérit et respecte votre autorité. Quinze ans de *paix* et de liberté qu'il doit à votre auguste frère et à vous, ont profondément enraciné dans son cœur sa reconnaissance qui l'attache à votre royale famille; sa raison murie par l'expérience et par la liberté des discussions, lui dit que c'est surtout en matière d'autorité que l'antiquité de la possession est le plus saint de tous les titres, et que c'est pour son bonheur autant que pour votre gloire, que les siècles ont placé votre trône dans une région inaccessible aux orages."

And yet the very men who penned these lines, in which they admitted on the one hand the immense advantages conferred on France by fifteen years of Bourbon government; and who,

on the other hand, protested their conviction, that an hereditary monarchy, with all its rights and prerogatives, was essential to the happiness and repose of France, had formed a coalition to destroy the power of the Crown, and to reduce it to that state of helplessness and dependence described by Roger Collard in the extract we have already given.

That which was true of 1830 is true likewise now. For several years after the Revolution of Paris, and the silent acquiescence of France in those events, the country was reduced to a state of misery and woe, little short of bankruptcy on the one hand, and of anarchy on the other. There was little or no commerce. There was only a trade in articles of necessity. For articles of luxury there was no demand. Shops were shut up by thousands, for want of business. Failures were of daily occurrence. The funds fell with rapidity. Landed property declined at the same time. Multitudes of the best families emigrated. The army became insubordinate. The press was licentious. The stage was grossly immoral. All religion was persecuted. The priests were drowned, or driven from their cures. Propagandism triumphed at noon-day. Republicanism stalked abroad in the presence of royalty. The throne was insulted. The juries refused to condemn. Civil war raged in many provinces. A patriotic loan was proposed to meet the exigencies of the state. The Chambers had no longer any influence over the public mind. And anarchy and ruin stared all men in the face. At length the country became weary of misery, of concessions, and of crime—and the laws of September 1835, were passed in spite of all the threats, menaces, and curses of the democratic party. From September 1835, to September 1838, the country has been rapidly, most rapidly improving. The capital is embellished—the cities and towns are beautified—the roads are ameliorated—new canals have been formed—every branch of trade, manufacture, and commerce, has been decupled in amount and improvement—the regicide has been silenced—the factious has been reduced to order—the provinces are silent and submissive—and general prosperity is so evident and great, that even the

Coalition was compelled to acknowledge, in the address which it prepared to be presented to Louis Philippe, that the prosperity of the nation was indisputable. The amnesty which was granted by the advice of Count Molé has succeeded—Louis Philippe can leave his palace and appear in public without risk to his life—and *émeutes* and insurrections are now only matters of history. This was the state of things when, in the autumn of last year, the Coalition was formed by the chiefs of the four leading opposition parties, by their journals, and by their agents, to oppose what was called the exigencies of the Crown—to restrain what was called the dominating power of Louis Philippe—but, in truth, to deprive the King of the rights and prerogatives which belong to him—which were conferred on him by the Charta he swore to defend—and which he has invariably adopted as the rule of his conduct. That Charta is too monarchical for the Coalition; and still the cry is heard of “France is able to govern herself!!”

But we have said that the Coalition is now, as was the Coalition in 1829, averse to the force, restraint, and order of a monarchy. How do we prove it? First of all, let us look at the address of the 221 in 1830; second, at the alterations made in the Charta of 1814 by the Coalition of 1830; third, at some of the leading restraints imposed on the new royalty at, and since 1830; and, fourth, at the complaints now made against Louis Philippe by the Coalition of 1839, based, as they all are, on the aversion of the Coalition to a monarchy.

First, Let us look at the address of the 221 in 1830. Who prepared it? M. Etienne, the then and present conductor of the *Constitutionnel*, who was also charged, in 1839, to prepare the late projected address to Louis Philippe; M. Dupin, then one of the leaders of the Coalition, and now the same; M. Keratry, of precisely the same opinions as the two first named; M. Dupont de l'Eure, one of the leaders of the Revolution of July, the first Minister of Justice appointed by the provisional government of the barricades, and a republican; Count Sebastiani, whose report on the Departmental Bill had led to the final overthrow of the Martignac cabinet; M.

Gautier, of the same category as Count Sebastiani; and Count de Sade, Count de Preissac, and the Baron Lepelletier d'Aubray. Two to one were anti-monarchical—and the parts they afterwards played, at and since the Revolution of July, fully justify us in this assertion. And what was the charge made against the King or his ministers? Against the King, that he had named such a ministry as he thought necessary to resist the encroachments of democracy: against the ministers, that they did not belong to the Revolution! In spite of all the ambiguity of the address of the 221, this was the sum total of its charges. But had not the King the *right*, under the Charta of 1834, to name his own ministers? Undoubtedly. And had the ministers resorted to acts, or proposed measures, in 1830, when the address of the 221 was voted, which the Chamber had disapproved? Just the reverse—as the following *resumé* and extracts from that address will prove:—

The affairs of the East had taken a favourable turn, and peace had been assured in Turkey. The address of the 221 congratulated the King on this result.

Greece had just been erected into an independent state by the joint measures of France, England, and Russia, and the address felicitated the Throne at such a result.

The affairs of Portugal the King had undertaken to endeavour to arrange, and the address approved his decision.

Algiers had been taken by the troops under Marshal Bourmont, and the address said—“Sire, toutes les fois qu'il s'agira de défendre la dignité de votre couronne et de protéger le commerce Français, vous pourrez compter sur l'appui de votre peuple autant que sur son courage.”

The speech announced laws to improve the condition of half-pay officers—to ameliorate the administration of justice—to put on a new footing the sinking fund and the public debt—and the address declared that, for all these measures, his majesty entitled himself to the gratitude of his people.

What, then, was the meaning, the real secret meaning, of the following termination to that address? The answer will present itself to the mind of every honourable man, and every in-

telligent reader—it was this, “France is able to govern herself; and, therefore, does not allow her King to choose any other ministers than those whom we shall nominate or approve.

“Cependant, sire, au milieu des sentimens unanimes de respect et d'affection dont votre peuple vous entoure, il se manifeste dans les esprits une vive inquietude, qui trouble la securité dont la France avait commencé à jouir—altere les sources de sa prospérité—et pourrait, si elle se prolongeait, devenir funeste à son repos—notre conscience, notre honneur, nous imposent le devoir de vous en dévoiler la cause. Sire, la Charte que nous devons à la sagesse de votre auguste predecesseur, et dont votre Majesté à la ferme volonté de consolider le bienfait, consacra, comme un droit, L'INTERVENTION DU PAYS DANS LA DELIBERATION DES INTERETS PUBLICS. Cette intervention devait être, elle est en effet, indirecte, sagement mesurée circonscrite dans des limites exactement tracées, et que nous ne suffirons jamais que l'on ose tenter de franchir; mais elle est positive dans son resultat, car elle fait du concours permanent des vues politiques de votre gouvernement avec les vœux de votre peuple la condition indispensable de la marche reguliere des affaires publiques. Sire, notre loyauté, notre devouement, nous condamnent à vous dire QUE CE CONCOURS N'EXISTE PAS. Une defiance injuste des sentimens et de la raison de la France, est aujourd'hui la pensée fondamentale de l'administration. Votre peuple s'en afflige, parce qu'elle est menaçante pour ses libertés.

“Entre ceux qui méconnaissent une nation si calme, si fidele, et nous qui, avec une conviction profonde, venons déposer dans votre sein les douleurs de tout un peuple jaloux de l'estime et de la confiance de son Roi, que la haute sagesse de votre Majesté prononce! Les royales prerogatives ont placé dans ses mains les moyens d'assurer entre les pouvoirs de l'état cette harmonie constitutionnelle, premiere et necessaire condition de la force du Trône et de la grandeur de la France.”

In spite of all the ambiguity of these phrases, the meaning was obvious to all—and was clear to the penetrating eye of the monarch. He saw that his prerogatives were now openly attacked, and that he must assert their importance and integrity, or virtually abdicate the throne. The rest is known to our readers.

As the preparations for the Revolution of 1830 were anti-monarchical, so

were the measures which it adopted and the changes which it made.

Let us compare, second, the Chartas of 1814 and 1830, and it will be obvious that the alterations made were *all* anti-monarchical. The fourteenth article of the Charta of 1814 declared —“The King is to be the chief supreme of the state, to command the forces by sea and by land, to declare war, to make treaties of peace and alliances of commerce, to name all those who are employed in the public administration, and to make all regulations and ordinances necessary for the execution of the laws and the security of the state.” This clause was struck out of the Charta of 1830, as too monarchical, and another substituted in its place.

The *preamble* to the Charta of 1814 was monarchical. It was effaced from the Charta of 1830; and the triumph of democracy recorded in its stead.

The nomination of the peers by the King to their hereditary titles, and the existence of an hereditary peerage, were *monarchical* facts and institutions—but the Charta of 1830 altered their character, and they exist no longer. The King of the French to-day cannot name even a peer *for life*, unless he shall belong to certain categories established by an act of parliament.

The Charta of 1830 annulled the creation of peers made during the reign of Charles X. This was the most anti-monarchical of all the acts of the Revolution, for those peers had been legally and constitutionally named, and possessed all the required qualifications.

The Charta of 1814 placed in the hands of the King, as the chief of the state, the management, direction, and interests of the army and navy. The Charta of 1830 provided that a military code should in future usurp the rights and prerogatives of the throne.

The Charta of 1814 established that connexion of the church with the state which exists in all monarchies; the Charta of 1830 abolished this connexion. The Charta of 1814 conferred on the King alone the right of proposing new laws. The Charta of 1830 extended this power to King, peers, and deputies.

The Charta of 1814 consecrated the secrecy of the sittings of the Upper House, as essential sometimes to the

stability of the throne and to its defence in time of danger. The Charta of 1830 threw open the doors of the peers as well as of the deputies.

The Charta of 1814, and the laws which it gave rise to, authorized the Crown to grant pensions to poor peers who had been deprived of their estates by the first French Revolution, and had no other adequate means of existence. The Revolution of 1830 abrogated this power, and stripped the descendants of some of the best and bravest of men of the pensions granted by the Crown under the restoration.

The Charta of 1814 allowed the deputies to present to the King three candidates for the post of president, from which he could select one. The Charta of 1830 proclaimed the Chamber of Deputies omnipotent, and conferred on it the right of naming its own president, without the royal sanction.

But, above all, the *preambles* of the two Chartas mark distinctly the difference between the two epochs, and the two documents. The preamble of the Charta of 1814 was the recognition that the King granted to his subjects a royal charter. The preamble of the Charta of 1830 was the announcement that France granted herself a charter, and imposed its conditions on the new monarchy. The former recognised the hereditary rights of the Bourbons; the latter only acknowledged the "rights of the nation."

The Charta of 1814 was intrusted to the King to execute, and to cause it to be enforced. "The charter of 1830, and all the rights which it consecrates" (Article 66), "are entrusted to the patriotism and courage of the national guards, and of all French citizens."

The Charta of 1814 adopted the white unsullied flag of the Bourbons. The charter of 1830 (Article 67), declared, "France resumes *her* colours. In future no other cockade shall be worn than the tricoloured cockade."

Under the Charta of 1814, the Chambers were convoked at the Louvre, in the palace of the monarch. Under that of 1830, the King and the peers are compelled to proceed to the Chamber of Deputies.

The Charta of 1814 was made by the King. The Charta of 1830 was made by the Deputies, adhered to by the peers, without even a protest, and sworn to by the King without an observation.

Are we not right, then, when we say, that the Revolution of 1830, and the Charta of that period, were *anti-monarchical*?

Third, let us look at some of the leading restraints imposed on the new royalty at and since 1830.

1st, The principle of *election*, on the part of the people, is introduced into nearly all the established institutions of the country.

2d, The institution of the national guards is one of a democratical, and not of a monarchical character. They name likewise their own officers, and form an opposing army to the army of the state.

3d, The King is compelled, by the laws regulating the land and sea forces, to select such and such men for promotion. And at this very moment Louis Philippe is unable to promote the naval officers who distinguished themselves at Vera Cruz, because there are not certain vacancies, required by the provisions of the anti-monarchical laws, which have been passed since 1830, on the subject.

4th, The departmental and municipal institutions of the country, which, before the Revolution of 1830, were monarchical, have all since been founded on an elective system. All the *arrondissements* of France, all her communes and her cantons, have now become the spheres of anti-monarchical elections, and of republican discussions.

5th, The civil list has been restrained to scanty limits—the royal appanages granted to princes of the blood have been refused—the King cannot even advance his own sons in the army or navy, unless subject to certain restrictions—and the public instruction, colleges, schools of the land, once granted by royal ordinances and royal favour, are now taken out of the hands of the Crown, and placed under the special protection of commissions.

Well may M. de Cormenin exclaim, when comparing the two epochs and the two charters, "*La souveraineté du peuple Français est le principe fondamental de la Charte de 1830.*"

And it is because the dogma of "*the sovereignty of the people*," is the basis of the Charta of 1830, that M. de Cormenin is right when he says that the Charta, and the laws made in virtue of that Charta, have all tended to

bring the monarchy down from its former sphere of elevation and hereditary power, to one of a more elective and democratic character. When this republican writer represents, then, the monarchy of 1830 as weak, enchained, and comparatively helpless, he writes plain truth, though his object is anarchical and revolutionary. He says, "The Charta has decided that the King cannot take a step as a *king*, make a jest as a *king*, do an act as a *king*, without a minister, his inseparable guardian, being at his side, always ready to protect the royalty, and always ready to reply to the nation for his acts." The King can, "indeed, choose his ministers—but he must not choose them either from the minority of *right*, or from the minority of the left, in the Chamber of Deputies. He must choose them from the *majority*—and their doctrines, yes, and their appearance too, must please the *majority*—and that majority must say, 'Yes, we approve of them for ministers'—or they cannot remain so."

"Where, then," asks this able but subtle writer, "where is the power, the constitutional power, placed in France? *In the Chamber of Deputies*. And why? Because the Chamber of Deputies is elective and independent. It is because it is *elective* that it possesses all its force. It is independent and *sovereign*."

The Chamber of Peers in 1839 is powerless. The royalty in 1839 is helpless. The Chamber of Deputies is omnipotent. And why? M. de Cormenin shall answer, because France is anti-monarchical—and because France is under the influence of the doctrine of the "sovereignty of the people."

Fourth, let us now examine the complaints made against Louis Philippe by the Coalition in 1839—and let us see whether these complaints be not all based on the aversion of that Coalition to a *monarchy*.

Is Louis Philippe accused of being a disagreeable, unpleasant, violent, ungentelemanly prince; with rough manners, uncourteous conduct, and bad or low tastes and pursuits? Just the reverse.

Is Louis Philippe open to the objection of being placed on the throne of France by foreign bayonets? Just the reverse.

Is Louis Philippe objected to be-

cause he was placed on the throne on account of his being a Bourbon? M. Dupin has set this question at rest by his celebrated declaration that Louis Philippe is King, *not because* he is a Bourbon, but *in spite* of being a Bourbon. Though this is not our opinion, it is at least that of the Coalition.

Is Louis Philippe accused of ingratitude to those who have served him, of rejecting those who have counselled him, and of betraying those who have confided in him? Certainly not. No prince has more richly rewarded with wealth, titles, office, power, and rank, those who have devoted themselves to his cause and to his service.

Is Louis Philippe accused of keeping up a correspondence with the old dynasty, of having a secret intention of abdicating in favour of the young Duke of Bourdeaux, or of bequeathing the throne to the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon? Such a charge has never seriously been made against him.

What, then, are the complaints made against the Citizen King? We will look at them briefly, and in their order.

First, He is accused of wishing to form part of the European family of sovereigns, and of desiring to be regarded as one of their number.

Now, what does this amount to? It amounts to this, that Louis Philippe, as a king, wishes to live, act, be looked on, as a king; whereas, the Coalition would reduce him to the level of the president of some small republic.

Second, Louis Philippe is accused of a resolution to maintain peace with Europe in order that *his* throne may be established firmly—and that France may not be exposed to war, in consequence of the changes which have taken place in the dynasty, and the Charta of the country.

But Louis Philippe announced these intentions from the beginning. In his very first speech he said, "Yes, gentlemen, this France which is so dear to me shall be happy and free; she shall show to *Europe* that, exclusively occupied with her interior prosperity, she cherishes peace as well as liberty, and desires the happiness and repose of her neighbours." The same language he made use of as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, as well as when elected king—and he announced this to be his policy to Lamarque,

Lafayette, and Laftte—as well as to Guizot, Thiers, Perier, and Duchatel.

Why do the Coalition complain of this conduct? Has it led to the invasion of France? No. Has it led to the degradation of France? No. Has it led to France losing her place among European powers? No. Why, then, do the Coalition complain? Has, or has not France greatly prospered under the pacific policy of Louis Philippe? Was not France, at the close of 1838, in very nearly as prosperous a state as at the close of the year 1829? Undoubtedly. Then why do the Coalition complain? Because it is anti-monarchical—because it hates to see the gradual establishment of a regular, powerful, and recognised monarchy—and because it has returned again to the ruinous dogma of the very First Revolution, “that France is resolved on governing herself.”

Third, Louis Philippe is accused of wishing to establish in France an absolute, instead of a constitutional monarchy.

What are the *proofs* in support of this charge? Let us look at them for a moment, in their order.

1st, He is accused of *governing* as well as reigning.

This is the capital offence—this the leading charge of all;—he governs as well as reigns. This, M. de Cormenin tells us, is “arbitrary, despotic, impolitic, incomprehensible, irrational, degrading, impious, monstrous, stupid.” We have quoted, literally, his adjectives, and have not added one to his vocabulary. But why is it all this? When Charles X. left too much the management of the affairs of the state to his ministers, he was accused of being “a mere puppet in the hands of his cabinet.” Then the ministers were monarchical, and the Coalition of 1830 feared *them*. Now the Ministers are never monarchical; but Louis Philippe governs as well as reigns, and declares that he would sooner abdicate than sign, blindfold, the ordinances of a ministry governed by a fluctuating majority in *one* of the Chambers,—and now the Coalition of 1839 fear *him*. But why? In both cases the cause is the same,—the anti-monarchical character of the two coalitions.

2d, Louis Philippe is accused of always presiding over the counsels of ministers. He will know all that

is passing. He will not take for granted any thing that is merely affirmed by his ministers. He will read despatches—see letters—dictate replies—confer with ambassadors and envoys—and attend to the details, as well as to the broad and large outlines of political events and business. M. Thiers calls this “*epouvantable* ;” M. Guizot says that it is not “Constitutional ;” M. Duchatel pronounces it to be “unparliamentary.” But the King has declared he will not willingly abandon his right, convinced, as he is, that his presence at all the debates of his ministers is the best *contre-poids* against the perpetual tendency of all political men in France towards anti-monarchical measures and principles.

3d, Louis Philippe is accused of reducing his ministers to the mere office of registrars of his royal decrees; and of not allowing his councillors to advise him, persisting always in the same line of policy.

That Louis Philippe is obliged to hold, with great firmness, the reins of the government, must be admitted,—but that he does not consult his ministers is an allegation which will not support the light of examination.

We have the full conviction that Louis Philippe prevented the fruitless expenditure of French blood and treasure in 1831, in behalf of fallen Poland;—but Casimir Perier counselled his majesty to this policy.

We are certain that Louis Philippe sent, with extreme reluctance, a French army to Antwerp in 1833;—but Marshal Soult counselled the measure.

We are sure that Louis Philippe was averse to the clauses and conditions of the *Quadruple Treaty*;—but Talleyrand prevailed on the ministers of the King to obtain its signature.

Sometimes, indeed, Louis Philippe has not been governed by his councillors, but has acted on his own decisions. This was the case when he refused to intervene in Spanish affairs, and allowed M. Thiers to retire to Italy and the study of his favourite Livy! But what then? A new Ministry was formed, opposed, as the King, to an intervention.

The expedition of the French to *Ancona* was not, however, a measure of the King, but one of Casimir

Perier, and Louis Philippe acquiesced with reluctance.

The measure of the General Amnesty was the act of Count Molé; approved, indeed, by the King, but peculiarly the measure of that minister.

We could go through all the important acts of the last nine years, and are prepared to show, that though Louis Philippe is entitled to a large portion of the praise which is due to the pacific and conservative policy of that period, yet that, at divers epochs, various public men, as ministers, have taken a marked and decisive part in the decisions of the Crown.

4th, Louis Philippe is accused of wishing to perpetuate a line of policy now which is no longer necessary, and which may be fatal to the honour and liberties of the country.

What does this mean? That, as Louis Philippe proclaimed the necessity for order and peace in 1830, so he sees the same necessity now. The policy which he felt to be wise when Lieutenant-General, and a new-made King in 1830, he feels to be wise now. It means—that treaties are to be respected—that their conditions are to be fulfilled—that Spain is not to be invaded by a French army—that Belgium is not to be encouraged in a resistance to the twenty-four articles, when to them she has given in her adhesion—that the cry for electoral reform in France is to be discouraged—that the dishonest conversion of 5 per cents into lower stock, contrary to the letter and spirit of the original contract, is not to be allowed—that the laws of September 1835, which have secured to France at least external order and physical prosperity, are not to be repealed—and that the progress of democracy is to be resisted, at the same time that the conquests of democracy already made are to be recognised and to remain untouched. In one word, that the Charta of 1830, and the Revolution of 1830, are to be looked on as *final* measures.

To this policy the Coalition is opposed. It admits the existence of prosperity, order, and peace;—but it insists that every system has its day—that the system of resistance has now arrived at its end—that concessions must be made—and that Louis Philippe must be compelled to change his po-

licy, and to take to his counsels those who made the Revolution of 1830!

The *perseverance* of Louis Philippe in a conservative and pacific policy is, then, the great charge against him. How unstatesmanlike and unphilosophical is such an opposition to the prince as that to which we are now referring! It is the very character, the essential, indispensable, character of monarchy *to resist*. The democratical institutions of a country are always for advancing—the monarchical, on the contrary, ought to tend, and must tend to counterbalance the evils of such constant changes.

But Louis Philippe is accused of being opposed to the liberties of the country. What proof has he given of it? Those who now form the Coalition counselled, when in office, some of the strongest of his measures; and, since the granting of the amnesty restored France to peace and to order, what measures has Louis Philippe resorted to which are opposed to the liberties guaranteed by the Charta? None whatever. He promised the Charta—and nothing more—and he has kept his word.

But, as one of the measures now loudly called for by the Coalition of 1839 is the repeal of the laws of September 1835, and as those laws are said to be opposed to the liberties guaranteed to the French by the Charta of 1830, let us pass for a moment those laws in review. And, whilst we do this, let us remember, that Messieurs Persil, Guizot, and Thiers, as well as M. Duchatel, four of the most determined chiefs of the Coalition, were among the most zealous promoters of the laws in question. It is not then Louis Philippe who has changed as to these laws, but the Coalition.

The *first* was a law as to the crimes, offences, and contraventions of the periodical press, and other means of publication. It was passed to protect the new royalty from insult, the monarch from assassins, and the government of the country from plots and conspiracies. The 4th, 5th, and 7th Articles, are to the following effect—and these are the *spirit* of the law.

Article 4. Whosoever shall blame the King *personally* for the acts of his government, and represent him as *personally* responsible, instead of his ministers, shall be punished by im-

prisonment from a month to a-year, and by a fine of from £20 to £200.

Article 5. All attacks on the principle or the form of government established by the Charta of 1830, as defined by the law of 29th November, 1830, shall be considered as attacks made on the state and its surety, when their object is to excite the people to destroy or to change the government.

Article 7. The penalties imposed by Article 6th, shall be incurred by those who publicly profess their adhesion to another form of government, either by declaring that the persons for ever banished from the throne by the law of 10th April, 1832, are entitled to reign; or by calling themselves republicans; or taking any other public title incompatible with the Charta of 1830; or by expressing the desire, hope, or threat, for the destruction of the order of constitutional monarchy, or for the restoration of the late dynasty.

These clauses are monarchical—too monarchical for the Coalition—and they call for their repeal.

By other clauses of the law in question, no subscriptions are allowed to be instituted to pay any fines imposed by judges on journals found guilty of the offences or crimes before mentioned; no drawing, engraving, lithographic print, or other emblem of any nature, can be published, exposed, or sold, without the permission of the Minister of Justice at Paris, or of the prefects in the departments;—and, finally, no theatrical representations can take place, without a similar representation.

This law has had the effect of preventing the King from being personally insulted; the throne from being burlesqued by the press, the caricatures, and the theatrical performances of the capital and the provinces; and, furthermore, has tended to calm the state of the public mind, and especially of the youths of France, before then daily excited by these three means to hatred of Louis Philippe, opposition to the monarchy, and regicide.

The second law of September was one which was passed to enable the judges of assizes to try summarily, but still before juries, all offences against the state, and to provide for

the trial of prisoners in their absence, who should refuse to listen to the proceedings in the court, and who should, as did the rioters of 1834, combine to prevent the administration of justice.

The third law of September was the Jury Law. It was passed to prevent juries from being intimidated by the press; and, in order to prevent their decisions from being known, it provided for the juries voting by ballot on the question of culpability or non-culpability left to them by the judges. It also provided that seven should form a majority of votes, and that the names of the jury deciding on the questions submitted to them should not be made public. This law has secured the punishment of real offenders by protecting the jury in the execution of their duties.

The fourth law was the Association Law, which prevented, by its severe decisions, all political associations not recognised by the law, and the objects of which were always hostility to the Throne and the Charta.

And, fifth, the Hawkers' Law, which prohibited all persons from hawking about books, journals, prints, pamphlets, engravings, &c., without the permission of the local police. This law has led to the extinction of all incendiary journals, which only existed, and only could exist, by the appeals they constantly made to the passions and hates of the lower orders. They made war against virtue, wisdom, property, and true patriotism; and as now they cannot be cried about the streets, or hawked on the highway, they have no purchasers, and have all ceased to appear.

These laws were voted by more than one-half of the present Coalition, as well as by nearly all the Government members in the Chamber of Deputies; were passed nearly unanimously by the Chamber of Peers; were assented to by the King; and have produced an amount of good, in the form of peace, order, and respect to the authorities and institutions of the country, which even their most vehement opponents do not dare to deny. Yet these laws are to be repealed! And why? Because they are too *monarchical*.

Now, is it fair to Louis Philippe, to accuse him of being the author of these laws? Did he propose them?

No. Did he plead for them? No. Did he do more than give his royal assent to their passing? No. Yet, because they are not as yet repealed, he is accused of being hostile to the liberties of the people.

There is one more topic to which we must refer, before we turn the rest of our attention to the results which have led to the recent events in France, and to the results of the late elections:—that topic is Electoral Reform.

The Coalition of 1839 has adopted all the cant phrases of our English Radicals of 1830. The moment a Government deputy, a Conservative, is returned, the place electing him is called a "*bourg pouri*;" Conservatives are called *French Tories*; Destructives are called "*Patriots*." Though every man of twenty-five years of age, who pays the small sum of L.8 per annum for taxes, is an elector; and though every one being 30 years of age, and paying L.20 per annum for taxes, may be a deputy; yet this state of things is called "*aristocratical*;" the Chamber of Deputies is said to be a "*packed assembly of merely rich men*;" and the cry is every where heard of "*Reform of Parliament!*" The *Gazette de France*, as an organ of the Romanist party, demands "*reform*," because it hopes that, if the amount of the qualification for an elector should be reduced, the priests in the rural departments would secure by their influence the return of *Papist* candidates; whilst the *National*, the organ of the Republican party, is not less vehement in its support of the measure, because it hopes that all the *canaille* would join in returning the best mob orator, and in sending into the Chamber "*all the capacities*." The cry of the *Gazette* and the *Papists* is against rational and constitutional liberty; the cry of the *National* and the Republicans is against property, and the qualification of the payment of taxes for electors and deputies. But the secret of all the opposition of all parties may be resumed in two words—the electoral law is too monarchical to please the Coalition; and one is required by them, which shall be far more "*popular*," i. e. democratical, in its character.

It is now time to turn to the elections of 1839, to the Molé Cabinet, and to the prospects of the French Monarchy.

"Louis Philippe is the King of the Barricades," say the Legitimists. We admit it. "Louis Philippe is an elected, and not a hereditary prince," say the Republicans. We admit it. "Louis Philippe does not owe his crown to his birth, his descent, to the grace of God, or to any thing but the grace of the people." We deny it. If Louis Philippe had *not* been a Bourbon, he would *not* have been King of the French—and if he had not been indispensable at the moment of the Revolution of 1830, to save France from anarchy, civil war, and foreign invasion, he would *not* have been selected. Louis Philippe owes no thanks to the Revolution, or to the fraction of the deputies and the shadow of the peers which placed him on the throne. He was a state, or rather a national necessity. Lafitte, Lafayette, Gerard, Benjamin, Constant, Perier, all in fact who had any thing to do, as chiefs, with that revolution, felt this; and we, who watched on the spot all the movements of all parties in the hour of peril and at the moment of action, can attest, as eye witnesses, that the French at that period were too happy to find a prince who would consent to ascend the vacant throne. That those who placed him there, never intended that he should be *really* a king, enjoying the rights, prerogatives, power, fortune, and honours of a king, we freely admit; but the *name* of a king was so essential at that period to protect the Revolution from foreign invasion, that although those who made Louis Philippe King of the French secretly expressed their design of "*surrounding him with Republican institutions*" (for these were the very words of Lafayette uttered in our presence), still a king they were obliged to take, on condition of reducing his power and prerogatives to a mere nullity at a future period. That period has now arrived, and the attempt is now making.

But Louis Philippe is King; and the question now under discussion in France is nothing less than this, "*Is he to remain so—and subject to what conditions?*"

The gravest and the most conscientious man of "*the Opposition of the Restoration*" now living, is Roger Collard. His life has been morally pure, though intellectually faulty—and he has at least the merit of predicting, on all occasions of import-

ance, coming dangers and coming events. This very celebrated and justly eminent man, who, whilst he disapproved of the Ordinances of July, 1830, yet recognised the Duke of Bourdeaux as the legitimate heir to the throne, has delivered the following memorable speech to the electors who have returned him in the Department of the Marne. Such a speech is a prophecy—an event—and one of the most fearful magnitude.

"Messieurs,—Vous continuez, vous confirmez votre dernière élection interrompue; ces suffrages répétés ont encore plus de prix, parce qu'ils sont accordés dans des circonstances nouvelles et bien plus graves: je vous rends grâce de ce que vous n'avez pas désespéré de moi. Nous assistons, messieurs, à une grande manifestation de l'état critique de notre pays, qui laisse loin derrière elle le bruit des débats parlementaires.

"L'agitation produite par la Révolution de Juillet, chassée des rues où elle a été réprimée, s'est réfugiée, s'est retranchée au cœur de l'état: là, comme dans un lieu de sûreté, elle trouble le gouvernement, elle l'avilit, elle le frappe d'impuissance, et en quelque sorte d'impossibilité. Sous les voiles trompeurs dont elle se couvre, c'est l'esprit révolutionnaire; je le reconnais à l'hypocrisie de ses paroles, à la folie de son orgueil, à sa profonde immoralité.

"Au dehors, la foi donnée ne l'oblige pas; au dedans, pourquoi la charte jurée l'obligerait-elle d'avantage? Cependant les institutions fatiguées, trahies par les mœurs, résistent mal; la société appauvrie n'a plus pour sa défense ni positions fortes ni places réputées imprenables. Craignons qu'il suffise des honneurs éphémères du ministère et d'une part subordonnée du pouvoir, pour assouvir des passions insatiables? Non; elles seront attirées à travers le ravage et la conquête vers une plus riche proie.

"Nous eûtrons, Messieurs, dans une ère nouvelle: de grands maux nous menacent; il faut le savoir pour les conjurer. Voilà que notre foi est décriée devant l'Europe, qui pourra nous demander des otages, comme à un peuple barbare, quand nous aurons à traiter avec elle. *Voilà que le Trône de Juillet est attaqué, je voudrais me pas dire ébranlé, ce trône que mes mains n'ont point élevé, mais qui reste aujourd'hui, je le reconnais, notre seule barrière contre d'odieuses entreprises.*

"Qu'avons-nous à faire dans ces extrémités, nous, gardiens de l'ordre, observateurs des lois et des traités, conservateurs de tous les biens péniblement acquis,

et ce n'est de nous replier sur nous-mêmes, de nous rallier étroitement, et de résister courageusement, comme nous l'avons fait dans d'autres temps, à cette nouvelle anarchie? J'embrasse ce devoir, je m'y dévouerai selon mes forces, heureux et glorieux d'achever dans ce dévouement une vie consacrée sans partage, vous le savez, à la cause du droit et de la véritable liberté qui en est inséparable."

Roger Collard has thus stated frankly and fully the question at issue. "The Throne of July is attacked!"—more than that, it is trembling;—it is attacked by those, all those who founded it—and yet it is but a shadow of a throne after all, and still, shadow though it be, it is the only barrier remaining against triumphant radicalism and avowed republican democracy.

M. Guizot, M. Thiers, and M. Odillon Barrot, have each published their proclamations, their declarations, and their creeds. They are all anti-monarchical. They all individually impute to Louis Philippe, the intention of destroying the liberties of the people. They all proclaim parliamentary sovereignty. They all require the Crown to submit, on all occasions, to the votes of the fluctuating majority. They all attack the conservative power of the Crown, that only power which can keep together and in order the jarring elements of a life peerage, and a quinquennial Chamber of Deputies. They all affect to believe that the "representative government is in danger." In danger from whom? From the King! and yet what did that King do, when the late Chamber carried, by a *doubtful* majority, an address opposed to the Coalition, but appeal to the country, legally, and constitutionally, for another majority, more monarchical, more compact, more conservative? Was this the conduct of a prince desirous of overthrowing the guaranteed liberties of the people, or was it the conduct of one who believes now, as he did in 1830, that the Charta of that period contained all the liberties for which France was prepared, and none of which it would be prudent or just to deny? We answer in the language of Louis Philippe himself—first in that of his oath—and next in that of his speech on accepting the modified Charta.

His oath was this "In the presence of God I swear, that I will faithfully

observe the constitutional Charta, with the modifications contained in the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies, to govern only by the laws, and according to the laws; to render good and even justice to every one according to his right, and to act, in all things, with the sole view to the interest, happiness, and glory of the French people."

"The laws"—"the laws"—"the Charta"—"the Charta," were the words always in the mouth, the constant rule of conduct of Louis Philippe. He never promised more. And if we look at his speech as King—his first speech—what did it state or promise more?

"I should have, indeed, been most happy never to have occupied the throne to which the national will has called me; but France, attacked in her liberties, saw public order in peril: the violation of the Charta had deranged every thing. It was necessary to re-establish the action of the laws, and it was the duty of the Chambers to take the necessary steps for this purpose. You have done this, gentlemen. The sage modifications you have made in the Charta, guarantee the security of the future; and I hope that France will be happy within, respected abroad, and that the peace of Europe will be rendered more and more permanent."

"Order—peace—the laws—the Charta:" Louis Philippe never promised more than this. He has kept his word, and *therefore* the Coalition now join against him. He never promised to violate existing treaties, but to maintain them; he never promised more extensive frontiers to France, but on the contrary to be satisfied with those which she possessed; he never promised war, but proclaimed peace; he never encouraged propagandism, but said, "We will show to Europe, that, exclusively occupied with our internal concerns, we cherish peace as well as liberty, and that we only desire the happiness and repose of our neighbours."

But all this is to be changed. The Coalition is tired of order, weary of peace, fatigued with commercial and agricultural prosperity, sighs once more for the glory of the battle field, the roar of cannon, and the din of arms. The system which has been tried and succeeded, is now to be discarded. The laws which have restored order and peace to the country,

are now to be repealed. The alliances which France has contracted with so much difficulty are now to be deranged. And what is the pretext for all this—the flimsy, shabby pretext—for it is nothing more? Why, that Louis Philippe is too much master, too much King; that he rules the council, and directs all the affairs of the state: that *his* system prevails, and not that of his ministers; that *he* is irresponsible for acts which belong to *him*, and that the ministers are responsible for acts which are *not* their own. But this is only special pleading. Has Louis Philippe ministers? Are they members of one or the other House of Parliament? Have they declined on any one occasion the responsibility which belongs to them? Do they countersign all the royal ordinances? Did they defend the foreign and domestic policy of their cabinet in the last session, foot by foot, inch by inch, and day by day, though they had arrayed against them the eloquence of Berryer, the philosophy of Guizot, the captivating *causerie* of little Thiers, the grave and solemn protestations of Barrot, and the wit or malice of Garnier Pages, Martin of Strasbourg, or Midol of Bourges? To be sure they did; and piece by piece the ministers destroyed the projected address of the Coalition, substituting in its place their own; and all this after twelve days of anxious and continuous discussion. Have the ministers governed the country? Yes; and governed it well.

"But," says M. de Cormenin (and he is the most formidable of all the enemies of the throne of Louis Philippe), "as he who countersigns, and not he who signs, is he who really governs, it is the minister who is the government and not the King." Granted. But then he adds, "the truth of their responsibility renders it necessary that, in order to express the wish of the parliamentary majority, they should belong to it." Granted;—but what parliamentary majority? M. de Cormenin and the Coalition see no other majority than that of the Chamber of Deputies. The King and Count Molé are, on the contrary, of opinion, that a Chamber of Peers, composed of peers for life, must also be taken into the calculation of the majority; and if, as we learn, half the Chamber of Deputies, and nine-tenths of the Cham-

ber of Peers, are in favour of the continuance of the system of peace and order pursued from 1831 to 1839, the *real* majority, both parliamentary and of the three powers, is in favour of that system.

M. de CORMENIN insists:—

1st, That Louis Philippe makes his ministers responsible for a system which is not their own.

This is absurd. If they disapproved the system, they would resign; what matters it who was its author, if all are agreed to adopt it?

2d, That Louis Philippe treats directly with the chancellors of foreign cabinets; and has telegraphs, couriers, and autographic notes, and secret despatches at his disposal.

All kings receive ambassadors. No one did so more frequently than Charles X.—and he acted wisely. But when treaties are to be signed—acts are to be decided—and arrangements are to be made—is not Louis Philippe always assisted by the presence and counsels of the president of the Council, or the Minister of Foreign affairs? Always.

3d, That the ministers are only secretaries to copy orders, and not councillors of the Crown; and that, instead of having a system of their own, they are only the very humble and very obedient servants of the King.

This is reasoning in the vicious circle. The King, when he found out M. Thiers making use of the telegraph to organize a “co-operation” in Spain with Christina, notwithstanding the avowed policy of the Cabinet was that of “non-intervention,” got rid of his ungrateful minister, and appointed Count Molé as his successor.

When the Molé Cabinet, however, was formed, upon what conditions was it constituted? Peace abroad—order at home—non-intervention abroad—and an amnesty at home. These conditions were approved by the members of the Molé administration—and they have honourably carried the whole of them into operation. The Coalition, during the change of this system, say that the King is its author, and that the ministers are only his secretaries! But if this be the case, at least the leaders of the Coalition, when themselves ministers from 1831 to 1837, were only secretaries too—for the same system which was pursued by Louis Philippe in that period, is pur-

sued now. The truth is, that it is neither the system of Louis Philippe nor of Cassimir Perier, nor even of Prince Talleyrand; but it is the system indicated to all the Conservatives of the new order of things in France, by the good sense of each one, as the only system which could possibly maintain intact the Throne and the Charta of 1830. M. Thiers has taken a great deal of pains to prove, but he has failed in his attempt, that the system which was good from 1832 to 1837 is good no longer. No—it is good no longer, if the rights and prerogatives of the Throne are to be discarded—if the Chamber of Deputies is to govern France instead of a constitutional monarchy—and if the threat of Lafayette is to be carried into execution, that “the throne of the Citizen King is to be surrounded by republican institutions.” But if factions are to be kept down, if a monarchy is to be supported, if peace is to be preserved, if propagandism is to be discouraged, if alliances and treaties are to be maintained and enforced—then the system once so energetically defended by Persil, Guizot, Thiers, and Duchatel, must be persevered in, and that which was good from 1831 to 1838 must be continued by those who shall direct the helm of the state vessel. M. Thiers has taken a vast deal of pains to show that “every dog has its day;” that every system has its period of decline and fall, as well as of rise and power; and that states and governments lose themselves when they persevere with a system which is no longer adapted to the state of the public mind, and to the exigencies of the state. But then there is a preliminary question which M. Thiers has not solved, has not replied to, to our satisfaction,—“Is the period arrived when the system adapted to from 1831 to 1839 can, or ought to be changed?” With all submission to the *ex*-editor of the *National*—the *ex*-president of the council—and the present editor-in-chief of the *Constitutionnel*, no such case is made out; and we agree with Roger Collard that the change required by the Coalition, is the demand of the revolutionary spirit, “which may be known by the hypocrisy of its words, the folly of its pride, and by its profound immorality.”

Now we maintain, with a profound conviction of the correctness of our

statement; that were the laws of September to be repealed, all the excesses of 1831 to 1835 would be repeated; and should, in addition to the repeal of those laws, the electoral franchise be extended to what are quaintly called "the capacities," all the horrors of 1793 might be perpetrated. The French are *not* changed in heart. Why should they be? Is the standard of morals higher? Has the literature of the country exercised a softening and ameliorating influence over the habits and feelings of the population? And, above all, has religion gained her lawful and lovely sway over the hearts and consciences of the people? M. Thiers knows that the answers to these enquiries must be in the negative. And then, to descend a step lower—is it not true that the Legitimists, Republicans, and Napoleonists, retain all their hate, more or less well-founded, to the Revolution of July, and to the new dynasty? Has the amnesty of Louis Philippe, that wise and generous measure, recommended by Count Molé, converted the enemies of the Throne into its friends? Have the haters of Louis Philippe forgotten their hates? Have the regicides for ever renounced their projects? Why, if M. Thiers knows what is daily said in the lower and middling classes of society in Paris, and in the great cities, where the revolutionary press has produced the most permanent effects on the population, he must know that the language made use of, with reference to the King and the monarchy, is just the reverse of being satisfactory and pacific. Have the Napoleonists abandoned their hopes of seeing one of the nephews of the ex-usurper on the throne? If the laws of September were repealed, would they not, twenty-four hours afterwards, establish their long-projected journals, "*L'Aigle*," "*L'Empereur*," and "*Napoleon*?" Have the republicans been convinced by their oft-repeated failures that France will not submit to the form of government they espouse? By no means;—and if the necessary restrictions at present placed on the press of France were to-morrow repealed, we should, within a week afterwards, again hear of the daily "*Bon Sens*"—the "*Tribune*"—the "*Journal du Peuple*," and all the other revolutionary offspring of the barricades of 1830. Now, France is either to have a fixed and established government or none.

She must either retain that which she possesses, notwithstanding its deplorable origin and its unjust foundation, or she must be perpetually exposed to the anarchy and ruin of never-ending changes. To secure that which exists, the laws and institutions now in force are indispensable. These cannot be touched without overthrowing the whole fabric.

The Coalition which has been formed in the Chamber of Deputies, is anti-monarchical and monstrous. It is ANTI-MONARCHICAL, not merely because it is specially formed against Louis Philippe, but because, should it succeed, it renders the Crown responsible for the exercise of its rights and prerogatives to a majority in one of the two Chambers, thus destroying the power of the Throne, and disturbing the equilibrium of the three powers in the state. And it is MONSTROUS, because those who now unite against Louis Philippe do so on actually different principles, and to obtain actually different results. And we hope M. Guizot will forgive us our frankness if we now address a few questions to him. We ask M. Guizot, does he not know that Berryer has joined the Coalition, not for the purpose of obtaining the establishment of what he, M. Guizot, calls a *parliamentary* government, but solely with the view of bringing into hatred and contempt the present occupant of the throne, whom he regards merely as an usurper? We ask M. Guizot, does he not know that Garnier Pages and his republican friends, in joining the Coalition, have done so for the purpose of bringing into hatred and contempt, not only the person and dynasty of Louis Philippe, but also of causing to be humbled and disgraced, the monarchical power and government in that country? And we ask M. Guizot, in the third place, does he not know that even Odillon Barrot and the "*Gauche dynastique*," in joining the Coalition, have very different objects in view to himself, M. Guizot? Is M. Guizot prepared to demand the repeal of the laws of September, as M. Barrot and his friends are ready to do, if the King shall be defeated? Is M. Guizot prepared to exclude Louis Philippe from presiding over his councils of ministers, as Odillon Barrot and the *Gauche* would desire should be the case? No—and even M. Guizot's address to the Mayor at Lisieux proves that he

is not. Then what means this monstrous Coalition of Legitimists, Republicans, and Radical Whigs, with M. Guizot, M. Persil, and a fraction of the French Conservatives? We have called it monstrous, because it is so. It is monstrous to see faction thus conspiring against the only bulwark which remains not only for the monarchy, but for the peace and order, happiness and prosperity, of a great nation. M. Guizot, in order to be constitutional in his opposition, has wisely and prudently resorted to the fiction of blaming the *ministers* of the Crown; but he knows, as well as we do, that this is only a fiction, and that the real warfare now carrying on is against the Throne.

The elections of 1839 are the most memorable which have occurred since those of 1830. Louis Philippe, perceiving that the war, conducted by the Coalition in the last Chamber, was one against himself and the monarchy, and feeling that it was his duty, a duty which he owed to the Charter of 1830, to himself, his dynasty, and his country, to make a last and desperate effort in favour of monarchical institutions in France, dissolved the Chamber which had been elected in 1837, and made an appeal to the electoral body. In taking this step he proved his appreciation of the state of parties, his knowledge of the real nature of the conflict in the Chamber of Deputies, and his determination to act legally and constitutionally, but, at the same time, to brave all unpopularity and odium, for the purpose of maintaining the equilibrium of the three powers of the state. That appeal has been *unsuccessful*! The majority of the voting electors have decided against him: and the *Gauche* and *Centre Gauche*, aided by the Legitimists and Republicans, and by a fraction of the *Right* of the Chamber, to which M. Guizot and M. Persil belong, have obtained 250 out of 459 votes, of which the Chamber of Deputies is composed. Count Molé has been blamed for counselling the King to adopt the measure of a dissolution, without being *sure* of a majority. This blame is, however, undeserved. It was *impossible* for the noble Count to ascertain, with any thing like accuracy, what would be the effect of a coalition of Legitimists, Republicans, Doctrinaires, and of *Centre Gauche*, and *Gauche* electors,

at the electoral colleges. He could not possibly ascertain how many of the electors would consent to this coalition—how many would vote for a candidate who professed opinions precisely opposite to their own, simply for the sake of assuring the triumph of the Coalition, and the defeat of the monarchy. He had the right to believe that tens of thousands of electors would *not* consent to be thus mystified, and that multitudes would say “no—we have peace, order, obedience to the laws, commercial prosperity, and a gradual amelioration of our social and political situation; M. Molé has assured us these advantages; the King has confidence in his ministers; the Chamber of Peers has confidence, too; more than one-half of the last Chamber entertained the same feeling; and we will *not* lend ourselves to a cabal against the last rampart of our liberties and our stability.” But Count Molé has been mistaken. The majority of the voting electors have not so felt, and have not so decided. The elections of 1839 are anti-monarchical, and the throne of Louis Philippe is in real danger.

The debates which took place in the Chamber of Deputies, on occasion of the address to the King, in reply to his speech on the opening of the last session of Parliament, are unparalleled in the history of France for their insincerity and falsehood. The chiefs of the Coalition affected to find fault with the foreign and domestic policy of the *ministers*, and to believe and feel that the question at issue was purely one of a ministerial character. And yet the basis of the Coalition, the declared and agreed basis among the chiefs and leaders was, that Louis Philip should be attacked, that “*his*” system should be grappled with, that “*he*” should be defeated, and that, as all were agreed to oppose “*him*,” all might vote for each other’s candidates at the elections, and for the overthrow of his system in the Chamber. We have already seen what that system is;—that of the triumphant Coalition will be developed in a few weeks;—its principles are known beforehand. During the debates in the Chamber of Deputies, in January last, most of the leaders of the Coalition professed their attachment to the King, their respect for his person, their veneration for his talents, and their conviction of the necessity for preserving his rights.

and prerogatives. This line of conduct was false and unprincipled. They voted against their own speeches. They placed their black balls in the balloting urns *against* the monarchy, whilst they professed by their false asseverations to love and support it. They so acted in order not to alarm the electoral body. They wished to gain over the timid to their side. They sought to secure a majority in the event of a dissolution. The trick has succeeded. The timid electors believed their declarations—and a stupid, a senseless majority has decided that the best way to support the Throne is to bring it into contempt—and that the true method to be employed for securing its just force and influence is to diminish its prerogatives and deny its rights!!

The elections of 1839 have, however, had this effect, they have proved that the men of the Revolution of 1830 were not monarchical—that the arrangements made by them with Louis Philip, in the midst of the barricades, were not intended by them to be so—that they have secret republican or democratical views—and, in one word, that the government of France is not intended to be, like that of England, a hereditary monarchy, with a powerful aristocracy, and a limited and restrained democracy.

The elections of 1839 have attacked the Throne, overthrown the Conservative Cabinet of Count Molé, opened up the road to power and office to the war party, sanctioned and encouraged the men of the movement, invited the propagandists of all countries once more to unfurl their *drapeaux* and raise their standards, and taught Europe to open her eyes, and prepare for coming dangers and for inevitable changes. The elections of 1839 have shown to other governments in alliance with France, that the dogma of popular sovereignty is not only adopted by the populace but by the people; and that, although for a time the cause of order has triumphed, and the cause of peace has prevailed, these results are not to be ascribed to the adoption of orderly and pacific principles by France, but only to adventitious circumstances and to momentary interests and biases.

At Paris the elections of 1839 have been deplorable. Out of fourteen electoral colleges, each returning a member, only four belong to the truly

Conservative party. The son of a régicide, Carnot, has been preferred by the National Guards of one district to the respectable and enlightened president of the Tribunal of Commerce of the capital. With the exception of General Jacqueminot, the Conservative candidate in the first arrondissement; even the four who have been returned, have been elected by small majorities—and the triumph of the Conservative cause in the first arrondissement is hardly a triumph, since the inhabitants of that district are principally wealthy men, whose opinions could not be doubtful, and whose votes might therefore be relied on with certainty.

In the departments, though the success of the Coalition has been less surprising, it has still been signal and decided. Of the 213 deputies who voted in favour of the opposition address to Louis Philippe, in January last, but who were defeated by the then Conservative majority of 221—192 have been re-elected, and M. Michel de Bourges, the republican deputy, is the only man of any consequence they have lost. On the other hand, out of the 221 Conservative deputies who rejected the insolent address of the minority, 44 have not been re-elected, and amongst those not returned are Comte, the able and enlightened Director of the Post-Office—Blanc, the Secretary of State for the Home Department—Locquet, the Secretary of the Conservative club of the last Chamber—General Schramin—Jollivet, the advocate of the Treasury—Bande, and many others, who had taken an active part in the defence of the Throne against the encroachments of the democratic party.

By the combined manœuvres of the electoral committees at Paris and in the departments, whenever the majority of the Coalition elections, in an arrondissement were Centre Gauche, the Napoleonists, Republicans, Legitimists, and Gauche, as well as the Doctrinaires, were bound, by the terms of the Coalition, to vote for him. Only 31 cases have occurred out of 213 in which this condition has not been fulfilled. And so, whenever the majority of the Coalition electors were Republican, the Legitimists, and Doctrinaires, Gauche, and Centre Gauche, voted for him; and why? Because they approved his principles? No. Because they hoped to see the same

men in office? No. Because they all had the same object in view? Yes; but what was that object? The degradation, humiliation, and defeat of the monarchy.

The support which has been given by the majority of the voting electors to this attack on the throne of Louis Philippe and on monarchical institutions in France, is the gravest feature of this fearful picture. The electors of France are the middling and upper classes. That a large portion of the electors of the upper classes have not voted, is certain; but three-fourths of the middling class electors have done so; and the majority have supported this monstrous coalition. What does this support mean? *First*, that the Legitimist electors prefer anarchy to seeing Louis Philippe firmly established on the throne. *Second*, that the Republican electors prefer anarchy to a monarchy. *Third*, that the Napoleonist electors prefer confusion and war, to peace and order. *Fourth*, that the Doctrinaire electors prefer the defeat of the Throne to the establishment of a firm and powerful monarchy. *Fifth*, that the Centre Gauche electors are jealous of the Throne, and wish to establish not a monarchical, but merely a *parliamentary* government in the country; and, *Sixth*, that the Gauche and Extreme Gauche electors are resolved on carrying their original plan into effect, conceived as it was by them at the period of the Revolution of 1830, viz.,—to surround the throne of Louis Philippe with *republican institutions*! All these conflicting opinions agreed, however, on one question which constituted at once the force and the danger of the Coalition; and that was, to attack and degrade the French monarchy.

The Coalition accuse the Government of Count Molé of having endeavoured, by bribes, intimidation, and rewards, to secure a majority at the elections. Such accusations a man like Count Molé may venture to despise. Descended from an illustrious race of great and noble men, he has a mind and a conscience inferior to none of his ancestors. Convinced that the Throne was in danger, and not the liberties of the people, he has risked his fair name and reputation in

its defence. Possessed of a large fortune, fine estates, cultivated mind, domestic enjoyments, and public respect, he has nothing to ask from the monarch, or to envy of the people. Manly, disinterested, and honourable, he would not condescend to the paltry tricks of a begging and unprincipled democracy; and we can venture to affirm, that he was no party to any manœuvres for the purpose of securing votes, even though he believed the maintenance of the cause he espoused to be essential to the happiness of France and to the durability of her monarchy. When Count Molé ascertained that the majority of the voting electors had decided against the monarchy, he would adopt no other course than to retire. The result of the elections was not known in Paris till the 7th March; on the 8th the ministry resigned. That was a solemn moment for Louis Philippe. Deserted by his quondam friends, by the men of the barricades—denied by the Republicans—forsaken by the Doctrinaires—reproached by the Legitimists—mocked by the De Cormanins of the press, and by the Martins and Garnier Pages of the Chamber—and reduced to capitulate with the Coalition, and to appeal to those who united to beard, to attack, and to defeat him. "We have defeated the King!" was the exulting cry of the factions; and the King owned that he was indeed defeated. By the success of the Coalition it has been decided that France, *i. e.* the governing, voting, portion of France, is *not* monarchical: That the government of the country is to be intrusted to such men as are approved by a majority of *one* of the powers of the state: That Louis Philippe is to reign, and not to govern: That the government of the country is to be based on the dogma of popular sovereignty: That the throne is to be restrained in the exercise of its just rights and prerogatives: That the system of peace and order of the last seven years is gradually, if not suddenly, to give place to one of war, aggression, conquest, propagandism, and revolution; and, to adopt the language of one of the journals of the Coalition, "*That once more the revolution is to march.*"

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

FRENCH and English literature, which have now been in a high state of activity for two entire centuries, and perhaps as nearly as possible have been subject to the same allowance for lulls arising out of civil agitations, cannot reasonably be supposed to have left any nook or shy recess in the broad field of national interest at this day unvisited. Long after the main highway of waters has felt the full power of the tide, channels running far inland, with thousands of little collateral creeks, may be still under the very process of filling; for two powers are required to those final effects of the tide; the general hydrostatic power for maintaining the equilibrium, and also hydraulic power for searching narrow conduits. On the same analogy many human interests, less obvious or less general, may long linger unnoticed, and survive for a time the widest expansion of intellectual activity. Possibly the aspects of society must shift materially before even the human consciousness, far less a human interest of curiosity, settles upon them with steadiness enough to light up and vivify their relations. For example, odd as it may seem to us, it is certain—that in the Elizabethan age, Political Economy was not yet viewed by any mind, no, not by Lord Bacon's, as even a *possible* mode of speculation. The whole accidents of value and its functions were not as yet separated into a distinct conscious object; nor, if they had been, would it have been supposed possible to trace laws and fixed relations amongst forms apparently so impalpable, and combinations so fleeting. With the growth of society, gradually the same phenomena revolved more and more frequently; something like order and connexion was dimly descried; philosophic suspicion began to stir; observation was steadily applied; reasoning and disputation ran their circle; and at last a science was matured—definite

as mechanics, though (like *that*) narrow in its elementary laws.

Thus it is with *all* topics of general interest. Through several generations they may escape notice; for there must be an interest of social necessity visibly connected with them, before a mere vagrant curiosity will attract culture to their laws. And this interest may fail to arise until society has been made to move through various changes, and human needs have assumed attitudes too commanding and too permanent to be neglected. The laws of the drama, that is, of the dramatic fable, how subtle are they! How imperceptible—how absolutely non-existences—in any rude state of society! But let a national theatre arise, let the mighty artist come forward to shake men's hearts with scenic agitations, how inevitably are these laws brightened to the apprehension, searched, probed, analysed. *Sint Mæcenates*, it has been said, *non deerunt* (*Flacce*) *Marones*. That may be doubted; and nearer to the probabilities it would be to invert the order of succession. But, however this may be, it is certain from manifold experience, that invariably there will follow on the very traces and fresh footing of the mighty agent (mighty, but possibly blind)—the sagacious theorist of his functions—in the very wake and visible path of the awful *Æschylus*, or the tear-compelling *Euripides*, producing their colossal effects in alliance with dark forces slumbering in human nature, will step forth the torch-bearing *Aristotle*, that pure starry intelligence,* bent upon searching into those effects, and measuring (when possible) those forces. The same age accordingly beheld the first pompous exhibitions of dramatic power, which beheld also the great speculator arise to trace its limits, proportions, and the parts of its shadowy empire. "I came, I saw, I conquered"—such might have been

* *That pure starry intelligence.* Aristotle was sometimes called *δ νοῦς*, the intellect; and elsewhere, as *Suidas* records, he was said to dip his pen into the very intellect and its fountains.

Aristotle's vaunt in reviewing his own analysis of the Athenian drama; one generation or nearly so, having witnessed the creation of the Grecian theatre as a fact, and the finest contemplative survey which has yet been taken of the same fact viewed as a problem; of the dramatic laws, functions, powers, and limits.

No great number of generations, therefore, is requisite for the exhaustion of all capital interests in their capital aspects. And it may be presumed, with tolerable certainty, that by this time the plough has turned up every angle of soil, properly national, alike in England or in France. Not that many parts will not need to be tilled over again, and often absolutely *de novo*. Much of what has been done, has been done so ill, that it is as if it had not been done at all. For instance, the history of neither kingdom has yet been written in a way to last, or in a way worthy of the subject. Either it has been slightly written as to research, witness Hume and Mézerai, Smollet and Père Daniel (not but some of these writers lay claim to antiquarian merits); or written inartificially and feebly as regards effect; or written without knowledge as regards the political forces which moved underground at the great aras of our national development.

Still, after one fashion or another, almost every great theme has received its treatment in both English literature and French; though many are those on which, in the words of the German adage upon psychology, we may truly affirm that "the first sensible word is yet to be spoken." The soil is not absolutely a virgin soil; the mine is not absolutely unworked; although the main body of the precious ore is yet to be extracted.

Mean-time, one capital subject there is, and a domestic subject besides, on which, strange to say, neither nation has thought fit to raise any monument of learning and patriotism. Rich, at several eras, in all kinds of learning, neither England nor France has any great work to show upon her own vernacular language. *Res est in integro*: no Hickee in England, no Malesherbes or Menage in France, has chosen to connect his own glory with the investigation and history of his native tongue. And yet each lan-

guage has brilliant merits of a very different order; and we speak thoughtfully when we say, that, confining ourselves to our own, the most learned work which the circumstances of any known or obvious case allow, the work which presupposes the amplest accomplishments of judgment and enormous erudition, would be a History of the English Language from its earliest rudiments, through all the periods of its growth, to its stationary condition. Great rivers, as they advance and receive vast tributary influxes, change their direction, their character, their very name; and the pompous inland sea bearing navies on its bosom, has had leisure through a thousand leagues of meandering utterly to forget and disown the rocky mountain bed and the violent rapids which made its infant state unfitted to bear even the light canoe. The analogy is striking between this case and that of the English language. In its elementary period, it takes a different name—the name of Anglo-Saxon; and so rude was it and barren at one stage of this rudimental form, that in the *Saxon Chronicle* we find not more than a few hundred words, perhaps from six to eight hundred words, perpetually revolving, and most of which express some idea in close relation to the state of war. The narrow purposes of the *Chronicles* may, in part, it is true, have determined the narrow choices of words; but it is certain, on the other hand, that the scanty vocabulary which then existed, mainly determined the limited range of his purposes. It is remarkable, also, that the idiomatic forms and phrases are as scanty in this ancient *Chronicle*, as the ideas, the images, and the logical forms of connexion or transition. Such is the shallow brook or rivulet of our language in its infant stage. Thence it devolves a stream continually enlarging, down to the Norman era; through five centuries (commencing with the century of Bede), used as the vernacular idiom for the intercourse of life by a nation expanding gradually under the ripening influence of a pure religion and a wise jurisprudence; benefiting, besides, by the culture it received from a large succession of learned ecclesiastics, who too often adopted the Latin for the vehicle of their literary commerce with the

Continent, but also in cases past all numbering* wrote (like the great patriot Alfred) for popular purposes in Saxon,—even this rude dialect grew and widened its foundations, until it became adequate to general intellectual purposes. Still, even in this improved state, it would have been found incommensurate to its great destiny. It could not have been an organ corresponding to the grandeur of those intellects, which, in the fulness of time, were to communicate with mankind in oracles of truth or of power. It could not have offered moulds ample enough for receiving that vast literature, which, in less than another five hundred years, was beginning to well forth from the national genius.

Hence, at the very first entrance upon this interesting theme, we stumble upon what we may now understand to have been the blindest of human follies—the peculiar, and, without exaggeration, we may say the providential felicity of the English language has been made its capital reproach—that, whilst yet ductile and capable of new impressions, it received a fresh and large infusion of alien wealth. It is, say the imbecile, a “bastard” language—a “hybrid” language, and so forth. And thus, for a metaphor, for a name, for a sound, they overlook, as far as depends on *their* will, they sign away the main prerogative and dowry of their mother tongue. It is time to have done with these follies. Let us open our eyes to our own advantages. Let us recognise with thankfulness that fortunate inheritance of collateral wealth, which, by inoculating our Anglo-Saxon stem with the mixed dialect of Neustria, laid open an avenue mediately through which the whole opulence of Roman, and, ultimately, of Grecian thought, play freely through the pulses of our native English. Most fortunately the Saxon language was yet plastic and un-

frozen at the era of the Norman invasion. The language was thrown again into the crucible, and new elements were intermingled with its own when brought into a state of fusion.† And this final process it was, making the language at once rich in matter and malleable in form, which created that composite and multiform speech—fitted, like a mirror, to reflect the thoughts of the myriad-minded Shakespeare [*à l'ère purpurée*], and yet at the same time with enough remaining of its old forest stamina for imparting a masculine depth to the sublimities of Milton, or the Hebrew prophets, and a patriarchal simplicity to the Historic Scriptures.

Such being the value, such the slow development of our noble language, through a period of more than twice six hundred years, how strange it must be thought, that not only we possess at this day no history, no circumstantial annals, of its growth and condition at different eras, a defect which even the German literature of our language has partially supplied; but that, with one solitary exception, no eminent scholar has applied himself even to a single function of this elaborate service. The solitary exception, we need scarcely say, points to Dr Johnson—whose merits and whose demerits, whose qualifications and disqualifications, for a task of this nature, are now too notorious to require any illustration from us. The slenderness of Dr Johnson's philological attainments, and his blank ignorance of that particular philology which the case particularly required—the philology of the northern languages, are as much matters of record, and as undeniable as, in the opposite scale, are his logical skill, his curious felicity of distinction, and his masculine vigour of definition. Working under, or over, a commission of men more learned than himself, he would have been the ablest of agents for digesting and organising their ma-

* *In cases past all numbering.* To go no further than the one branch of religious literature, vast masses of sacred poetry in the Saxon language are yet slumbering unused, unstudied, almost unknown to the student, amongst our manuscript treasures.

† *When brought into a state of fusion.* Let not the reader look upon this image, when applied to an unsettled language, as pure fanciful metaphor: were there nothing more due to a superinduction of one language upon another, merely the confusion of inflexional forms between the two orders of declensions, conjugations, &c., would tend to recast a language, and virtually to throw it anew into a furnace of secondary formation, by unsettling the old familiar forms.

terials. To *inform*, or invest with *form*, in the sense of logicians—in other words, to impress the sense and trace the presence of principles—that was Dr Johnson's peculiar province; but to assign the *matter*, whether that consisted in originating the elements of thought, or in gathering the affinities of languages, was suited neither to his nature nor to his habits of study. And, of necessity, therefore, his famous dictionary is a monument of powers unequally yoked together in one task—skill in one function of his duty “full ten times as much as there needs;” skill in others—sometimes feeble, sometimes none at all.

Of inferior attempts to illustrate the language, we have Ben Jonson's Grammar, early in the seventeenth century; Wallis, the mathematician's, Grammar (written in Latin, and patriotically designed as a polemic grammar against the errors of foreigners), towards the end of the same century; Bishop Lowth's little School-Grammar in the eighteenth century; Archdeacon Nares's Orthoepey; Dr Crombie's Etymology and Syntax; Noah Webster's various essays on the same subject, followed by his elaborate Dictionary, all written and first published in America. We have also, and we mention it on account of its great but most unmerited popularity, the grammar of Lindley Murray—an American, by the way, as well as the eccentric Noah. This book, full of atrocious blunders (some of which, but with little systematic learning, were exposed in a work of the late Mr Hazlitt's), reigns despotically through the young ladies' schools, from the Ork-

neys to the Cornish Scillys. And of the other critical grammars, such as the huge 4to of Green, the smaller one of Dr Priestley, many little abstracts prefixed to portable dictionaries, &c., there may be gathered, since the year 1680, from 250 to 300; not one of which is absolutely* without value—some raising new and curious questions, others showing their talent in solving old ones. Add to these the occasional notices of grammatical niceties in the critical editions of our old poets, and there we have the total amount of what has hitherto been contributed towards the investigation of our English language in its grammatical theory. As to the investigation of its history, of its gradual rise and progress, and its relations to neighbouring languages, *that* is a total blank; a title pointing to a duty absolutely in arrear, rather than to any performance ever undertaken as yet, even by way of tentative essay. At least, any fractional attempt in that direction is such as would barely form a single section, or sub-section, in a general history. For instance, we have critical essays of some value on the successive translations, into English, of the Bible. But these rather express, *in modulo parvo*, the burden of laborious research which awaits such a task pursued comprehensively, than materially diminish it. Even the history of *Slang*, whether of domestic or foreign growth, and the record of the capricious influxes, at particular epochs, from the Spanish, the French,† &c., would furnish materials for a separate work. But we forbear to enter upon the long list of parts, chapters,

* So little is the absolute value and learning of such books to be measured by the critical pretensions of the class in which they rank themselves, or by the promises of their title-pages, that we remember to have seen some very acute remarks on pronunciation, on the value of letters, &c., in a little Edinburgh book of rudiments, meant only for children of four or five years old. It was called, we think, *The Child's Ladder*.

† By the way, it has long been customary (and partly in compliance with foreign criticism, unlearned in our elder literature, and quite incompetent to understand it), to style the period of Queen Anne, and the succeeding decade of years, our Augustan age. The graver errors of thought in such a doctrine are no present concern of ours. But, as respects the purity of our language, and its dignity, never did either suffer so long and gloomy an eclipse as in that period of our annals. The German language, as written at that time in books, is positively so disfigured by French and Latin embroideries—that it becomes difficult at times to say which language is meant for the ground, and which for the decoration. Our English is never so bad as that; but the ludicrous introduction of foreign forms, such, for example, as “*his Intimados*,” “*his Privados*,” goes far to deationalize the tone of the diction. Even the familiar allusions and abbreviations of that age, some of which became indispensable to the evasion of what was deemed pedantry, such as ‘tis and ‘twas, are rank with meanness. In Shakespeare's

and sections, which must compose the architectural system of so elaborate a work, seeing that the whole edifice itself is hitherto a great idea, *in nubibus*, as regards our own language. The French, as we have observed, have little more to boast of. And, in fact, the Germans and the Italians, of all nations the two who most cordially hate and despise each other, in this point agree—that they only have constructed many preparatory works, have reared something more than mere scaffolding towards such a systematic and national monument.

1. It is painful and humiliating to an Englishman, that, whilst all other nations show their patriotism severally in connexion with their own separate mother tongues, claiming for them often merits which they have not, and overlooking none of those which they have, his own countrymen show themselves ever ready, with a dishonourable levity, to undervalue the English language, and always upon no fixed principles. Nothing to ourselves seems so remarkable—as that men should dogmatise upon the pretensions of this and that language in particular, without having any general notions previously of what it is that constitutes the value of a language universally. Without some preliminary notice, abstractedly, of the precise qualities to be sought for in a language, how are we to know whether the main object of our question is found, or not found, in any given language offered for examination? The Castilian is pronounced fine, the Italian effeminate, the English harsh, by many a man who has no shadow of a reason for his opinions beyond some vague association of chi-

valaresque qualities with the personal bearing of Spaniards; or, again, of special adaptation to operatic music in the Italian; or (as regards the English), because he has heard, perhaps, that the letter *s*, and crowded clusters of consonants and monosyllabic words prevail in it.

Such random and fantastic notions would be entitled to little attention; but, unfortunately, we find that men of distinguished genius—men who have contributed to sustain and extend the glory of this very English language, are sometimes amongst its notorious depreciators. Addison, in a well-known passage of his critical essays, calls the English, in competition with the Greek language, brick against marble. Now, that there is a vocal beauty in the Greek, which raises it in that particular point above all modern languages, and not exclusively above the English, cannot be denied; but this is the lowest merit of a language—being merely its *sensuous* merit (to borrow a word of Milton's); and, beyond all doubt, as respects the higher or intellectual qualities of a language, the English greatly excels the Greek, and especially in that very case which provoked the remark of Addison; for it happens, that some leading ideas in the *Paradise Lost*—ideas essential to the very integrity of the fable, cannot be expressed in Greek; or not so expressed as to convey the same thought impregnated with the same weight of passion. But let not our reverence for the exquisite humour of Addison, and his admirable delicacy of pencil in delineating the traits of character, hide from us the fact that he was a very thought-

age the diction of books was far more pure, more compatible with simplicity, and more dignified. Amongst our many national blessings, never let us forget to be thankful that in that age was made our final translation of the Bible, under the State authority. How ignoble, how unscriptural, would have been a translation made in the age of Pope!

* *A vocal beauty in the Greek language.* This arises partly from the musical effect of the mere inflexions of the verbs and participles, in which so many dactylic successions of accent are interchanged with spondaic arrangements, and partly also from the remarkable variety of the vowel sounds which run through the whole gamut of possible varieties in that point, and give more luxury of sound to the ear than in any other known language; for the fact is, that these varieties of vowel or diphthong sounds, succeed to each other more immediately and more constantly than in any other Southern dialect of Europe, which universally have a distinction in mere vocal or audible beauty, not approached by any Northern language, unless (as some people allege) by the Russian; and this, with the other dialects of the Slavonian family, is to be classed as belonging to Eastern, rather than to Northern Europe.

less and irreflective critic; that his criticisms, when just, rested not upon principles, but upon mere fineness of tact; that he was an absolute ignoramus as regarded the literature of his own country; and that he was a mere bigot as regarded the antique literature of Pagan Greece or Rome. In fact, the eternal and inevitable schism between the *Romanticists* and the *Classicists*, though not in name, had already commenced in substance; and where Milton was not free from grievous error and consequent injustice, both to the writers of his country and to the language, how could it be expected that the far feeblér mind of Addison, should work itself clear of a bigotry and a narrowness of sympathy as regards the antique, which the discipline and training of his whole life had established? Even the merit of Addison is not sufficient to waive his liability to one plain retort from an offended Englishman—viz. that, before he sighed away with such flagrant levity the pretensions of his native language, at all events, it was incumbent upon him to show that he had fathomed the powers of that language, had exhausted its capacity, and had wielded it with commanding effect. Whereas, we all know that Addison was a master of the humble and unpretending English, demanded, or indeed suffered by his themes; but for that very reason little familiar with its higher or impassioned movements.

2. But Addison, like most other critics on languages, overlooked one great truth, which should have made such sweeping undervaluations impossible as applied to any language; this truth is—that every language, every language at least in a state of culture and development, has its own separate and incommunicable qualities of superiority. The French itself, which, in some weighty respects, is amongst the poorest of languages, had yet its own peculiar merits—not attainable or approachable by any other. For the whole purposes of what the French understand by the word *causer*, for all the delicacies of social intercourse, and the *nuances* of manners, no language but the French possesses the requisite vocabulary. The word *causer* itself is an illustration. Marivaux and other novelists, tedious enough otherwise, are mere repertoires of phrases un-

translatable—irrepresentable by equivalents in any European language. And some of our own fashionable English novels, which have been sorely arraigned for their French embroidery as well as for other supposed faults, are thus far justifiable—that, in a majority of instances, the English could not have furnished a corresponding phrase with equal point or piquancy—sometimes not at all.

3. If even the French has its function of superiority, so, and in a higher sense, have the English and other languages more decidedly northern. But the English, in particular, has a special dowry of power in its double-headed origin. The Saxon part of the language fulfils one set of functions, the Latin another. *Mean-while*, it is a great error on the part of Lord Brougham (and we remember the same error in others) to direct the student in his choice of words towards the Saxon part of the language by preference. Nothing can be more unphilosophic, or built on more thorough misconception of the case. Neither part of the language is good or bad absolutely, but in its relation to the subject, and according to the treatment which the subject is meant to receive. It is an error even to say that the Saxon part is more advantageously used for cases of passion. Even that requires further limitation. Simple narration, and a pathos resting upon artless circumstances, — elementary feelings,—homely and household affections, — these are most suitably managed by the old indigenous Saxon vocabulary. But a passion which rises into grandeur, which is complex, elaborate, and interveined with high meditative feelings, would languish or absolutely halt, without aid from the Latin moiety of our language. Mr Coleridge remarks—that the writings of all reflective or highly subjective poets, overflow with Latin and Greek polysyllables, or what the uneducated term “dictionary words.”

4. Again, if there is no such thing in *rerum natura* as a language radically and universally without specific powers; if every language, in short, is and must be, according to the circumstances under which it is moulded, an organ *sui generis*, and fitted to sustain with effect some function or other of the human intellect,—so, on the other hand, the very advantages of

a language, those which are most wanted, become defects under opposite relations. The power of running easily into composition, for instance, on which the Germans show so much *ferve*, when stating the pretensions of their own mother tongue, is in itself injurious to the simplicity and natural power of their poetry, besides being a snare, in many cases, to the ordinary narrator or describer, and tempting him aside into efforts of display which mar the effect of his composition. In the early stages of every literature, not simplicity (as it is thought) but elaboration and complexity, and tumid artifice in the structure of the diction, are the besetting vices of the poet: witness the Roman fragments of poetry anterior to Ennius. Now the fusile capacity of a language for running into ready coalitions of polysyllables aids this tendency, and almost of itself creates such a tendency.

5. The process by which languages grow is worthy of deep attention. So profound is the error of some men on this subject, that they talk familiarly of language as of a thing deliberately and consciously "invented" by the people who use it. A language never was invented* by any people; that part which is not borrowed from adjacent nations arises under instincts of necessity and convenience. We will illustrate the matter by mentioning three such modes of instinct in which has lain the parentage of at least three words out of four in every language. First, the instinct of abbreviation, prompted continually by hurry or by impatience. Secondly, the instinct of *onomatopœia*, or more generally, the instinct of imitation applied directly to sounds, indirectly to motion, and by the aid of analogies more or less obvious applied to many

other classes of objects. Thirdly, the instinct of distinction—sometimes for purposes of necessity, sometimes for convenience. This process claims by far the largest application of words in every language. Thus, from *propriety* (or the abstract idea of annexation between two things by means of fitness or adaptation), was struck off by a more rapid pronunciation and a throwing back of the accent, the modern word, *property*, in which the same general idea is limited to appropriations of pecuniary value; which, however, was long expressed by the original word *propriety*, under a modified enunciation. So again, *major* as a military designation, and *mayor* as a civil one, have split off from the very same original word by varied pronunciations. And these divergences into multiplied derivatives from some single radix, are, in fact, the great source of opulence to one language by preference to another. And it is clear that the difference in this respect between nation and nation will be in a compound ratio of the complexity and variety of situations into which men are thrown (whence the necessity of a complex condition of society to the growth of a truly fine language)—in the ratio, we say, of this complexity on the one hand; and, on the other, of the intellectual activity put forth to seize and apprehend these fleeting relations of things and persons. Whence, according to the vast inequalities of national minds, the vast disparity of languages.

6. Hence we see the monstrosity of claiming a fine or copious language, for any rude or uncultivated, much more for any savage people, or even for a people of mountaineers, or for a nation subsisting chiefly by hunting, or by agriculture and rural life exclu-

* Mean time, a few insulated words have been continually nourished by authors; that is, transferred to other uses, or formed by thoughtful composition and decomposition, or by skilful alterations of form and inflexion. Thus Mr Coleridge introduced the fine word *ancestral*, in lieu of the lumbering word *ancestral*, about the year 1798. Milton introduced the indispensable word *sensuous*. Daniel, the truly philosophic poet and historian, introduced the splendid *class* of words with the affix of *inter*, to denote reciprocation, e. g. *interpenetrate*, to express mutual or interchangeable penetration; a form of composition which is deeply beneficial to the language, and has been extensively adopted by Coleridge. We ourselves may boast to have introduced the word *orchestric*, which we regard with parental pride, as a word expressive of that artificial and pompous music which attends, for instance, the elaborate hexameter verse of Rome and Greece, in comparison with the simpler rhyme of the more exclusively accentual metres in modern languages; or expressive of any organised music, in opposition to the natural warbling of the woods.

sively, or in any way sequestered and monotonous in their habits. It is philosophically impossible that the Gaelic, or the Hebrew, or the Welsh, or the Manx, or the Armoric, could, at any stage, have been languages of compass or general poetic power. In relation to a few objects peculiar to their own climates, or habits, or superstitions, any of these languages may have been occasionally gifted with a peculiar power of expression; what language is *not* with regard to some class of objects? But a language of power and compass cannot arise except amongst cities and the habits of luxurious people. "They talked," says John Paul, speaking of two rustic characters, in one of his sketches,— "they talked, as country people are apt to talk, concerning—nothing." And the fact is, universally, that rural occupations and habits, unless counteracted determinately by intellectual pursuits, tend violently to torpor. Social gatherings, social activity, social pleasure—these are the parents of language. And there is but the one following exception to the rule—That such as is the activity of the national intellect in arresting fugitive relations, such will be the language resulting; and this exception lies in the *mechanical* advantages offered by some inflexions compared with others for generating and educing the possible modifications of each primitive idea. Some modes of inflexions easily lend themselves, by their very mechanism, to the adjuncts expressing degrees, expressing the relations of time, past, present, and future; expressing the modes of will, desire, intention, &c. For instance, the Italians have terminal forms, *ino, ello, acchio*, &c., expressing all gradations of size above or below the ordinary standard. The Romans, again, had frequentative forms, inceptive forms, forms expressing futurity and desire, &c. These short-hand expressions performed the office of natural symbols, or hieroglyphics, which custom had made universally intelligible. Now, in some cases this machinery is large, and therefore extensively auxiliary to the popular intellect in building up the towering pile of a language; in others it is

meagre, and so far it is possible that, from want of concurrency in the mechanic aids, the language may, in some respects, not be strictly commensurate to the fineness of the national genius.

7. Another question, which arises upon all languages, respects their degrees of fitness for poetic and imaginative purposes. The mere question of fact is interesting; and the question as to the causal agency which has led to such a result is still more so. In this place we shall content ourselves with drawing the reader's attention to a general phenomenon which comes forward in all non-poetic languages—viz. that the separation of the two great fields, prose and poetry, or of the mind, impassioned or unimpassioned, is never perfectly accomplished. This phenomenon is most striking in the Oriental languages, where the common edicts of government or provincial regulations of police assume a ridiculous masquerade dress of rhetorical or even of poetic animation. But amongst European languages this capital defect is most noticeable in the French, which has no resources for elevating its diction when applied to cases and situations the most lofty or the most affecting. The single misfortune of having no neuter gender, by compelling the mind to distribute the colouring of life universally; and by sexualising in all cases, neutralises the effect, as a special effect, for any case. To this one capital deformity, which presents itself in every line, many others have concurred. And it might be shown convincingly, that the very power of the French language, as a language for social intercourse, is built on its impotence for purposes of passion, grandeur, and native simplicity. The English, on the other hand, besides its double fountains of words, which furnishes at once two separate keys of feeling, and the ready means of obtaining distinct movements for the same general passion, enjoys the great advantage above southern languages of having a neuter gender, which, from the very first establishing a mode of shade, establishes, by a natural consequence, the means of creating light, and a more potent vitality.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER.

FASCICULUS THE NINTH.

"And labour, if it were not necessary to the existence, would be indispensable to the happiness of man."—DR JOHNSON.

"THERE is nothing like travelling," as Mick Montague said, when he went from Dublin to Dunleary and back again.

No more there is not. Mick Montague was right.

Now had the rosy-fingered Aurora escaped at length from the sooty embraces of the dusky night, who lazily got up and hid himself in the coal-hole, while she, Aurora, all blushing at her youthful indiscretion, produced a box of lucifers (a halfpenny a box), and, having lighted therewith the lamp of day, took it in her right hand, and, with the sloop-pail in her left, and the kitchen broom under her arm, in this order ascended as high as the two-pair back, when—the factory boy awoke, and having restored himself to consciousness, administered a pungent tweak to my olfactory organ, which dispelled in a twinkling my lingering repose, and started me in less time than a cry of "Fire! fire!" arouses a sleeping tradesman, whose policy of insurance has unluckily run out.

It was on the morning of Christmas-day—the sun glanced, and flutteringly illuminated the little apartment wherein we had passed the night, with that flickering light that characterises the sun on that day, and that day alone—as I and other superstitious people firmly believe—a small ignorance, and un-astronomical prejudice in which I have always been accustomed to indulge, and in which, with the gracious permission of our drunken schoolmaster, who has latterly been *all* abroad—that inexplicable compound of fidget, spite, and spleen—I intend all the days of my life to continue.

I looked out into our landlady's cabbage garden—and there stood the sprouts and curly greens, all glistening with diamonds, like a parcel of antiquated spinsters dressed for a love party—the frost stuck to old mother earth like wax, and of a fat churchyard there were no reasonable apprehensions, as Christmas—that particular old cock, at least—was by no means green.

The Macedonian phalanx, which the factory boy and myself had marshalled with such exultation, had been sadly cut to pieces by the evening's feast and the night's lodging, and was totally routed and annihilated, indeed, by the morning's repast—

"We numbered them at close of day,
And the next morning, where were they?"

they were all spent—that's a fact. The fifteenpence-halfpenny was gone, which is tantamount to saying we were also gone—for in moral England you are graciously received and hospitably entertained as long as there remains a copper in your pocket; when you no longer have one, you are hunted through the country like a wild beast, particularly if, as was the case with me, your stunted nose, bushy whiskers, broad shoulders, knee breeches, and enormous calves, proclaim you indigenous to the land of the West.

If you happen to be a swindling Pole, a cut-throat orange-tawny Malay, or a discarded drunken nigger, you may stuff, swill, and fill your pockets from Truro to Berwick-upon-Tweed—for the English patronise all sorts of foreign rebels, while they hang their own, and the tide of cant has set in strong in favour of niggers this last half century—whereas, if I ventured to solicit a draught of cold water, it was the signal for letting the dogs loose upon me; or, if I enquired of two or three wayside bumpkins which was the road to London, the reply generally was couched in something like "Hirrooh! Pat, which way does the bull run?" However this insolence might perplex, it had no power to wound me. I always consoled myself on these occasions by reflecting that I starved gloriously, like a British subject; and, although I had no vote, and paid a tax in every mouthful of beer, I was fully and fairly represented in the Imperial Parliament.

I also, when I was hungry, remembered that I enjoyed the blessings of the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus, and

the Magna Charta; and, like the Scotchman who ate six "kittiwakes" by way of whet, I found myself, after feasting upon this glorious reminiscence, every whit as hungry as before.

The factory boy and myself found it necessary to imitate Lord Wellington, and do as he did before the forest of Soignes—take up a new position. The landlady treated us to a moral lesson upon the exceeding sinfulness of travelling upon that sacred day, to which we agreed, but observed that our money was done; whereupon the landlady suggested that we might spend the sacred day in singing ballads, of the sinfulness whereof she seemed to have no sort of comprehension. I demurred to this proposal, and, in reply, was requested to toddle, and to keep my ugly Irish nose out of her (the landlady's) village, or she would have me set in the stocks for a vagrant—which hospitable intimation put me immediately to flight. The factory boy was not long behind, and we cleared out of Swillingham at the rate of four miles and upwards an hour.

"Fine day—fine Christmas day," observed the factory boy.

"Fine day—the Lord be praised," said I, "for all his mercies."

"Capital walking weather," remarked the juvenile manufacturer.

"Thank God," said I.

"Blow me tight, if it isn't," echoed the embryo cotton-twister.

The factory boy was a stunted youth, of a robust make, florid, cheerful visage, and a very decided *strabismus*, obliquity of vision, or squint—not a sinister squint—the squint of the factory boy gave an expression to his physiognomy rather favourable than the reverse, which might be partly owing, indeed, to a constitutional smile that involuntarily played over his face, and interested you in his favour before he had opened his lips. The outward man of the factory boy was embellished with a coarse, well-worn corduroy jacket, cut short behind, for the purpose, apparently, of exhibiting to public gaze the waistband of his corduroy breeches, the ends of his suspenders, and the ties of his waistcoat—all which were exhibited accordingly.

The waistcoat was a natural curiosity, as Mick Montague observed of the puppet-show, and had, doubtless,

figured at many a levee and drawing-room in the days of its youth—

"When George the Third was King."

It was, or, I should rather say, had been, a full-dress satin vest, sprinkled all over with tarnished spangles, embroidered round the edges with a faded nondescript Flora, unknown to Linnaeus, Jussieu, or De Candolle, and decorated with long lappels, containing large flap pockets, reaching all the way down to the knees of the invested factory-boy, who, from time to time, took up one of the flaps and perused the indescribable Flora of that part of his waistcoat with great complacency.

He wore a little cap, stuck knowingly on one side of his head, and clattered along the road in wooden clogs, of an inch and half in the sole, with a slight twig in his fist, and sported altogether a devil-may-care, free-and-easy, and precocious appearance, utterly unattainable by young gentlemen who may have been ushered into the world with silver spoons in their mouths.

"What age are you, my old cock?" enquired I of young flowery waistcoat.

"Round about the dozen, I think," remarked the gentleman of the court dress; "I may be eleven, or I may be thirteen—there or thereabouts," concluded the factory boy.

"Might I take the liberty of requesting your name?"—

"Why shouldn't you?—no liberty in life"—said the juvenile; then poking both fists into both pockets of the flowery waistcoat, as if in search of something—a stray halfpenny perhaps—and turning to me with an air of ludicrous embarrassment—"haven't got a card; but never mind—Marten's my name—Jack Marten—not a bad name that—at least I don't see no reason to be ashamed on it."

"No reason in life, Mr Jack Marten," replied I, assentingly.

"I should hope not," repeated Mr Marten—"I should think not—I am sure on it." This climax completed, the factory boy, as if athirst with vindicating the honour of the patronymic of Marten, dropped his voice to a matter-of-fact key, and with another unsuccessful dive into the abysses of his illuminated waistcoat, observed, that he should like to have a drop of something.—

"Beer?"—ejaculated I, hopefully.

"Beer!" echoed the factory boy, scratching his head, as if enquiring of his fertile brain by what miraculous interposition boys without money could luxuriate in that bland and refreshing fluid.

Necessity, thou nurse of many virtues, let me here invoke thee! Thou best of stimulants—parent of economy—pioneer of industry—herald of success!—but what need of invocations or incantations?—the first thou requirest not, since to me thou art always present—and as for the latter, not all their magic honours will ever, I fear me, drive thee from my side. All hail, then, and welcome, Necessity, to my garret! I would solicit you to take a chair if I was not using it myself; however, you are welcome to make yourself at home on the end of that tattered old portmanteau, or, until I want it to put my potatoes in, you may bring yourself to an anchor on the bottom of that inverted saucepan.

The factory boy's necessity of having some beer, suggested to his fertile brain the possibility of obtaining the means of quenching his thirst by the energies of his lungs, and the factory boy and myself put a high pressure upon our pulmonary organs accordingly, and being now near the town of Warrington, in Lancashire, commenced carolling as lustily as yesterday. We had not the like success, however, for having roared ourselves hoarse, we had only obtained threepence-halfpenny, a bad halfpenny, and a brass button; which, in default of current coin, had been presented us by a little girl, who appeared to take an interest in our success. This was discouraging, particularly as the factory boy sneered at the mere mention of that poor creature, small beer, and intimated his firm determination to have a glass of ale—a proposal which made my blood run cold, knowing, as I did, that twopence of our threepence halfpenny would be absorbed in the glass of ale; and as it was now an hour past noon, it appeared more than probable that our Christmas festivities, dinner inclusive, must be unavoidably postponed until the next annual revolution of the sun round his ecliptic. I assured the factory boy that, whatever he might think of small beer, that beverage was *champagne rosé* to me—and was explaining, very learnedly,

the difference between Irish white wine and butter-milk, when the near approach of a stage-coach, and a very natty team, obliged us to break off the argument, and take to our scrapers, for the stage came flaring up the street as if it knew the coachman's Christmas dinner had just left the bakehouse. And so it had; and what was more, the coachman's wife was waiting at the door of the Talbot, where the coach put up, and proceeded to pour into her husband's ear a deluge of communication, in which the words "dinner," "pudding," and "half-and-half," were most frequently introduced; the coachman, at every such introduction, giving an affirmative nod of the head, and an under growl, evidently indicative of his unqualified approbation. There was no guard, the coachman having intimated, in reply to an enquiry of the landlord of the Talbot, touching the absence of that functionary, that Kitty and the children had "caught hold of Bill at the toll-bar, and wouldn't part with him on no terms whatsoever." There were no passengers—how could there be, on Christmas-day?—the whole world was at dinner—streets as silent as death, and not a soul visible, save the housemaids of the neighbours running over to the Talbot for an extra pot of beer—on Christmas-day folks *will be* so very dry;—by-the-bye, there was, now that I bethink me, one outside—a gentleman in black, with spectacles, and a large old-fashioned seal dangling at his watch chain;—he was evidently a gentleman of consequence, he came so slowly and steadily down the steps, that the landlord, for the hostlers were at their Christmas dinner—held for him; when he got down, methought the gentleman looked as if something had happened him,—he was quite dejected, and taking off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and turning to the landlord, in reply to an enquiry whether he would choose dinner—"I have no appetite, my friend," observed the dejected gentleman. "But it's Christmas-day, sir," said the landlord, as if it were impossible that any good Christian could refuse to stuff until he was like to burst on that high festival.

"Ah! there it is, my friend," said the dejected gentleman, taking out his gold watch, and looking at it pathetically, as if his heart would break,

"It wants a quarter to two," said the dejected gentleman, "and at two my family expect me to dinner—my little ones are watching for me at the gate—they are looking out on the road—they are prattling of their expected papa."

"Is there much between you and home, sir?"

"Sixty long miles," replied the dejected gentleman, putting up his watch, "and I have travelled six thousand, in the hope to reach my own fireside this dear domestic day."

With this the dejected gentleman paused, took off his spectacles, wiped them, and without putting them on, or putting them up, but holding them carelessly between his finger and thumb, leaned his head pensively on one side, as if the joyous prattle of his children had that moment struck upon his expectant ear—small marvel if it did, for in that moment the voices of his children had been music of the spheres to him.

I pitied the dejected gentleman—I protest I did—so much so, that if it could have done him any good, I would have lent him my appetite, with all my heart.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the landlord of the Talbot, "but our dinner is quite ready—my wife and daughters beg of you to do us the favour to"—

"I have no appetite," repeated the dejected gentleman, more dejected than before.

"Merely to sit down with us, sir," observed the landlord, with a bow, and a rub of his hands, one upon the other.

"You say well, my friend," observed the dejected gentleman, putting on his spectacles once more—"I will sit with you, although I cannot eat, for it is"—here the dejected gentleman heaved a ponderous sigh—"it is a dear domestic day."

The dejected gentleman, upon this, slowly followed mine host of the Talbot within the glass enclosure that cut off from the passage the cozy bar parlour—in another moment savoury odours heralded the advent of an enormous goose into the charming little snuggerly—a rib of beef came next, garnished with flakes of snowy horse-radish, and in its train numberless tureens of vegetables. I could see from the door of the inn, where the

factory boy and myself loitered about, one of the young ladies lay a napkin, while another prepared to wait upon the dejected gentleman, who I could observe drank very largely of the beer—sorrow, I have understood, is dry.

"Ah! my venerable friend," I exclaimed, in an under tone, apostrophizing the dejected gentleman—"would that I had asked you for a sixpence—but I should not have got it, I daresay—sentimental rigmarolery and practical benevolence seldom go together—however, I wish from my heart you had my appetite, and I your invitation."

Proceeding in my rhapsody, I could observe that the dejected gentleman, with a napkin stuck under his chin, and his nose in his plate, was eating like a Frenchman at a *table d'hôte*, or the immortal Dando at an oyster tavern—while the host of the Talbot seemed to have enough to do in replenishing the dejected gentleman's plate, without having time to help his family or himself, whence I took occasion to observe that sorrow is hungry as well as dry!

The hero of the botanical waistcoat having again and again insulted the memory of small beer, and protesting he would be *blowed* (such was the solemnity of his adjuration) if he did not have a glass of ale, I yielded to the torrent of his will, which I found it in vain to resist, and followed the factory boy into the taproom, which was utterly deserted, and the huge fire blazing alone in its glory—the habitual soakers, and stanch frequenters of the place, having for that day only betaken themselves to the unwonted society of their deserted wives and neglected children.

You have seen, I dare say, when you go on a visit to Belvoir Castle, or any where else—or on a tour of visits, like the Duke of Sussex, by which means you contrive to knock a summer's board, lodging, and washing, out of the rural nobility—you have seen a small farmer, village school-master, or ensign of the yeomanry cavalry, enter the library by appointment, to acquaint his lordship whose pig is next to come in to be shaved, or some other equally important matter of village politics;—look at the bumpkin, scraping in the open doorway for half an hour, to the imminent danger of superinducing a fresh attack of his

lordship's rheumatism. Having at last pushed the door to, with the hob-nailed sole of his shoe, to the great advantage of the mahogany pannel, the bumpkin advances, sideways, like a crab, to the nearest chair, and perches himself on the extremest verge thereof, as if he thought it would be trespassing too much on his lordship's condescension to sit comfortably, and holds his hat between his knees, in the attitude of a blind beggar at the town's end.

Just so did we enter the taproom, in just such attitudes did we perch ourselves on the extremest verge of the taproom chairs, and just so did we hold in the taproom our respective hats—perhaps you think the free-and-easy deportment of the factory boy, and the Hibernian assurance of your very obedient and most humble servant, proof against such rustic sensibilities? Put threepence-halfpenny in your pocket next Christmas-day, and taking a friend under your arm, walk into the London Tavern, the Old Hummum's, or Long's, with a view to claret and tripe, or any other edible and potatory delicacies you may choose for your Christmas dinner—and I'll never eat oysters more if you don't find yourself, on the presentation of the bill, affected with some such nervous excitabilities, as the factory boy and myself on the occasion alluded to.

"Trouble you to touch the tinkler," observed the drouthy factory boy.

"Make it porter," said I, appealingly, as I rung the bell.

"Ale"—exclaimed the manufacturer with desperate energy.

"Only three halfpence left," said I, persisting.

"Damn the expense," remarked flowery waistcoat.

"Now, then, young gentlemen," said the landlord of the Talbot, entering with a face like a copper saucepan, and a breath redolent of brandy and water, hot with sugar—"Now, then."

"Glass of ale, please, sir," demanded the factory boy.

"And a crust of bread, sir, if you please," interposed I, diffidently.—

"Loaf?" enquired mine host of the Talbot.

"No, thank you, sir," replied I, producing all my worldly wealth in the palm of my hand—"when we pay

for the ale, we shall only have three halfpence"—

"And a button"—observed the accurate factory boy.—

"Left," said I, concluding my observation.

The landlord looked at the factory boy, then at me, then at the factory boy again, and giving vent to the emotions of his mind in one concentrated and emphatic "Bah," walked slowly out of the taproom, and closed the door with a clam.

"He's gone for the terrier"—exclaimed I, starting up in a desperate fright. I spoke from previous experience of terriers.

"Terrier be blowed"—said Mr Marten, putting his twig in a defensive posture—"let him come if he durst!"

"He'll hunt us like ducks"—said I, running to the window and throwing it up, to make sure of a reasonable "law."

"Him be d—d!" exploded Mr Marten, standing up to his fight like a guardsman at Waterloo. "Come on," shrieked Mr Marten, throwing away his twig, and putting himself in the attitude of Bendigo the boxer, thus gallantly awaiting the invasion of the terrier, while I sat stride legs on the window sill, ready for a start, on the laying on of the dogs.

In this position we appeared on the opening of the tap-room door, and entrance of the landlord without the terrier, but accompanied by another animal, of whose existence we had previously been advised, by the impression its entrance into the bar parlour had made upon our olfactory organs, but which we little expected to have ever afforded us the opportunity of favourably impressing our organs of taste.

"There, my coves"—said the benevolent host of the Talbot, laying down the enormous goose, which bore evident marks of the havoc made upon its upper and lower extremities by the dejected gentleman without an appetite (who, by the way, had eaten every morsel of the gizzard and stuffing), but which still had goose enough upon its bones for a quartett of ploughboys.

"There," continued Boniface, "tuck in that there Boston cock, and blow yerself out—no crusts of bread, d—n me, shall go down for dinner in the

Talbot this here blessed day—dash my licence!"

Having achieved this peroration, the landlord flung down with a clash the necessary number of knives, forks, and spoons, while one of the young ladies of the bar parlour handed in at the door a great jug of fourpenny ale, and bread in abundance, leaving the factory boy and myself lost in amazement, so deep, that three and a-half seconds at the least must have elapsed before we recovered sufficiently from our surprise, to lay knife to goose; when we did, however, it required no Solomon to see that steel had the best of it. It was all over with the Boston cock; we worked away until we had him picked as clean as the fossil elephant; the landlord's wife, daughters, and the dejected gentleman, who appeared to have miraculously recovered his spirits, standing by, lost in amazement at the gastronomic capacities displayed; we held a regular levee at our Christmas dinner, like the King of France and the Dauphin.

"Never did I see—well, they do eat, bless e'm!" remarked Mrs Boniface.

"Wonderful appetite—for boys"—observed the dejected gentleman, licking his lips.

"How voracious, to be sure," declared the elder Miss Boniface, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

"Bring the boys some pudding, Mary, my dear, just to taste it," commanded Mrs Boniface; and away ran little Mary, her hair streaming down her shoulders, screaming with delight.

"Did you ever taste plum-pudding, boys?"—interposed the dejected gentleman.

The dejected gentleman received no reply, for our hearts—as also our mouths—were at that moment too full for speech.

Two enormous platters of plum-pudding—just to taste—were produced by little Mary, who stood by us, looking curiously up into our faces, to observe what physiognomical display the unwonted sensation of plum-pudding acting on an ignorant palate would be likely to produce.

The dejected gentleman being informed that a fresh "go" of brandy was in process of mixing for him, deliberately withdrew, and Miss Boniface, remarking that we devoured po-

sitively like beasts, followed the dejected gentleman's example, leaving only little Mary, who ran hither and thither about the tap-room, in ecstasies of delight.

"Hem!" said I, laying down the platter, after cleaning off the last particle of plum-pudding; and discovering, from my utterance of that ejaculation, that my voice was not altogether buried beneath a mountain of plum-pudding and goose, contrived to get out, in the midst of a plethoric inspiration, an audible "thank God."

"Not a bad blow out, neither," coolly observed the factory boy: with such irreverent familiarity did he speak of our devout commemoration of the only feast day in the calendar I had ever been enabled worthily to commemorate before.

"Ha! ha! ha!" I ejaculated involuntarily, overcome by repletion and its attendant pleasurable emotions.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the factory boy.

"He! he! he!" shrieked little Mary, clapping her hands in an agony of inexpressible frolic.

Mirth, like misfortune, only wants a start to make it run down hill—the laughter of the tap-room was re-echoed by the laughter of the bar parlour, in which the voice of the dejected gentleman was the most uproarious of all—and the mirthful example of the bar parlour was speedily followed by the inn kitchen, where all the loiterers of the stable-yard, and a knot of the neighbouring maids, were assembled round the fat she-cook, as the centre of attraction.

In short, the Talbot was thenceforward, until the chimes of midnight, abandoned to laughter, fun and frolic, in all which the factory boy and myself were not merely permitted to participate, but bore principal parts in the whole festivity, as lions of the night, which, if judged of by our masticatory prowess, we most certainly were. All sorts of freedoms were allowable and allowed, and all sorts of games playable and played; there was a mistle-toe bough in every room in the house, except the coal-hole, and the privileges conferred by that Druidical vegetable were allowed to remain no sinecure; the excess of the dejected gentleman's grief, made him lose his senses as well as his appetite, and fully qualified him for the office of

Lord of Misrule, which he discharged with the same excess of folly and absurdity, as if he had been a Whig Foreign or Colonial Secretary.

I grew in great favour with the whole house, in consequence of a ferocious attack I made on the prudery of Miss Boniface, who clawed and cater-wauled, and suffered herself, nevertheless, to pay the penalties of the mistletoe bough with as much more affected, and much less real, reluctance than is usual with damsels of her disposition. We were all, the dejected gentleman inclusive, very gay and very merry. Indeed I much question whether, even at Chatsworth, where the magnificent Duke of Devonshire kept open house, as every man who has a house to keep ought, on Christmas-day, whether he be magnificent or not, to do—I say I very much doubt, whether there, or any where else, the company assembled were more gay or happy than the party assembled to blind-man's-buff in the great room of the Talbot at Warrington.

About an hour past midnight the factory boy and myself retired to rest, little Mary acting as chambermaid and ushering us up, prattling all the way, to the shake-down that had been hospitably prepared for our especial accommodation upon the attic.

But neither the factory boy nor myself could compose ourselves to sleep, so, after the usual experiments of persons in that condition had been resorted to in vain, we ceased tumbling and twisting, and the factory boy, to beguile the tedious moments, proceeded to give an account of himself, an account which, I shall only observe, is as much superior to the account Mrs Trollope's factory boy gives of himself, as cheese is to chalk,—honest industry to book-making factory-phobia—as experience is to theory—nature to fiction—or benevolence to cant.

"My name," observed the factory boy, "is Jack Marten. Father was a barber's boy. Father and mother are dead. Father died when I was nine, mother died when I was eight years old. Father ran away from his master and listed for a soldier—keen shaver he was, and made many a penny by shaving the soldiers as, I suppose, couldn't shave themselves. Shaved to keep his hand in, he did, for he had an eye to the business when his time would be out a-soldiering—at least I suppose he had

—besides he got a good many pennies by it, so he always was well off in the soldiering line—never made no complaints of the army—used to say it was a good place for good men, and the best place for bad 'uns. I would follow soldiering myself, only for the cast in my eye. I like the horse soldiers best—they as has got spurs on, what makes music as they marches along. Father was twenty-one years a soldier, and came to live at Bolton when he had served out his time—took a shop, he did—shaved away, and got a good bit of money—had a very snug business—barbering's not a bad profession, if you can get plenty of customers. Every pension day father brought home to mother a good bit of money—never knowed how much—knowed it was a good lot—saw it was silver. While mother lived father never drank none on it—threw it all into mother's lap. 'Mary, my dear,' says father, 'it's all there—just as I had it.' Mother was a good mother—she was. Saved money unbeknownst to father—she did. Hid it behind the wainscot, and when she was a-dying told him where it was. Kept a clean house—mother did—and made father, and sister, and me comfortable—taught us our prayers and hymns, and them carols what I was a-singing when you came up. Never knowed mother blow up nobody—father blowed her up. When she was in a dying state, sister and me came up to her bedside to take her last breath. Father was there a-crying, and holding of her head. 'Mary,' says father, 'can you forgive me?' 'Yes I can,' says mother. 'Can you forgive all the world?' says father. 'Yes, I do,' says she. I went down on my knees, and says I, 'Can you forgive me, mother dear?' 'I can, Jacky,' says she, and she put out her hand upon my head. 'Can you forgive all the world, mother dear?' says I. 'I do, my child,' says she. Sister went down on her bended knees—'Can you forgive me, mother dear?' says sister. 'I do, my love,' says mother to her again. 'Can you forgive all the world, mother dear?' says sister. 'I do, my girl,' says she. Mother turned her eyes up to father: 'Will you follow my dying words?' says she. 'I will, Mary,' says father. 'Be kind to them two poor little children,' says mother, 'when I am gone.' 'I will, if I live,' says he. When I was a-bed, father comes into the bed,

and lies down beside me and kisses me. 'Jacky,' says he, 'you have nobody but me to look to now.' 'Why?' says I to him again. 'Mother's dead,' says he. With that I fell a-crying, but father stopped my breath. 'You mustn't cry, Jacky, my man,' says he. 'Why, father?' says I. 'Because,' says father, 'you'll send the dogs after her.' What dogs did he mean, do you think? The dogs of hell, I suppose. But mother's in heaven—I dreamed of her many times—she came and kissed me—all in white light, like—and *spoke to me in a song*. What could father mean, do you know? I don't—I never asked. After mother died, father took to drinking. One night came home drunk, and thumped sister—sister got her things packed up and ran away—never saw her since—never heard what became of her—have got nobody but she belonging to me in the wide world.—God knows where she is—I do not—wish I did—fret myself about her sadly—she would need to want for nothing if I could find her—poor sister! Father soon followed mother. I have been at work since I was ten years old—never was at school—mother taught me to read and spell. I can write a little. Am not a very learned chap—wish I was. You know Bolton, I suppose? Worked there ever since I have had a mind. Worked in a factory—Didn't get no wages the first week—got eighteenpence the second week—worked a fortnight at eighteenpence—got up then to half-a-crown. Was a scavenger there—a scavengersweeps all clear under the jennies and that. In six weeks time I learned to piece coarse. Some mills pieces coarse, and some pieces coarse and fine—ours pieced only coarse—I got three and fourpence a-week then—I worked for two months at three and fourpence, and then I went to work to a mill where they piece coarse and fine—work at any thing—no, not yet—I must have eight shillings and sixpence a-week now, and sometimes a sixpence to myself—I shall be worth more soon, I reckon. When I am fit to work in the card-room, or the blow-room, I shall do—I expect to learn soon to be a good blower—I shall then have a guinea, or five-and-twenty shillings a-week—I am not *very* rich—I lay by, sometimes one, and sometimes two shillings a-week out of my wages—I puts it in the savings' bank at Bolton—

you know Bolton, I suppose?—I have a book, and they chalk it up every Saturday night. Our mill at Bolton is stopped, and I am a-going to Liverpool to work at a new mill that opens on New-year's-day—I walked to Liverpool three weeks ago, and had my name put down for work. I would not have gone to Liverpool if our mill had not stopped work—I never complain—I work hard, but I gets well paid, and good pay makes hard work light"——

I regret falling asleep at this interesting point of the factory boy's natural and unsophisticated account of himself, but fall asleep I did, and slept like a top till nine of the clock next morning, when the factory boy awoke—and so did I.

I have given the factory boy's account of himself the more fully, because I perceive, that since the emancipation of the black niggers, the Maworms are at a dead lock, not knowing which way to turn themselves, and having no manner of choice, save between the New Zealanders and the factory boys and girls,—which last, if you take it upon the credit of these hypocritical scamps, are the most unfortunate wretches on the face of the globe, in being enabled to earn from seven and sixpence to seventeen and sixpence a week, under cover, well cared for and tended, with not the tenth part of the labour or exposure a poor Highland or Irish girl endures in preparing turf, or weeding potatoes, for about one-fourth part of the remuneration a factory girl receives. What would these scamps be at? Do they want to put the factory girls on music-stools, *vis à vis* with semi-grand pianos, or to set them down to a lecture from the drunken schoolmaster upon natural theology? The fact is, they don't know what they would be at. Some method they must needs invent to draw tears from human eyes, and to extract money from charitable pockets; and factory children will answer that end as well as New Zealanders or Pitcairn's Islanders—better, for there are more of them.

Pity 'tis to see an authoress, who successfully operated upon transatlantic hypocrisy and humbug, leading the forlorn hope of cant in a crusade against the factory children.

Oh, Mrs Trollope! Mrs Trollope, oh!

FASCICULUS THE TENTH.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps, and slow,
Where bricks, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

It was setting in towards the beginning of a January evening, a few days after I had parted, with much regret, from the spirited factory boy—and the beginning of a January evening on Finchley common, which I was then crossing, is much less agreeable than the close of an autumnal day. The sky was a dull leaden-grey, of a uniform hue, such as you see in a sea-storm of Van de Velde, indicating wind, sleet, and all sorts of indifferent weather; the breeze swept monotonously across the waste, taking up the dust of the road in fitful gusts, and whirling it round and round in little atmospheric vortices; the public houses had the outer doors closed, fires blazing in every room, and streaming through the windows, into the inhospitable atmosphere without.

Stage coaches whirled by me in almost uninterrupted succession—the passengers on the roof, immersed, nose deep, in their travelling shawls, their caps pulled over their brows, and absorbed in that sulky silent selfishness which dull weather, and the near approach to our journey's end, inevitably create. The coachman plied his ribbons, and looked straight before him—the gentleman on the box kept bobbing his head at intervals, as if deluding himself into a belief that he was asleep—while the insides were lolling back in their night-caps, and, if they were not fast as watchmen, the fault was more in the stage coach than in them. Few passengers were afoot, and the few that passed rapidly by seemed as if they feared being belated on the road, and either returned no reply to my "God save you kindly," or requited the salutation by an indistinct growl, as they hurried on their way. A deserted donkey stood in a gap on the road side, drooping his ears, and looking as if even a good sound wallowing would be better than standing there in the cold, and several spectral horses, admirably adapted to display the horsemanship of King Death, flitted dismally over the bleak common,

picking up mouthfuls of withered grass, by instalments of a blade at a time.

In short, if I had had any money about me, I would have gone into the "Green Man," and got as drunk as a lord—the evening required no less—for it was a hang-dog, suicidal afternoon, such as married men choose to cut their throats in, because of their wives, and bachelors go drown themselves, because of their single blessedness. Somehow or other, I had no money—somehow or other, I *never* have any money—so, after feeling in the corners of all my pockets for a modest sixpenny piece, and not finding one, I came to the convenient conclusion that it was a shame to make a beast of myself, and voted the "Green Man" intolerably low!

I walked on, meditating on the sensation that would be created by my first public appearance in this great metropolis, and had got as far as the brow of a steep hill, over whose declivity Highgate archway has since been thrown, when the noise of the knapping of stones attracted my attention. I followed the direction whence the noise appeared to proceed, and by-and-by came upon a little recess off the road, where an old greyheaded man, and three little boys, his grandchildren, in all probability, sat on a pile of "metal," knapping away like devils, by the dim religious light of a mutton "dip," which flickered in the periphery of a silk-paper lantern. I was, I own, surprised to see human beings engaged in such an humble occupation, at such a time of night, in the immediate vicinity of magnificent London, where the streets were paved with gold, and the conduits ran over with Hodgson's pale ale, and Barclay and Perkins' porter. Perhaps, thought I, these gentlemen are knapping stones for amusement, or haply they may be mineralogists run mad! Approaching the group, however, I ventured to ask the old gentleman how far it might be to London?

"Not far—too near, mayhap," said the old man, pausing from his work, and scrutinizing me severely—"see ye yonder lights glimmering faintly—see ye them, boy?"

"Yes sir," replied I—"I see lights like stars through a fog."

"That is the place you seek," said the old man, sinking down on the stone, overspread with a little straw, that served him for a seat, and resuming his work—then, after a short pause, seeing I still gazed on him, leaning his white head on the head of one of the boys, he further enquired—"And what dost want at London, my lad?"

"Work, sir," said I,—"*employment*—bread."

"Hast got a trade?"

"No, sir," said I, "but I have learning."

This announcement the old gentleman received with a scornful laugh, that haunted me many a long day after, when knowledge of the fate of others, and sad experience of my own, taught me the worthlessness of mere learning in the wilderness of London.

"Canst break stones—canst do this with thy learning?" said the old man, knapping, as he said it, a "lump of a two-year-old"—"canst do this?"

"I'll tell you what, my old cynic," said I, rather tartly, "I hope I am not above knapping stones, or any other honest way of turning a penny; but, as I see by your reverend example that a man can break stones as well at seventy as at seventeen, I intend, with your permission, to try to get a spell of lighter work first, if possible."

"Foolish, headstrong youth," said the hoary-headed stone-cracker; "and what dainty work dost intend to try for?"

"Any thing that turns uppermost," said I, "from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

"Go on, in God's name—go to vice and folly—you are prepared for them—go," said the old man, solemnly pointing, with his thin hand, my downward path, and looking, as I thought, like an evil omen embodied—"Go—London was made for such as thou!"

An impudent answer jumped to the tip of my tongue, but one glance at the hoary hairs of the toil-worn old man, and the furrows that time, and poverty, and care, had ploughed into his face, repulsed it from my lip—I turned

silently away—for I hoped to be spared to be old myself.

"I will soon see the mighty Babylon," said I, in a tone of exultation that put to the rout a host of dim anticipations of evil hap conjured up by the tone and manner of the old man—"I will shortly enter that emporium of the world's wealth—that *entrepôt* of commerce—that seat of elegant refinement and polite learning—that nursery of the arts—that mart of talent, whose sphere is too wide for the operation of petty malignity, and where merit is sure to meet with friends, whenever it becomes reputable to befriend it." When I had rounded off my own apostrophe with the above-quoted scrap of magniloquent sophistry from Dr Johnson, I thought I began to feel peckish.

"In London," said I, as I strutted through the toll-bar and passed with an air by the Peacock at Islington—"In London," I continued to soliloquize, "benevolence opens all her arms, and human nature riots in the luxury of doing good—in London industry will ever meet employment, and labour still command a fit reward—in London all the social virtues love to dwell, and hospitality, in the less favoured country rude and unrefined, is here as delicate as it is unreserved—here are the strangers of all nations (I should have excepted my own) received with open arms and no less open purses, and protected alike from the oppression of foreign tyrants and the treachery of domestic renegades!" At this splendid passage of my soliloquy I paused, and looked around me expecting to be asked to dinner by some hospitable citizen who might be anxious to have the honour of entertaining me earlier than his fellows—as certain Orientalists are said to lie in wait at the gates of their cities, and contend one with another for the honour of carrying the wearied traveller to their hospitable homes. None such, however, appeared, nor was I accosted by any one, if I except a large man with a badge upon his collar, who desired me, in an authoritative tone of voice, to move on, which, supposing it to be a custom of the city, I accordingly did. At this moment I felt so ravenous with hunger, that I could have eaten an empty sugar hoghead, and licked my lips

after it. Resuming my ambulation and my soliloquy together, I went on. "Here, at least," said I, "if any where in the habitable globe, must misery and want, the parents, oftentimes, of vice and crime, be unknown—or, if they exist at all, must be the natural consequences of incurable depravity, and therefore unpitifully punished—for surely in this splendid capital of the world, the fountain of its wealth and source of its civilisation, there can be none so base as to prefer vice to industry, and abandon the dignity of labour to pursue the uncertain wages of crime." This last period was, I thought, so amazingly like Johnson, that I walked on, drawing an imaginary comparison between that great man and myself, without ever observing that the bundle containing all my worldly effects, and which I held dangling over my left shoulder from the handle of poor Crick's bone-bitted hunting whip—had been abstracted by some expert thief—whose dexterity thus deprived me of the sole means I possessed of gaining a morsel of food, or a night's lodging, without stripping myself of the few tattered clothes on my back. This staggered me—if indeed any loss could stagger a man who was at that moment faint with absolute inanition—sick of the want of food alone—a horrible sensation, compounded of the extremest agonies of sea-sickness and thirst, which may God of His infinite mercy defend me from ever experiencing again.

"Surely" said I, "where there appears so much wealth there cannot but be benevolence;" and, taking this view of the case, I proceeded to inform several of the most bland and benevolent-looking old gentlemen, who were passing, that I was perishing with hunger, and implored, for the love of God, the means of getting a morsel of bread—a request that, in every instance, had the effect of giving to the progression of the bland and benevolent-looking old gentlemen an increased alacrity—in short, when I used the expression "for the love of God," they invariably bolted off as if the devil was after them, buttoning up their breeches pockets, and muttering indistinct menaces of "police," and "taking me into custody." My heart and my legs both failed me—it was beneath the portico of Saint Martin's church—I

recalled with shuddering horror the voice of the old man, and felt as if I was to fulfil a fatal prediction—I reeled and fell—tears poured abundantly from my eyes, and the prospect of death, in its most revolting form, stared me, I thought, in the face."

"Gracious eternal God!" I exclaimed, in an ecstasy of grief, am I fated to perish of hunger in the midst of plenty—to die unpitied and unrelieved among millions of my fellow Christians!"

Talk of solitude, indeed! Tell me, forsooth, of Zimmerman, of Robinson Crusoe, of Alexander Selkirk! Hermits of the dale, solitaires, self-tormentors, anchorites, Capuchins, followers of Johannes Stylus, Fakirs, Brahmins, backwoodsmen—what is your solitude of hills, and rocks, and streams—your sweet society of nature wild and great—to the deep, the dismal, dense, desolate solitude of London streets?

More deep than the solitude of arid plains of driving sand—more desolate than uninhabited islands—more dismal than a starless night, is the solitude that exists in that chaotic mass of human existence. There I lay, the human tide rushing by, and every now and then greeted with a hearty curse from some heedless passenger, who floundered over me as I lay—the din of carriages sounded in my ears like receding thunder, and the frequent footfall of the pedestrians seemed to me like the pattering of heavy rain. I looked up, and there stood before me in the gutter a faded half-naked woman, three or four matches tipped with brimstone in her hand, the very picture of want, but I observed no one look at, much less relieve her. A pallid, sickly-looking Savoyard, with an anxious and haggard face, kept grinding and grinding waltzes upon a hand organ; now he stopped and changed his measure, anon he went on again as before; but nobody lingered to listen to his music, nor paused to reward him with a trifle for his exertions to please; the music he played sounded so pitifully, that every note of it went to my heart, and I could not help thinking that the musician was starving like myself. "And this," said I to myself, as I lay on the cold ground, "is splendid—this is charitable London! This the emporium of—Oh! fool, fool—why

was I not content to be a stone-breaker—why was I not born to be a factory boy?"

My eyes swam, my brain reeled, and for a few moments I fainted away.

Recovering a little, I raised myself with difficulty against the wall of the church; strange faces peered at me as they passed; but if they had been summoned to earth from the silent repose of the grave to gaze upon me, their expression had been the same, for all of sympathy or friendliness that beamed from them on the perishing youth that lay helplessly there.

I gazed wistfully at a pile of oranges which was being studiously packed into a pyramidal shape by an old woman, in whose quadrangular figure, truncated nose, and hooded gray cloak, I thought I recognised one of the finest peasantry in the universe; I was convinced of her being a compatriot by the rich and mellow tones of the Cork brogue (all the Irish in London are, strange to tell, natives of Cork), in which she replied to the chaffering of three well-dressed little boys—little noblemen, I thought, from the comfort of every thing about them, they must be.

There was a brazier of lighted charcoal upon the old woman's stall, whereon simmered or broiled away what I took to be some small and delicate description of potatoes; and whose smell reached me as I lay, and made my stomach, I thought, deadly sick. It was to this delicacy, whatever it was, that the attention of the young noblemen—who had been previously discussing what they had respectively enjoyed at home for dinner—appeared to be chiefly directed, and the first distinct remark that fell upon my ear was a reply of the proprietor of this to me forbidden fruit, to an enquiry from the most prominent of the young noblemen.

"Eight a penny—I tould yees before—ye small plagues of A-gypt," said the descendant of Milesius, in answer to the spokesman of the house of peers—"eight a penny—four a hap-penny—but yees don't want to buy," concluded Oonach, testily.

"How many for a farden?" demanded the young nobleman, briskly producing his coin, as if to convince the Irishwoman her last remark was personally offensive.

"Two for a farden, my sweet little gentleman," said the Milesian, tipping a little blarney with her Cork—"two, my little leprechaun."

"I shall pick and choose, I s'pose?" said his little lordship, enquiringly.

"Ye may, and welkim, sir," responded the Emerald; "but don't burn yer dear little fingers—ye shall have the biggest."

"But there's three on us," observed the juvenile aristocrat, pointing to his compeers, and replacing the invaluable farthing in his breeches pocket, as if determined to make his own terms before he took it out again.

"Sorrow take yees three," rejoined the poor Irishwoman, "ye would skin the mother that bore yees for the hide and tallow!"

"Ve vont have none on your nuts, if you don't give us three"—said the speaker.

"Ve'll try a more accommodatin' shop"—said the second peer.

"Werry right," added the junior Lord Cockney.

"And this,"—said I, with a deep groan—"this is munificent—this is, oh God!—this is splendid London!"

Whether it was that I groaned louder than before, I know not; but this I do know, that the poor orange-woman turned round, and seeing a youth lie against the pilaster of the church, exactly in the rear of her stall, came over, and putting down her head to my lips, asked me, in that tone of softened sympathy that none so well as a poor Irishwoman can throw into her voice,

"What is it that's a throublin' you, my poor man?"

I would have spoken, but my parched lips refused their office. I opened my mouth, and pointing to it with my finger, fainted away once more.

When I came to my senses a second time, I found the poor Irishwoman pressing an orange to my lips, while her little daughter held in one hand a slice of bread and cheese, and half-a pint of porter in the other, brought from the next public-house; and five shillings, the donation of a drunken sailor, who was passing, the old woman told me, with two girls of the town, lay on the ground beside me. A curious crowd had gathered round, and all (for benevolence is contagious),

seemed anxious to afford the starving lad—such the poor Irishwoman had informed them was my state—their sympathies at least. One pressed me to ale—another soaked in it a bit of bread—a third recommended me to try the cheese—and a fourth, more active in his benevolence, ran to the public house, and returned with a brimming tumbler of hot brandy and water, which, he assured me, would set me up again. But my stomach rejected all these proffered hospitalities; a crumb would not lie upon it for a moment. The people—or, as vulgar well-dressed ruffians, who know no more of them than they do of the man in the moon, choose to style them, the mob—carried me out of the thoroughfare into an alley close by, where they laid me down upon a cushion, which a benevolent waterman had borrowed for that purpose, from one of the coaches on his stand. The poor Irishwoman stood by me all the while, and kept her orange to my lips, and when business called her away to her stall, the little girl took her mother's place, and wiped my brow, and tended me with the affection of a sister.

"You shall come with us—home with my mother," said the little girl.

"Where, my love," enquired I.

"To our home," said the little girl—"I will nurse you, and mother will make you some nice broth—you will soon be well."

"And where is your home, my dear little maid?" enquired I.

"Not far," replied the little girl—"not very far—at our village."

Our village!—I thought of the charming—the adorable Mary Russel Mitford. Our village!—there was nature, kindness, and simple-hearted tenderness in the very sound.

"Alas!" said I, "and is this my fate?—is hunger, misery, and distress my lot in munificent London? and is it in a village, and from villagers, that I am to receive hospitality and shelter?"

"Let us go then, my love," said I, rising up—"let us hasten to leave this terrible place—this mighty tomb of all that is soft and meek, tender and compassionate, lowly and God-like in man—let us leave its splendours, its dissipations, its vice, and seek happiness and tranquillity in 'our village!'"

DESULTORY DOTTINGS DOWN UPON DOGS.

We love a horse—we love an elephant—we love a mouse—we love—pahaw! you will save both yourself and us an immensity of trouble, gentle reader, by just walking into your library, taking down your Bewick, or your Goldsmith, or your Buffon, and reading over the table of contents from the beginning to the end;—and, if you have but half the average supply of penetration, you will make up your mind, before you have got half way through the first page thereof, that we are a personage of a most catholic affection—that we love every animal under the sun. Like an especial favourite of ours, the quaint old author of the *Religio Medici*, we cannot even "start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander—at the sight of a toad or a viper we find in us no desire to take up a stone to destroy them." But, above all the denizens of earth, and air, and ocean, do we esteem a dog—

young or old, great or small, it matters nothing to us—be he

"Mastiff, Greyhound, Mongrel grim,
Hound, or Spaniel, Brach, or Lym,
Or bobtail tyke, or trundle-tail!"—

we make no invidious distinction,—we embrace in our affections the little dogs, and all,

"Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart;"

ay, even though we be constrained with that heart-broken old man, "more sinned against than sinning," to cry "See! they bark at me!"

If we were but a legislator, and had a "tail," there should forthwith be a millennium for dogs!—much weeping and wailing should there be among the oppressors. Woe to the Westminster pit, and the owner of the famous dog Billy! Woe to the proprietors of dog trucks! and especial woe to them that ride therein! Woe unto *Bell's Life in London*, and its column on "Canine Fancy!"

Woe to the exhibitors of dancing dogs! Woe! abundant woe to Punch! that chuckling demon, that mechanical monster, who, in every street and at every corner, instilleth cruelty to animals into the hearts of the rising generation,—who bangeth his dog as unhesitatingly as he bangeth his wife!

We thank our God that our lot was not cast in the days of the old Forest laws! We should infallibly have proved a premature Wat Tyler to the first miscreant Jack-in-office that ventured to lay hands upon the hound of our bosom,—and we should have been hanged, drawn, and quartered for our pains. The Fates that deferred the spinning of our thread to these latter days have been kind to us. We have often wished that we could conscientiously adopt the creed of the "poor Indian" who

"Thinks, admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company;"

but, alas! he is of "the brutes that perish," and the wish is an idle, it may be, a murmuring one. But that a dog has nothing more than mere instinct—that a dog doesn't *think*, we defy the most "learned" Theban that ever wrote or lectured to convince us. We do not mean to say that he is a philosopher, or a moralist, or a poet; but he feels and he reasons for all that,—and he shames, or ought to shame, not a few of his very rational lords and masters. When we threw down our newspaper this morning after breakfast, and sauntered to the parlour window for the mere purpose, as an ordinary observer would have conjectured, of standing there with our hands in our breeches' pockets,—our children didn't know it—the wife of our bosom didn't know it—we scarcely, even, knew it ourselves—but Rover, our dog, knew it; and he came frisking and bounding from his prescriptive corner of the hearth-rug, and looking up in our face, and bow-wow-ing (for which we first thrashed him bodily, and then ourselves mentally, though, in truth, the cuff we gave him would hardly have sufficed to disturb the most superannuated flea of the tribe which made in him their dwelling), and running to the door, and scampering back again, and then jumping bolt upright as high as

he could jump, and looking as if he would give his ears to say bow-wow once more—only he durst not—and so, as it was there ready at his tongue's end, easing it off gently through his teeth in the shape of a sort of pleasurable growl; and then lying down, yet peering up ever into our face with a kind of half-supplicating, half-reproachful expression, which said, as plainly as looks can say, "Well, I'm almost afraid it's of no use, but I won't give it up yet for all that,"—and then,—“Bless my soul! are we to be kept a whole month learning what this brute of yours *did* know?”

Now, thank your gods, O reader! that we are of a placid and gentle disposition,—for, by that intemperate interruption of yours, you have cut short one of the faithfullest touches of description that we have penned for this many a day; and had we been "sudden and quick in quarrel," it might have cost you more than the loss of the picture you have so unceremoniously marred. But, alas! you feel it not,—we say to you, as Sir Isaac said to his spaniel, "Ah! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" Had we been in the knight's place on that most trying occasion, and had our footman, or our housemaid, or any man or maid on the face of the earth, destroyed at one fell swoop the labour of years, we verily believe the readers of next morning's *Times* would have been horrified by three entire columns of "awful murder and felo-de-se." But had it been thou, O Rover, our little, harmless, playful deggie, thou who didst never yet provoke one frown of anger upon our brow but one wag of thy tail dispelled it in a moment—had it been thou, we say, who hadst done the wrong, we should, with all the meekness of the immortal philosopher, have—"Zounds, sir!—what *did* your dog know all this while?"—Why, sir, he knew we were going out for a walk.

We hereby enter our protest against the degradation of the word puppy, as applied to certain irrational specimens of that genus which arrogates to itself the exclusive possession and enjoyment of reason. Your natural puppy is an especial favourite of ours. We have one before us at this moment—a little, ungainly, unwieldy cub, with a head

as big as all the rest of him put together, and a most deplorable abbreviation of a tail; short thick legs and flapping ears—Heaven forbid that they should be submitted to the barbarity of cropping!—with a rolling gait, and a wonderful difficulty in preserving his equilibrium; yet the honestest, sauciest, playfulest, clumsiest, impudentest, sweetest-tempered little rogue withal that ever was created—obstinately determined on satiating his depraved appetite with the toe of our last new boot—turning to flee from our uplifted hand and threatening eye—rolling head over heels in the super-catuline effort,—lying sprawling and struggling on the broad of his back, in momentary expectation of being swallowed up alive, or of some equally appalling doom—yet released by our forgiving aid from his inconvenient position only to commence anew, in the very next instant, the very same series of aggressions. But for a metaphorical puppy—pah!—“give us an ounce of civet, good apothecary!”—he stinketh in our nostrils!—he is “most tolerable and not to be endured.” Much as we love to look upon fair forms and pretty faces, we have not, for these ten years past, sauntered up Regent Street between the hours of two and six in the afternoon—we beg pardon, morning—it was indeed called afternoon, “mais nous avons changé toute cela”—between the hours of two and six in the morning; we should be too strongly tempted to “feed fat our ancient grudge on him,” by kicking him from the Duke of York’s statue to the church in Langham Place, and we have no mind now for the interior of a police office, though “calidâ juventâ,” “in our hot youth when George the Third was King,” we have ruminated in some few of them, and thought it rather honourable than otherwise—graceless dogs that we were!

Why Sterne should have written that beautiful chapter of his on a donkey rather than a dog, or how the same man who, when the said donkey “upon the pivot of his skull turned round his long left ear” discovered in the action such a world of meaning, could venture to assert that a dog “does not possess the talents for conversation,” we confess we have ever been most utterly at a loss to make out.

We have no objection to a donkey—there is not a single tenant of the Zoological Gardens that we have the slightest possible objection to—at a reasonable distance; we have even something of a sneaking kindness for “the poor little foal of an oppressed race,”—yes! we hear you muttering about “a fellow feeling,” and so forth; but we don’t mind avowing it for all that,—we really do like a jackass; but, when we find him exalted above a dog, we can hardly persuade ourselves that our eyes are not deceiving us: we can hardly—we wonder what Sterne thought of him when he wound up his confabulations by reading his black silk “oh-no-we-never-mention’ems.”

Reader! do you ever go to Ascot Heath? Of course you do:—you go as a curious subject to see your Queen, and as a loyal one to welcome her with the loudest and longest shout the state of your lungs will allow you to give forth. Of course you do all this—but this is not exactly what we are driving at at present. Did you ever happen to stand next the ropes when the course has been cleared, and observe an unhappy dog who has lost his master in the crowd, and is left alone in the middle, unknowing where to seek him! Mark him, as he stands for a second or two in hurried deliberation. He is evidently fully aware that he is in a scrape, and meditating how he may best get out of it. He looks anxiously around, and sees no means of egress through the dense wall of humanity on either side. Stay!—there is a kindly-looking old gentleman on the right seems disposed to let him through—but, alas! the British public, in their anxiety to see the Favourite come in, are squeezing the kindly-looking old gentleman to such a degree, that for the life of him he can stir neither hand nor foot. How the deuce do you write letters expressive of hisses and groans?—Hisses a chimney-sweep on his left hand—groans an itinerant vender of mutton-pies—“Shu-u-u!” bellows a ditto in the ginger-pop and soda-water line—“whew-w-w!” whistles a butcher’s boy, with two fingers in his mouth—thank God! he hasn’t got room to stoop for a stone!—away bolts the terrified animal—see there he has stopped short a little further on—he is looking up in yonder woman’s face, with a slightly tremulous motion of

the tail, expressive half of doubt and fear, half of entreaty, that says "wont you let me through?—I would wag it so gratefully, if you would!" Quick! quick!—alas, too late!—he hears the course-keeper's rapidly approaching gallop—away! he is speeding for the dear life, but the pursuer is too fleet for him—he has overtaken him—crack! crack! did you hear that howl?—poor devil!—did we understand you rightly, sir?—did you say he was your dog?—then, would to God, that lash had fallen on your own shoulders for bringing him to such a place as this!

We lay it down as our unalterable dictum, that he who possesses a dog never need want a friend. Byron, indeed, once went so far as to say he "never knew but one," and that one his dog, Boatswain. But we incline to think there was a considerable sacrifice of truth to effect in the assertion, for he had many and true ones, though he loved to say, perhaps to think, he had none. He was, or affected to be, a misanthrope. Far be from us either the being or the affectation, though we may now and then unintentionally leave a peg for the censorious to hang an accusation upon. We sympathize most cordially with that jolly dog-loving old soul, who first trotted forth the time-honoured chorus of

"Under the ale-tap let me lie,
Cheek by jowl, my dog and I!"

We would give something to have had an opportunity of "rousing the night with a catch" in the company of the malt and hops loving minstrel! Tell us not that his wish savours of the misanthropy we have condemned. His horror was only of "dem'd cold, moist, unpleasant bodies," and wormy charnel-houses; his "potations, pottle-deep," were never discussed in solitary mopishness; he was wont to troul "the bonny brown bowl" to many a boon companion like himself; to "set the table in a roar" with many a merry jest, as it slowly voyaged round, minishing as it went, to welcome its first glass with a toast, to cheer its last with a song. Peace to his manes!

Our philocyny developed itself at the earliest possible period. We were even in a manner predestined to it. Our great-grandfather kept hounds and was half ruined by them, and our grandfather went to the dogs

through continuing the practice. Our family crest was a talbot's head—our supporters a couple of bloodhounds—our motto "Love me, love my dog." How, then, could we help being what we are? The first intelligible syllable we uttered was "bow!" The only toy we really loved was a little white woolly ninepenny effigy of a spaniel, the gift of a kind-hearted housemaid, unconscious auxiliary to the dark designs of destiny. The story of Mother Hubbard and her dog was the favourite study of our childhood. Even now, as we call it to mind, do we feel once more the pang of disappointment we then endured at the discovery of the hopeless emptiness of the cupboard—the consternation at the death—the thrill of ecstasy at the resuscitation of the quadruped hero of that ancient romaunt. We never had our nativity cast, but it needs not; we can do without the assistance of a Sidrophel—we are as convinced as we are of the fact of our own existence that our natal star was Sirius. We were born in the dogdays! The scoldings we endured for our propensity to become sworn friends with every strange dog we met, were endless—the pence that we expended in dogsmeat innumerable. "Beware of the Dog!" was to us but as a dead letter. Though, like most children, we gradually grew older, we did not, however, like them, "put away childish things." The first time we ever opened the Apocrypha, we fastened, as if by instinct, upon the story of Tobit and his Dog; the first drama we ever saw enacted was "The Dog of Montargis!" In the first classic that was put into our hands we could find nothing so interesting as the legend of the descent of Theseus to Hades,—and, oh! how we envied him his interview with Cerberus! We read of the terrible Mauthe Doog—the Spectral Hound of the Isle of Man—but we read with curiosity, not with terror; and we vowed, in our yet superstitious soul, that we would some day take our journey thither for the express purpose of cultivating his acquaintance. Had we lived in the days of the ancient philosophy, we verily believe that, despite of our kindlier nature, we should have snapped and snarled with the bitterest cynic of the sect—the name alone would have been sufficient to enlist us in the ranks.

"The child," as Wordsworth says, "is father of the man!" and the ruling passion will be strong in us till death. But we have been doomed in our time to meet with "heavy blows and great discouragements." Disappointment hath been hard upon us. We heard of the fireman's dog,—and to hear of him was sufficient to set us at unrest. We have not knowingly missed a simple fire in the metropolis for some years past: we have squeezed into every crowd, and narrowly escaped being run over at different times by every engine of every insurance company. We have had our pockets picked—our toes crushed—our eyes devoted to perdition, times out of number—and in vain! We never saw him; and now, unhappy that we are, they tell us he is dead! We read in a French paper, but a few months ago, of a dog who supported his owner—a humble polisher of boots and shoes—by rolling himself in the most promising mud-heap he could pick out, and then rubbing himself, as if by accident, against the pedal integuments of the exquisites who happened to cross the bridge whereon his master took his stand every morning, duly furnished with bottle and brush. We were in Paris last season, and our first visit was of course to the bridge in question. Alas! the boot-cleaner had cleaned his last, and the dog—there was a sausage shop close by his wonted stand, and it was more than hinted that—"shall I go on?" as Tristram Shandy says—"no!" The Chinese, the beasts! eat dogs, but they eat them knowingly. To the French "ignorance is bliss."

Oh! rare, most rare Edwin Landseer! We recollect to have read of one Gottfried Mind, a painter of the Flemish School, who excelled in feline portraiture. His pussies did all but purr. Not a rat or a mouse dared show the tip of his tail in any house which boasted a grimalkin from his hand. He earned for himself the honourable title of "the cat-Raphael." But what meet name shall we find for thee, oh! thou *ζυγέφων ἄριον* of dogs?—thou Apelles of aged hounds—thou Zeuxis of vigorous doghood—thou Parrhasius of puppies! How we do long to pat thy pictures!

"Sad dog!" "idle dog!" "wicked dog!" We tolerate these names, as

applied to sundry of our biped acquaintance, only because we know that even the most censorious of them are ever used more in love than in anger. *Par exemple*, we called ourselves "Graceless dogs" a little while ago—and you might have seen with half an eye that we looked back with considerable complacency, if not with positive approbation, even upon the follies we stigmatized. There are many sad Dogs among real Dogs, but we do not like them one whit the less;—shall we introduce you to one? Reach down your Shakspeare—oh! you have it on your table already—'tis a good sign, and you have risen in our estimation. Now then, open the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—Fourth Act—Fourth Scene—Enter Launce and his Dog. There—the ladies are gone out for their morning ramble, so you may venture to read it aloud. Now that same Crab is the saddest dog it has ever been our hap to meet with "in tale or history." But there is, nevertheless, much to be said for him. He was never intended for a delicate "messan-doggie"—he was born to move in the middle ranks of canine society, and was spoilt, like many other very good sort of people in their way, by being elevated above his proper station. It was a gross error to introduce him among the "three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the Duke's table."—the result might have been anticipated. We should as soon have thought of taking him through the green-grocers' shops in Covent Garden Market. Yethow feelingly does his master lament his irrepressible cur-rishness! What a catalogue of misfortunes has he patiently undergone to shield his misdeserving pupil! And what an ungrateful, dry-eyed stoical beast of a dog is he—what a "cruel-hearted cur" not to "shed one tear"—not to "speak one word"—when "even a Jew would have wept to have seen the parting" of Launce and his kindred! And yet, you see, the dear, good, kind, forgiving soul loves him! and were it all to do again, he would bear it without a murmur! Were Launce, Sancho Panza, and Corporal Trim, those three unparalleled dependants, to come in a body to apply for our vacant footman's place, our whole kennel would plead irresistibly in favour of the first:—"Follow

us, friend, thou shalt serve us. If we like thee no worse after dinner, we will not part from thee yet."

Pray sir, do you read Greek?—We are delighted to hear it, for we are about to quote some, and it will save us the trouble and the inadequacy of a translation. We are going to present to your notice a "gentlemanlike dog" in reduced circumstances. Nay, do not smile, for the picture is, to our thinking, as beautiful and as touching as one as ever was painted by that "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," whom there are so many found to praise, and, alas! so few to read. Ulysses, the disguised Ulysses, and Eumæus, that trustiest of swineherds, have been conversing together before the palace, in whose polluted halls are revelling the licentious suitors, uncared for, unheeded, unheard by all save one, and that one—but let the Poet speak for himself.

Ἄν' δι' κύων κεφαλάν τε καὶ οὖνα καί μιν
ἴσχει

Ἄργος Ὀδυσῆος ταλασίφρονος, ὃν βέβηκε
πρὸς αὐτὸς

Θερίη μιν, οἷδ' ἀπύργου.

Yes! though he lay "uncared for, in much filth, and (alack the day!) swarming with dogticks"—though the limb was powerless with age and the frame wasted with hunger—the life, and the love, and the memory were strong in the old dog yet—the eye might have doubted, but the ear was sure:—"the trick of that voice he did well remember"—the servant knew his Lord!

Ὀυρὴ μιν β' ὄγ' ἴσχει, καὶ οὖνα κάρββαλον
ἄμφω

Ἄσσοι δ' οἶα ἔτ' ἵππου δυνάσταντο εἰς ἄνθρωπον

Ἐλθμιν· αὐτὰρ ἐνὶ σφιν ἰδὼν ἀπομύξατο
δάκρυ,

ῥῖα λαδὼν Εὐμαιον.

We doubt if that much-enduring man ever met in all his wanderings with a much harder trial than this, when he dared not, lest he should too soon disclose his real character, give way to the strong yearning of his soul, and tell his loved and faithful hound that *he* too was remembered. What mattered it?—he heard them as they

spoke of him—he knew by the kindly tone and the affectionate gaze that he was not forgotten,—and it was enough.

Ἄργος δ' αὖ κατὰ μοῖρ' ἔλαβας μάλιστα
βαιάτοις,

Αὐτίκ' ἰδὼν Ὀδυσῆα ἱκεσσύνῃ βιασσύνῃ.

Now turn to the episode in the original—and forgive us, if you can, that we have not quoted every line and every syllable that it contains.

One more dog-passage, gentle reader!—one more. The description does not come up to the inimitable simplicity of the old Greeks—as indeed how should it?—but it is very, very beautiful,—and quote it we must—for our own pleasure, if not for yours. He is the dog of Roderick, that "guilty Goth," whose fortunes have been so well and nobly sung in the lay which bears his name. He, too, like Argus, had a disguised master—he, too, listened doubtfully to a voice which fell upon his ear with a familiar, though long unwonted, tone:—he, as he lay,

— "eyeing him long

And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was, and in those sordid
weeds,

His Royal Master.

And he rose and licked

His withered hand, and earnestly looked
up

With eyes whose human meaning did not
need

The aid of speech; and moan'd as if at
once

To court and chide the long withheld caress."

Follow the exile as he retires from "that most painful interview"—unrecognised alike by the mother who bore him—by the maid who trusted:—known only to, followed only by—a dog! Mark him at last, "yielding way to his overburthened nature"—flinging his arms around his mute companion—and bursting forth into that touching cry of blended agony and affection—

"Thou, Theron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master!—Theron! none
but thou!"—

We will not add one syllable more to mar the effect of those two most beautiful passages.

A WEEK AT MANCHESTER.

I HATE railroads. Any one can love railroads, or like railroads, or praise railroads—but I hate railroads. I hate to be obliged to arrive at a railroad office a quarter of an hour before starting. I hate to be obliged to go and stand between certain pieces of wood nailed across and along to ask for a place. I hate to be made to go in at one end, and out at the other, just as if I had already commenced my imprisonment, and as though the turnkey had fastened down upon me all his iron, steam, and coals. I hate to see all my luggage and baggage taken from me, and placed, "*malgré moi*," on a stone pavement, quite naked and unprotected—boxes, trunks, shawls, ruffs, books, umbrellas, maps, sandwich boxes, all in one *hurly-burly*—and then to be told that I may go and claim my luggage, and arrange my luggage, just as I like. I hate to have to do with porters who never touch their hats, and who cannot be civil, because you are forbidden to give them a silver sixpence. I believe the poor fellows have not even pockets in their breeches, lest a stray shilling should by chance find its way into them. I hate to be made to wait for a steam-engine, and for a steam-engine never to wait for me. Horses will wait, and men will wait—and even sometimes, when you are young and handsome, or old and wealthy—or neither, and very agreeable (precisely my case) women or ladies will wait for you (ay, and the Lancashire witches too); but a steam-engine will not wait, for all its enjoyment appears to consist in rattling away, as hard as its lungs will admit, from Dan to Beersheba, and from London to Jericho, without so much as kissing its hand to the nymphs and maidens on the road. Then I hate to be "*numbered*." I had rather be named than numbered—and both are very disagreeable. To think that I was No. 71, and my daughter No. 73, though I am only 40, and my daughter only 18. It is a monstrously unpleasant thing when the "guard" asks No. 71 if he will give his ticket, and if No. 74 wishes to get out at "Tring." Then sometimes No. 74 "takes the

liberty of observing to No. 70 that it is a very fine day"—and "begs pardon of No. 72, and would be glad to know if he would have any objection to change places?" This ticketing system looks so much like the incipient portion of prison discipline—like the preparatory steps of a police surveillance—and so much resembles the system adopted at Paris, where a poor old apple-woman is numbered 13,194, and her apple stall 17,643—her dog, who is blind, and asks for alms, with a leather saucer in his mouth, 33,275; so that the police agent, if he has to make a charge against the aforesaid dog, begins his complaint as follows:—" *Monsieur le Commissaire*, As I was proceeding down the Rue St. Honore, in the section 36 of the district D, I saw 33,275 seated near 17,643, which was presided over by 13,194." And then follows the charge of the dog begging, and of the policeman reproving, and of the old woman getting angry, and of the dog barking, and of the table falling, and of all being taken into custody; the result of which is, that 33,275 is ordered to beg no more, 17,643 to fall no more, and 13,194 to scold no more a policeman such as 263, belonging to section Y of the arrondissement, No. IX. Well now, for my part, I hate this numbering and ticketing system—just on the very principle that I always did hate algebra. "Figures are figures, and letters are letters," said my dear maiden aunt Betsey; and she meant by that a great deal more than the ignorant would at first imagine. In fact, she meant, "down with algebra," and "long live the four rules of arithmetic." She would have had a horror of *numbering* a man, for she used to repeat the portrait of man by Buffon, and say, "everything pronounces him the sovereign of the earth." Then I hate to be boxed in the rail coach, or rail waggon, with a projecting impediment against all love and affection between myself and my next-door neighbour. Why, some of the pleasantest hours of my life have been, when some soft, gentle creature, in the form of a female stage-coach com-

panion, overcome by sleep, or wearied out with laughing, has at last placed her soft head on my soft shoulder, and gently slept for some two hours, unconscious of all that was passing around her, and absorbed in visions of bliss, or in dreams of nothingness. But none of these shoulderings, none of these tender and delicate attentions, can be practised or enjoyed in a steam-carriage. Oh, no! on the monster goes, sometimes at 20, then at 30, and often at 40 miles per hour, hissing, foaming, firing, snorting, groaning, and even bellowing, dragging behind him so many isolated beings, all divided by bits of lined and padded wood, called "head cushions," from each other, unable to speak to a neighbour, much less to make love to one. The man who invented such contrivances as these was some fierce Malthusian, some unregenerated Godwin, some deplorable, cross, fusty, wretched, disappointed, ugly old bachelor, who, after having made as many offers of marriage as he was years old, took to hating the softer sex, and condemning the rest of his species to travel with some No. 75 or 77, in a coach from London to Manchester, without scarcely being able even to see her features. Then I hate to be fastened in a coach, from which I cannot escape, except with the *certainty* of immediate death, without the permission of a steam-engine. I have seen horses for forty years. I have seen them on a theatre, and on a field of battle; in a camp, a stable, a carriage, a palace, a drawing-room; and every where I have found them obedient, tractable, kind-hearted, gentle, timid, noble. When I say "whoh," or "whoa," to a horse, why, he *whoh's* at once—or, in plain English, he stops. But you may say, or shout, "whoh," or "whoa," to a steam-engine, till your very heart shall break, and your very lungs shall burst, and he will pay no sort of attention to you whatever. There you are, six of you, isolated, each so many inches of coach, great or small, Daniel Lambert or good Mr Beardsall, the anti-intemperance Baptist minister of Manchester, as thin as a shaving, and quite as dry—you must all have the same number of inches, and no intrusion on the territory of your neighbour. Yes, there you are, fastened in, boxed in, so well secured, that if you had to make O'Rourke's journey

to the moon and back again, you need not be afraid of being jolted out. How infinitely preferable is the dear, old-fashioned system! When there is a long hill and a fine prospect, the horses stop, the guard gets down, opens the door, invites you to alight—you offer your arm to a lady—or, what is still more agreeable, the rest of your fellow-travellers descend, but the lady "prefers your pleasant society," and remains *tete-a-tete* with you, whilst thoughts breathe and words burn. But nothing of this "*sentimental*" travelling ever takes place in a railway coach. Poor Sterne would have been sadly put to it, if he had thus been compelled to journey in the French provinces! Then I hate never to be jolted, never to be rumbled about, to be whirled along iron bars, just like bales of goods, without a road, and only with rails. Then I hate not to alight when the horses ought to change; and when coals are taken in, instead of a fresh team, and cold water, instead of oats and beans. I hate not to hear the horses shake themselves, after having run their stage, not to see the fresh and bright blood four-in-hand, harnessed so brightly, and looking so pretty and prancing, reading for starting, waiting our arrival; not to receive the visit of the agile bar-maid, or buxom landlady, arranging their lips so invitingly, and asking you, "If you would like to take something?" Why are we to be deprived of their soft and sweet invitation, only to have in exchange the groanings of a huge iron tea-kettle, bursting with rage, or with steam? I do protest most heartily against this substitution of ugliness for beauty, hot steam for sweet breath, and angry roaring for smiling looks. Then I hate it "to be expected" that I am to eat Banbury cakes, and drink bottled ale at a precise distance from London, and so to eat and so to drink, wet or dry, light or dark, cold or warm, in the open air. No soup—no glass of hot brandy and water—no ham sandwich—no quiet mutton chop just done to a turn, and all ready for eating in a quarter of an hour—no dinner—no breakfast—no supper; but Banbury cakes and cold ale, from January to July, and from July to January. "If this monopoly shall be submitted to," said I, "we shall soon be prohibited from eating and drinking any thing

else; and besides this, we shall be compelled each man to eat so many cakes and drink so much beer." Then I hate to go every where at the same rate. Over the moor—through (not up) the hill—along the valley—across the river—every where, though the country be dull and uninteresting, verdant and laughing, or bold and romantic—every where, along we rattle and along we roar at the rate of forty miles per hour, excluding stoppages. I once saw an Englishman (but then he had a cork leg), stump through the Louvre in sixteen minutes. He boasted of his *feats* of rapidity, though he had but one foot, and I believe he undertook to see Europe in a month. Just so acts that steam-engine fellow, who drags you along up hill and down dale, without giving you permission or time even to exclaim, "How beautiful!"

Then I hate the horrible shriek of the wheels and carriages some three minutes before they stop, so horrible that your very teeth chatter, and your very head and ears ache or burn. I hope Dr Lardner will have the politeness to examine this *crying* evil, and invent some remedy for this awful system of setting our "teeth on edge." Should he not succeed in this matter, iron railways will soon be deserted. Then I hate not to be allowed a moment's time to tell a fellow-traveller, "Do look at Stafford Castle," for before I have finished my sentence, we are a mile off. And I hate not to have a minute even to look at the Cheshire hills, or at the Welsh mountains, but to be hurried by them all as if it were a sin to look at a hill, and an offence against nature to admire a mountain. Then I hate the insolent notice to passengers, couched in the following terms, as though the steam directors were government inspectors of their passengers' health and stomachs:—

"No smoking is allowed in the station houses. A substantial (hang their impudence!) breakfast may be had at the station house at Birmingham, by parties going by the early train; but no person is allowed to sell liquors or eatables of any kind upon the line."

Now, really this way of treating "their patrons the public." I do hate most cordially. Why should not *late*

breakfasts be allowed, as well as early ones? and why should not "light" breakfasts be allowed, as well as substantial ones? and why should not smoking be allowed in the station houses? Surely we do not travel by gunpowder, as well as by steam. If we did, there might be some danger in a cigar, but there can be none possibly from smoking in a station house. "It's the old system of straining at gnats, and swallowing camels," said friend Lloyd, the Quaker banker at Birmingham; "the smoke of 10,000 cigars would never equal that of one steam-engine. Yet the coal smoke is healthy, I suppose, and the cigar smoke otherwise." Bravo! Friend Lloyd. I think thy criticism well merited.

Then I hate to be left alone without the engine at all, as I was lately between Wolverhampton and Stafford, because the engine would not work well, and on it ran alone, leaving all the carriages forsaken, whilst the engine, being first unyoked, worked its course to Pankridge, and there got mended. Some three quarters of an hour afterwards the passengers heard it roaring back again, and then again we were dragged, nothing loath, the rest of our way. The guard gave no explanation. Horses there were none; coachmen none. The engineer had bratted off with the engine. And the "*boxed-up*," *well imprisoned* passengers, were obliged to remain in quietness and sulkiness, till it pleased the master to return. Then I hate to have a leg torn off my poor body if I get out of a carriage before it is locked, or an arm quietly born away in triumph by another train, if I happen to put it for a moment out of the window; or both eyes put out with dust and scalding steam, if I only forgot to close the windows as we pass through a tunnel. Then I hate not to be able to stop in less than five minutes, and then at some three miles distant, in case I desire to change my route, or alight, or should illness suddenly assail either myself or a fellow-passenger. Then I hate, when I arrive at the end of the journey, to have to watch for my luggage as a cat does for a mouse, and pounce upon it and drag it away (in spite of the furies), or else have it carried off in triumph by some one more nimble than myself. Then I hate to have to travel some

two miles from the station house to the town or city to which I am about to proceed, though the night be dark and gloomy, and though the train be some hours "*en retard*." All this I hate—yes, hate most cordially; and so, really and truly, I hate railroads! More celerity is the only advantage secured by these inventions; and as I am no Manchester warehouseman, Liverpool merchant, or Birmingham manufacturer, I cannot appreciate (as perhaps I ought to do) this steaming through England.

But as people will make railways, why, others will go and see them; and thus, more from pity for the poor shareholders, than from a wish to travel quickly, I consented to be shot through the air from Paddington to Harrow, Watford, Tring, Towaster, Daventry, Rugby, and Coventry, to Birmingham; and thence through Wolverhampton, Stafford, Whitmore, Hartford, and Warrington, to Manchester. I shall not describe the perils of the journey. If I had been a young man, a young Quakeress might have stolen my heart. If I had been a timid man, the various awkward signs and movements of the "roarer" might have shaken my nerves. If I had been a hungry man, the Banbury cakes and ale would have been but a poor substitute for a rump steak and a boiled potato. And if I had been a crusty man, the cross eyes of my opposite neighbour might have made me ill-tempered. But I provided against youth and falling in love, by having a daughter of eighteen by my side—against timidity, by fearing only God and my own conscience—against hunger, by eating a good luncheon before starting,—and against ill humour, by remembering that cross eyes are to be set down as an infirmity, and not as an offence. So, in spite of all misfortunes and annoyances, we got safely to Birmingham—supped and slept pleasantly at "The Stork"—and learned with pleasure that the Radical party had been for some time past rather on the wane, and that the Conservatives had waxed stronger and bolder, and had begun to speak out.

Few places have been worse managed by the Conservative party than Birmingham. Timothy East, the Radical Dissenter, educated at a place called Hackney College, has long

preached to his gaping auditory the "Woluntary principle." Addicted to much smoking, and to even more tattling, this reverend expounder of the "Woluntary principle" has taken of late to field preaching, and, during last summer, edified his auditory by scraps of Radical Methodism and illiterate Dissenterism. His contemporary, but *not* his coadjutor, Angell James, is a man of another calibre. Wealthy, fat, and saucy, he "lords it over his heritage" in Cave's Lane, and preaches to some four thousand persons against the laws and government of his country, which, according to him, are the sole causes of emigration. The lower orders flock by thousands to these ministrations, and laud the "Woluntary principle" to the skies, which supplies them with such prophets and with such teachers. But why are not the working classes taken out of the hands of these men? Why do not the Protestant Conservative clergy and laity of Birmingham establish a Conservative Association—offer Conservative prizes to the young—give Conservative lectures to the old—and teach heads of families to feel and to know that their best, their truest friends, are Conservatives? It is *not* true that the manufacturing poor of England are essentially Radicals. It is not true that they are averse to the clergy, to the aristocracy, to the Church, or to the State. But they are an enquiring, an examining, and an audacious population; but, let truth be presented to them, and they would be bold in its defence. The project now on foot, of building several additional churches at Birmingham, has been well received: it is a measure as necessary as it is wise. This is the beginning of good. The Wesleyans are separated from the Dissenters. This is another subject for gratitude and joy. Let the Church and the Wesleyans unite against the common enemy, and Birmingham may yet be saved from the Radicalism which threatens its destruction. Nothing would be easier in Birmingham than to make a mighty movement among the working classes in favour of true Protestant Conservative principles, if the Church and the Wesleyans would unite for this sacred purpose. We know the Wesleyans well. We know their loyalty, their talent, their union, their numbers,

their attachment to the Church of England, their conviction of the necessity for a state religion, their respect, nay reverence, for our clergy, their conviction "that it is the *duty* of a government to provide a religion for the lower orders," their abstinence from all attempts to diminish or out-vote church rates, their disapproval of the conduct of *political* dissenters, and their desire to see all that is truly Protestant in our institutions maintained and secured. We say, then, of Birmingham, as we shall say of Manchester—Let the Church and the Wesleyans unite, as far as union is possible, and let some sacrifices be made on both sides for securing a union, the advantages of which would be *universal* to the whole of this powerful empire.

The early train to Manchester conducted us to this manufacturing metropolis of the north; and, as the clock struck one, I found myself in Market Street. Oh what a scramble! What running! What galloping! How William Allen rushed to one omnibus, and James Carlton to another! There were the Hudsons and the Gardners, the Brooks and the Woods, the Westheads and the Winkworths, some short and some tall, some corpulent and some small, all rushing headlong down the street, one to his Medlock Castle, and another to his Pendleton Chateau, and a third to his villa in the Oxford Road, and a fourth to his mansion on Ardwick Green—whilst a fifth drove off in a "fly" to his fortified residence, actually defended by some half-dozen cannon, at the top of a hill in the environs of this vast northern capital. The rush was truly terrific. Henry Hunt and his Peterloo lads, did not fly with more precipitation before the Manchester yeomanry, than did all these merchants, bankers, and shopkeepers, warehousemen, and clerks, precipitate themselves from their mercantile establishments at this moment. The rush of the clans from the mountains—of the cataracts from the Alps into the valleys beneath—of three thousand pent-up school-boys, all detained for bad conduct, and then let out at once, only just in time to reach home before dark—of soldiers in a revolt—of Irish peasants in a row—of the Paris students at an *emeute*—might be compared to the scenes which may be daily witnessed in the "city" portion of Man-

chester when the clock strikes one. No other comparison could be instituted which could express this mighty movement as the moment of

DINNER

draws near! Now, I am willing to confess that I was ignorant, wholly ignorant, till I beheld the scene, that MANCHESTER dines at ONE!!! Rich, poor, ignorant, learned, Destructive, Conservative, Dissenter, Churchman—the mass—yes, the mass, all dine at one!! This would be a deplorable state of things for any people; but, for Manchester warehousemen, with their clerks, porters, servants, friends, visitors, all to rush at ONE o'clock to dinner, leaving the bank, the manufactory, the office—all—all—to take care of themselves—is that which no man in his senses would be justified in believing, unless ocular demonstration prevented him from doubting the accuracy of the fact. In a vast many houses of business, not even one solitary clerk is to be found at the counting-office from one to two—and, not in one out of fifty is the principal to be seen from one to three, and often from one to four! Thus, the very heart of the day—the very best portion for mercantile operations, when the light is best, when the head is clearest, and when, in almost all countries professing to be civilized, men devote their time to their most important avocations, is consumed at Manchester by the DINNER!

"What are your hours of breakfast and dinner?" I asked my amiable and pretty landlady, who resides in Lever Street. "At eight, sir, we breakfast; some take a little luncheon at eleven; we dine at one; drink tea at five—and sup at nine!"

"Mercy on us!" I replied, and I felt, as it were, crushed beneath the weight of such threatened provisions.

Now, only think of breakfasting at eight off tea and coffee—muffins and toast—eggs and broiled ham—and sometimes beef steaks and cold meat! There was a gentleman present named Thompson, who was no enemy to the conjunctive. He had always tea and coffee, muffins and toast, eggs and ham—whilst the host and hostess could scarcely find a moment of repose

from their multifarious occupations. And then, just think of that same Mr Thompson, taking luncheon at eleven—only a slice of bread and butter, a little cheese, a glass of sherry, and a thimbleful of brandy; and then imagine that same Mr Thompson, at five minutes past one, dispatching, in double quick time, fish for two, boiled mutton for two, pigeon-pie for one, roast beef for two, with ale upon ale, and potatoes upon potatoes, and then pudding, and tart, and cheese—and yet at five o'clock being hale, fresh, and hearty for tea and coffee, muffins and toast—ay, and cakes and tarts too (if they should fall in his way);—and at nine o'clock eating veal cutlets, or rump steaks, roast fowl, or cold roast beef, as if his last meal had been that day fortnight. “You have a good appetite, Mr Thompson,” I ventured to remark. “Not so good as I *had*, seven years ago,” was the reply. I raised my eyes more in sorrow than in anger—more from pity than wrath. “Well, sir, you *still* have a good appetite,” I rejoined. “Yes, sir, but I drink accordingly,” he retorted; and there closed our conversation. These habits of frequent, early, and large eatings and drinkings in Manchester are *very deplorable*. I mean what I say—they are *very deplorable*. Food, cakes, meat, sandwiches, biscuits, wines, meet you in every direction. It is called *hospitality*. I wish less of that virtue, or at least less of it in *this form*, existed in Manchester. There are some as “real good men and true,” as “ever broke bread,” in that wealthy old city, in spite of its early dinners and four meals *per diem*; but I do pray the aristocracy, at least, of that northern capital, to set a better example to the democracy than they do in *this* respect, and to begin with dinner at *five*, suppress luncheons altogether, abolish suppers, and let not each day be consumed in the devouring of four meals, at the horrible hours of eight, one, five, and nine.

There is another very disagreeable practice in Manchester, which some would call *touting*, but which there rejoices in the name of *hooking*. A strange face in High Street is the signal for the *hooks* to begin, and blessed is the man who can escape being *hooked* some scores of times in the course of half an hour's walk. In order that I might make no possible mistake about *hooks* and *hooking*, I

consulted a work of vast celebrity, published in Manchester, entitled “A Code of Common Sense, or Patent Pocket Dictionary, by Geoffrey Gimcrack, Gentleman:” and in this repository of Lancashire wit, fun, and frolic, I found it thus written—

“HOOKER-IN (See *Catchflat*). A gudgeon angler. A legion of honour to certain public companies. An outdoor bailiff. A button-holder. A lobby-waiter at an inn. This word is *not* national, and is only provincial; it is best understood and in most frequent use at Manchester.”

I then turned to the word *Catchflat*, and found as follows:—

“CATCHFLAT AND COMPANY. A large tolerated trading community in Manchester. (See Hooker.)”

And that “HOOKER or Hook, a gudgeon angler.”

The *hooks* are the men who hook. Sometimes they are called *hookers*. *Hooking* is the art they practise. To be hooked is to be pounced upon, laid hold of, taken by the arm, patted upon the shoulder, stroked down the back, interrupted in your quiet stroll, begged in, drawn in, persuaded in, by the hooks aforesaid, who are men in the employment of certain Manchester warehousemen in High Street, Market Street, &c. &c., paid to persuade the strange faces in Manchester that their merchandise is the very best, that their prices are the very lowest, and that, to adopt their own peculiar phraseology, “they have a lot of galloons and doubles they can put you in for next to nothing.” If the bait taker, you are hooked. In you are shown to the warehouse. The inside hooks receive you from the hands of the outside ones: and you are banded and boxed about from hook to hook, and from floor to floor, till either you have purchased for half your fortune, or have driven the young men wild, by your obstinate refusal to buy.

“—, my lad,” said ——— to his favourite hook, “look about to-day! As I went to Lever Street to dinner, I saw a shoal of ‘em arrive. They have gone to the White Bear, and will be out soon.” The ‘em meant the gudgeons, *i. e.* the persons to be hooked—*i. e.* new and strange faces, who, on reaching Manchester by the railway, put up at the commercial house the White Bear. Now, as ——— is a radical hook of the first celebrity, a word from ——— was suf-

ficient; and at half-past three he paced —, Market Street, and distributed in up and down before the celebrated No. profusion the following inviting card:

"HOSIERY (unparalleled). GLOVES (unequalled). LACE (unrivalled). RIBBONS (of endless variety). SILKS (superior to those of Lyons). VELVETS (the best in Europe). SATINE (sought for from all quarters of the globe). GROS DE NAPLES (from Naples). SARSENETS (from Dresden). PERSIANS (from Persia). CRAPES (the *ne plus ultra* of perfection). BOMBAZINES (better than those of Norwich). BANDANAS (from India). ROMALS (from Rome). SILK STOCKS (from Paris). GAUZE (light as a feather). ZEPHYR, &c. (fresh imported from the Sun). COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS and SCARFS (from China). PLAIN, SPUN, and PRINTED HANDKERCHIEFS (dirt cheap). GALLOONS and DOUBLES (given away for nothing). SEWING SILKS (which never break). TWIST (which is never untwisted). BUTTONS (whose shanks never break). BRACES (warranted to last forty years, and be as good as new afterwards). TAPES and BED LACES (the like of which never was seen before). WHALEBONE (that never breaks). WIRES and PINS (of 300 sorts and sizes). PASTEBOARDS (white, black, and grey—turn round three times and choose which you may). UMBRELLAS (warranted never to wear out). SEWING COTTON (which never breaks). BALLS and REELS (without music). KNITTING COTTON (as strong as love). BONNET COTTON (rather too good). COTTON CORD (strong enough to hang with), and WORSTED, WOOLLEN, and VIGONIA YARNS (to see which alone is enough to restore sight to the blind)."

"Come," said I, as — inveigled his arm into mine, without the slightest movement on my part of intention to purchase, "come, sir, what do you take me for?" "A wealthy purchaser," replied —. "You are mistaken, my friend; I am only a traveller for amusement, and have come to enjoy a week's recreation at Manchester." For a moment the radical hook looked abashed, but it was only for a moment. "Never mind, sir—never mind—travellers wear stockings, sir; gloves, sir; give lace to their daughters, sir; ribbons to their sweethearts, sir; silks to their mothers, sir; velvets to their wives, sir; satins, Gros de Naples, sarcsenets and Persians, to all their female friends, sir. I think you are in mourning, sir? Excellent crapes and bombazines, sir; will put them in for nothing, and pay you for buying them, sir; bandanas and romals for yourself, sir; must take a little care of oneself, sir; silk stocks for No. 1, sir; gauze and zephyrs for your picture-frames and looking-glasses, sir; dare say you've a fine collection, sir; Canton handkerchiefs and scarfs for your nephews and nieces, sir; plain spun and printed handkerchiefs for your servants, sir; galloons and doubles for domestic purposes, sir; sewing silks, twist, and buttons, for your wife's work-box, sir; braces for yourself, sir; tapes, bed laces, whalebone, wire, and pins, for your daughters, sir; pasteboards for your ladies, sir, who doubtless draw, sir; umbrellas, the most necessary article of all at Manchester, sir, for out of 366 days in a year, sir, it rains 365, sir; sewing cottons, balls, and reels, for good housewife, sir; no doubt your lady an excellent housewife, sir; knitting cotton, bonnet cotton, cotton cord, all for the fair sex, sir; and as to our worsted, woollen, and Vigonia yarns, pray, walk in, sir—walk in, sir"—and in I was walked, quite perplexed, embarrassed, and stunned by this hurricane of words. What transpired during the first few moments of this my most unexpected *hooking*, I will not attempt to describe. If I did not lose my senses, I at least lost my presence of mind; but I was soon roused from a sort of bewildering reverie by the importunities of a young man, who asked me "What article he should show me?" Now, as I had no notion of purchasing any article at all, my reply was "Gold." This was sadly embarrassing to the youth in question, and he told me to walk up stairs. Determined to see the frolic fairly out, I pursued my course—ascended floor after floor, encountering clerk after clerk—and always assailed by the same question, "What article shall I show you, sir?" My reply was uniformly the same, "Gold;" till at last I arrived at — himself. To him I explained how I had been *hooked*, how I had protested, and how I had replied; but he could not see the wit of answering "gold" instead

of "galloons," and did not appear at all convinced, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, of the impropriety of "hooking." — is, after all, a very good-natured man.

Though — is the most notorious hook in all Birmingham, he is by no means the *only* one of acknowledged merit. —, —, and — have long distinguished themselves by their audacity; and I was credibly informed that the six most noted hooks bear the awful titles of "Plague," "Pestilence," and "Famine," "Battle," "Murder," and "Sudden Death." I believe that — is honoured with the title of *Plague*; and really he well deserves it. I wish the merchants and warehousemen of Manchester would call a meeting, the special object of which should be, to discountenance and put down all *hooks* and *hooking*. Let only the resolution be passed, that any merchant or warehouseman employing a *hook* shall be sent to Coventry, and that no commercial or friendly relations shall be maintained with him, and, in less than two days, the system would be knocked on the head. It is really disgraceful to houses of opulence and respectability, in a place like Manchester, to employ servants and clerks to hustle and maul about every new-comer, with a view of getting him to enter their depots of merchandise. There is no parallel to it but in Rag Fair or Broker Row.

But the birth-place of "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster"—

"Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To treat your majesty to visit him"—

deserves some other notice than complaints against its early dinners and its annoying "hooks." It was in Manchester that Hugh Oldham was born, a worthy predecessor, by two hundred years, of the present Bishop of Exeter. He founded the Grammar School of Manchester, to this day an institution worthy of the capital which contains it. It was in this same old-fashioned town that John Bradford, the Protestant Reformer, first drew his breath; and, in the early part of his career, the people not being ready in embracing the Word of God, he deprecated, in the warmth of his energy, the indifference they displayed, and

prophesied that, as a punishment for their lukewarmness, the *mass* should be again said in the collegiate church, and the profane mummeries of the past age of superstition again be enacted within its walls. And when, on the death of Edward, Mary ascended the throne, and Popery again became the state religion, *mass* *was* celebrated in that church, and the pageantry of Robin Hood and Maid Marian was enacted, as of yore, within its chancel, men looked upon Bradford as a prophet, and many hundreds became secretly converts to his creed. His last words, as the flames began to consume his mortal frame, were these,—“O England, England, repent thee of thy sins! Beware of idolatry; beware of antichrists, lest they deceive thee.”

In Manchester, too, it was that the celebrated Doctor John Dee was born, who became so celebrated, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, for his "communion with spirits," and his powers of "enchantment." The pages of biography present us with few lives so full of thrilling interest as those of Dee, whose power "to cast out evil spirits" was believed at every court in Europe, most of which he visited, and, after the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, died at the advanced age of eighty-one, with a broken heart and ruined fortunes, in his old dilapidated mansion at Mortlake.

Here, too, John Booker, the astrologer and impostor, whose *Bloody Irish Almanac* is as scarce as it is curious, was born; and John Byrone, the inventor of short-hand, and the tool of the Stuarts, whose powers of satire were of the highest order, and whose muse, at that time, was second to few. The name of Dr Thomas Percival is also associated with Manchester, and of whom the late Archbishop of Dublin has written,—“He was an author without vanity, a philosopher without pride, a scholar without pedantry, and a Christian without guile.” Thomas Barritt, the devoted disciple of antiquarianism, was also a native of the town of Manchester; and Thomas Henry, whose chemical discoveries have placed him high on the list of the benefactors of science, and the improvers of the human race. The honoured name of Doctor Dalton likewise belongs to Manchester. His

meteorological knowledge was the most perfect ever yet attained; and his *New System of Chemical Philosophy* will survive many a rolling year, as a memorial of his vast research and deep powers of thought and combination. And why should not Sir Robert Peel, the father of the present statesman, though not born in Manchester, yet be connected with it? It would be unjust to deprive the town of that honour. He was one of the most active, intelligent, and successful of the merchants who frequented her markets; and, when a banker in that place, added to his former reputation by his honourable and consistent conduct. Few men have contributed more than the father of the present Sir Robert Peel to the commercial prosperity of Manchester. Good Mrs Fletcher, whose *Lays of Leisure Hours* have enabled us all, in our turn, to pass a leisure hour most pleasantly; and Henry Liverseege, the painter; and Charles Swain, the poet, of whom, and of whose writings, Southey has said, "Swain's poetry is made of the right materials: if ever man were born to be a poet, he was; and if Manchester is not proud of him yet, the time will certainly come when it will be so,"—were all natives of that place. And, finally, Ainsworth, the author of *Winter Tales*, Sir John Chiberton, *Rookwood*, and *Crichton*; and De Quincey, whose *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* are part and parcel of the literature of the country.

With such a phalanx of recommendations and associations, it would indeed be extraordinary if I had nothing worthy of recording of this northern capital, but its faults or its follies. Its early dinners, its four meals *per diem*, and its commercial *hooks*, are there only the spots in the sun; and I am much mistaken, if, before I terminate my week's journal, it will not be understood and felt, that really many more than seven days may be passed most agreeably in this manufacturing metropolis of the north.

Good Mr Wheeler has written a most capital book, entitled, *Manchester; its political, social, and commercial history, ancient and modern*. He begins at the beginning, and goes on to the end, conducting his delighted readers from the time of the aborigines, when Manchester "was ori-

ginally a dense forest, the domain of birds and beasts," to the period when, in May 1836, there were employed in the cotton-mills of Manchester, 24,447 males, and 29,210 females. As, however, his book can be purchased of my friends Love and Barton, in Market Street, for the small sum of twelve shillings, I shall not do him the injustice to cite page after page from its admirable contents, but intreat all lovers of topographical history to procure, without delay, this most valuable addition to any library; besides which, after the following appeal to the critics, which we extract verbatim from his Introduction, we should really be incurring a fearful responsibility were we to utter a single word but in its favour:—"Ready means of acquiring information on these topics have long been needed; and surely he who has striven to supply them, albeit prompted to the task in part by the pardonable ambition of having his name associated with that of his native town, may fairly claim that, if he be summoned at all before the *securifera caterva* of critics, their dreadful hatchets may be veiled, as of old, in the peace-proclaiming *fasces*, and his work be spared from actual annihilation."

But, who is this, with smiling face and benignant mien, approaching us, in front of the Infirmary—a true specimen of an English gentleman, who has made his fortune in Manchester—"owes all he has of respect and happiness, wealth and rank, to Manchester;" and who is "resolved, by the blessing of God, to do all he can to promote its welfare and improvement?" This is THOMAS TOWNEND, of the Polygon, the treasurer of the godlike institution, before which we are placed, and the liberal supporter of every society which has for its object either the moral or physical amelioration of the population of his native town. Possessed of an immense fortune, a well-improved mind, a noble and generous heart, of easy and gentlemanly manners, and of true Protestant Conservative principles, Thomas Townend is just the sort of man who should be returned to Parliament, if his modesty did not make him shrink from so conspicuous a position, and cause him to tremble lest he should not perform, to his own satisfaction, the important duties of a British legislator. But such a man as

Thomas Townend is of the sort, the class of men, whom we should wish to see elected in our manufacturing districts, taking with them all the weight and influence which wealth, intelligence, enlightened patriotism, and moral character must confer. His daughter, the image of his mind, is worthy of such a father; and we passed many happy hours in their elevated and agreeable society.

Let us into the Infirmary. It is situated in Piccadilly, in the heart of Manchester. In the course of the year, about 20,000 patients profit from its establishment, and from the Dispensary which is connected with it. But whom have we here? It is Wilson, one of the surgeons of the establishment. He invites us to accompany him round the wards, to see the cases under his management—and it is too good an occasion for a careful examination of this admirable institution, not to avail ourselves of his offer.

Wilson is a fine-hearted, noble, generous creature, an excellent surgeon, a perfect anatomist, with a steady hand, piercing eye, gentle heart, but manly and vigorous mind. He is most assiduous in his attentions to the poor creatures who come under his inspection; and they received his visits with evident gratitude and affection. What a deplorable complication of calamities did we witness, principally the result of accidents at the various mills and manufactories in the town! Notwithstanding all the perfection of the machinery in Manchester, the mere coming in contact with so many wheels, perpetually in motion, and with such large and weighty bodies—and the constant working of steam-engines, with all their dependencies, must entail many physical evils, and bring about many a case of cruel suffering and loss of limb. So we saw feet torn off from legs, and arms severed from bodies, and hands literally crushed, and heads laid open to the brain. But all was cleanliness, order, attention, neatness, and with the solitary exception of a poor fellow, with an approaching lock-jaw, all appeared to be progressive. The large "*salles*" in which the patients are placed, are light, airy, and well lighted. The walls are cleanly, the bedsteads are iron, the temperature of the rooms is well maintained; there is a perfect freedom from unpleasant odours; and

the students appeared to be quiet and delicate in their attention to their patients. The food of the Infirmary was good—the bread of a most excellent character—the beer very palatable; and we learnt with pleasure, that patients in a state of convalescence are allowed to choose their own viands, be they ever so expensive. There, however, as every where else in England, baths form too little of the regular and accustomed *régime* of the sick. In France, the baths are every moment at hand, in which to place the sufferers, and they are used as well to promote cleanliness, as to diminish pain, and subdue disease. In Manchester, the bath is a state affair; and the patient has to be carried into an adjoining room, and across a stone gallery, to the bath-room. We thought, also, that the fact of the wards being on the first and second floors, was rather a drawback—and we prefer, as much as possible, that patients shall be on the ground, or first floors. On the whole, however, we were gratified with our visit to the Infirmary; and, above all, to learn that the most assiduous and proselyting visits of the Papist priests to the poor patients, and that at late hours of the night, were to be in future discontinued, and spiritual advice and consolation administered by an established and permanent chaplain. Not, indeed, that any Papist is to be debarred the visits of his priest, if he desire it; but, on the other hand, that poor Protestants are not to be assailed and disturbed in their hours of weakness, sorrow, and suffering, by these ministers of a religion to which they did not adhere in their days of health and of gladness, and who avail themselves of the then state of the sufferers, to obtain from them their assent to a faith which, inadvertently, they may then adopt. Let the real *bona fide* Papist be allowed to receive the visits of his priest: but let his visits be to the *bona fide* Papist only, and not to the Protestant poor in the Infirmary.

Besides his attention to the sufferers at the hospital, Wilson has a large and highly respectable practice in the town, where he appears to be honoured with the esteem and confidence of the wealthy and the wise. To Manchester belongs the honour of having established the *first provincial* school of medicine and surgery, and the example thus set, has been followed by

Birmingham, Sheffield, Bristol, Hull, Nottingham, and other towns. In the Infirmary, in one year, 4058 cases of accidents were admitted—and 135 capital operations performed in it. The fever ward contains 100 beds, and the Lying-in Hospital, Lunatic Asylum, Charlton-on-Medlock Lying-in Charity, Eye Institution, Lock Hospital, and the six dispensaries, also offer the most abundant supplies, both of medical and surgical information. The medical schools in Manchester are now in a flourishing and satisfactory state—and the day cannot be far distant, when the restriction placed upon the pupils' attendance on the surgical practice at the Royal Infirmary, by the Council of the College of Surgeons in London,—inasmuch, as this large institution does not enjoy equal privileges respecting certificates of attendance on the surgical practice, with some of the hospitals in London, containing scarcely fifty beds,—will no longer be necessary, and must, therefore, be done away. There was a time, and that not remote, when the question of provincial medical schools was at best a doubtful one, and when there was reason to apprehend that the courses of public instruction pursued in the metropolis, would be superseded or interfered with by these local establishments. But experience has shown that these apprehensions were ill founded; and it is now demonstrated, that the general interest of the profession has been promoted by the spirit of emulation, and increased activity and zeal, excited amongst the metropolitan lecturers, by the generous rivalry of provincial teachers.

The institutions of Manchester partake of the character of the people, and the nature of their occupations and pleasures. This is always the case; and the character of a city or town may be tested by its public buildings. In Paris, you behold the churches of former days, and the theatres of present times. In London, there are shipping, bridges, banks, custom-houses, and every thing denoting the existence of a vast commercial people. In Manchester, there are factories, schools, churches, chapels, hospitals, the Royal Institution, the Natural History Society, the Mechanics' Institution, the Exchange Room, the Chamber of Commerce, but two theatres, a savings' bank, medical schools, Hu-

mane Society, Provident Society, Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the Jubilee, or Ladies' Female Charity School. It was a jubilee to us, to witness so much of moral and physical good being communicated to so many thousands of our fellow-creatures by these public establishments.

The CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL in Burnet Street, Manchester, is worth travelling from Constantinople and back again in the dead of the winter, merely to see for a few hours. Imagine a large building—an immense building, of five stories high, well lighted, well warmed, clean, healthy, and ventilated, filled on a Sunday with six separate schools of 500 each, all trained up in the doctrine and discipline of our blessed and glorious Church of England. Imagine 500 of these children (bless their pretty tongues!) all singing at the tip-top of their voices the delicious hymn of Heber, the mere perusal of which causes the heart to gladden and revive!

“ From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.”

And then imagine six of these schools, all forming part of one great school of 3000 children, all singing one after the other this appeal to British benevolence and to British piety! I know of nothing in the wide world so lovely as children, and nothing so harmonious as children's voices—and I would rather have a game of play with a child than talk politics or literature, science or poetry, with the wisest man on earth—and would rather listen to the music of these 3000 children singing on a Sunday the praises of their God, than to any music or melody out of heaven. Upon my word I would. Our companion in this visit was a man of whom all Manchester has a kind word to say, Mr William Townend of High Street. He is the brother of Thomas Townend, of the Polygon, of whom we have already spoken. How the dear children's eyes brightened up, as they saw this excellent man enter their respective school-rooms! They appeared to feel towards him as

to a father. It was really delightful to witness so much gratitude and love. The schools are held during the greatest portion of the day on Sunday, and sermons are preached, prayers read, and instruction given in these various rooms. The system of teaching is partly that of Doctor Bell. The teachers are numerous and attentive, and appear to take a deep interest in their work. The scholars are so admirably classed, and so efficiently directed, that we never saw in any scholastic establishment such perfect order and discipline.

I have observed, during the last few years, with deep regret, the increased attention which is paid by the members of the Church of England, to that portion of the services of the church, which is peculiarly human in its character—I mean the *services* of the clergy; and how much less attention is paid to the Liturgy, prayers, and praises of public worship. This is an importation from the dissenting school. In most dissenting chapels, where the service lasts from one hour and forty minutes to two hours, not more than ten minutes are devoted to the reading the word of God, not more than a quarter of an hour to prayer; and, with the exception of two short hymns, or selections from them, the rest of the time is occupied by the *sermon*. This lamentable inattention to the most important parts of divine worship is gaining ground in the Church of England; not, indeed, that its sublime prayers are not read, but the responses are too often left to the parish-clerk alone to make, and the prayers are “got over” with too great precipitation. Hence, also, arises the fact, that many Episcopalians now reach church when the prayers are half over, and sometimes during the communion service, “just in time for the sermon”—as though to praise God, to pray to Him, to confess our belief in Him, and to hear His most holy revelation read to the great congregation, were inconsiderable portions of public worship. At some churches in Manchester, I observed that this most deplorably bad habit of attending late at divine service was gaining ground. But there, as elsewhere, this was often the fault of the incumbent or his substitute. Where the prayers are well read, loudly, distinctly, with due emphasis, and evi-

dent conviction of their importance, the congregation is sure to do its duty, and to be regular and early in attendance. I was much pleased, more than I can tell, with the reading of prayers at St. George's, Hulme, by the incumbent, the Rev. Mr Lingard, who, though inclined to Puseyism in his opinions, is a zealous and faithful, active and able clergyman. Mr Lingard has lately taken for his curate the Rev. Charles Baldwin, one of the sons of Mr Baldwin, the proprietor of the *Standard*, and the Conservative candidate for the borough of Lambeth. I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr Baldwin preach an admirable and effective sermon, on the necessity of leaving to the *authorized*, duly educated, and Episcopally ordained clergy, the task of explaining to the people the word of God. *Hook's Sermon* before the Queen, had made a profound impression in Manchester. That impression had extended to Mr Lingard and Mr Baldwin, and they felt the necessity of rendering more pre-eminent than ever the fact, that there is such a thing as *schism*, and that schism is not a failing, but a sin. Mr Baldwin bids fair to become a bold, manly, and enlightened defender of the Church of England, himself a living proof of the influence it exercises on the character and usefulness of its ministers. Mr Lingard is a man of considerable acquirements, and of agreeable and social talents, and whose pastoral exertions are not unknown to, or unappreciated by the Pastoral Aid Society.

There are few places in the world where so much money is given as at Manchester, and, therefore, charity sermons, or public meetings for charities, are almost daily. I was present at one of these meetings, in the Corn Exchange. It was presided over by the Rev. Hugh Stowell. The object was a Protestant Irish charity, and the delegates were Irish clergymen. Acting on their new tactics, the Papists sent to the meeting one of their agents, who insisted on the *right* of speaking, and who created a scene of such noise and confusion, that the religious festival resembled a bear-garden riot. Although, on most occasions, public meetings, held to discuss Romanist doctrines, I deplore, rather than applaud, yet there are moments when such assemblies are desirable, and there are events which

fully justify them. But this was a meeting of a different character, and Mr Stowell was quite right in refusing, as chairman, "to submit to the dictation of Papist emissaries." This was a *Protestant* meeting, convoked to support a Protestant object; and as those only were invited who were favourable to the measure, the Papists, if they attended, owed it to the rules of order, peace, and good-breeding, to be quiet. When Protestants do all attend at Papist meetings and interrupt their deliberations, the Romanists will have the right of retaliation; but until such a deplorable line of conduct shall be adopted by them (and which I hope never will be the case), the presidents of public meetings will do well to imitate the bold and manly conduct of Mr Stowell, and refuse to allow Papist advocates to interrupt the harmony of Protestant associations.

Although, however, there are few places in the world where "the art of giving" is so well understood as at Manchester, there are a vast many persons who resort to the old-established custom of inventing excuses for their avarice or meanness. The grand arcanum of their art is to get out of all giving, by setting one charitable institution in competition with another: so that when their subscription is asked to forward the one, they descant warmly in behalf of the other. Thus, suppose their assistance is required to form a fund to relieve married women at their own houses during their lying-in; this being a particular and limited object, the Manchester non-giver will declare himself in some such terms as the following, in favour of the general one:—"Do you all you can, sir, with your lying-in-at-home-plan, you can but make them comfortable by halves; for you never can render their accommodations at home such as persons in their situation require: a general hospital would answer the purpose so much better, that I wonder the committee did not think of that. No, sir, you must excuse me, I never support half measures."

But, suppose, on the other hand this plan to have been the one adopted, and that the application is in favour of a lying-in hospital: against these institutions the non-giver will inveigh as encouraging vice by indiscriminate admission; or, if indiscriminate ad-

mission be not allowed, against the cruelty of excluding any female in such a situation; adding, "that he is surprised such and such things did not occur to the committee."

The friends of the Bible Society are numerous and active; should one of them apply to these systematic non-givers, he has always "the Bartlett's Buildings Society" to call to his aid; or, in Ireland the association for discountenancing vice, &c.; and he will declare, with a broad and saucy face, "that he cannot conceive how the common people are to derive any advantage from reading the Prophecies of Ezekiel, or the Epistles of St Paul; that he sees no advantage likely to result from distributing Bibles among an uneducated peasantry, and that he wishes the attention of the nation were turned to a system of general education."

Where any society proposes to merge every petty difference, and to unite all parties in furthering some benevolent object, the non-giver will refuse his subscription, by alleging, "For my part, I don't pretend to that false liberality which professes to know no distinction among the poor or the unhappy; and I think all religions ought to take care of their own poor." Should any society deem it expedient to adopt a different line of conduct, and to limit its constitution and its operations to one particular religious denomination, and on this principle apply to the non-giver for support; his answer at Manchester is, "I cannot support this society, sir, for it has fallen into the hands of a party. I abhor the idea of making any distinction among the objects of charity."

When applied to, to support a missionary society, they answer, "What can a black fellow know about religion? How can you make a Greenland understand Christianity? Lay a substratum of civilisation, and begin by teaching them to take care of their bodies, before you say any thing of their souls." To enable these non-givers to act on this principle to the fullest extent, they inform themselves of the fundamental regulations of each society, and then, in order to get rid of some importunate and pressing applicant, they ask, with an apparently most candid and innocent air, why some rule (which would have been directly

subversive of the principles of the society), was not adopted: and often add, that if such and such a regulation were passed (which they know never could be), they would at once subscribe. Thus, these men "would willingly subscribe to the British and Foreign Bible Society, if prayer-books were distributed as well as Bibles;" or to the Hibernian Bible Society, "if they would consent to circulate the Douay Testament;" or to Dr Bell's schools, "if they would consent simply to make selections from the Holy Scriptures, instead of placing the whole Bible in the hands of infants."

In spite of all these non-givers, so numerous, and so formidable in Manchester, there are, it must be avowed, a powerful body of givers; many of them party ones, ostentatious ones, and reluctant ones; but take the mass together, very large, wealthy, and important givers. Of course, the Church of England stands, as usual, at the head of the list; next the Wesleyans; and then at an almost immeasurable distance, the Independents and other branches of Dissenters.

But, though Protestants and Protestantism occupied a large portion, it did not consume all my time at Manchester: and it is now time to turn to some of the public institutions and private circles of that wealthy and powerful place.

What a splendid collection of pictures there is to be seen in Market Street, the property of Mr William Townend. There is a Minerva, by Rubens, protecting the genius of Charity, Plenty, &c. from the rapine of war; a landscape by Aubel Comaci; the Virgin with the infant Saviour appearing to St Anthony, who is bending on his knees before them in adoration, by Vandyke; the Rich Man and Lazarus, by old Franks; a Glen, with Warriors reposing, by Salvator Rosa; and a Battle-piece, a representation of the Crusades, by the same master; Angels administering to the penitent Magdalen, by Guido; a Spanish larder, by Velasquez; an Italian sea-port, by Claude; a sketch by Gainsborough; a young Spanish lady reading in a book, by Morrello; a small head of Christ, by Carlo Dolci; a landscape, representing twilight, by Rembrandt; a Virgin and Child, by Raphael; and such an Ecce Homo, by Carlo Dolci, as I would travel from

Manchester to Land's-End barefoot and bareheaded in the burning days of July but to gaze on for a quarter of an hour. Then there are three saints by Raphael; the adoration, by Rembrandt; a Virgin and Child, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a small fishing-piece, by Veruet; a portrait of an old Woman, by Rembrandt; a portrait of a Fiddler, by Ostade; a portrait of a Lady, by Vandyke; a Gentleman drinking, by Rubens; the Murder of the Innocents, by Poussin; and two Frescos, by Paul Veronese. Teniers' Dutch Boors at Bowls, is delicious; Guido's Angels administering to the penitent Magdalen, is perfect; and the Misers, by Quintin Matsys, is the *ne plus ultra* of life and genius—it is perfectly magical. These are, however, but a few of the beauties of this matchless collection. This gallery is to be sold. What a disgrace to the town of Manchester that it does not purchase it! The proprietor has had its value estimated by a jury of the most competent judges, and the price is L.19,000. It is worth double that sum, if it be worth a farthing. But take it at L.19,000, the official estimate, how lamentable and how disgraceful it is, that Manchester, with its millions of wealth, and of floating unemployed capital, should allow such a collection as this to be disposed of by a sort of lottery or raffle. Yet this is the case; and tickets of five pounds each to the number necessary to make up the L.19,000, are being privately placed by the proprietor. I call this a disgrace to such a town as Manchester, where the Wesleyan Methodists alone, in four days, raised L.28,000 towards their centenary fund. For my part, I fear that the French Civil List may run away with some of the most valuable of these pictures to adorn their gallery at Versailles, already so richly stored with every work of art. Why should not Manchester have its gallery as well as Versailles? It is not a want of taste, or of manly patriotism, that kept back the good men of Manchester from this, or from any other generous and noble act; but "business—business," absorbs all their time—and men who will dine at two o'clock cannot be expected to assemble together to form a truly national gallery of painting and sculpture. And, really, the Royal Manchester Institution, in

spite of all its unquestionable merits, is sadly in want of such a collection. This institution claims a rank, if not the first, at least the second place in the literary and scientific associations of the town. The "Manchester Institution, for the Promotion of Literature, Science, and the Arts," was founded in 1823, and one of its first objects was the establishment of a collection of the best models that can be obtained in painting and sculpture, the opening of a channel through which the works of meritorious artists may be brought before the public, and the encouragement of literary and scientific pursuits by facilitating the delivery of popular courses of public lectures. The annual income of this society is, unhappily, too small to admit of its being as useful as otherwise it would be, for its receipts are only £480—and its expenditure, in chief rents, taxes, insurances, porters' wages, &c., &c., £450, leaving only an insignificant balance of £30, applicable to lectures, &c. The building, in Mosley Street, has absorbed about £23,000, and that which was originally designed to be expended in enriching the interior of the edifice with works of art, has been devoted to the exterior construction. How sad it is that a vast effort is not made in Manchester to raise a large permanent fund, the income of which shall be for ever appropriated to the gradual, but certain improvement of this important society.

The "Natural History Society of Manchester" is justly celebrated for its beautiful ornithological collection. The geological and mineralogical collections are less striking; and the foreign fish, foreign crustacea, and foreign shells, present but little of moment. The collection of quadrupeds is inconsiderable; that of South American fruits attracts much notice; but all are unimportant when compared to the collection of birds. Cuvier's classification is followed in the arrangement, though a great number of specimens will be found, not named by that great philosopher and naturalist. On the whole, this society is entitled to great praise, and cannot fail of being admired by all who visit it.

Of course, I visited the Exchange Room, the Portico, the Chamber of Commerce, the Manchester Subscription Library, and the Concert Hall, the latter of which is respectably supported by six hundred annual subscrib-

ers of five pounds. Of the Savings' Bank and Mechanics' Institution I only know this—that they are both thriving.

But, above and before all things, Manchester is the town for business. All attempts to Radicalise it must therefore fail. The working classes are not on the whole democratic. Parson Stephens may preach Radicalism and levelling to a few hundred vagabonds—as Henry Hunt once did the same thing, on the now almost forgotten field of Peterloo. But take the people in mass in Manchester—they are essentially men of business. Every thing is subservient to their warehouses, their customers, and their correspondence. This is undoubtedly the great cause of their wealth and prosperity—and is one reason why they are pacific and loyal. Occasional ebullitions are but of little real importance. In a few weeks the traitor and the treason are forgotten—and the men return to the power-looms, or the self-acting mule, with all their wonted energy and accustomed delight. But then, as Manchester is, above and before all things, a place of business, it is by no means one of relaxation or pleasure.

All the wealth, talent, character, and influence of Manchester are Conservative. The Dissenters are by far less "political" in that town than in Birmingham. Though many are fanatics against church-rates, and furious for the "Voluntary Principle," they are, on the whole, a very different race of men to the Non-conformists of Birmingham. Let us hope that the six hours' transit between these two commercial marts, will not be unfavourable to the character of the Dissenters of Manchester. They have nothing to gain from their contact with them—but may lose much of their piety, sobriety, and usefulness. Let us rather hope that the vulgar asperities of the Dissenting character in Birmingham may be softened down and improved, by coming more frequently in contact with the Crewdsons, the Winkworths, the Joules, and other respectable and well-conducted Dissenters of Manchester.

The pleasures and amusements of Manchester are but few—fewer than would be expected in such a town, with such a varied population. Amongst the higher classes, dinner parties appear to be particularly in

vogue; and the splendour of some of the tables may vie with London, or any capital in Europe. I wish, however, they would vary their viands a little more than they do, and not for ever present us with boiled fowls and white sauce, cod's head and shoulders, and roast beef. Twice a-week this could be borne with patience—but really, when the twice is transformed into six, it becomes unsupportable. The fate of the *side dishes* at Manchester, is most amusing. No one thinks of partaking of them. The top and bottom dishes are alone honoured with notice—and the mutton patties, veal olives, and curry and rice, remain as useless ornaments upon the table. If some London or Paris visitor ventures to ask for a portion of these mere adornings of the table, he is instantly assailed with the enquiry, "What, will you not take some boild fowl?" "Do you not like roast beef?" as though it were a sin of the deepest die not to prefer the top and bottom monsters, to the little knick-knacks of the side dishes. The Manchester tables are admirably supplied with "*entremets*," and Very himself could not present so inviting a list in the Palais Royal. But, then, why is all the champagne, sillery, at Manchester? Oh, how I do hate *still* champagne! The noise of the cork is worth half-a glass, and the foam, bright and sparkling, the other, half. I would rather hear that "bang," and laugh at that foam, than drink a bucket of your insipid and twaddling sillery. But who shall describe the desert, the mahogany tables, brighter than ten thousand mirrors, and "the" port of Manchester? Thomas Town-end's port wine, mahogany tables, and giant filberts, will indeed long hold a large and comprehensive space in the best apartments of any memory. At Manchester, as every where else, the ladies *will* retire, the gentlemen *will* regret it; and politics and business absorb the conversation of the evening. After all, however, dinner parties are pleasant sort of things, but not when the dinner hour is five, and when you have to drive at least three miles from your hotel or house, to partake of the repast. Almost all of the wealthy men live too far off their places of business, and the centre of the town—so that, it is by no means an unimportant matter to decide how you are to return in the evening. But yet, to such a point of perfection in business

have the Manchester merchants arrived, that omnibuses fetch you from dinner parties, and whirl you up hill and down dale, from villa to villa, and house to house, where it is known that the proprietors are regaling their friends. The Polygon and Ardwick Green are convenient distances from the bustle and business of Manchester—but Chatham Hill, Charlton, and Oxford Road, are an immense way off—and where the natives dine at four, even on state occasions, the day is lost in preparations, arrivals, stay, and return. Yet dinner parties at Manchester are by no means disagreeable.

On the whole, "Manchester for ever!"—not her "hooks," and not her Radicals—not her Papist schools, nor her four meals per diem—not her early hours, nor her still champagne—not her two o'clock dinners, nor her boiled fowls and white sauce—but Manchester for ever, still! Yeal long live that energy of character—that loyalty of conduct—that industry, talent, and perseverance, which in so eminent a degree distinguish the men of Manchester. Long live their powers of invention, their constant habit of searching for improvement, their love of all that is practically scientific and useful to man in his intercourse with his fellow beings. Long live the charities of Manchester, great and glorious as they are, and that spirit of benevolence which (with but comparatively few exceptions) is ever ready to assist a good cause, and urge it forward. Long live the generous hospitality of Manchester, which opens wide the door to the foreigner as well as to the friend, and spreads before both the best productions of the garden, the orchard, and the field. Long live the active habits of business and punctuality of Manchester, and that good faith which presides over at least a large portion of all their transactions. And long live—nay, it is sure to live for ever, for it has God for its Author, and heaven for its reward—that true unaffected piety which exists in Manchester in so pre-eminent a degree, which illustrates its possessors by every virtue, and sheds its bright and glorious influence over the whole population. It is virtue alone that exalteth a nation, as sin is a reproach to any people. Yes! MANCHESTER FOR EVER!

MY AFTER-DINNER ADVENTURES WITH PETER SCHLEMIHL.

I HAD for some days felt myself a little out of sorts, and had suffered from a peculiar acidity of the stomach, and flying pains about my ankles and toes, which I considered to be rheumatic; and as I have always found in any ailment that ever afflicted me, that a few days relaxation and residence by the sea-side was an infallible restorative, I laid a formal statement of my case before my wife, and with her permission determined to make a holiday, and fairly run away from business; and to domicile myself, and my acidities, and my aches, in her company, in one of the comfortable rooms of Mr Parry's Hotel at Seacombe, on the banks of the Mersey, opposite to Liverpool.

This is not, perhaps, a very usual or a very agreeable time of the year to visit the sea-side, but to me the sea never comes amiss; and, as I have long had experience of the comforts of the hotel where we had concluded to sojourn, my determination to go there was not suspended for one moment, by any impertinent reflection, that it was much nearer to the winter than to the summer solstice.

When people are in earnest in their determination to travel, short preparation suffices; and, in a very few hours after I had obtained my wife's consent to migrate, we were seated in an easy gig, rolling along a smooth macadamized road, at the top speed of a good horse, making the best of our way to the nearest railway station.

Once on the railway, a journey from that part of the country to Liverpool is an affair of almost a few minutes; and, barring an accident,—such as blowing up a civil engineer or two, or running against a contra train, and smashing two or three carriages, and pounding and compounding the passengers, no time is afforded for adventure.

It will, therefore, not be matter for surprise that I and my wife arrived at Liverpool without the occurrence of any thing extraordinary; and, as we are both well acquainted with that place, we made no stay there, but, putting ourselves on the deck of a steam-packet, were shortly afterwards landed on the stage at Seacombe, where the portly Mr Smith receives, with such

peculiar grace, threepenes from each passenger, for the particular benefit and behoof of the no less portly Mr Parry.

We were soon seated in a comfortable room in the hotel, with a fine glowing fire, and in a condition to order and enjoy a good dinner; with which, at this house, even a gourmand may be provided to his satisfaction at any time on short notice.

But Mr Parry is celebrated for the preparation of that savory article, turtle soup; and, as I entertain for it a respect amounting almost to veneration, I introduced my dinner with the usual modicum of it, following it with a glass of punch—for, according to my creed, the man is a noodle that swallows not punch with his turtle!

Other substantial matters followed, all good in their way, consisting of fish, flesh, vegetables, and pastry; and my wife and I, after dining sumptuously, cracked a few walnuts, and drank a little of the excellent wine that was placed before us, and felt more disposed to fall into a doze than to remove from our quarters.

I arose the next morning, better in my own estimation for even my single night's sojourn by the sea; and I walked on the noble river bank, and enjoyed, with a glowing feeling of delight, the beautiful scenery of this beautiful place.

Immediately in front of our sitting-room window is the extensive and important town of Liverpool, with her long line of warehouses, her spires, and domes, and towers, and, more than all, her docks and quays, and her forest of masts, bespeaking an extended intercourse with all the nations of the earth, and exhibiting in herself no ignoble epitomé of the immense trade of England!

Looking towards the left is a view, extending seawards, varied every moment by the transit of vessels, of all sorts and sizes, struggling to enter into, or to go forth from, the port, with here and there a little boat and its crew, apparently wrestling with the waves for a very existence; whilst on the right is a milder scene—the river appearing to form a smooth lake, surrounded with smiling scenery, and bearing on its bosom a rude inland craft, apparently constructed for the

purpose of conveying the produce of the peaceful and quiet country to the bustling and important place where commerce has erected her ever busy throne; and immediately before our hotel flows the majestic stream which causes the bustle, and animation, and prosperity of all around.

It is a scene I believe scarcely to be paralleled elsewhere; that happy mixture of rurality and business—of country and of town—that realization of simply looking on and almost acting in the scene—that all persons who have once enjoyed it must remember it with satisfaction and delight.

There is no such thing to be seen on the Thames; and, if there was, the mob of London would, in one week, destroy one half of its charms by taking away all its privacy. Even here, every year is lessening the beauty of the scene, by the addition of huge masses of brick and mortar in the shape of houses; and, in a very few years, Seacombe will not have to boast the beautiful scenery that at present is its characteristic, and one of its greatest attractions.

I rambled about the whole of that day, inhaling the breeze from the sea, but by no means getting rid either of the acidity of my stomach, or the rheumatic sensations in my feet; and I went into the hotel at five o'clock, prepared again to partake of the good cheer provided by Mr Parry in the shape of a dinner.

I again encountered the steam of his turtle soup, and luxuriated on the green fat, and washed down the last luscious spoonful with a glass of punch, and again there followed those good things which are always to be found in the *cuisine* of the Seacombe hotel.

I had, in the course of my rambling, met with a friend who had accompanied me to dinner, and he spent the evening with me over some excellent port and a cigar, and telling old tales of bygone times, until, in our very thoughtlessness I believe, the third bottle had disappeared ere either of us were aware.

The following morning found me again on the river bank, encountering the breeze in pursuit of health; but, by some means or other, I felt more out of order that morning than previously, and I had a considerable increase of pain in my feet.

I hobbled about during the day and

retired to the hotel at night, in the hope that a basin of turtle, followed by such other agreeables as the attention of my wife was certain to provide, would have the effect of restoring me to my usual state.

I had the turtle, and it was, if possible, more delicious that day than previously; and I followed it, according to my custom, with a glass of punch. My wife had ordered a small turbot and lobster sauce, with a roasted pig; of both of which I ate well, and afterwards some pastry. I mention these matters so minutely, on account of a difference of opinion that exists betwixt my medical attendant and myself.

The cloth was withdrawn, and I was in a state of perfect satisfaction and repose, and felt myself completely free from all the maladies of life! My wife drank her usual glass, and I drank two or three from the bottle of excellent old port that stood on the table; and, after a vain effort at conversation, my wife put on her spectacles, and took up the newspapers.

I philosophised awhile, occasionally sipping my wine, and at length observed the newspaper gradually lowering from my wife's hands, whilst her head also declined; and her spectacles dropped from her face to her lap, and her cap very soon followed—she was asleep!

I took another glass of wine, and my thoughts having been previously engaged in a speculation on the results of steam, I resumed the train of my musing.

I mentally compared the rate of travelling before and since the adaptation of steam to travelling purposes. I contemplated the future speed at which we might arrive, and saw time and distance perfectly annihilated—traversed the distance from England to China betwixt breakfast and dinner—and slept one night at Mexico, and the next at Moscow. I considered the advantages that would result to mankind from a more rapid transit of the products of the earth; and saw turtles one day floating off the Island of Ascension, and the next served up to lunch in the shape of soup at Parry's Hotel. I then discussed, learnedly, the various preparations of that delicate animal, and the imitations that have in vain been made of it, and seriously doubted whether or not its

municipal use was known to the ancients. I had a strong notion that the savory meat made by Esau for his father was in fact no other than mock turtle; and was engaged in considering what sort of mock turtle could be manufactured of venison or kid—when I was aware of the door of our sitting room gently opening, and a tall gentlemanly looking man entered, dressed in black!

He advanced to the table, and, nodding familiarly, helped himself to a glass of wine.

"Do you know me?" said he.

"No," said I.

"I thought as much," he replied.

"I am Peter Schlemihl—do you know me now?"

"Peter Schlemihl?" I answered.

"Oh yes—I have heard of you;" but I could not at the moment recollect whether he was the man without a shadow or the man with a cork leg.

A reflection passed through my mind, that there was rather an absence of ceremony in his introduction, but I asked him to be seated and inquired his business with me.

"I am come," said he, "to take a walk with you—do you know Liverpool?"

I was not at that moment disposed to take a walk, and a certain rheumatic twinge in my feet gave me to understand that a walk would, at that time, be particularly disagreeable, for which reason, and because I was conscious of something like a repulsive feeling against the man, I resolved, although I am intimately acquainted with almost every nook and corner in Liverpool, to deny my knowledge of the place, and to tell Mr Schlemihl a plain lie.

"Mr Schlemihl," said I—

"Don't mister me," he replied; "my name is Peter—Peter Schlemihl. But do you know Liverpool?"

"No," said I, bolting out the lie at once.

"I thought so, and for that reason I have called upon you to take you a short walk there. I have an hour to spare, and I believe you like turtle, and there are several houses in Liverpool where turtle is dressed to a perfection that would raise a chuckle in the gullet of an expiring alderman. So come along."

I pointed to my wife. "Pooh!"

said he, "we shall be back before she awakens;—so, come along."

The bell, announcing the departure of the packet, at that moment rang, and Peter Schlemihl reaching my hat and gloves, put the former on my head, and gave it a whack, by way of settling it firmly down, and taking me by the arm, I felt no power to resist; but almost instantly found myself on board the steam-packet, sailing on my way to Liverpool in company with Peter Schlemihl.

In a few seconds we were across the river and landed on the parade; but, in ascending the steps, some villain with an iron heel to his boot, gave my toes such a squeeze that I almost screamed with agony. Peter saw my distress, and putting an arm through one of mine, "Never mind," said he, "I'll provide you with consolation;" and almost before I had time to ask whither we were going, I found myself seated with him in a room in the Mersey Hotel.

Mr Horne was the very pink of civility, and the waiters appeared to know Peter Schlemihl well, and seemed to understand his very looks; for, although I did not hear him give any order, and although I certainly gave none, two plates of rich turtle were almost instantly before us, accompanied with lemon, cayenne, punch, &c.

"I have dined," said I, as I almost mechanically took a spoonful; but that spoonful sufficed to drive away all remembrance of my pain, and all recollection of my dinner. It was delectable; and we ladled away with the gusto of men tasting turtle for the last time.

"How do you like it?" said Peter, when I had finished.

"It is admirable," I replied; "who could help liking it?"

"Well," said he, "if you are satisfied, put the spoon in your pocket, and let us march."

"The spoon in my pocket!" I answered; "do you wish me to be taken up as a thief?"

"Quite a matter of taste," said Peter Schlemihl; "suppose you had swallowed it by accident—and you opened a mouth wide enough to have admitted a soup-ladle, putting a simple spoon out of the question—suppose you had swallowed it by accident,

could you have been successfully accused of theft? And where is the difference to Mr Horne, the landlord, betwixt your putting his spoon in your stomach by accident, and putting it in your pocket by design? In either case, I take it, the loss to him would be pretty much the same; so the difference, you see, is but in words;—but come along.”

So saying, he again put my hat on my head, giving it a thump as before, and putting my gloves in my hand, I was presently walking in his company, at a quick rate, towards the Exchange, without having any clear idea of the way in which we left the turtle room in the Mersey Hotel.

To my surprise, the daylight still continued—people were passing backwards and forwards, and appeared to be in all the hurry and bustle of mid-day business; though, from the hour, I expected to see the gas in full blaze, and the streets deserted of their mercantile population.

“Is it not a handsome pile of building?” said Peter Schlemihl, after he had walked me round the Town Hall, and pointed out its beauties—its portico—its frieze—its dome—and after he had led me round the area of the Exchange buildings, and pointed out each and every part worth notice.

“Is it not a handsome pile of building?” said he.

“It is undoubtedly very handsome,” I replied, “and does great credit to the place, but as a piece of architecture, it is by no means perfect; and”—

“For mercy’s sake,” said Peter, “don’t turn critical! If you do, I will desert you. I have known many critics in my time, but I never knew but one sensible man of the craft; and he lived to regret his taste as a misfortune. No, no! rules are very necessary in every art, and every science; but never do you imbibe the notion, that nothing can be pleasing or beautiful that is not strictly according to rule. Now, there is a monument to Nelson—the glorious Nelson—before you; but, handsome as it is, and suitable as it is to a naval hero, in an important sea-port town, and standing on the high mart of foreign commerce, yet I will not allow you to look at it, for it is not strictly correct according to the code critical. By the by,

did you ever see that funny affair that the Birmingham gentlemen put up in memory of the same great man? Living so far inland, they did not perfectly understand what a sailor was like, but they made a little gentleman in black, and having heard of the green sea, they set him up in business in their market-place, as a green-grocer, being the nearest approach to the green sea that their imagination could suggest—what the devil business had Nelson in a market-place?—they might as well have made him a button-maker!—but come along.”

Peter’s motions were so rapid, that, without perfectly understanding the course of our progress, I found that we were almost instantly walking up and down the news-room, bustling through the dense throng of merchants, brokers, dealers, captains, Christians, Jews, Turks, and men of all occupations—all nations—all creeds—and all colours.

Things bore an appearance of importance, for foreign news had arrived of great and overwhelming interest. Grave-looking men, with sage and anxious faces, were poring upon the newspapers at the various tables, intent to know the news of the day; whilst those who could not obtain access to a table, were greedily swallowing the intelligence that could be collected from some loquacious friend.

To my consternation I saw Schlemihl—my companion, Peter Schlemihl!—take the newspapers from the different stands, and put them in his pocket; and, to my equal consternation, I saw him take from another pocket other papers, which he laid before the readers with such adroitness, that the exchange was not perceived; but a man who had an instant before been reading of some disastrous event, now smiled and chuckled as he read that even his best hopes were more than realized. I trembled lest my companion should be detected, for some in the room knew me!

At length the natural result arrived. Men met, and gave different versions of news from the same papers; for Peter’s papers did not appear to have been all printed at one press. Contradiction begot argument, to which warm words succeeded, and, in a very few minutes, almost every man in the room was engaged in dispute; and as

they were all talkers and no hearers, Peter Schlemihl took me by the arm, and walked me off to the Town Hall, saying, as we went, "The money-changers, and the dealers in gums and in spices, and in oils and in hides, and in cotton and in fine wool, have forgotten their commissions and their per centages for to-day."

We went into the beautiful and capacious rooms, and admired Chantrey's delicate statue of Canning—the intellectual Canning!—and did not admire a fat, heavy, old Roman looking person, whose bust was appropriately placed in the dining-room.

We walked out upon the gallery; and, after looking for some time at the panoramic scene presented to our view, Peter Schlemihl excited my surprise, and, in some measure, my alarm, by climbing, by some means or other—but which means I do not to the present hour perfectly comprehend—outside the dome to where Britannia sits alone in her glory.

Some seconds elapsed before I durst look at him, for I expected him to drop at my feet a dead and unsightly mass!

I heard a chuckle and a laugh, and, looking up, I saw Peter Schlemihl quietly seated on the lap of Britannia, with one arm round her waist, and looking up into her face with a good-humoured smile, as if he had been saying something arch and amusing; and she—that deceitful woman, that I always looked upon as a cold stony composition—was laughing outright at Peter's fun! She even leered at him! But my indignation knew no bounds when I saw Peter Schlemihl take from his pocket a meerschaum, and very calmly fill it and light it, and after taking a few whiffs to see that it was thoroughly ignited, put it in the mouth of Britannia, who began to smoke with all the force and energy of an old fishwife, gently saying, as she began, "Thank you, Peter!"

"Peter Schlemihl!" I called out—"Peter Schlemihl! come down this instant, and do not take such liberties with that lady. If you do not come down directly I will inform the Mayor and Corporation, and they will punish you well for your impudence! They will take you before Mr Hall, the magistrate, and he is not a man to allow ladies to be trifled with."

Before I had well concluded the

sentence, Peter Schlemihl came sliding down the dome, and dropped directly upon my toes, so that I was put to more pain than even when ascending the steps from the steam-packet.

"It was an accident," said Peter, "quite an accident! and cannot be helped; but a little exercise will take away the pain."

To try the experiment, he put his arm within mine, and away we travelled, at a furious rate, towards the Zoological Gardens.

"Step into that cellar," said he, as we were posting along, "and buy me a penn'orth of nuts—that's a good fellow—and then go into that shop," pointing to one, "and buy me six penn'orth of bird-lime—and if you like it, you may put it in your breeches pocket."

"Nuts and bird-lime!" I answered, "and put it in my breeches pocket!—indeed, I shall do no such thing—these are the only pair of trousers I have with me!—but what are you going to do with bird lime? surely we are not going a bird-catching!"

"Never you mind!" said he; "will you fetch the articles, or not?"

"No," I answered, "I will not."

"A word of that sort's enough," said Schlemihl—"don't trouble yourself to say any thing more"—and slipping into the cellar, he presently emerged, with his hat half-full of nuts, and afterwards going into the shop he had pointed out, he returned from it, rolling betwixt his hands a large ball of something like shoemaker's wax.

"Here they are," said Peter—"and now for the gardens!"

On arriving there, Peter Schlemihl picked up a bit of printed paper, which he palmed upon the porter for an order, and by some legerdmain of his, we were presently inside, cheek by jowl with a blue-faced baboon. On going round, he stopped where a lot of monkeys were confined in a large cage, and Peter smiled at the sight.

"Ah, Jacko! Jacko!" said he, pitching two or three nuts amongst the solemn-looking assembly. Instantly the whole body was in confusion, leaping, squealing, and snatching after the nuts. He threw another nut, which was caught by a youngster, from whom it was snatched by an older and more experienced thief.

Another and another nut followed, and the same scene was repeated; and the sagacious brutes, seeing that Peter was the only man in the nut market, watched his every motion with intense interest.

If he went a foot more to one side than another, away went the whole monkey population in the same direction. If he raised or moved his arm, every monkey was on the *qui vive*, prepared to spring to the land of promise, to where the looked-for treasure was expected to fall; but if he threw a nut in the cage, then for the scuffle and the noise, the squealing, the growling, the scratching, and snatching, and clawing!

He continued to coquette with the monkeys for some time, and succeeded in establishing a very free and very friendly intercourse betwixt himself and them. At length, I saw him rolling a nut about betwixt his hands—he showed it to the monkeys, who all sprang upon their haunches, ready to seize the prize, their eyes glistening like glow-worms with eagerness. He affected to throw it!—they all jumped against each other to the quarter where they expected it to come. Again he showed the nut, and then, after exciting their attention to the utmost, he threw it amongst them.

There was the dence of a scuffle in the cage, and the prize was seized by a veteran old monkey, who ran into a corner of the cage to secure it: but, alas! he had no bargain; for, after giving it a squeeze or two, he found his jaws almost fastened together, and gave a fearful squeal. Another monkey seized the nut, and pulled away, until he got something in his mouth, which united him by a string to the first monkey.

Peter Schlemihl threw another nut, and after that another, and another, and the monkeys became like so many infuriated demons, scratching, biting, tearing, and squealing, in their vain endeavours to extricate themselves from Peter's nuts, which, instead of being pure Barcelonas, were nothing more or less than the veritable bird-lime.

They tugged and tore to get it out of their mouths, and as all hands were engaged in snatching and tearing from each other, and, in doing so, skipped and jumped about in all directions, the whole chattering fraternity became completely enveloped in a

netting of bird-lime, and made a noise and a riot, such as never before was heard, even in a garden devoted to zoology.

The clamour and confusion of those brutes collected together all the keepers and all the company in the gardens; and great indeed was the indignation and distress of the former on finding the dirty and adhesive dilemma in which the unfortunate monkeys were placed. A week's holiday they said, would be necessary in the monkey department, in order to rid them of their netting of bird-lime.

They began to institute enquiries as to the author of the mischief; and Peter Schlemihl, hearing those enquiries take rather a personal turn towards himself, again took my arm, and before I was aware whither we were going, Peter and I were *tête-à-tête* with the lion.

"He is a noble animal!" said I.

"He's up to snuff," said Peter.

He then insinuated his box of Lundy Foot, without the lid, cautiously into the lion's cage, gently obtruding it upon the lion's notice with the end of his stick.

The lion, on seeing it, went leisurely to it, and took a hearty snuff, as if he had been a snuff-taker from his infancy—the cage echoed with a tremendous sneeze, and presently with another, and a third; and he then shook his head, and his eyes watered, and he looked very like an old gentleman maudlin drunk. Again he sneezed, and being impatient at the pungency and inconvenience, he gave vent to his anger in a fearful roar, which attracted the attention of the keepers and visitors, and induced them to come towards us.

Peter Schlemihl observed their movement, and, again taking me by the arm, said—"It is time to be going;" and instantly we were by the side of the ostrich.

"This," said he, "is a gentleman of good appetite and strong digestion, so I will give him something to exercise both," taking from his pocket the head of an axe, and pitching it into the cage as we passed it.

We then came to the elephant, and as he held out his huge trunk, moving it about, expecting a cake or some other thing edible, Peter Schlemihl pricked him severely with the point of his penknife.

Suddenly I heard a fearful crash, and perceived that the elephant had broken down his inclosure, and was rushing towards us in the wildest fury imaginable.

I turned and ran, endeavouring to make my escape, but such was my fear and trepidation, that my knees failed me, and I could not get forward. I seemed to be rooted to the spot!

I saw Peter Schlemihl—the wicked Peter Schlemihl!—pass me! He looked like an overgrown kangaroo, and appeared to bound away from the spring of his tail, with the speed of a Congreve rocket. I heard the elephant coming after me, bearing down every thing in his course. I heard Mr Atkins, and all his keepers, and all his visitors, in full chase. I felt the elephant breathe upon me, and, falling down with absolute terror, I felt him pass over me in pursuit of his tormentor, Peter Schlemihl, and, as one of his feet pressed with agonizing weight upon mine, I fainted and became insensible to all that was passing.

Some good persons, I believe, took me out of the gardens, and placed me in safety; and I gradually recovered and proceeded to make the best of my way to Seacombe.

I was going along in a very melancholy mood, when I felt a slap on my shoulder, and Peter Schlemihl was walking by my side, apparently as indifferent as if nothing had occurred.

"That old savage got vexed!" said he.

"Indeed," I replied, "he might well—I hope he caught you, and rewarded you for your folly."

"Thanks for your good wishes," said Peter, drily, "but you see I have escaped. I made a sudden turn and got amongst the crowd of pursuers, and by that means I blinked him;—but where do you think you are going to?"

"I am going to Seacombe," I answered.

"Indeed, my good fellow, you are not at present," said Peter; "I wish to take a turn in the market, and you must go with me."

In vain I remonstrated—he had hold of my arm, and I felt myself irresistibly compelled to accompany him.

We strolled towards that capacious and convenient market, St John's. We entered and found it crowded; and in lounging round, Peter asked the price of every thing from every body, and gave an order to every trader in the place. He bought of all things, from a cocoa-nut to a round of beef, and pressed into the service every carrier about the market.

As we proceeded, he nodded to one, winked at another, and spoke to a third, and used such familiarities to all, that I quite expected to see him handed out of the market by the police; but he was suffered to proceed without interruption, appearing to possess a license for doing impertinent things that would not be tolerated in any other person.

At length we stopped opposite to the establishment of Miss Hetty Taylor, the good-looking green-grocer, that once on a time received a Tory aristocratic kiss from Lord Sandon in the face of the whole market.

To that place he was followed by all the tradespeople from whom he had made purchases, all desirous to be paid for their goods; and by all the bearers of the articles he had purchased, desirous to know to what place they were to convey their burdens.

On reaching Miss Hetty Taylor's establishment, Peter Schlemihl, after politely bowing to that lady, picked out a quantity of turnips, took out a knife, and in an incredibly short space of time, hollowed them out—cutting features in the sides of them with surprising celerity—and converted them into genuine, orthodox turnip lanterns.

How he managed to put lights in them, I don't know, but lighted they all were; and then Peter Schlemihl began to throw them about like the balls of the Indian jugglers; and away they whirled, in incredible numbers and with astonishing velocity!

The crowd was for a time delighted with the gyrations of the turnip lanterns; but, in the course of their whirling about, first one gaping spectator, and then another, received a violent blow on the face, which terminated his satisfaction.

From being anxious spectators, they became violent assailants, and seizing any thing they could lay their hands on, they began to pelt Peter Schle-

mihl. He actively avoided their missiles, and seemed, by his surprising agility, to multiply himself into a dozen men; and seizing the different articles in the carriers' baskets, he set them all in motion in like manner to his turnip lanterns; and so rapid was he in catching and throwing the different articles of flying artillery, that they appeared to possess a perpetual motion, after being once projected from his hands.

All parties now joined in the *mêlée*, and threw things about with frightful activity; and turnips, carrots, potatoes, geese, ducks, poultry, legs and ribs of beef, cow-heels, pig's heads and feet, eggs, red herrings, and dried bacon, glided through the air with the speed of the wind, crossing and twisting about in all directions, and now and then coming in no pleasant contact with the heads of innocent spectators.

In the midst of these proceedings, I observed Peter Schlemihl rolling his hands together, and then he threw walnuts amongst the crowd with great rapidity. They were caught; and attempts were made to throw them back again, but in vain, for they stuck to whatever they touched; and the people, in their endeavours to rid themselves of such a nuisance, and to impose it on their neighbours, wound themselves about in a skein of birdlime, from which they were wholly unable to extricate themselves; and they exhibited as much anger and violence as the more serious-looking monkeys, when in a similar predicament.

In the mean-time, so deeply and earnestly were all parties engaged, that the commencement of the scuffle was forgotten, as well as all remembrance of its originator, and Peter Schlemihl, pinching my arm, smiled, and said,—"Come, I think the poor people are all got into employment! let us be gone!" and so saying, we were forthwith in the street.

We made our exit at the side next to the fish-market, which we entered, and walked round, admiring the beautiful fish that was spread so temptingly on the white marble stalls.

"What do you think of that?" said Peter Schlemihl, pointing with his walking-stick to a large turbot that lay quietly before us.

"He is a fine fellow," I answered, "and the sight of him would be enough to transfix a gourmand with delight."

Peter gave it a rap with the end of his stick, upon which it flapped, and sprang up nearly to the ceiling, throwing somersets in its progress; and, whilst I was watching its extraordinary motions in perfect amazement, Peter Schlemihl was running round the market striking the fish with his stick, and making them all leap and spring, so that the place appeared more like a piscatory ball-room than a well-ordered market.

The fishwomen and their assistants were all in alarm for their property; and whilst they ran about securing what they could, they treated Peter Schlemihl with such a sample of Billingsgate as I had never before heard; and, fearing that I should come in for some portion of their favours, I ran out of the market with all my might, inwardly, but very heartily and sincerely, bestowing Peter Schlemihl upon the devil, or any other personage that would accept so troublesome a gift.

I was going along at a hasty pace, grumbling and muttering curses on myself for having been so great a fool as to trust my unfortunate person with so mercurial a companion, when I felt an arm thrust within mine, and, turning my head, I saw Peter Schlemihl!

"Those were lively dogs," said he, "were they not? They gave very animated proofs of being fresh!"

"Oh, Peter Schlemihl! Peter Schlemihl!" said I, "how can you behave so? How can you think of bringing me—an innocent as I am—into these troublesome rows and scrapes? My feet are so painful that I can scarcely put one before the other; and yet, not satisfied with wheedling me here to take a walk, as you pretended, you have kept me in continued crowds, and dangers, and difficulties; and if you proceed, even if I should escape with my life, which is hardly probable, it is more than I can possibly expect, to escape being locked up by the police as being drunk and disorderly, and taken before Mr Justice Hall to-morrow morning, to answer for your atrocious delinquencies.—Oh, Peter Schlemihl, I wish I had never seen you!"

We walked along very moodily,

without exchanging another word, and without the way we were taking being observed by me, until we found ourselves opposite to that magnificent hotel, the Adelphi.

"Do you know that person?" said Peter Schlemihl, nodding towards Mr Radley, the jolly looking landlord, who was standing there gazing at his house—"do you know that person?"

I knew him well enough, but I was determined to preserve my consistency, so I bluntly answered, "No."

"It is Radley, the landlord of that big house," said he, "a fine fellow. Well, Radley," addressing that gentleman, "how do? Trying to find out a spot where you can hang a bit more iron on your house? Eh! Master Radley? Devilish fond of iron, Radley!"

Radley smiled, and gave a knowing look, which said, as plainly as look could say, "Ah, Master Peter Schlemihl! no amendment on your manners since I saw you last."

We entered the house, and Peter Schlemihl appeared to be as well known, and as well attended to by the waiters there, as he had before been at the Mersey Hotel. I heard no order given, and gave none myself; but I suppose some sign or token must have passed from Peter, for presently I snuffed the fumes of savory turtle, and a couple of plates, with the usual appendages, were smoking on the table before us.

The turtle was exquisite, and there can be no wonder that, after the troubles and fatigues that I had undergone in company with Peter Schlemihl, I enjoyed my plate, and drained off my glass of punch, with almost more than my usual gratification.

"Come," said Peter Schlemihl, when we had finished our turtle, with an air of command, that, on two or three occasions, I had observed him to assume towards me, but the repetition of which was not a bit more agreeable because I had previously observed it,—“Come,” said he, “time for us to trudge.”

"I have trudged enough," I replied, "and am not disposed to trudge any more."

"You are not?" said he.

I looked a positive confirmation of the statement.

"Walter!" he called out, "fetch me in a policeman—this fellow's about to turn stupid on my hands."

"What the deuce do you mean by a policeman?" I said, or rather shouted, with some alarm; for, although I stated that I could expect no other than to be locked up by the police; yet I felt any thing but a wish to accelerate the attentions of that assiduous fraternity towards myself.

"Mean?" replied Peter Schlemihl, "you left Seascombe under my protection, and I mean to return you safe back if I can; and as you refuse to go with me, I mean to place you in the custody of the police, on the charge of breeding a riot in the market, so that I may have you fast against the time when you may be wanted; and, when I have seen you safely disposed of, I mean to inform your wife where she may find you; and I mean to recommend that respectable dozer, to bring you some changes of linen, and other things, to make you tolerably comfortable during the five or six weeks you will have to remain in custody."

"Custody!" cried I, rising on my legs—"what have I done to merit being placed in custody, beyond being seen in company with such an arrant scamp as yourself?"

"Hush! hush," said Peter, "no names—gentlemen never use such language—all should be peace, and quietness, and repose, and no excitement—such ebullitions of warmth are decidedly vulgar. Here's your hat"—putting it on my head, and settling it, as before, with the weight of his fist. "Now you are better, you'll not require a keeper yet;—so come along!"

Taking my arm, we were once more on the *pavé*, and strolling up Bold Street, on our way, as Peter said, to Saint James's Cemetery!

"Rather a solemn place for a lounge!" said I.

"That's all you know of the matter!" replied Peter—"really you men that live in the country and eat vegetables, have extraordinary notions!—Why, some people consider it a very interesting and agreeable scene. By the by, I met a friend one day last summer, who excused himself for not taking a walk, by saying that his brother-in-law was come to Liverpool in the last stage of consumption, and he was going to take him a ride by way of amusing him. 'And where are you going to take the poor gentleman?' I

enquired. 'To the cemetery,' answered he—it is as agreeable a place as any I know. I was amused at the idea of taking a dying man to the cemetery by way of amusing him, and was at the trouble to go there myself to see if the fact would be as stated, and sure enough my friend and his brother-in-law made their appearance, the latter more dead than alive. He, however, said he was much amused, and he seemed to take such a fancy to the place, that, in a fortnight afterwards, he was provided with permanent lodgings there. So you see," added Peter, "every body is not exactly of your opinion."

We reached the cemetery, and first went into the little temple and heard part of the service for the dead, delivered in a way that gave Peter Schlemihl, as he said, a very lively idea of what people mean when they talk of that service being performed. He hurried me out, and along the Dead Man's Path, into the cemetery.

We walked round, and, in the course of the lounge, met thirteen incipient Byrons, aged from fifteen to nineteen, each with a broad shirt-collar turned down, and open at the front, to show the throttle, with a black bandana tied sailor-wise.

Four were smoking cigars—real lighted cigars—the puppies!—five held between their teeth imitation cigars, coloured brown, and painted red at the end, to appear like fire, and white, to appear like ashes—the greater puppies! The remainder were innocent of cigar, either real or imitative.

They all looked melancholy, bilious, and saffron-coloured, and appeared to have been picking out their respective situations in the cemetery.

Peter Schlemihl seemed to think them too contemptible for a joke, for he passed them in silence, except muttering between his teeth, as we approached the last, "This makes a baker's dozen."

Peter stopped near the monument erected to the memory of Mr Huskisson—"There," said he, "you may look, but don't be critical."

"It is a very beautiful statue," I observed; "but, in the name of common sense, why did the people of Liverpool enclose it in that pepper-box?"

"Upon the same principle," replied Peter, "that governs a man who, when he takes a lighted candle out of doors,

encloses it in a lantern. He does it to answer his own purposes, and cares nothing for the public. But I told you not to be critical."

"This beautiful cemetery," said I, "is an admirable adaptation of the old stone quarry, and some of the inscriptions on the stones are very affecting."

"No doubt they are," replied Peter Schlemihl, "to such a spoon as you; but have you yet to learn that in a churchyard no person is allowed to have any other than a good character. Death connects the most contemptible animals that ever blood warmed into tender fathers—affectionate husbands—faithful wives—dutiful children, and such like. The church and the churchyard is the only place to acquire a good character graven in stone. Try your hand at giving some scoundrel his due in his epitaph—venture to write upon a gravestone that on such a day such a person died, well known to all his friends and acquaintances as the greatest rascal that his parish contained; excelling all men in his several vocations of swindler, perjurer, and thief. Try your hand at that, and see how the Church will step forward to prevent your telling the truth. If you persist in your experiment, you will very soon find yourself doing penance in a white sheet, my gentleman! for saying any thing but good of the dead."

Peter's morality appeared to evaporate with the last sentence; and, slipping his arm in mine, we left the cemetery, and went the shortest way to the docks.

"This is a noble business-like line of docks, all things considered," said Peter Schlemihl—"their extent from north to south, and their convenient position to the town! But, confound 'em, they are burning tobacco by wholesale in that cursed warehouse, and the stench is sufficient to poison any thing human."

So saying, he hurried me from one dock to another, stopping every now and then to look at some peculiar craft, until we found ourselves near the Custom-house.

He took me round that fine building, and after examining and admiring it outside, he led the way into the interior, and from one room to another, mixing and taking part in all the mysteries attending the receipt of custom, and the entering and clearing

out of ships, with as much nonchalance as if he had been an inmate of the long-room from his birth.

Business was in its heyday, and the rooms were consequently crowded; and I was horrified almost to fainting when I heard Peter Schlemihl, very calmly and deliberately, and with great distinctness of voice, ask me to reach a great spring clock which was suspended against a wall, and put it in his pocket!

I looked at him to see if I could discover whether he really was in earnest, but he repeated his request in a tone that seemed to say that he would be obeyed, and muttered something about a policeman, and I felt that I had no alternative but to comply. I got upon a desk, and reached down the abominable clock, and to my surprise it slipped easily into his pocket, and to my greater surprise, no one in the room took notice of the transaction!

I hastened out of the place, determined to get away and return to Seacombe; and was running along the Canning Dock from the Custom-house, making the best of my way to the Prince's Parade, when I felt a person running alongside of me; and turning my head, I found, to my grief and amazement, that I was accompanied by Peter Schlemihl!

He gave me a knowing look; and as we trudged on, shoulder to shoulder, "This is a nice clock we've got," said he.

I was ready to drop with vexation, but it was of no use—it did not in the least disturb the equanimity of Peter Schlemihl.

"Stop!" said he, at length, seizing me by the shoulder—"it is worse than useless to waste our wind in this way. I am going to smoke a cigar—will you have one?—it is a real good one."

I was grown desperate, and was glad of any thing for a change; so I took a cigar and began to smoke furiously.

In this mood we went on together, both smoking; but, in my confusion of mind, I was led by Peter Schlemihl past the proper place of embarkation for Seacombe, and as we were proceeding along Bath Street, he put the finish to my distress and rage, by sticking his lighted cigar into a cart-load of hemp that was being discharged at a warehouse.

Instantly the whole was in a blaze—the warehouse took fire—the fire-

engines were called for—a crowd collected—a body of police appeared—search commenced for the incendiary—and, to escape from the consequences of this diabolical act of my companion, I made the best of my way to the river side, and jumped into the first thing I came to in the shape of a boat, trembling from head to foot, and seeing nothing but the gallows before me.

"Cut the painter," said Peter Schlemihl—for to my utter horror and dismay he was in the boat likewise—"cut the painter, and let her drift with the tide." There appeared nothing better to be done, and I cut the painter, and shoved the boat off; and, as it was ebb tide, I very soon saw myself floating past the Seacombe Hotel, with a fair prospect of going out to sea in an open boat, in the company of that most atrocious of all villains, Peter Schlemihl!

There was but a single oar in the boat; and with it Peter Schlemihl did his best to get her from the shore, and I devoutly hoped that somebody on the Cheshire side of the river, seeing our distress, would come to our relief; but no such thing took place. We neared the Rock Lighthouse—swept past it with the apparent speed of a race-horse; and were very soon at sea, having, during our progress, seen the flames of the warehouse spread and extend themselves into a tremendous fire.

I was cold and shivery, and the rolling motion of the boat occasioned a swimming in my head, and any thing but an agreeable sensation in my stomach, and, by the advice of Peter Schlemihl, I lay down at the bottom of the boat, and fell into a doze.

On awaking, I found we were in perfectly smooth water, upon the bosom of which the boat floated like a gull, quite free from progress or motion; whilst on one hand was the open sea, and on the other a mountainous country, but no house or inhabitant in view.

"Where are we?" I enquired from Peter Schlemihl, though I scarcely expected a satisfactory answer.

"We are off the Isle of Man," answered Peter, "and in a capital place for fishing—did you ever fish off here?"

I answered in the negative.

"You had better begin," said he.

"Begin to fish!" I replied, "and how am I to accomplish that feat, I

should like to know, seeing that the only implements on board the boat are you and I and a wooden oar?"

"I'll show you," said Peter; upon which he came to me, and, gently lifting off my hat, he seized me by the hair of my head, and at a jerk threw me over the side of the boat, where he held me with my chin just above, and my body and legs dangling underneath the water!

In a few instants I felt a nibbling at the toes of my right foot, and presently afterwards a similar nibbling at the toes of my left. The nibbling became more urgent and fierce, and at length hurting me considerably, I gave a bit of a plunge with my feet.

"Is there a bite?" said Peter Schlemihl.

"I don't know what you mean by a bite," I replied, "but something is taking liberties that are particularly disagreeable with my toes."

Peter Schlemihl jerked me into the boat with as much ease as he had jerked me out, and to one of my feet hung a big ugly gurnard, whilst some thing slipped into the water from the other, as he canted me over the gunwale into the boat.

A very short time elapsed before Peter Schlemihl again seized me by the hair, and swung me into the sea, holding me as before, and I again felt similar nibblings at my toes, and was drawn up as before with a goodly turbot at one foot, and a couple of lobsters at the other!

He continued his occupation for a length of time, with various success; but my toes, by the repetition of nibbling and biting, had become so exceedingly sensitive and sore, that I scarcely could endure the pain.

At length a nibble came, harder than the previous ones—another and another followed, still more severe—it was no longer a nibble, but a downright severe bite—a bite from something that had powerful mandibles to bite with—the pain was excessive, and too severe to be endured with any thing like patience; and, casting my eyes downwards, I beheld, through the clear green water, a shoal of huge black lobsters and crabs, gnawing away at my toes with all their might and main; whilst other monsters were struggling through the black and ugly mass, endeavouring to force their way that they might have a bite.

Another nip came, so savage that I screamed out, and Peter Schlemihl once more jerked me into the boat.

But his amusement, if amusement he derived from the exercise, was now at an end; for just at that moment the *Commodore, Glasgow Packet*, steamed up, and taking us in tow, we were landed at Seacombe in an incredible short time; and, during our passage, my well-saturated clothes became thoroughly dry.

Peter Schlemihl, with affected pity for the soreness of my feet, assisted me up to the hotel, and into the room, and placed me in the very chair in which I had been sitting when he first obtruded his unwelcome presence upon me, and, to my surprise, and somewhat to my relief, I perceived that my wife still remained in the doze in which I left her.

Peter Schlemihl also took a chair and helped himself to a glass of wine, and me to another, and, after sitting some time in silence, "Well!" said he, "are you almost recruited?"

"I am much better, certainly," I answered.

"Are you ready to start again?" said Peter.

"Start again! where?" I replied.

"On our walk," said Peter, "surely it is not over yet?"

"Not over yet?" I answered: "If ever any man catches me again walking with you, Peter Schlemihl, I'll give him leave to call me the wandering Jew!"

"Oh! that is your determination, is it?" said he; "very well, be it so, my fine fellow. In that case, I will take my departure, leaving you this token of remembrance,"—saying which he got up and jumped full five feet high, alighting with his two heavy heels immediately upon my toes, and then deliberately walked out of the room, impudently winking his eye at me as he went through the door-way.

The cruel agony of that jump made me roar out, and roll off my chair upon the ground, from very pain; and my wife, awaking at the noise, raised me up, and enquired what was the matter.

"That Peter Schlemihl!" said I—"that infernal Peter Schlemihl! he has lamed me for life!"

"Peter Schlemihl!" exclaimed my wife—"you are dreaming!"

I, however, knew better, and rang

the bell, and enquired for Peter Schlemihl; but whether the waiter was in his confidence, or whether Peter Schlemihl had managed to make his entrance and his exit without being perceived, I do not know, but the waiter certainly denied all knowledge of Peter Schlemihl!

I then detailed the whole of my adventures to my wife, commencing with the first obtrusion of Peter Schlemihl into the room, and ending with his jumping upon my toes when he took his final departure.

Still she said it was but a dream!

I took off my stockings, and showed her my toes, red and angry, and evidently glazed and sore from the stamping and trampling, and nibbling and biting, to which they had been subjected; and I asked her whether, with such proof as that before her eyes, she could entertain any doubt of my having been abused and ill-treated, through the instrumentality of Peter Schlemihl.

Still she persisted that it was but a dream!

I then rang the bell, and requested the attendance of Mr Parry, and every man and woman-servant in the house. I described Peter Schlemihl—a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, aged about thirty, dressed in a black surtout, black stock, and dark trousers—a long nose, sharpish features, dark eyes, and black hair—wore his hat aside, a walking-stick in his hands, and a pair of boots on his feet, with plaguy thick heels.

One and all declared they had seen no such man!

I begged of Mr Parry that he would search about the premises for him, and desire that stout gentleman, Mr Smith, to prevent his going away by any of the packets. "You will be sure to find him," said I, "and he has got the Custom-house clock in his pocket." But stout Mr Smith avers that he has not yet received threepence from him, and to this hour he remains undiscovered, which is to me very remarkable.

I suffered such torment in my feet, that I soon afterwards went to bed, but not to sleep; for the infamous treatment to which my toes had been exposed occasioned such achings and twinges, that I could not close my eyes; and, to make matters worse, when I attempted to rise in the morn-

ing, I was unable to put a foot to the floor.

A surgeon (a medical gentleman; the cant phrases for one of those bundles of cruelty) was immediately called in, and, in looking at my toes, he significantly said, "It is the gout!"

Wishing to undeceive him, I gave him a minute narrative of all I had endured—told him the various stampings and squeezings to which I had been a martyr—the nibblings and bitings that I had undergone, when Peter Schlemihl compelled me to do duty for a fish-line off the Isle of Man, and the savage jump with which the brute treated me when he took himself away!

"It is all a dream!" said my wife.

"It is dispepsia and night-mare," said the doctor, "and the result is the gout!"

It drove me nearly mad to see such obstinacy, but I had no remedy but patience. The doctor ordered flannel, and my lower extremities were forthwith folded up in yard upon yard of that material. It is now a fortnight since I stood upon my feet, and the doctor is such a heathen as to tell me, without allowing the information for a moment to disturb the gravity of his countenance, that possibly, after a month or six weeks' further suffering, such as that I now endure, I may be enabled to get out on crutches. He evidently thinks that I am possessed of the stoical endurance of a North American Indian, or of one of those ancient martyrs who expiated their sins by calmly submitting to be roasted to death at the stake—alas! I do not possess the unflinching courage of the one nor the pious resolution of the other; but, like an ordinary mortal, look upon pain as by no means a contemptible evil, and as a thing which every right-minded man will carefully eschew, especially when it takes up its abode in the ancles or the toes.

In the mean-time I am suffering seriously from his treatment. He is giving me medicine, as he says, to strengthen and restore the tone of my stomach, and that I may not wear the stomach out, he scarcely allows me to put any thing into it; whilst each time my room door is opened there rushes in a perfume of turtle-soup that almost brings tears to my eyes!

Five times every day since I have

been under this wicked man's care, as he calls it, I have endeavoured to convince him of his error, by narrating fully and minutely the particulars of my unfortunate ramble with Peter Schlemihl, but he is one of those thoroughly obstinate men upon whom reason and argument are thrown away; and my wife, I am sorry to say, is equally hard to be convinced.

She still says, "It was all a dream!"

The doctor still says, "It was dyspepsia and nightmare, and the result is the gout!"

Whilst I contend, with all the confidence of truth, that my ramble with Peter Schlemihl was a real and *bonâ fide* ramble!

Which do you think is right?

MUSIC AND FRIENDS.

Muchos van por lana y vuelven trasquilados.

Many go for wool and return shorn.

THAT Mr William Gardiner, of the house of Gardiner and Son, of Leicester, hosiers and stocking-makers, is a most respectable tradesman and a pleasant member of society, is a proposition which we are willing to assume, and which few of our readers may be able to deny. But why Mr William Gardiner, of Gardiner and Son, should publish two stout octavo volumes, containing his personal recollections, is a riddle, which, even after a careful perusal of the publication, we are unable to solve. We do not discover that this gentleman has either encountered any adventures which it can interest mankind to learn, or that he is in possession of any views or information, which might not have descended with him to the grave, without the world being a loser. We cannot admit that the circumstances of Mr Gardiner having previously put some stupid words of his own to the music of others, of his having added fantastical notes to apocryphal lives of Haydn and Mozart, or of his having written a stupid and drivelling book on the music of Nature, can afford either justification or apology for the course now pursued. Many a man may be allowed to join in conversation who has no right to make himself the theme. Many a man may offer his humble contribution to the stock of literature, in whom an attempt at autobiography can only be regarded as downright impudence. But having paid our four-and-twenty shillings for the volumes, we are determined to have our value out of Mr Wm. Gardiner: as, if we cannot get instruction from

the book, we shall endeavour to extract amusement; and as we have found it impossible to laugh *with* Mr Gardiner, let us even try to laugh a little *at* him.

Not content with introducing himself to our notice, Mr Gardiner is determined to make us hand and glove with his relations. We are, accordingly, presented to old Thomas and young Thomas, the grandfather and father of our hero. The family, it appears, were members of the Presbyterian congregation, or Great Meeting, of Leicester; but, alas for evil communication, there is strong reason to suspect that the autobiographer came soon to look with contempt on puritanical opinions, and ultimately to view with indulgent toleration the heresies of Socinianism itself. We greatly question, at least, whether Mr Gardiner's book will elicit much sympathy from his fellow Presbyterians on this side of the Tweed. The principal topic in his account of Leicester Presbyterianism, is the great progress which was made by the congregation in psalmody. "Our forefathers," he tells us, "were so rigid in avoiding every ceremony of the Church, that they would not allow the use of a musical instrument to set the tune, and it was not uncommon for the clerk to give a flourish upon his voice before he commenced. The clerk in the Great Meeting, however, was a person of more discreet manners; and, by way of pitching the key gently, sounded *the bottom of a brass candlestick*, in the shape of a bell." Gradually, "as some of the most intelligent and

wealthy families attended this place, and the taste for music improved, the direction of the psalmody was taken from the clerk, and given to a few qualified persons. A choir was thus formed, of which my father took the lead. At this time he had just purchased Dr Croft's work, entitled *Musica Sacra*, a collection of anthems, which could not be performed without an instrumental bass, and the society consented that a *bass viol* should be procured of Baruch Norman, for this purpose."

Mr Gardiner made his appearance on the scene, about ten years after the bass fiddle, or on the 15th of March, 1770. While thus particular as to the period of his birth, however, he is shamefully negligent as to some other dates. For instance, the time of the following anecdote is left in considerable obscurity, though the uncertainty is calculated to affect in a very delicate point, the reputation of a lady who once enjoyed some celebrity. "Having been put into a suit of nankeen, which had a smart appearance, Dr Arnold, our near neighbour, requested to have my clothes tried on his son, who was of the same age. For this purpose I was carried in the morning to the Doctor's house, stripped and put into bed to the historian Mrs Macauley." Oddly enough, Mr Gardiner ascribes to this event the origin of his taste for melodious sounds, having been greatly delighted on the occasion, with "the chimes of a musical clock which stood by the bedside." We should, ourselves, however, have been inclined to ascribe to this bedding a musical propensity of another kind, of which the most ordinary variety is erroneously supposed to be indigenous to Scotland, but of which we can easily discover a modified form in our author's prurient attachment to liberal opinions in politics. Whiggery, it is well known, like the other impurities in the blood to which we have referred, is readily communicated by the skin, and we know of few persons (not excepting Miss Martineau herself) from whose vicinity the infection would be likely to be caught in a worse shape than from that democratical blue-stockings, Kate Macauley.

We pass over many interesting incidents in our hero's early life, and can only notice, in a cursory manner, his composition of a *psalm tune* under the name of Paxton; an effusion which, he

tells us, was prompted by an affair of *love* rather than *ambition*. "It became a favourite, and I had the supreme gratification to know that it was admired by the *object of my adoration!*" It is unnecessary to point out the good taste of this statement, or the high devotional feelings under which this *coup d'essai* of the author of the *Sacred Melodies* must thus have been composed. We must pass over with still slighter notice the history of his early acquaintance with Sir Richard Phillips and Mr Daniel Lambert, two of the greatest and heaviest men in their respective departments that England has produced. It would be injustice, however, to Mr Gardiner, to omit the following philosophical observations on the superior importance of infancy, as compared with the remainder of our existence. "Lord Brongham has asserted that we learn more in the first six years of our life than afterwards, though we live to a hundred. Probably this is true; we learn to speak our own language, and that more perfectly than foreigners could do in a life. We learn the quality of things, whether they are large or small, rough or smooth, their shape and colour; whether they are near to us or distant; their lightness or weight; their smell and taste, and the sounds they utter; and we learn to *call every thing by its right name.*" Mr Gardiner might have added that the accomplishment which he has last mentioned is but too frequently lost in after life. In the same original strain we are apprised that "the bent of our minds greatly depends upon example and early associations;" in proof of which it is stated that Mr Gardiner's musical taste is to be ascribed to the habits of his father, who sang and played upon the violoncello; while his other accomplishments are traced to his associating with "a gentleman I much esteemed, Mr Coltman, senior, my father's partner in trade. I was *ten years of age* when this connexion took place; and, from the first moment I fell into the company of this gentleman, I was struck with the great superiority of his conversational powers." "The brilliancy of his imagination," he adds, "reminded me of Burke." Mr Gardiner must have been a remarkable boy to have acquired so early an appreciation of conversational powers, and must, we presume, have been acquainted

with Burke in a previous state of existence, so as to be thus platonically reminded of him by his father's partner. One of Mr Coltman's great friends was Dr Priestley, who, we are gravely told by our autobiographer, "was the greatest philosopher, Newton excepted, that this country or any other has produced!" This is pretty strong: Pythagoras, Aristotle, Archimedes, Copernicus, Galileo, Napier, Boyle, Black, and Franklin, not to mention the greatest names in ethical or metaphysical science, which Mr Gardiner would exclude, perhaps, from the appellation of philosophy, must all hide their diminished heads before Dr Priestley. For this honour, we suspect, Dr Priestley is less indebted to his scientific discoveries, than to the circumstances that he was a dissenting parson, an apostle of the French Revolution, and a friend of Mr Coltman, senior, "my father's partner in trade."

The whole complexion of Mr Gardiner's book points him out as one of those unhappy persons who, with weak stomachs and weaker understandings, are easily made proselytes to the various forms of folly and fanaticism in which squeamishness exhibits itself—such as, abstinence from animal food, advocacy of the abolition of capital punishments, tee-totalism, free trade, the voluntary principle, and laxity, under the name of liberty, of conscience. Mr Gardiner, at an early period, embraced the first-mentioned of these absurdities, of which, however, he was somewhat roughly cured by one "Master Brooke."

"I was in the constant habit of visiting Mr Brooke, and had great pleasure in his company. Having read Dr Lardner's reasons for not eating animal food, I became a convert, and for three years lived entirely upon milk and vegetable diet. One evening, when I was supping with him, a beef-steak was placed upon the table; and, on being helped, I said, 'You know, sir, I don't eat meat;' but he sternly insisted upon my partaking of it, and immediately, from underneath the cushion of the sofa, drew out a brace of horse-pistols, and declared he would shoot me through the head, if I did not comply. Knowing him to be an eccentric man, with the muzzle at my forehead, I thought it wise to begin; and after the first mouthful, he exclaimed, 'There, sir, I have saved your life! I took the same foolish resolution into my head, and you see what a lath I have made of my-

self." After this adventure, I gave up my abstemious plan, and resumed my former mode of living. I felt no diminution of my spirits or bodily health in any part of my three years of abstinence, and my intellects, perhaps, were rather brighter."

It would be strange indeed, if, under any regimen, they were more dull than they now are. But the observance of a Brahminical diet is not the only symptom of a disordered system that Mr Gardiner has exhibited. Liberalism in politics and religion is far more deplorable; and it would have been well for Mr Gardiner if, in early life, he had come in contact with our friend Christopher's crutch, which might have cured him of his propensity to sympathise with Paines and Priestleys, to whine over a French war, and to calumniate George the Third, as effectually as Mr Brooke's pistol converted him from eating no meat.

We presume that Mr Gardiner's pretensions to be an autobiographer are founded chiefly on his musical attainments. Let us enquire a little, therefore, of what order these are. Mr Gardiner, for aught we know, is possessed of a tolerable ear, in the ordinary sense of the word, and having now dabbled in music for about half-a-century, partly as an amateur, and partly as a professional bookmaker, he has acquired enough of familiarity with the subject to enable him to dogmatise upon it, and enough of knowledge to help him to blunder. His main peculiarity seems to consist in a silly and insatiable appetite for jingling and jumping melodies, such as would best befit a barrel organ, or set in motion the feet and sticks of a provincial pit on a Saturday night. This taste has led him to swell the bulk, at the same time that he increases the price, of his volumes, by engravings of numerous airs, of which the following or similar tunes form a considerable proportion: "C'est l'amour," "Cherry-ripe," "Come, cheer up, my lads," "I've been roaming," "The White Cockade," &c. To the higher qualities of musical expression we take Mr Gardiner to be wholly indifferent, and we desire no better proof of our opinion than his account of the Festival in Westminster Abbey, in 1791, at which this harmonious hosier was present, but of which his description is destitute of every trace either of sense or of sensibility. Only inferior in interest to the *Commemoration*

of Handel itself, a nobler or more stirring scene than that which Westminster Abbey then presented, for lovers of music of the highest class, can scarcely be conceived, and we should have expected that the compiler of *Judah*, and the editor of the *Sacred Melodies*, would have assumed a virtue if he had it not, and have made some attempt, if not to inspire his readers with an impressive feeling of this noble occasion, at least to show that his own state of mind had not been unworthy of it. Compare, reader, with your lowest idea of what it ought to have been, the following account of these divine performances, which prompted and inspired Haydn to produce his *Creation*, but which failed to elevate the soul of Mr William Gardiner above the dust and the drivel in which he delights to dwell. It is some fifty degrees more vulgar and destitute of feeling than the worst part of Pepys' *Theatrical Criticisms*, while it must be recollected that Pepys had the modesty to consign to the obscurity of *Cyphea* and the concealment of a hole in the wall what Mr Gardiner publishes with self-complacency.

"On entering the Abbey, the magnitude of the orchestra filled me with surprise; it rose nearly to the top of the west window, and above the arches of the main aisle. There was, on each side, a tier of projecting galleries, in one of which I was placed. Above us were the trumpeters, who had appended to their instruments richly embossed banners worked in silver and gold, and we had flags of the same description, which gave the whole a gorgeous and magnificent appearance. The arrangement of the performers was admirable, particularly that of the soprani. The young ladies were placed upon a frame-work in the centre of the band, in the form of a pyramid, as you see flower-pots set up for show. This greatly improved the musical effect. The band was a thousand strong, ably conducted by Josiah Bates, upon the organ. It was directed, that during the choruses, no one should desert from playing, or sit down. An Italian, of the name of Turin (?), having disobeyed this command, one of those precious youths, the Ashleys, in a loud chorus *nailed down his coat to the seat*, and on his getting up, *he tore off the lap*. Paschirotti was singing at the time, when the Italian, in a great rage, called out, *Got dem! Got dem!* so loud, that it rang through the Abbey, and attracted the attention of the King, who dispatched Lord Sandwich into the orchestra to learn the cause of this disturbance;

but no one dared to hint at the offender. The next day, these lawless gentlemen put *twenty penny-worth of halfpence into the inside of his fiddle, the rattling of which at first enraged him*, but he contentedly sat down and *pocketed the affront*. The orchestra was so very steep, that it was dangerous to come down, and some accidents took place; one was of a ludicrous nature. A person falling upon a double bass, as it lay on its side, *immediately disappeared; nothing was seen of him but his legs protruding out of the instrument*. For some time, no one could assist him for laughing. Haydn was present at this performance; and by the aid of a telescope, planted on a stand near the kettle-drums, I saw the composer near the King's box. The performance attracted persons from all parts of Europe; and such was the demand for tickets, that, in some instances, a single one was sold for L.20. The female fashions of the day were found highly inconvenient, particularly the head-dresses; and it was ordered that no caps should be admitted of a larger size than the pattern exhibited at the Lord Chamberlain's office. As every one wore powder, notwithstanding a vast influx of hairdressers from the country, such was the demand for these *artists*, that many ladies submitted to have their hair dressed the previous evening, and sat up all night to be ready for the early admission in the morning."

The music of Westminster Abbey, indeed, seems to have made no impression on our author compared with what he derived at the same period from Hummel's performance of the popular air of the "Ploughboy," which he introduced into a sonata, and played "with inimitable variations!"

The fact is, that Mr Gardiner has no perception or appreciation whatever of great music—of music in its highest meaning, as the exponent of the loftiest emotions of the mind: as the food of the purest and sublimest longings of the heart and imagination. Sensual or mechanical ideas are all that it conveys to him—it tickles his ear to listen to its tones—it flatters his vanity that he can perceive its structure; but of its moral power, of its intellectual influence, of its spirit, of its poetry, he is as ignorant as the raggedest donkey that ever chewed a thistle. Accordingly, we find him constantly sneering at the ancient school of music, and setting up the modern in opposition to it. Thus in speaking of "The flocks shall leave the mountains," perhaps the most tender and touching strain that ever rung in a

human ear, or penetrated to a human heart, and which Mr Gardiner himself is afraid to disparage, he praises it by the appropriate observation, that it has "the dramatic force of a modern composition!"

We strongly suspect, indeed, that Mr Gardiner greatly prefers Horne to Handel, and chiefly admires Haydn's chorus of the "Heavens are telling," because it resembles the "Lass of Richmond Hill;" of which, by the by, he has given us a set so accentuated that we defy the most perfect master of the syncope to sing it. Of his correct estimate of Mozart, an opinion may be formed from the circumstance that, in drawing a parallel between music, poetry, and painting, he assigns as Mozart's companions, in the one Barrett, and in the other Cowper. To assimilate Mozart to a mere landscape painter, however truthful and pleasing, and particularly to one whose peculiar department is that of mere grace and of beauty, without any attempt at grandeur—in short, an English imitator of Claude in water colours, is as absurd as if he had compared Niel Gow to Michael Angelo. But really the other branch of the analogy is still more ridiculous. Cowper and Mozart! what a comparison! what a contrast! Heaven forbid that we should name the name of Cowper without a just tribute to the merits of a good and a great poet. His admirable sense, his thorough knowledge of the heart, in its common domestic and social relations, his love of virtue, his love of nature—make him one of the wisest and best teachers that have ever enlightened his fellow-creatures; and he had imagination and diction more than enough to suit his wants and wishes, and a real originality, amidst an age of imitation, which entitle him to the name of a true poet as well as of a moralist and a Christian. But in what did he resemble Mozart? In sublimity? in passion? in polish?—we apprehend not. No person that knew them both could compare them together; but Mr Gardiner, we suspect, knows neither. The *Tash* is no more like *Don Giovanni* or the *Nozze*, than *John Gilpin* is like the *Zauberflöte*. In no one point do Mozart and Cowper agree, except in this, that they were both men of genius and intellect, who, if their good-nature had suffered them, would have kicked Mr Gardiner out of their company for

prating either of poetry or of music, or aspiring to do more than to bring them a sight of his best worsted stockings for the winter, "men's size."

Let it not be supposed, from what we have said, that we presume to place the name of Mozart, or any other name in music, however high, in competition with that of any faithful and genuine poet. One moral saying in articulate speech, one heaven-descended precept (let it be *Truth creates* for Mr Gardiner's sake), whether in prose or rhyme, is worth, in sterling value, all that either music, painting, or sculpture, has ever contributed to the advantage of mankind. Poetry, which is Wisdom in her most lovely and alluring shape, is the mistress of all the arts, and is so immeasurably their superior, that no standard of commensuration between them can be discovered. Truth must ever take precedence of beauty: truth and beauty combined, must be preferred to beauty by herself, or beauty in such a form as can convey instruction in but faint and inarticulate language. It is not we, but Mr Gardiner, who has instituted the comparison; and we criticise it merely upon the principle, not of comparing Mozart with Cowper, but of determining whether their relative places in their several departments are similar and corresponding. We humbly conceive that they are altogether different, and at variance.

The genius of Mozart, it will now be generally admitted, is the greatest, save one, that has appeared in the history of musical composition. Handel alone is his equal, his superior. These two divine orbs of harmony are, in power and splendour, as far above all competitors, as the sun and moon exceed the lesser lights of heaven. Haydn and Beethoven, noble as they are, are yet but as brilliant stars, that disappear, or grow pale, before their presence. No adequate comparison of these pre-eminent masters has yet, we think, been attempted, and the task would be one of no ordinary difficulty. To estimate judiciously their relative merits in originality and in power, their several characteristics, the effect which each had on the progress of musical taste, the effect which the earlier had upon the later composer, would be a pleasing as well as a profitable employment for any one who could bring to the subject both literary and scientific talent. The theme, in

its full developement, is beyond our own powers as much, probably, as it would be beyond Mr Gardiner's. We shall venture, however, to notice a few more obvious points of comparison. Each of these great masters was admirable as much for science as for genius, for melody as for harmony, for sublimity as for sweetness. Handel had less variety of expression than Mozart, but the style in which he excelled was the highest of all. Mozart was alike at home in depicting all the more earthly passions of our nature—love, fear, joy, despair. Handel chiefly excelled in expressing those pure and solemn emotions which elevate our nature above itself. Mozart is, at least to modern ears, more full and flowing; but the stream of his composition has somewhat too much of an instrumental character. Handel is pre-eminently vocal: his music is not merely expressive but articulate: it does not breathe but speak. Mozart, we cannot help thinking, was unfortunate in his chief subjects. His soul was fitted for better things than to dramatise the silly or libertine intrigues of Spanish barbers or grandes. Yet he has risen infinitely beyond his matter, and has produced the highest purity and sublimity out of folly and dulness. Handel had little dramatic power, and by an involuntary impulse originally wrote some of his finest sacred pieces to stage-compositions, for which they were comparatively inappropriate. He found at last, however, in the sound feeling and generous patronage of an English public, an opportunity to exert his peculiar and unrivalled talents, more favourable than any that his successor ever enjoyed. From any comparison between them we would wholly exclude the choruses of Handel, as these stand by themselves, without any thing that exists, *aut simile aut secundum*. And it is the greatest proof of Handel's genius, that even without these, his superiority must be conceded. It is eminently to Mozart's credit that he acknowledged Handel for his master; and while we comment on the difference between them, we should ever remember that Handel lived to the mature age of 75, while Mozart died at 36.

If we are to assimilate these illustrious composers to any of the far greater lights of the world in the department of poetry, we should set

Handel down as the Milton of music; but, perhaps, with less luxuriance of imagination, and a still more severe simplicity of style. Nothing can be conceived more characteristically Miltonic than the whole oratorio of *Sampson*, and more especially that noble air, *Total Eclipse*, which Handel, in the blindness of his latter years, must have reviewed with feelings near akin to those that crowded upon Milton's mind when brooding over his own bereavement. Mozart, we would venture to designate as the Virgil of melody—tender, graceful, majestic, sublime—now leading us through green and gladsome pastures—now through the dark and dreamy shadows of an unearthly world: here awing us by the terrors of supernatural agency, or the tortures of guilty despair: there melting us to pity, by the sorrows of bereaved affection, or the pangs of deserted love.

If any thing that we have said is fanciful or fallacious, we are, at least, certain, that if we know little of the matter, Mr Gardiner knows less. If Mozart's writings are not like the *Eclogues* or the *Æneid*, they are, at least, like truth, or the *Tirocinium*. *Revenons donc à nos moutons*. Let us return to our "fleece care," and have another pull at the Hosier.

Thank you, Mr Gardiner, for some part of your theory. If our melodies, like our kilts, are Roman, we can boast of the oldest music, as well as costume, in modern Europe. We wonder whether Mr Gardiner has read Mr Daune's book, and with what feelings he has found his own views of Scottish musical history confirmed by the formidable facts there established.

We have neither time nor temper to follow Mr Gardiner through all his blunders and absurdities; but shall content ourselves with making a few further extracts, with as little commentary as possible.

"THE CHASE;" OR, GARDINER
versus GILPIN.

"Our time passed pleasantly, and, from the description my friend gave of the delights of the chase in Leicestershire, they determined to pay a visit to our green fields the following season. In November the champions arrived, with horses, grooms, and lacqueys. Finding that I was no hunter, they expressed great surprise at my want of taste, and insisted upon mounting me on one of their steeds, and that I should see, for the

first time in my life, something of the sports of the field. I so far consented as to accompany them to cover, to witness the sight of throwing off. I was mounted on a delightful creature, who, with an elevated crest, was gazing round the country like a giraffe, as we gently rode to Carlton Clump. On arriving there, the high-mettled steeds were walked about by spruce and cunning grooms, waiting their masters' arrival. Soon as mounted, the phalanx of scarlet began to canter from cover to cover, surmounting the hedge-rows by easy leaps. This mightily pleased me. The cry of the dogs, and the agreeable motion, made me forget the company I was in; and, just as I was about to return, up started a fox, when my resolution availed me nothing; for my horse, which had playfully scampered over the green turf just before, shot like an arrow from a bow, and headlong we went—

'O'er hill and dale,'
'O'er park and pale,'

till we came to Hallaton Wood. Here sly reynard concealed himself, and we were at fault. During this interval every eye was upon the covert. I was asked by Sir Thomas Clarges, on which side the wood I thought the fox would break? I replied—'My dear sir, it is the first day I ever saw a pack of hounds,' upon which the celebrated Mr Mellish exclaimed, '*Where the hell, sir, were you born?*' However, just as my reason had returned, and I was about to quit the field, up sprang another fox, and we were off again like the wind. Near Uppingham we hurried down a declivity at full gallop, which I have since considered the maddest action of my life. Helter-skelter we then rushed forward to Laund, when reynard met his death. The impetuous creature upon which I was, mad with heat and sport, by way of a finish, *plunged over head and ears with me into a gravel pit filled with water.* We swam out on the other side, and by the time I had ridden the eighteen miles back to Leicester, my ardour for fox-hunting was completely cooled."

THE HOSIER IN FRANCE: OR, HOW TO ASK FOR A WARMING-PAN.

"At the peace of Amiens, I determined to visit the French capital, and arrived at Dover on my way thither, July—the 1st, 1802. Such was the crowd of emigrants returning to France, that we could not procure a berth in any of the packets. After waiting a couple of days, we were fortunate enough to be taken on board a cutter, by Mr Silvester, a king's messenger. It blew a gale of wind when we set off; the vessel was small, and I suffered horribly from sickness. Providentially, we arrived safe at Calais, after having been drenched by the sea, which constantly broke over us. The moment we enter-

ed the inn, I desired to go to bed, as I was dying with cold, but could not recollect the French for a warming-pan. Addressing myself to the *fille de chambre*, I said, '*Apportez moi votre instrument pour le lit,*' which drew from the girls in the kitchen a burst of laughter; but I was not in the mood to join them."

GARDINER AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"Previous to the publication of the *Sacred Melodies*, I waited upon Dean Wordsworth, in Lambeth palace, then chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to state that I had prepared a work of National Psalmody, and was anxious to have the sanction and approval of the words from the Archbishop before I published them, so that they might be introduced without scruple into the church. I was kindly received by the Dean, who promised to lay my work before his Grace. Soon after I received an intimation that the Archbishop would see me the following morning at twelve o'clock; and, presenting myself to the porter at the great gate, he rung a deep-toned bell that resounded through the spacious court, which immediately roused a fry of smaller bells, to announce that some one was coming. A servant received me at the entrance of the great hall, and by him I was directed to pass to another station, where I should be directed which way to proceed. Having passed half a dozen men in livery, I came to the antechamber of the Bishop's library, where I was received by a sort of gentleman, who told me that his Grace, in less than a minute, would ring a bell, when he should usher me into his presence. On my entry I found him sitting in a stately chair, and in his robes. As soon as I had acknowledged the kindness of his Grace in granting me the interview, he said, 'Mr Gardiner, I have received your book, and am much pleased with it; my daughters, the Misses Sutton, have played over the music, and think it very beautiful. As regards the words, I directed my chaplain, Dr Wordsworth, to look them through, and he, as well as myself, thinks them unexceptionable, and an excellent selection; but I notice there is an observation in your Preface, wherein you state that the attention which the Dissenters pay to the improvement of their psalmody is one cause of persons deserting the Established Church. Do you think that is the case?' 'Yes, my Lord. Good poetry, such as that of Dr Watts and Mr Steele, when combined with agreeable melodies, not the old-fashioned drawing tunes of the Puritans, will at all times prove an incentive to devotion.' 'I rather thought, sir,' he replied, 'that the chief cause of the lower orders not attending the church was

the want of seats,* though, I dare say, there may be some truth in what you state.' I then said, 'I have to crave your Grace's permission to put on the title-page of my book what Sternhold has done, *'Allowed to be sung in churches.'*"

We have before been told, by good authority, that

"— Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,"
but we little expected to have the conduct of Dissenters thus explained, by one who knows the secrets of their prison-house.

GARDINER AND THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

"In dedicating *'The Sacred Melodies'* to the Prince Regent, I was desirous of wording my address so as not only to express the honour conferred upon me, but to pay a due compliment to the Prince's taste and knowledge in music; and I waited upon my neighbour, the Rev. Robert Hall, to request his approval before I printed it. This was my first interview with that extraordinary man, who had left Cambridge to reside in his native county. He received me kindly, and talked much about music, of which he was passionately fond, but said he had no ear. This I could scarcely believe, as the melody of his language, I remarked, was strikingly beautiful. 'But, sir,' he replied, 'I can't sing a note.'— 'Though you neither sing nor play, had you paid as much attention to musical sounds as you have done to music of words, you would have been as refined in music as you are in language.'— 'Why, sir, I can always tell what pleases me,' and referred to a psalm-tune in *'The Sacred Melodies'* (page 14), as being one that gave him great delight. 'As you seem sir, to have an ear for language,' he said, 'I should like to ask your opinion of the wording of an epitaph which a reverend gentleman brought me yesterday; it is intended for Mr Robinson's tomb, in St Mary's Church. I will read it to you as it was first shown me; then, as I have altered it.' 'Well, sir,' I replied, 'if I don't tell which is yours, I will give you leave to crop off one of my ears.' He laughed, and said, 'Will you dare me to it, sir?' I said, 'Yes; get your shears, Mr Hall, I am ready.' He read them, and I laughed heartily at the ridiculous contrast. The boldness of my challenge pleased him; and after I had decided rightly, he said, 'Is it not a mere *'clatter of unmeaning words'*?' I asked him, 'Who, in his opinion, was the

greatest writer that ever appeared?' He replied, 'Voltaire was the most powerful of any author he had read.' He afterwards named Bossuet. I asked him if Cicero was not very great. 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'Cicero did not write for a paltry island; he wrote for the whole earth.' The next visit I paid him was to request his opinion upon the words *I had selected* for the oratorio of *Judah*. I had previously sent them to him; he had read them with great attention, and made the following remarks:— 'Pray, sir, where did you get this passage?' 'I think from Nahum, sir.' 'Ah! he was a great prophet, sir, and a great poet, sir. Isaiah was greatly indebted to him.' On enquiry, he told me Nahum preceded him five hundred years."

We hope Mr Hall's friends mean to prosecute our autobiographer for a libel in this passage. Voltaire, the most powerful writer of Mr Hall's acquaintance! Cicero writing for the whole world! Shakspeare and Milton for a paltry island, to which, of course, the dialect and dominion of Britain are exclusively confined! Isaiah greatly indebted to Nahum! *"A great prophet, sir, and a great poet, sir!"* We wonder he did not add—and a mighty pretty fellow in his day!

THE HOSIAR'S GIFT TO HAYDN.

"In this place I beg leave to record a circumstance in which Mr Solomon rendered me a service before I had the pleasure of knowing him. I had a small present that I wished to be conveyed to the great Haydn, the nature of which the following letter will explain. I sent it to Mr Solomon, with a request that he would forward it to his friend:—

"To Joseph Haydn, Esq., Vienna,

"Sir,—For the many hours of delight which your musical compositions have afforded me, I am emboldened (although a stranger) to beg your acceptance of the enclosed small present, wrought in my manufactory at Leicester. It is no more than six pairs of cotton stockings, in which is worked that immortal air, 'God preserve the Emperor Francis,' with a few other quotations from your great and original productions.† Let not the sense I have of your genius be measured by the insignificance of the gift; but please to consider it as a mark of the great esteem I bear to him who has imparted to

* "I have no doubt that the scheme of building free churches was then in the Archbishop's mind, for which he brought in an act some years afterwards."

† "The subjects quoted, and wrought upon the fabric of the stockings, were the following; 'My mother bids me bind my hair'; the bass solo of the *Leviathan*; the andante in the *Surprise Sonata*; his sonata, 'Consummatum est'; and 'God preserve the Emperor.'"

much pleasure and delight to the musical world.

"I am, dear sir, with profound respect, your most humble servant,

" WILLIAM GARDINER.

" Leicester, August 10, 1804."

"The war was raging at the time, and as Mr Salomon had no answer, we concluded it never arrived at its place of destination."

A further confirmation of Mr Gardiner's very defective ideas on the only subject, *ultra crepidam*, which he can pretend to know, may be found, if it were wanted, in his announcement, that with him "instrumental music forms the basis of the art; vocal music being only a branch:" and in his remarks on Catalani, who, in her least and latest performances, had more soul and sublimity than ever entered into the heart or conception of all the Gardiners that ever either wove or wore hose.

With these distinguished qualifications, however, Mr Gardiner has no difficulty in dealing with every musical question that arises, and seems to us to handle them all with the same degree of knowledge or of ignorance. The subject of national music he clears up in a single sentence—"Mountainous countries are the birth-place of song. Man likes to hear the tone of his own voice, and it is only among the hills that he can listen to its sound." Mr Gardiner, however, does not confine himself to speculation on this point. He satisfies himself of the fact by visiting the mountains of our northern regions, and, as might have been expected, seems perfectly delighted at the tone of his own voice when heard among them. The fact is not very well spoken out, but it seems quite clear that Mr Gardiner's peregrinations were not exclusively made with a musical view. He appears, for some time, to have travelled for the house of Gardiner and Son, and probably thought that a mountainous country, besides being musical, might afford a good market for the commodity in which he more professionally dealt. With what success this purpose of his visit was followed we are not informed; but, altogether, our traveller does not seem to have been very well pleased with his reception among us. And apparently this is not to be wondered at. Gar-

diner, we can easily see, though he mentions Mrs Tomkins as one of his *élèves*, is but a dull edition of Tomkins himself—with all his impudence, perhaps, and something of his tongue, but certainly with none of his talents. Take his account of our native city as a sample, which may perhaps disincline you to order much of the stock.

"In 1805 I visited Edinburgh. It was midnight when we arrived, and I called a caddy* to show me the way to Mr Patterson's. I hurried through the streets, having a horror of the *avalanches* which occur about this hour. Entering the porch of an old-fashioned house, and, ringing the bell, a slide was withdrawn in the door, and showed the ghastly countenance of a man in a nightcap. I enquired if this was Mr Patterson's? 'Weel,' said he, 'and can ye doot this is the muckle hotel?' The door was reluctantly opened, and I entered the traveller's room, where empty bottles, glases, and broken pipes, the relics of a party gone to bed, garnished a long table. I was presently shown into a dormitory, where half a dozen beds stood in a row, occupied by as many snorers. Fatigue, however, settled the disagreeable; and I soon made one of the concert. In the morning I joined a young gentleman at breakfast, just landed in a Leith vessel from Italy, for the purpose of visiting the Scottish capital. I had letters to Mr Creech and Mr Jeffrey, but unfortunately (for them?) they were both out of town, and I lost the pleasure of seeing some of the *learned Scotchmen*. Emerging from this filthy inn, the mind is suddenly elevated by the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. The city is built upon three long-backed hills, stretching from west to east, between which lie two deep ravines, probably once arms of the sea, now completely cultivated. The New Town, upon the most northern hill, is connected with the Old by a bridge; and at the bottom of the ravine runs a street of houses, four or five stories high, the tops of which are level with the street above, so that the houses that form this street are set upon the tops of those below. Within a mile of the city stands the mountain called Arthur's Seat; and as my friend had been up *Vesuvius*, he taught me the best mode of climbing, (tremendous task!) which is by turning the toes out, and setting the feet sideways. From this eminence, it is said, you may see as far as Aberdeen, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. [No doubt of it; indeed, on clear days, we believe Inverness is also distinctly visible!] At dinner we incurred the displeasure of the waiter, by making our remarks upon the dishes set before us. We had the haggis, and a

* "A porter with a lantern, there being then no lamps."

sheep's head with the wool on, and, as a side dish, the trotters of the same animal unsinged: however, we made up with a magnum of claret, which was cheap and excellent."

GARDINER ON SCOTTISH MUSIC.

"The Scotch talk much about their music, and consider themselves a musical people. If they assume this on the ground of their national airs being composed by Scotchmen, they will have more to prove than can be demonstrated. I have repeatedly asked, Who are their composers? When did they live? I never had a satisfactory reply. As a people they have no pretensions to rank as musicians. Their puritanical religion forbids the introduction of instruments into their places of worship, and their sacred music, or psalm singing, is of the lowest order.* On my first visit to the Scottish capital, I attended the High Church, where Lord Moira was in his regal pew, representing the King. The psalm was given out line by line, and the coarse manner in which the tune was bawled by every one, to me was highly offensive, not having the least resemblance to any thing that can be called music. In return for my scepticism, I have been asked—Then who are the authors of our music? Probably your invaders: some of your airs are as old as the Romans, and still retain the features of their imperfect scale.† The ancient dress of the kilt, or skirted frock, is derived from the same people; and the bagpipe Burney traces in the Grecian sculpture in Rome. These tunes unquestionably have been improved, through subsequent ages; and during the reign of Mary received the polish of her chief musician Rizzio and his companions. As instances we merely refer to pages 117, 337, 497, and 558, for those who have received this polish. Independent of these circumstances, the Highlands of Scotland, like all other mountainous countries, as Ireland and Wales, retain their natural germs of melody, which the shepherd throws out from his voice. This has no more claim to be called music, than the spontaneous voices of animals or notes of birds. From these hints, a composer will form an elaborate music; he derives a

melody from nature, which by his imagination and science, he renders perfect. Music of this description Scotland has not; she has not a written scrap in the whole country."

But enough of such nonsense. We are fully confirmed by this book of Mr Gardiner's, in the opinion which we have entertained, that there is nothing so silly in the world as a silly musical amateur—unless it be a silly connoisseur in painting. These creatures disfigure and degrade the arts to which they attach themselves, by the senseless slang which is always on their lips, while to them the noblest and most intellectual music is but a tinkling cymbal, and the most divine painting but a tissue of tints and trickery.

We must observe, further, that we have always had a favourable opinion of the commercial character. Many happy hours have we passed in the commercial room of most of the great inns on the road, and Tomkins and his fellows have gratefully acknowledged the justice we have ever done them. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to their defects. Immoderate pretension is the badge of all their tribe, as much as the bag they carry. Whether it appear in boasting of conquests over chambermaids' hearts, which were never achieved, or in assuming familiarity with persons or pursuits entirely innocent of the impeachment, the bagman is always less to be trusted in his account of himself than in his eulogium on his goods. This family feature is particularly conspicuous in Mr Gardiner's *Recollections*. He talks of every thing, of which he knows nothing; and, so far as music is concerned, has all his life been vending an article of the most flimsy and fallacious fabric. We must dismiss him, by observing that, hosier as he is, we have never, in our experience, met with any individual with so much *cry* and so little *wool*, as the author of *Music and Friends*.

"* My friend, James Taylor, Esq. Philadelphia, says—"When my father resided at Perth, 1750, the stock of psalm tunes sung in the Established Churches was only seven, all common metre. These were regularly sung every Sunday, and in the same order, without regard to the sentiment or character of the psalm, i. e. whether joyful or plaintive, for that was a matter not even thought of, and indeed, under existing circumstances, often remediless. The introduction of a new tune was a memorable event; and those in quick or treble time were regarded as profane, 'as ill as sang-singing in the kirk.' A certain worthy, who only swore profanely six days in the week, but who, on Sunday, was regularly sanctimonious, was so much shocked when St Matthew's was sung, that he used to run out of the church, lest he should incur sin, by appearing to countenance—the *devil's tune*."

"† Their order of notes was a succession, nearly the same as that of the black keys of the piano forte."

EMILY VON ROSENTHAL—HOW SHE WAS SPIRITED AWAY.

CHAPTER I.

"ADVENTURES, sir?" said my opposite neighbour, in the Rocket light coach—"take my word for it they are as plentiful as ever. We have become wise, thoughtful, ingenious, money-making, utilitarian, and political—our eyes have become blind to the romance that still lies every where around us—our hearts seared with the red-hot iron of a detestable philosophy, which interdicts fancy and imagination as subversive of truth—good heavens! as if man were already converted into Babbage's machine, and had no higher occupation than the evolution of arithmetical results. 'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the air,' but they are of too refined and ethereal a nature for our gross perceptions; millions of fine adventures—wild, chivalrous, romantic—are within our reach, but of too high and purified a kind for our dull and every-day faculties. What do you mean by an adventure, sir?"

The person who poured out this torrent of words had got in at the White Horse Cellar,—a thin, intelligent looking man, of from forty to fifty years of age, and his address had been excited by some casual observation I had made about the lack of adventure in a journey to Portsmouth at the present time, compared to the stirring days of Smollett and Fielding.

"An adventure?" I answered—"why, an attack by highwaymen—being benighted on our way—or even upset in a ditch."

"The days of highwaymen," answered my neighbour, "are indeed past—they went out at the same time, perhaps, with those of chivalry; good lamps and macadamized roads preserve us from being benighted on our journey; and the carefulness and skill of my friend Falconer save us from any danger of a ditch; but, after all, these are but external adventures—the husk, as it were, in which adventures are contained, not the adventures themselves—there must be something more to constitute an adventure than mere robbery, or darkness, or sprawling in a ditch—there must be

character, individuality, perhaps romance. What sort of an adventure would a robbery be without a Captain Weasle?"

"Well, sir," I said; "but you will grant that the incidents I mentioned are more likely to call forth those peculiarities than merely sweeping along behind four fine horses on a road as smooth as a bowling-green."

"There's the very thing," replied the stranger; "it is this sweeping along, and these fine roads, that have centupled the materials for adventure—under the word adventure, comprising not merely accidents and assaults, but any thing that calls forth one's surprise by its oddness—and that, I take it, is the widest sense adventure can be taken in. What do you think, sir, of tipping the son of a marquis with a half-crown at the end of a stage, or blowing up a duke for not attending to your luggage? Such things never happened in the slow-waggon days of Roderick Random."

"No, but merely being a spectator of such an event as one of the nobility in the driving-box, does not constitute an adventure—you are but an indifferent party."

"That's what I complain of. People, I have said before, are so taken up with 'this world's cold realities,' that they remain *indifferent* parties to any thing that does not actually touch themselves. But, if you gave a little play to your fancy, you would soon find that you are actually performing an adventure when you are driven by a right honourable whip. You wonder what circumstances led to such a fall; what train of mishaps and miseries ended at last in ruffianizing the mind and manners of an English noble. You talk of it when you get home, you boast of it once or twice a-week after dinner for the rest of your lifetime, and by that simple coming in contact with the patrician Jehu, you feel as if you had a share in his history; nay, you almost become ennobled yourself in contemplating his degradation; you begin to have a sort of distant relationship to his distinguished ancestors; when you read of

the achievements of any of those worthies, you say, 'ah, yes, very great man—I recollect his grandson drove me to Brighton, and a very good driver he was.'

"But these things are reflections," I said, "not adventures."

"Not at all—the adventure consists in your having met with an incident which would have set the hairs of your grandfather's wig on end with horror and disgust, and the relation of which will have, I sincerely hope, the same effect on your grandson's natural locks. I appeal to the gentleman on my left, if, indeed, we have not set him to sleep. Will you decide between us, sir?"

The person thus addressed lifted aside the silk handkerchief he had hitherto kept over his face, and presented a visage of such preternatural ugliness, that I started at the sudden disclosure. A lady at my side shrieked, and clung to my arm. The hideous apparition smiled in a manner which, of course, added to his grimness, and showed a row of teeth, of extraordinary length, which had evidently been sharpened to a point by a file or some other instrument. Deep lines were cut in every variety of square and circle, on every portion of his face; in short, he was the most complete specimen of the art of tattooing I had ever seen.

"I can scarcely decide," he said, in very good English, "as in fact I have not been attending to the conversation. I am an Englishman, born in Derbyshire; I bore a lieutenant's commission at the battle of Waterloo; I am now king of six brave and powerful nations, and have been paying a visit to your sovereign Victoria. If she would give me leave to settle the French Canadians, I and my brave people would eat them up in a week."

The lady again screamed. "The gentleman's a hannibal," she said—"I knowed it from the shape of his teeth."

The Indian King laughed.

My friend looked at me triumphantly. "Smooth roads and pleasant coaches, you see, are not so barren of adventure as you supposed. You don't deny, I hope, that this is equal to an upset?"

"I don't know, sir," I replied. "George Psalmanazor lived in the days of the heavy flies."

"He was a quack and a humbug, and besides, you never would have met him travelling in one of those

conveyances. It would not in the least degree increase the strangeness of this discovery though Falconer was to tumble us all into a ditch."

"It might increase it very painfully to him," said the tattooed monarch, with a demoniacal opening of his jaws, and an audible grinding of his pin-pointed teeth, "for I would have his scalp at my belt in the turn of a wrist."

"They would hang you," said my friend.

"I am sacred, not only as a king but as an ambassador. Grotius and Puffendorf are precise upon that point."

"But you forfeit such sacredness by outraging the laws."

"Not at all," replied the King: "I was in an attorney's office before I got my commission, and know something of law. I give up the ambassador, but in my character of king I maintain I am inviolable."

"What! if you commit a murder?"

"Yes—my sister Christina put Monaldeschi to death at Fontainebleau, and no notice was taken."

"He was her own servant, and not a subject of France—and, according to Christina's account, was tried for a state crime by a court which would have been considered legal in Sweden, found guilty, and executed according to law."

"It was merely as a crowned head that the French lawyers passed it *sub silentio*, as we used to say in old Sweatem's office. A sovereign *regnant* carries his own laws with him wherever he goes. I may scalp any man in my own dominions, without assigning any reason (and that, by a regularly published law, and not merely from the absence of any law); and, therefore, I conclude under that law I should be able to plead a justification."

"I hope you won't try it," replied my friend, "for Falconer is a great friend of mine. But we have left the subject we started with; and now I think you will confess that there are more adventures within our reach at the present time, if we only choose to look for them, than when roads were bad and robbers plentiful. Can you imagine a stranger incident than meeting a king of the American Indians, quoting Grotius and Puffendorf,

and recalling the experiences of an attorney's office?"

"But you forget," I rejoined, "one great source of adventure possessed by our ancestors, which our modern enquiries have dried up: I mean superstition. We have no haunted chambers in way-side inns—nor clanking of chains; nor spectres looking in upon us from high gallows-trees upon 'the blasted heath.'"

"My dear sir, you are wofully mistaken in taking for granted the *death* of superstition, merely because she is buried. If we had courage to confess it, we should find that her subjects were as numerous as ever, and her power as great. Even at St John's, my own college, sir—we perfectly well know the library is haunted. I myself, sir, when I was an under-graduate, had rooms just below it, and have heard most distinctly the roll of some hard substance from one end of the long gallery to the other—and after a pause the substance, whatever it was, has been trundled back again, and the game has gone on; and as a proof to you of the liveliness of superstition at that period, which is not a very remote one, I may tell you that those rooms are often unoccupied from their haunted reputation,—and that there is not a scout—I may almost say not a member of the college, who has not some vague fear of entering the library, or who is altogether sure that the popular account of the legend is not the correct one, namely, that the rolling sound—bump—bump—along the floor, is caused by the devil playing at bowls with the head of Archbishop Laud."

"I never heard the like in my born days," said the lady at my right hand, with a sort of tremor in her voice,

that showed she was not of one of the unbelievers:—"I wouldn't go into that room for to be made Queen of England."

"There, sir!" cried my friend in triumph—"this sensible lady bears witness to the truth of what I say. Depend upon it, we are not one of us deprived of the happy power of thinking each strange tale devoutly true, if we could only tear off for a while the mummy-folds of interest, pride, rationality, and scepticism, in which we have wrapt ourselves. For my own part, I make it a rule to believe every thing. The experimental is as real to me as a tree or a stone—but, indeed, what right have we to call any thing *supernatural*, till we have found how far the natural extends? The combinations of chemistry are more supernatural than a ghost—yet we believe them."

"But we know their causes."

"No, sir; we only see the effects of certain mixtures, and from the uniformity of the effect, we argue to a cause—but the cause itself is inexplicable. So perhaps is the cause of a ghost; but its existence may be as real, notwithstanding, as the stream we are crossing at this moment. Two gases in composition produce water—why may not two other gases produce a spectre?"

"Seeing is believing," I said.

"I have seen, sir," replied my friend—

"A ghost, sir?" enquired the lady, with her eyes distended with expectation.

"A spectre, madam," he replied, with a good-humoured smile; "but here we are at Guildford, and I will tell you the story when we have changed horses."

CHAPTER II.

"SHORTLY after leaving college, I travelled for some years, and when I had grown tired of chasing my own shadow from Rome to Naples, from Paris to Vienna, I betook me, in a fit of repentance for time lost and money wasted, to the calm and sedate University of Heidelberg. It is certainly not very easy to find what is called gentlemanly society in those abodes of learning, where beer and tobacco dispute the pre-eminence with verbal

scholarship and cloudy metaphysics; but, in finding one person about my own age, who had a soul above brown stout and meerschaums, I considered myself very fortunate. He was a fine, high-spirited youth, of noble family, and of what in that country passes for a large fortune. His name was Charles, or Karl von Hontheim; and before I had been a month matriculated, we both felt as if we had known each other all our lives. There is

nothing so surprising among the Germans as the way in which they go through that *procès monstre*, which we call falling in love. Instead of a quiet, pleasant sort of feeling, such as we experience it here, going on from simple flirtation through a season or two's quadrilles, to a positive predilection, and finally to an offer of marriage—love in the heart of a German is a smouldering volcano or embryo earthquake. It seems to be his point of honour to feel as miserable as possible; and my friend Karl was, according to his own showing, the most wretched of men. The account of his woes was this:—A certain Emily von Rosenthal—one-half of whose attraction I firmly believe consisted in the prettiness of her name—was the daughter of an old baron who lived in complete seclusion in one of the most out-of-the-way districts of the Odenwald. Karl had become acquainted with her during her stay with an old relation—one of the Empress' maids of honour at Schonbrunn—and seemed to have made so good use of his time and opportunities, that nothing was wanting but the consent of the old baron; Emily herself being nearly as romantic as my friend. But many things told against his chance with the secluded proprietor of Rosenthal. In the first place, he had a prejudice against the locality where the acquaintance had commenced; in the next place, he was sometimes in his own mind determined on marrying his daughter to a gentleman whose principal recommendation was that he was his neighbour, and would, therefore, not carry her far out of his reach; and, in the last place, he was not by any means anxious to marry her at all, as, besides losing her society, he foresaw there might be sundry inconveniences attending the event in the shape of settlements and portions; and, therefore, on the whole, balancing between marrying her to the Baron von Erbach and not marrying her at all,—the latter alternative was decidedly the favourite. But Emily, on parting with Karl, had given him to understand that she was very miserable at the thoughts of immurement in the old chateau of Rosenthal; and, accordingly, out of mere sympathy, he felt inconsolably wretched in his suite of rooms at Heidelberg. No wonder, indeed, that Emily was in doleful

dumps at the expectation of all that awaited her at home. You were none of you perhaps ever inside of an old German castle; but you will have a very good idea of it if you will transplant the jail of your nearest county town into a wild region among hills and woods—convert its court-yard and cells into long corridors, place some few articles of furniture, of a coarse and strong kind, in one or two of the rooms, and imagine the whole building very much in want of a county-rate to keep it in habitable repair. This, at least, is a very close description of the residence of the beautiful Emily. Then, instead of the pleasing society of an enterprising housebreaker, or gentlemanly turn-key, think of being doomed to see no visage, from one year's end to another, except that of her father, or the modest and undecided Baron von Erbach. Solitary confinement would have been a milder sentence. And then, if she moved into the village, as by courtesy a few straggling huts were called, her situation was not much improved. The schoolmaster had not visited the Odenwald, and I should imagine has scarcely yet opened his primer among that benighted and simple peasantry. Not the worse, perhaps, for them; but still to a young lady who had spent half a-year at Vienna—been presented at court, and had danced with all the whiskered pandours and the fierce hussars that shine forth in the refulgence of pearl jackets and diamond pantaloons, the change was "very tolerable," as Dogberry says, "and not to be endured." The unsophisticated natives of the village had no higher idea of a grandee than was offered them in the person of the baron himself; and they had a far higher reverence for the Wild Huntsman of their own forest, than for the Kaiser and all his court. But you ask who was the Wild Huntsman?—Thereby hangs a tale; and I give you my word of honour it is impossible for any incident to be better authenticated by the evidence both of eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses, than the repeated appearance of a certain form or shape, which, among the country people, bore the name of the Wilde Yager, or Wild Huntsman. I have conversed with many—hundreds I was going to say—but many dozens of people certainly, who have assured

me they have seen him 'and heard him,'—who have described the long white cloak in which he is enveloped, and the high-trotting black horse he rides on. Why should we disbelieve it? for observe, I pray you, his appearance is not a mere useless display—but has an object of a much loftier kind than merely to frighten old women and children. No reasoning could dissipate the belief universal in that district, that the appearance of the Wild Huntsman was the precursor of hostilities. In the profoundest peace there has been heard, in the sequestered valley of the Rosenthal, the tramp of a barbed horse and the clang of knightly steel,—so sure as this sound has been repeated three times, has war broken out within the month; and if you had heard, as I have, the proofs of this coincidence, to call it nothing more, you would pause a little before you altogether rejected it, or attributed it to the liveliness (or ghastliness rather) of the German imagination. But every spectre must have his legend,—and the legend of the Wild Huntsman of the Odenwald is this:—Long, long ago, a certain graf, or earl, was lord of the whole forest and half the neighbouring lands. A jolly old boy he seems to have been, as manners then were. When he drank Rhine wine, which was a feat he performed by the hogshead, he was tolerably happy,—happier when he fell in with a company of rich churchmen returning with the rents of their abbey-lands, or of merchants with their pack-saddles stuffed with gold,—but happiest of all when his foot was in stirrup and lance in rest, for hard knocks were both meat and drink to the graf of the Odenwald. Fierce, cruel, and tyrannical—even beyond the habits of chivalry—people were amazed to find that, from one of his marauding excursions,

he brought home with him a lady from a far country, beautiful exceedingly, and still more surprised when they discovered that he made her his lawful wife, and paid her such deference and devotion as if she had been a saint, and he had turned her worshipper. But tigers can never be permanently tamed, however quiet they may appear for a season, so let Van Amburgh look to it. The graf seemed all of a sudden to recover his bloodthirsty disposition. Though an heir to his name and honours was now daily to be expected, he ordered his retainers to mount—brought out his splendid black charger, and, when his fair young wife came to him, and begged him, by all the love she bore him, to delay his expedition for only a few days, he cursed her as she knelt, and repelled her with his iron-bound hand so rudely, that blood gushed out of her snow-white shoulder, and she fell senseless on the ground. The graf sprang into his saddle, and rode off. After a march of three days, he laid siege to the castle of a rival chief, and was repulsed with great slaughter. As he lay under an oak-tree that night, a vision appeared to him of his wife. She bore a poor dead baby in her arms, and said, "See, graf, what your cruelty has done. Oh! man of blood, our blood is upon your soul. Tomorrow's fight will be your last; but the grave will refuse you rest. Go forth, and as war has been your delight, be the herald and harbinger of war." In the next day's assault he died, and from that time, which is now many centuries ago, his spectre has been seen in his habit as he lived, mounted on the fiery black horse, and announcing the near approach of strife and danger.—But here we have got to Godalming, and I must refresh my memory with a tumbler of sherry and water."

CHAPTER III.

"It is time to go back in my story to my friend Karl and his disconsolate enchantress, the fair Emily von Rosenthal. 'Though boats rowed and rivers flowed, with many a hill between,' they managed to keep up an animated correspondence by means of the post-office, the slit in whose wall gave, no doubt, the original idea of the inter-

parietal communications of Pyramus and Thisbe. It is impossible to say what mischief might have happened if the frequent epistles had not opened a safety valve to the fiery passion that devoured poor Karl. "Sure, heaven sent letters for some wretch's aid," which is another argument in favour of Mr Hill's penny postage—for ab-

sent love is a great enough evil of itself without the additional misery of paying a double letter. Pages, volumes, reams, were mutually written and received, and love had at last reached the point when it becomes sublime, when my inspection of it was for a while interrupted by my friend getting a lieutenant's commission in the dragoons, and leaving the classic shades of the Heidelberg, where I had made his acquaintance, to join his regiment. I pursued my studies for another month or two, and then received an invitation from Karl to visit him at his castle in the west of Germany, and afterwards to accompany him to the station where the detachment of the regiment he belonged to was at that time quartered. Nothing could be more agreeable. I set off at the end of March, just when the weather begins to be fittest for travelling and sight-seeing; and, after a delightful journey on horseback, for I took two or three of my horses abroad with me, I arrived at the hospitable castle of Hontheim.

"Don't you think I am the luckiest dog in Europe?" were the first words he said to me. "The troop I belong to is stationed at Waldback, only fourteen miles from Rosenthal. Emily knows of our good fortune. Did you ever hear of anything so fortunate?"

"There was no gainsaying the fact, that this was a very agreeable incident in the life of a man condemned to country quarters, and I congratulated him accordingly. I rejoiced in it also on my own account, as I confess I had become so far interested in his love as to have a great anxiety to see the inspirer of it. It was also a part of the country with which I was unacquainted, and as I knew it was the land of mysteries and hobgoblins, I was determined to judge for myself whether indeed there are things in this dull prosaic earth of ours which are not dreamt of in our philosophy. I went—and saw—but I will not anticipate.

"As to my friend Karl's sisters, it would make the story more romantic, perhaps, if I told you about their elegance, beauty, and all the other qualities that travelling Englishmen are so clever at discovering in foreign ladies—for my own part, I never saw a girl who had not been brought up at the feet of an English mother, with whom I would trust my happiness; but this

by the way. Karl's sisters were very tolerable to look at, and accomplished after the manner of accomplishments in their country; but as it was no difficult matter to perceive that Wether was an especial favourite with them—and that Goethe's other prose writings were their chief literary studies, I soon came to the conclusion that such poison would not be long in producing the baneful effects which, I verily believe, it was that prurient old satyr's intention to create on the mind and manners of his countrymen. And this prophecy is now completely fulfilled, as both of them are separated from their husbands, without, at the same time, losing a single particle of their status and reputation. Well, a fortnight or so passed pleasantly enough—Karl making Rosenthal, and the inhabitants of Rosenthal, so constantly the theme of his discourse, that I really think I knew every cranny of the old castle, and all the individuals connected with it, as intimately as if they had been my own home and my own relations. The old Baron was described as a fine relic of a man once acquainted with the world, but now fallen into old age and the hands of his confessor,—which, between them, seemed to have stripped him of all the experience he had acquired, and left his mind a *tabula rasa* on which the persons nearest him could make almost whatever impression they chose. His friend and neighbour, the Baron Von Erbach, seemed a younger edition of the Baron Von Rosenthal, with the additional disadvantage of never having seen the world at all: but to compensate for this lack of experience, he had what very few people in his condition have—a salutary distrust in his own wisdom, and even in the evidence of his own senses. He would rather take another person's word for it that the sun was shining, than state such a fact on his own authority. Emily was, of course, an angel; and the confessor a fit individual to make up a trio with the two barons, as he seemed to be as simple as ignorance and his legendary studies could make him.

"When in this way I had acquired a competent knowledge, at second hand, from Karl, who himself was indebted for all his information to his fair correspondent, we set off for the secluded station to which Karl was appointed.

A venerable captain was the only other officer, and as he was a very good specimen of his country, we soon were on the best of terms with the silent and smoking philosopher, who rarely interfered with us, and never objected to take whatever duty Karl was too much occupied to perform. In fact, it was quite a holiday; and, of course, our first business was to reconnoitre the position of Rosenthal Castle, preparatory to taking any steps to effect a lodgement. Recollect my similitude of the county jail—a similitude applicable in more ways than one,—as I will venture to say there are few malefactors have longed more ardently for their release than did the imprisoned Emily. At last we determined between us that I should effect an entrance; and, accordingly, at the close of an April day, I found myself benighted in the neighbourhood of the castle, and thundered at the door—intending to crave admission and shelter for the night. Long, long did I sit at the portal gate, knocking with all my might. At last, a voice, trembling with agitation, cried from the inside—"In the name of St Hubert and St James, what want you here?"

"Food and shelter. I have lost my way in the forest; and my horse is tired."

"He trotted too fast over the draw-bridge. We adjure you in the name all the saints to retire."

"Why? what are you afraid of? Tell your master, whoever he is, that I am an Englishman, who craves his hospitality only for the night."

"An Englishman?" said the voice; and then, after a little whispering, the key was turned, and the creaking old gate revolved upon its hinges, and presented to my astonished eyes three individuals; one of them bearing a little tin box, and dressed in full canonicals, the other two close behind him, and looking over his shoulders, as if expecting to see some wonderful appearance. The little tin box contained one of the thigh-bones and three ribs of St Hubert, and was borne by the worthy father confessor of the

other two gentlemen, who were no less distinguished personages than the barons of Erbach and Rosenthal. The box and surplice were rapidly hustled out of sight—a retainer was summoned to take my horse, and with some little appearance of knightly hospitality, I was ushered into a large room, where some bottles and glasses, on a huge table before the fire, showed that the ghostly father did not altogether interdict the creature comforts from his faithful flock.

"You will pardon me, stranger," said the old Baron, "for having kept you waiting outside the gate so long; for—'tis a wild country this—some of the peasantry, they say, are disaffected, —and—so you see"—

"I beg you'll make no apologies," I said; "I am too grateful that you have let me in at last, to find any fault with the delay. My poor black, also."

"Is your horse black, sir?" enquired the younger baron; "Father Joannes was just saying so."

"And, in short, it very soon came out that the three wise men of Rosenthal had been startled from their wine-cups by the fear of a visit from the Wild Huntsman. Now, though I have described them as somewhat simple, I must say, that from all I heard on that occasion, their belief in the occasional apparition of the figure I have described to you, was perfectly sincere; and, what is more, supported by many clearer and more convincing proofs than one-half of the things that their religion calls upon them to credit. And such were the tales they told, and so authenticated, that on going to my couch that night, I was half inclined to fancy that they were perfectly justified in what had at first struck me as an instance of childish credulity. Before many days had passed, I was in a condition to speak from my own experience,—but here we are at Liphork, where the coach stops for lunch; and, if you wish to have a very bad lunch, and to pay for it very highly, I advise you to avail yourself of this opportunity. The beer, however, is good.

CHAPTER IV.

"Emily von Rosenthal was certainly a beautiful girl; and, as I was not to be her husband, I confess the wild re-

mance I saw in her disposition added to her attraction. With her, and, indeed, with the old people also, I man-

aged to make myself such a favourite, that I was invited to prolong my visit,—which, you will perceive, was the very thing I wished ;—and, besides the duty of being useful to my friend, there is no denying that such an insight into the secret recesses of an old baronial family was very agreeable to myself. The brace of barons and their worthy confessor were indeed well deserving of a study, for three such originals are not often to be encountered. The lover was as queer a specimen of the tender passion as one can well imagine ; seeming to consider the whole art and mystery of love-making to consist in adopting the opinion of his enslaver, though she altered it as often as Hamlet in the play. Polonius was a type of him. The two other worthies seemed to make it quite as much a point to retain their own opinions, however absurd ; and, between them all, what with philandering with the young lady, and drinking with the old men, my time passed very agreeably. A meeting at last was effected, through my means, between the lovers—daggers and flashes of lightning, what vows they swore ! Commend me to a German for thundering protestations,—what tears they wept ! for Karl was not above the lachrymatory weaknesses of his countrymen,—and all the time I could not imagine what possible obstacle there could be to his marrying her on the spot ; but, alas ! alas ! the meeting had been perceived by some prying eyes,—cold looks were cast on me ; the young lady ordered into close confinement within the castle walls—visited three times a-day by the confessor—and once at least by the Baron von Erbach—and affairs in all respects wore as gloomy an aspect as could well be desired. She prayed and besought me not to leave her,—so the cold looks of the trio were thrown away upon me,—their hints disregarded—and their viands and wines consumed as unconcernedly as ever. Who or what the stranger might be who had been seen in company with the fair Emily and the English stranger, nobody had discovered. We, of course, with the licence allowable in love and war, flatly denied the whole accusation,—and we were not without some remote hopes that better days would shine on us when the present tyranny should be overpast. But now comes the main incident of my story. One

evening—it was on the 13th of April—when we were all gathered together as usual round the wood fire in the hall, low growls of thunder were heard at a distance among the hills—long shrill gusts of wind sounded every now and then along the deserted corridors—and, by fitful plashes, a pattering of rain sounded dismally against the window.

“ ‘ Here is a wild night,’ said Father Joannes, stirring up one of the immense logs upon the fire—‘ may the saints have pity upon travellers.’ ”

“ ‘ And send them a cup of comfort like this,’ added the old baron, filling up his glass.

“ ‘ Ah ! very true,’ said the younger baron, and followed his senior’s example.

“ ‘ None but the wicked would go abroad in such weather,’ observed the reverend gentleman, who never was altogether pleased unless he received a little contradiction to his remarks ; ‘ and therefore I withdraw my request that the saints would have pity on them.’ ”

“ ‘ Very true,’ said the Baron von Erbach, ‘ I did not think of that.’ ”

“ ‘ But are the wicked peculiarly fond of bad weather for their journeys ?’ I enquired.

“ ‘ They are the cause of it, my good friend,’ explained the confessor ; ‘ nature is so disgusted at the sight of them that she falls into convulsions—the elements themselves are affected—the wind howls for fear—the rain falls in sorrow, as is fully explained in a learned book by a brother of our order on the causes of storms and earthquakes.’ So you perceive that Colonel Reid and the ingenious American are not the first who have studied those matters. But to go on with the conversation in the great hall at Rosenthal :—When about an hour had been spent in listening to various sage opinions upon a multitude of subjects, the storm every now and then getting the better of our eloquence, and sounding indeed very appalling in that dilapidated old mansion, we were startled from our seats in the very middle of a tremendous gust, by repeated knocks at the principal gate, and the sound of many voices demanding admission. When we recovered a little from our surprise at such an unusual event, we went in a body across the main quadrangle to the

gate, and on opening it, seven or eight of the villagers—men, women, and children, all huddled together in the extremity of terror, rushed into the yard imploring us to save them. Before we had time to enquire into the cause of their alarm, we were joined by the beautiful Emily herself, carefully wrapped up in her cloak, who clung to my arm, and looked on without saying a word. The confessor hurried off as fast as possible for the little tin box which he had displayed so plausibly on my first appearance; and the two barons, making out from the confused report of the villagers that they had seen the Wild Huntsman in full trot, skirting the wood, and coming directly towards the hamlet, fell into such an agony of fear that they could do nothing but cross themselves with amazing activity, and repeat the creed and the commandments as fast as they were able. Father Joannes appeared at last with his talisman of bones, and rattled them with the most exemplary devotion. A fresh batch of terrified peasants now rushed distractedly into the courtyard; and while the rain continued to pour, and the now almost dark evening was fitfully illumined by vivid streaks of lightning, there certainly did come into that quadrangle a form enveloped in a long white mantle, mounted on a splendid black charger. It was a stately animal, and trotted proudly up to the very spot where I was standing with Emily clinging to my arm. There could be no mistake; I saw it with my own eyes. The figure stooped solemnly down when he reached the spot; and the next minute I missed my fair companion from my side; and amid repeated flashes of

lightning, while the thunder rolled in long eddying volleys, that nearly shook the turrets to the ground, I thought I saw her seated in front of the mysterious shape, whatever it might be, and disappearing through the portal."

"Lodd massy!" exclaimed the lady, whom I had fancied asleep, so silent had she been while the gentleman was telling this story, "and was the poor crittur never heard of again? She was not married to the ghost sure?"

"Madam," replied the gentleman, "all that I can say is, that I myself saw the incident I have related. What happened in that mysterious journey I have no means of finding out. It is sufficient to say, that the two barons were exceedingly grateful to my friend Karl von Hontheim, who was fortunate enough to deliver the heiress of Rosenthal from the clutches of the Wild Huntsman—the younger of those noblemen being farther induced to forfeit all claim to the lady's hand from being afflicted with a severe rheumatic affection in the knee, which he attributed to kneeling for upwards of two hours on the wet court-yard, for it was a very long time before any of the party recovered courage enough to rise from their prostration. I can add nothing more, except that my friend Karl and his bride are still alive; and that last year, when I was there, they showed me a magnificent black horse, now very much failed from age, but still healthy, and by the aid of boiled oats likely to live some time. But this, I see, is Peterfield, where I unfortunately leave you—a good day, gentlemen, and a pleasant journey to Portsmouth.

WHAT IS POETICAL DESCRIPTION?

THE ancient sentence of Simonides, "that a picture is a silent poem, and a poem, a speaking picture," though it contains a seminary of truths, has been accessory to much delusion. Antitheses and epigrams are seldom true to the letter. Like metaphors and similes, they must not be made responsible for their consequences. They are signal rockets, which do their appointed office if they blaze and expire. It was only the lying spirits that could be hermetically sealed up in phials of crystal. Thus, in the present instance, it is true that painting, wherever it rises above mere mechanism, when it selects and combines according to a principle of grandeur or of beauty—or makes unmoving, insensate lines and colours, expressive of motion, action, passion, thought, or when in the representation of the simplest inanimate objects, it conveys to the soul of the beholder, the feeling, the unction of the artist's own, is essentially poetic. As far as the combinations of form and colour are concerned, painting, without words, does all that words could do, and a great deal more. But the poetry of language is not necessarily pictorial nor picturesque. Many of the finest passages suggest no distinct images to the inward eye, and scarce supply a hint to the painter. The man who affirmed that the sole use of poetry was to furnish subjects for pictures, spoke as wisely and professionally as Brinsley did, when he declared that God Almighty made rivers to supply canals with water. Yet a race of poets have existed, re-appearing from time to time in the decay or syncope of natural genius, who seem to have taken the pathetic bard of Cos at his word, and have neglected the peculiar functions of their own high art, to strain with elaborate idleness after the unattainable perfections of another. These word-painters have, by an old Italian writer, been quaintly called *amatorial poets*—seemingly under the false and calumnious impression that love regards the outside only—that fancy "is begotten in the eyes." Few of these cockneys aspire to history—the florists are innumerable—many attempt portrait, but they excel chiefly

in draperies. Some are architects, generally in the Gothic or Arabesque styles—many were upholsterers, house, furniture, and heraldry painters; but in modern times, by far the most respectable have devoted themselves to landscape. It may be remarked, however, that their performances, in whatever line they may be, seldom attempt to emulate any but the lower and spurious branches of the silent art; their works are not "speaking pictures," but prating pieces of needlework, lipping intaglios; their sculpture is coloured wax-work, and their architecture a confectionary pagoda. But thus must it ever be, when men desert the thing they should be, to enact the thing which they are not. The poet embroiderer, assuming that poetry is addressed to the inward, as painting to the bodily eye, labour to make every line convey an image—the colour of an eye, or the turn of a neck, or

"Delicate shadow of an auburn curl,
Upon the vermeil cheek."

Or, if the eye is ever to be relieved from duty, the nose is called in to supply its place—and we have

"The fragrant breath of sylphs, unseen
that lie

In the low, lurking violet's pale blue eye,
The rose's sigh, what time she harks the tale

Of her true love, the darkling nightingale,
That hath within his little breast a choir
Of spirits musical."

Thus, the pretty creatures go it too and fro between the curiosity shop and the perfumery, with a musical snuff-box in their hands, in imitation of a lyre, and think themselves descriptive poets.

But, to be serious, it never can be the scope, the province, the final cause, and *summum bonum* of poetry, to do that indifferently which her mate sister does so much better, and more quietly. Judging from the soundest principles of philosophic criticism, exemplified in the works of the greatest and truest poetry, we maintain, that the highest poetry has no analogy whatever with painting—that imagery is not poetic in proportion as

it flashes vividly on the fancy, but as it lays hold of the higher affections, or becomes the exponent of action or thought.

It may be objected, that we have alluded to an obscure and frivolous swarm of poetasters, whose imbecilities could form no just exception to any theory or definition. But, in fact, if to paint with words, to make language picturesque, were the poet's characteristic occupation, the triflers we speak of must be the greatest and best of poets.

But in the strictness of speech, words cannot paint, neither singly nor in combination. They appeal to the imagination solely through the memory; or if they have any direct influence on the fancy or the feelings, it is, and can be, only by their sound, and the tone and time of their utterance. Not singly; for surely the word horse is not a picture of a horse; and though it recall the form of that animal to any one who had seen him, it would afford not a hint of his lineaments to one who had not. Not in combination; because the combination of words necessarily implies what painting as necessarily excludes—a progression or succession of time. No description, therefore, however accurate, can be literally graphic, for an accurate description is successive enumeration of the co-existent parts of a given whole. The parts, therefore, appear before the imagination disjointedly; and, instead of the full, instantaneous intuition, in which painting vies with nature, you have a tedious toil of memory to re-articulate the severed members, some or other of which are almost sure to be lost by the way.

Is it not possible, then, for the poet to flash a perfect image on the mind? Undoubtedly, and more; he can present the totality of many contemporaneous images, but not by the minute pencilling of the pictorialists,—not by mimicking the mastery of the limner, but by a magic all his own,—a power mighty as that by which the true artist makes a single moment to express a whole action—a single glance to constitute a character and symbolize a life. It is probable, indeed, that of fifty hearers every one will connect a different set of images with the same words; but if the words be instinct with true poetry, they will evoke in

each a vivid, delightful, and harmonious intuition, in unison with the purpose, passion, moral of the strain.

How is this to be effected? In various ways. Sometimes by a single word—a single epithet—often by a metaphor—a well-selected circumstance—occasionally by the very sound and movement of the measure. Sometimes a recounting of particulars, each seemingly insignificant, or mutually implied, but all, as it were, belonging to the same set, affect the imagination in a surprising manner. Crabbe is a great master in this kind, and so is Scherherazade. It is not that in reading them we go on casting up the items, and constructing a circle out of the segments. Any arc of the rainbow gives as full an idea of the rainbow as the whole; but the detail of splendour in one, of squalidness in the other, has the effect of refraction. The topaz enhances the glitter of the diamond. The one broken chair makes the three-legged table doubly desolate.

But our meaning would be much elucidated by examples. Let us, then, examine how the mighty masters of the lyre have managed the matter. And first of the ancients.

Of the Greek writers, from Homer to Theocritus, it may be observed in general, that their descriptions of natural scenery are for the most part vague, and rather impart the feeling of the scene than its visible aspect. If ever the distinctive marks of a locality are specified, it is to please the sense of beauty, as to authenticate the narrative. Places are often merely designated by their staple production—as corn, wine, olives, cattle, or pigeons. Some commentators insist strongly on the graphic power of these epithets. When, say they, Phthia is characterised as cloddy,—(*εργελατή*)—or of a deep clay soil, do not all the stirring associations of vernal labour rush upon the soul? We see the long furrow, the slow team with stubborn necks depressed—the whistling ploughboy with the flashing goad—and the strong rustic with his shewy arms incumbent on the shaft—the earth blackens as he urges on his profitable course—the ploughshares glitter on the distant slopes—while the sower, girl with apron white, scatters the hopeful seed; “the harrow follows harsh, and shuts the

scene;" and "crows innumerable rise reluctant from their stolen feasts—the morning sunbeams silvering their sable wings. Or suppose the compound adjective to be πολύμηλος, the Homeric prænomen for a sheep-grazing country. What a pastoral in that little word! Dyer's fleece compressed into four syllables. The woolly bleaters whiten all the plain. But sheep in flat countries, Leicestershire, for instance, become the most uninteresting creatures in the world. Instead, therefore, of whitening the plain, let them crop the fragrant mountain-turf, which is perfectly picturesque. Thus might each particular epithet be dilated, and Homer proved the first of landscape painters. But we cannot believe that in these adjuncts Homer meant quite so much as some have fancied, or that he meant to address the eye at all—the epithets are compliments to the wealth and industry of the several districts. There is no verb or noun that may not, if you please, suggest a perfect picture. But for once that Homer or Hesiod designate a "natural object" by any visual circumstance, in twenty cases they allude to its civil use, or its religious association. Even so is the Holy Land described in Scripture as the land flowing with milk and honey. In descriptions of men and of animals the ancient writers are sometimes diffuse; and in those of artificial objects, as chariots, goblets, spears, helmets, &c., occasionally rather tedious. But in Homer, above all poets, the descriptions are truly poetical, and as it were musical, because they are, as much as possible, progressive. Nothing sits still to have its portrait taken. His heroes do not stand, like lay figures, in attitude, till he has sketched them off. The battle does not pause in an interesting situation, till the poet Cicerone has pointed out its sublime effects to some gaping admirer. His lions, bulls, and bears, are not copied from stuffed skins. But all is in action—every thing is doing—nothing reflected upon as done. It will be found, that in the choice of characteristic circumstances, he generally selects those which imply motion rather than rest; thus εὐσεφύλλων, trembling all with leaves—*εὐσεφύλλων*, clad in bickering mail, the word αἶσλος is not to be rendered variegated or party-coloured, but expresses that vibratory inter-

change of hues which takes place when any polished substance moves quickly in a strong light; thus, the neck of the peacock is αἶσλος, his tail is *περίσπλος* *πελωπίδανος* Ἰδης—Idea of many springs. So, too, he seldom tells us how a goddess or a warrior looks when dressed, but often introduces you to the toilet and shows them dressing. This, whether the effect of art or chance, prevents the action from standing still, and indicates the rapidity—the indefatigable fire of Homer's mind.

The Iliad contains only one protracted piece of mere description—the far-famed shield. Had the shield been the work of any thing less than a god, or of Homer, we should have thought it rather too long. But it affords a curious instance of that irresistible propensity to keep moving, which made the first of martial poets the best. Forgetting or disdaining the limits of the sculptor's prerogative, and not over observant of the unity of time, he puts the chased figures into action, and makes them not seem to do, but go on doing the business they are supposed to represent. Instead, therefore, of describing Vulcan's workmanship, he, in fact, suggests subjects for the lame artificer to work upon, and that without any consideration of what, on earth at least, pictorial skill can, or cannot, express in metal.

It was once the fashion for poets to give directions to painters, and very unreasonable orders they sometimes gave. Thus Walter:—

"Paint an east wind, and let it blow away
The excuse of Holland for her navy's
stay."

Blackmore, by his directions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver, probably shamed the rhymers out of their presumption in taking upon them to give directions to gentlemen whose occupation they did not understand. Of late, as in the sere days of the Roman empire, the poets rather take their cue from the painters; their descriptions are descriptions of pictures, not of reality. Pindar has been called a great master of the picturesque, and there is some ground for the designation. Perhaps, however, *statuesque* would be the fitter term, for his images are fixed, single, stately, admirable in contour and proportion, grand and distinct in outline, and placed to the ut-

most advantage, but little modified by each other, and destitute of the finer shades of the pencil. Nothing, however, can be more beautiful than the living apparition of Jason with his single sandal, his mantle of the leopard's hide, his manly beauty and right courteous bearing, contrasted with the shrinking terror of the guilty usurper, who beholds the fulfilment of the oracle, when the one-sandaled youth should appear. Pindar is, however, much less a poet than Homer, for he is a far greater egotist. This probably arises from his having no proper interest in his subjects. Being the appointed laureate of the prize-fighters, he was obliged to make odes in celebration of their victories; but, though gifted with much fancy, he was not one of the fancy, and evidently never attended the games he had to commemorate. That the exploits of the Athleté were not deemed too low for poetry, every ancient epic bears abundant testimony; the chances of the race, the struggles of the wrestlers, the resounding blows of the pugilists, might have been described with perfect propriety in the songs that hailed their success. Yet Pindar scarcely ever alludes to these things; he moralizes, and reflects, and talks of the gods, and the ancestral heroes of oracles, and sad and solemn judgments, of kingly virtues, and of himself. Wherever an opportunity occurs of enforcing a maxim, or telling a story, he seizes it with avidity, like a man who, being necessitated to entertain a dull company, wishes to stave off a disagreeable topic which must be mentioned after all. Having no impulse to hurry onward, he tarries wherever the prospect is pleasing—if a grand image present itself, he displays it in all its dimensions, pauses to look at it, and dilates on its sublimity. But the ancient fame of the Theban should not be measured by his surviving remnants. The great toe of Hercules was a far fairer sample of the entire statue than those boxing and horse-racing ditties can be of the solemn, devout, intense genius of Pindar. Had his sacred hymns been extant, we might have known something of the religion of Greece. As it is, we are only acquainted with her mythology. The gods of Homer could only be the authors of selfish hopes or selfish fears. Pindar conceived that the immortal guardians of nations must command a

conscientious awe and duty. He would have been a good Protestant if he had had it in his option. Alas! that the ungenial job-work to which, as he plainly enough here insinuates, his poverty but not his will consented, should be the sole abiding witness to his name! Blessed be the inventor of moveable types, whether he were John Faust or Louis Coster! May the black fingers of the printer's devil shine like the glorified hand of St Oswald! It is now impossible that Spenser should be only remembered by his *Pastorals*; that the *Comedy of Errors* should be the solitary relic of Shakspeare, or that *Joan of Arc*, and *Thalaba*, and *Roderick*, should perish, and Southey descend to posterity as the successor of Ennsden, Cibber, and Pie.

Could we believe that the Anacreontic verses were genuine products of the age of the Pisistratidæ, they would furnish a curious specimen of anticipation of style, and the earliest instance of what may be called descriptive analysis. He dissects his mistress, and seems to fall in love with each divisible part, as if she had been a polypus, and a new life began even in cutting. She could have ravished him "with one of her eyes." Yet a tender playfulness, a sportive melancholy, like a soft diffusive light, that blends the multitude of fanciful shapes in unity. Anacreon has had many imitators, most of whom have only imitated what is amiss in him. But in that which constitutes his prevailing charm he has no copartner but Horace. This charm is not in the descriptive powers of either, though Horace had as fine a perception of the humaner beauties of nature, and made as exquisite cabinet pictures as any poet that ever lived. But that wherein the Teian and the Roman lyrist are alike excellent, is the gentle sadness that tempers and purifies their voluptuousness. Mortality is ever on their thoughts—and though they use it but as an argument to gather the rose-buds ere they wither; it never goads them to the impious fierceness of reckless sensuality. In their mirth they mingle sighs not curses; their songs of love and wine blend not unmeetly with the far-off passing bell. The praise of priority we are disposed to award to Horace; for, independent of those philological considerations which have induced the

soundest scholars of modern times to refer the extant Anacreon to a comparatively recent period, the melody, the marked, palpable, accentual rhythm, the minute, gem-like imagery, the polite and artificial gallantry, above all, the modern cast of the mythology, savour not of a generation before Æschylus. Venus, and Cupid, and Bacchus, in our Anacreon, are mere personifications, playthings of fond fancy, pretty pictures drawn upon the air. In Sappho and Euripides, Aphrodite is a terrible demon, that works mightily in wrath and mysterious wilfulness—a being whose personal agony was the faith of young and old. Now, though mankind have sometimes burlésqued the supernatural powers in which devoutly they believed—as the Athenians murdered Socrates for denying the same gods which they permitted Aristophanes to exhibit as buffoons and parasites—yet it will hardly be found that they trifle with them till the established creed is grown dim. Very good Catholics made game of the devil, but we never hear of their making a pet of him, or pitying him.

In dramatic compositions, according to modern acceptance, pure description is scarcely admissible. To introduce a character, telling you the colour of his own hair, the height of his own stature, or the interpretation of his own physiognomy, were a palpable absurdity. Besides, in the full current of dramatic business, people cannot be supposed to be leisurely describing either themselves, or their neighbours, or the objects around them. All the necessary descriptions of an epic poem, in the drama, belong to the spectacle—the getting up of which is not the province of the poet, but of the scene-painter, costumier, and property-man. But the truth is, no drama was ever entirely made up of dramatic poetry ; and in the Greek tragedy, over and above the large intermixture of lyrics which was essential to its constitution, the law of unity, the limited number of actors, the standing order against overt homicide, and, more than all, the close relationship between the player and the rhapsodist, the lineal descent of Æschylus from Homer, authorized and recommended a strong infusion of the epic. On the Greek stage but little could be done ; much, therefore, was to be related. The attention was not so much rivetted to the present

scene, as suspended in a vacuum between an obscure and threatening past, and a future that was to the past as the substance to its precursive shadow. A Greek tragedy may be compared to a battle-piece, painted by a skilful artist, who throws the strife and multitudinous rout into the obscurity of the back-ground, and, in the point of sight, disposes a few conspicuous figures—a wounded chieftain, a band of aged captains counselling, a herald big with tidings of the fight—

“ A weeping widow seated on the ground,
That stays her sobe to listen to the tale,
And looks as if she long'd the tale were
ended,
That she might ease her swelling heart
again.”

The first division, or *prologos*, comprises a statement of the case—an explanation of what has gone before—and how things stand at present ; and all that is necessary to “incense the pit into the plot.” We know not any dramatist, not even Shakspeare, who had the privilege of commencing at the beginning of his story, who has always avoided the impropriety of making his *dramatis personæ* relate a number of things, of which nobody but the audience could well be ignorant. Sophocles manages the matter with great skill, and contrives to interweave the explanations with the action—to unfold the previous occurrences in the course of the play—or to elicit the needful information piecemeal, by apt and apparently undesigning questions. Euripides, on the other hand, troubles himself little about the concern—he generally begins with a long speech, which, like the prologus of the attendant spirit in *Comus*, may be taken either for a soliloquy or an address to the audience—similar to the *Parabasis* of the Greek comedy, when the chorus spoke to the theatre in the name and in behalf of the author. In one instance at least (the *Hecuba*), the explanatory personage is a ghost—an expedient imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Catiline*, where the prolocutor is the ghost of Sylla—and by that most *tenebrous* of all poets, Futeh Greville, Lord Brooke, one of whose tragic mysteries opens with “Enter a Ghost, one of the old kings of Ormus.”

The method of Euripides is inartificial, and did not escape censure and ridicule from his caustic contempo-

rary Aristophanes; but it has this advantage over the gradual and artfully conducted disclosures of Sophocles—that it gets a dull job quickly over, and leaves an undivided attention for the progressive interest. Æschylus probably felt the difficulty less, inasmuch as his dramas are raised by dark magnificence, colossal state, and pomp of poetry, too far above the medium altitude of reality, to challenge any comparison with the likelihoods of actual conversation. His personages profess not to talk like people of this world, and it would be an incongruity if they did. They belong to the old times, when there were giants in the land. Certainly, in the picturesque grandeur of his openings, he not only exceeds his two great competitors, but is unrivalled even to this day. He leaves no room for verbal description, no need so much as for a stage direction. I never saw Flaxman's Æschylus. I wish I had. I do not even know what situations he has selected to illustrate; but assuredly the opening spectacles of the Prometheus, Agamemnon, Choephoreæ, and Eumenides, are not neglected. It will be sufficient to sketch the two latter. In the Choephoreæ (literally pot-girls—so much for rendering *au pied de lettre*—somewhat more elegantly, the Propitiatory Offering of the Virgins), Orestes is discovered on the Tumulus of his father's grave, plucking the knotty ringlets from his unshorn head, for sacred tokens to the local deities.

πλόκαμον Ἰναχῶ θρεπτήριον.
τὸν δεύτερον δὲ τοῦδε πυθόριον.

This lock to Inachus for nurture,
But second this for mourning, to my sire.

Pylades stands afar off, silent and resolute; the mournful maiden train advance with the hallowed vessels, moving to music. The Eumenides displays the Temple of Delphi, the Pythia on the Tripod before her. On the one hand, Orestes restored to sanity, but pale, wo-begone, and deep-marked with the traces of past agony: on the other, the awful agents of violated nature—the Fifty Furies, all asleep. Did Æschylus mean that the terrors of superstitious remorse are appeased in the presence of the God of Light and Intellect? But

what a picture, and what a shame for the Bishop of London to reduce the Furies from fifty to three, and so spoil the story of the Athenian ladies going into fits, and frustrating the hopes of their lords. The more learned and irrefragable his lordship's arguments, the less we can forgive him for their triumph.

We do not recollect any Greek tragedy which countenances the ever-describing Mason in commencing his poetical dialogues with a long description of the surrounding scenery, though there is certainly something like it in the Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles: but mark with what exquisite propriety. The blind Œdipus, conducted by his daughter, arrives at the spot, where, according to oracular prediction, he is to end his sorrows and bequeath his blessing. Addressed to one under such conditions, the minute local delineations become not only proper but deeply pathetic. A like apology may be applied to the *usque ad nauseam* quoted description of Dover Cliffs in *King Lear*, which has been accused, moreover, of gross exaggeration, just as if the speaker were supposed to be standing on the brink of the precipice, and giving a true and particular account of what was under his nose, whereas, in fact, the Cliffs are several miles distant, and Edgar is so far from intending to give a just graphic account of them, that he is not even uttering his own emotions at the imagination of a possible profound, such as we often dream of in childhood. The speech is artfully contrived to work on the terrors of the blind Gloucester, and to scare him from purposed suicide. Its exaggeration and extravagance are its merit and its justification.

We have been insensibly diverging from our purpose—which was to examine after what manner, and in what measure the Greeks admitted the purely descriptive into the poetry of Action and Passion, whether conducted by narrative or by dialogue. We repeat, however, that the lyric and epic admixtures appropriate to the ancient drama, admit and require much more dilated description than would be tolerable upon the modern stage. Yet the narrations and descriptions are always introduced with due regard to verisimilitude, being either disposed

in the prologues before the business grows warm and the feelings are excited, or allotted to the chorus. As the beautiful presentation of Iphigenia, muffled and bound for sacrifice—voiceless as a picture of herself in the act of speaking—or else delivered by the Nuntias or Herald—who seems to have been a very important personage—a sort of speaking newspaper, who got up eloquent relations of battles, murders, and suicides, for the entertainment of the public in general, and surviving friends in particular. The necessity of acquainting the audience with what passes out of sight, and the apparent absurdity of making sufferers fluent on their own calamities, probably suggested the expedient of putting these historical harangues into the mouth of uninterested characters. The language of the Nuntias is elaborately pompous and figurative, and there is a manifest endeavour to make the incidents and catastrophe as glaring as possible to the imagination. It is only necessary to refer to the battle of Salamis in the *Persians*, or the splendid portraits of the seven chiefs in their armorial accoutrements, taking their stations against the seven gates of Thebes, either in the *Æschylus*' or *Euripides*' tragedy. Up to this period, we find no trace of poetry purely or predominantly descriptive. If the ancients described vividly, or minutely, it was always with an ulterior view to aid the poetic illusion, or move the affections, by imparting to fictions a sensuous palpability, which the mind is easily persuaded to accept in lieu of substantial reality. The descriptive portions, in the master-works of Greek genius, were, like the dresses, scenes, decorations, and processions in a regular acted drama, designed to explain and realize the plot. The more beautiful, exact, natural, and proper these may be, the better the play will be. But these are poems, in which the descriptive is as pre-eminent as the scenery and decorations in an acted melodrama, where whatever of plot there is is only a contrivance to arrange the spectacle to the best effect, and give it the semblance of a purpose. The Sicilian or Alexandrian school—Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Callimachus, and Apollonius Rhodius, exhibit the first symptoms of the melodramatic taste—a propensity to describe, for the mere sake of

describing—to display the careful idleness of microscopic observation—to amuse the fancy with gay colours and pretty complexities of form—and to exercise a trifling ingenuity, in culling or inventing words and phrases appropriate to all varieties and combinations of shape and hue. Homer leads you through a wide and diversified country, and entertains you with perpetual changes of prospect; but still he keeps his face towards the bourne of his pilgrimage—rather looking back—and never standing still. But the Sicilian poets were loitering tourists, who had time enough on their hands, who travelled for the benefit of locomotion, and just to see what was to be seen. They generally did set out with a design to reach some predetermined point—because some plan, some definite object is required to make any motion appear rational to commonplace people. But the end of their journey was the last thing in their minds. If the road was dry and dusty, they got over it as quick as they could. If a mossy bank, “O’er-canopied with luscious woodbine,” invited them to sit and play with the loose tangles of *Necessas*' hair, they were in no hurry to be off. To drop the metaphor and come to the truth at once, the latter writers differ from the former, primarily, because they are less in earnest—they were not possessed by their genius, but simply possessed it, and used it at their leisure.

Though the natural bias of the men was much, the influences of time and circumstance were great also. The martial age of Greece had been succeeded by the political—the epic style had given way to the rhetorical—and now a state of society succeeded, incapable of poetic representation in any style—unless we allow satire to be poetry. Yet the military despotism, which inevitably arises out of a military republic, or confederacy of military republics, when war has ceased to be the occupation of every citizen, and the army becomes a distinct and privileged order, did not at once extinguish the poetic spirit—it only made a wider gulf between the domain of poetry and prose. The poetry of the free Greeks was at once national and religious. With the destruction of free institutions the localities of religion lost their dignity, and while the philosophers, unenlightened by reve-

lation, went abroad throughout the universe in search of a universal cause, or dived into the abysses of thought for an universal reason, the poets took to themselves the deserted realm of symbols, and began to gather shells, without caring what fish may heretofore have tabernacled therein. Poets became courtiers; and, as the increase of cities had rendered the dwellers in towns comparatively ignorant of the aspects of nature, and unacquainted with the manners of the rustics, a new class of describers arose, who, sallying from the town, surveyed the country with that curiosity which unusual things alone excite, and betrayed their real ignorance by the ostentatious accuracy of their knowledge. Rural or pastoral poetry is in fact the youngest of all the Grecian muses—a sort of posthumous child, born out of time, and nurtured, not in "Sicilian plains or vales of Arcady," but in the court of the Ptolemies.

It has often been asserted that rural customs are permanent as the hills and streams, while city fashions vary with the mutable works of man. To this assumption Theocritus would seem to form a strong objection. No corner of the earth now hides a peasantry in ought akin to the swains of Theocritus, while his sight-seeing city gossips, in the feast of Adonis, are as much creatures of to-day as if King William's coronation had set them agadding, instead of "The love to be of Thamnouz yearly wounded." But, in all probability, he accommodated his scale of imitation to the measure of intelligence in his audience. He wrote for the town, for people who were willing to believe that shepherds and shepherdesses talked poetry extempore for kids and maple bowls, and sat piping at noon beneath the silvery poplar shade—by the way, the poplar is the last tree we should choose to make love under in a hot day, since, of all others, the reviled and calumniated larch not excepted, it yields the least shade and concealment—but, perhaps, it was otherwise in corn-bearing Sicily, when goatherds hid themselves for fear of Pan, what time harsh choler smarted in his godship's nose. But it would never have answered to pastoralize the prattle which was heard in the streets and forums of Syracuse and Alexandria. Yet, though the shepherds of Theocritus do not talk or act like keepers of real live

sheep, and used to be considered rather as figures introduced into a landscape, than as characters composing an historical picture, yet is he as instructive as delightful. The whole external aspect of ancient country life, with its memorial rites, superstitions, garb, and gesture—all that a watchful eye would have seen—the outward and visible signs to which poetry should supply the inward grace and spirit, are depicted in his page. His genius was in the highest degree graphic and pictorial—his knowledge was "the harvest of a quiet eye," not, like that of Burns, the fruit of a feeling experience. It would be difficult to find a more striking image than that of giant Polyphemus, seated on a rock, and viewing his huge reflection in the calm sea—fit looking-glass for a man-mountain: as exquisite in its way, and as true a picture, is the infant Hercules, rocked to sleep in the hollow of a shield.

Yet, though the scenery of Theocritus is finely drawn and vividly coloured, it is for the most part made up of the commonplaces of nature. You seldom meet with those discriminative touches which refer a description to its original source. He is a generic, not a specific—far less an individualizing describer. A fountain with him is any fountain—a shady bank is what all shady banks are or should be. He was content to characterise the country by marks which all would recognise. He does not lead you into his own favourite nooks, and make you observe the peculiar turns and indentations of the rivulet—the unique intertexture of the branches—the happy compositions of trunks, and how the grey shining hazels form a middle tint between the dark-rinded oak and the silvery birch. Seldom does he appear to have written with any particular locality before his mental vision—in this respect being far more vague than Homer, who alludes to places with the unconscious accuracy of habitual acquaintance. And this reflection brings us back to our starting post, and suggests the question—What mode of description is to be regarded as most truly poetical? We answer, not that which endeavours, by repeated touches, to paint upon the surface of fancy, but that which, impregnating and blending with the imagination, causes it to conceive appropriate images of itself. For instance:—Most persons have read the

catalogue of trees in the Forest of Error, where the Red-Cross Knight and Una lose themselves, for it happens to occur within the first two or three pages, which (*proh pudor*) are all that the public know of the Faery Queen. The passage is copied almost verbatim from Chaucer's Assembly of Fowls. Every one must perceive that it gives no idea of a forest whatever. The oak, the ash, the maple, the laurel, and the rest of the umbrageous brotherhood, sail by you, one by one, like hedge-row pollards when you are galloping along a road. Contrast it with a single expression of Cowper,—

"Oh, for a cave in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Here you have the perfect feeling of a forest; and, when the feeling is excited, the associated images arise of their own accord—as in a dream—where a slight constriction of the wind-pipe calls up in visible array—distinct in part and circumstance—the grim procession, the gallows, the platform, Jack Ketch, and the parson, and the hideous multitude of upturned faces, every one uglier than other. Or suppose the sensation to be a creep-

ing of the skin—no need of an Ossian to describe the spotted snakes (yet he has described them most beautifully)—you have them upon you, winding the slow, slimy circlets round and round you, staring at you with their infernal eyes, perhaps burgeoning into innumerable leg-like tubercles—*faugh—faugh!*

In fine, the imitative quality of poetry differs altogether from that of painting, and bears a strong analogy to that of music, her consorted sister in days of old. Painting represents co-existence in space. Music is symbolical of succession in time. Poetry is subject to the same law of progression. Painting acts immediately upon the eye, and only mediately upon the intellect. Music and poetry pay their first addresses to the ear, and both are capable of suggesting infinitely more than words can say. Painting provides ready-made images. Poetry, like music, disposes the soul to be imaginative, by exciting sympathy. Painting can show a fac-simile of the beautiful that is seen. Music, wedded to poetry, can fill the heart with the joy and power of beauty.

CANTILENA.

Cur tener palles amator?
Fare, cur palles?
Quod rubenti denegatur,
Tune pallens id feres?
Fare, cur palles?

Cur puer tacens amator?
Fare, cur tacens?
Eloquenti quod negatur,
Idne tu tacens feres?
Fare, cur tacens?

Abstine, abstine, proh pudorem!
Istud hand movet:
Sponte alat nisi ipsa amorem,
Nil eam flectet.
Orcus occupet!

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move
her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win
her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not
move;
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

F. R. S.

SUCKLING.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS ALCOVE.

HAVE you ever entered, all alone, the shadows of some dilapidated old burial-place, and in a nook made beautiful by wild-briars and a flowering thorn, beheld the stone image of some long-forgotten worthy lying on his grave?—some knight who perhaps had fought in Palestine—or some holy man, who, in the Abbey—now almost gone—had led a long, still life of prayer? The moment you knew that you were standing among the dwellings of the dead, how impressive became the ruins! Did not that stone image wax more and more life-like in its repose? and, as you kept your eyes fixed on the features Time had not had the heart to obliterate, seemed not your soul to hear the echoes of the *Miserere* sung by the brethren?

So looks Christopher—on his couch—in his *ALCOVE*. He is taking his siesta—and the faint shadows you see coming and going across his face are dreams. 'Tis a pensive dormitory, and hangs undisturbed in its spiritual region as a sabbath cloud on the sky of the Longest Day.

What think you of OUR FATHER, alongside of the Pedlar in the *Excursion*?

"Amid the gloom,
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofless hut; four naked walls
That stared upon each other! I looked round,

And to my wish and to my hope espied
Him whom I sought; a man of reverend age,
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.
There was he seen upon the cottage bench,
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side."

Alas! "stout and hale," are words that could not be applied, without cruel mocking, to that figure. "Recumbent in the shade," unquestionably he is—yet "recumbent" is a clumsy word for such quietude—and, recurring to our former image, we say—

"Still is he as a frame of stone
That in its stillness lies alone,
With silence breathing from its face,
Forever in some holy place,
Chapel or aisle—on marble laid,
With pale hands on its pale breast spread,
An image humble, meek, and low,
Of one forgotten long ago!"

No "iron-pointed staff lies at his

side"—but "Satan's dread," THE CAUTCH! Wordsworth tells us over again that the pedlar—

"With no appendage but a staff,
The prized memorial of *relinquished* toils,
Upon the cottage-bench reposed his limbs,
Screened from the sun."

On his couch, in his Alcove, Christopher is reposing—not his limbs alone—but his very soul. THE CAUTCH is, indeed, both *de jure* and *de facto*, the prized memorial of toils—but, thank Heaven, not *relinquished* toils—and then how characteristic of this dear merciless old man—hardly distinguishable among the fringed draperies of his canopy, the dependant and independent KNOUR.

Was the Pedlar absolutely asleep? We shrewdly suspect not—'twas but a doze. "Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep"—"Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs"—induce us to lean to the opinion that he was but on the border of the Land of Nod. Nay, the poet gets more explicit, and with that minute particularity so charming in poetical description, finally informs us that

"Supine the wanderer lay,
His eyes, as if in drowsiness, half shut,
The shadows of the breezy elms above,
Dappling his face."

It would appear, then, on an impartial consideration of all the circumstances of the case, that the "man of reverend age," though "recumbent" and "supine" upon the "cottage bench," "as if asleep," and "his eyes, as if in drowsiness, half shut," was in a mood between sleeping and waking; and this creed is corroborated by the following assertion:

"He had not heard the sound
Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
Unnoticed did I stand, some minutes' space.

At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
Was moist with water-drops, as if the
brim

Had newly scooped a running stream."

He rose; and so do We, for probably by this time you may have discovered that we have been describing Ourselves in our siesta or mid-day snooze—as we have seen and venerated our mysterious double in a dream.

We are in the blandest of all pos-

sible humours, and would not kill a kleg. What could have provoked us to worry Barry Cornwall as we worried him some two Cheshire cheeses ago? His edition of Ben Jonson is an honour to the literature of Great and Little Britain. Oh! that we should have suffered jealousy so to contract and embitter our magnanimous and sweet-blooded breast!—will he let us kneel, and kiss his lily hand? Will he admit a deputation from Scotland into his august presence—headed by Christopher North—with the freedom of the kingdom in this mull—this ram's horn?—And will he accompany us back to the Highlands, mount the kilt, and in the Forest of Glenetive chase with us the flying deer?

Oh! he is a great-hearted creature, after all. Ben Jonson died in 1637—and Barry, the biographer, says finely, "The Plays, the Masques, the Poems, are all ended! The buzy spirit, the bold, masculine intellect, the brain full of learning, "that showered their beauties on us, like the Hours," are still, and can give utterance no more! The jealousies and heart-burnings—the troubles of poverty and pain—are all at rest! *The treasurer has made his last payment.* Nothing is wanted now for the old poet save a little earth for his body—a little charity for his name!" A few years before his death, Ben had fallen into great poverty—the year after the royal grant of an increased pension (increased from a hundred merks to a hundred pounds), in consequence of a quarrel with Inigo Jones, he fell into disgrace at Court. It is probable the pension was not paid—a poor creature, called our Aurelian Townsend, was employed in his stead to design and conduct the Masque—and the Court of Aldermen withdrew their pension of a hundred nobles, or some five-and-thirty pounds. Ben, in a letter to his noble patron, Lord Newcastle, said that the people of the city had taken away their "Chanderly pension." Barry, "with a hand open as day," is ready "with a little charity for his name." "We regret," says he, "that he should have used this term, inasmuch as it sounds something like ingratitude; but it was written, we have no doubt, in a mere burst of indignation, and was repented of at leisure. Ben was a warm-hearted man, and would not, in his cooler moments, *we think*, have requited his

friends after this unseemly fashion." His friends!

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;

for he was prodigal of the glorious gifts nature had lavished upon him, and his genius had glorified the city, Father Ben behaved like himself, *we think*, in giving vent to his scorn. The Court of Aldermen were a cruel crew to leave him—in palsied old age—without a crust. "Chanderly" means beggarly—and something more—and 'twas the right epithet. It does *not* "sound something like ingratitude;" and Ben knew his own worth too well ever to repent having spoken a blasting truth. Did the Court of Aldermen repent of leaving the first man of his time to drink the cup of penury to the dregs?—of "requiting their friend after that unseemly fashion?" They had no right to withdraw their pension—by doing so, under such circumstances, to such a man, they not only cancelled all obligation to gratitude, but made it a duty to himself to brand their conduct as the vilest of the vile.

But Barry makes immortal amends for this accusation of ingratitude, by the noble sentence which concludes his *Memoir of the Life and Writings of Ben Jonson*. "There are some authors whose renown *we are more inclined to covet, perhaps*; but there is not one whose manliness and sincerity of purpose we more respect, or whom *WE WOULD HAVE ADMITTED!!! TO OUR HOUSE!!! as a friend and fireside companion*, in preference to BEN JONSON." Imagination figures the *boy in green livery* showing him into the room illuminated by the argand lamp celebrated by Hazlitt.

We must fulfill our promise—some month or other soon—of an article on the Masques. But let us now cheer OUR ALCOVE by reciting the *cordial* lines to Penshurst—then belonging to Robert Sidney, father of Sir Philip, who was knighted for his gallantry at the battle of Zutphen, advanced to the dignity of Baron Sidney of Penshurst by James, created Viscount Lisle in 1605, and finally, in 1618, promoted to the earldom of Leicester. "He is not flattered," says Gifford, "in these pleasing lines, for his character was truly excellent." The same judicious critic remarks that some of the

topics for praise may appear strange to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times—but that, in fact, the liberal mode of hospitality recorded, was almost peculiar to this noble person. In England, the old system of “sitting below the salt” was breaking up when Jonson wrote—and it is to the honour of Penshurst that the observation was made there. Sir Philip Sidney was born 29th November, 1554—and that “taller tree” produced from an acorn on his birthday is no longer standing. It is said to have been felled by mistake in 1768. “A wretched apology,” says Gifford, “if true, and in a case of such notoriety, scarcely possible.”

PENSURST.

“Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show

Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are
told;

Or stair or courts; but stand'st an ancient
pile,

And these grudg'd at, art revered the
while.

Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as
sport:

Thy mount, to which thy Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts
have made,

Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut
shade;

That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met.
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the
names

Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns, to reach thy lady's oak.
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou
hast there,

That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy
friends.

The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves
do feed;

The middle grounds thy mares and horses
breed.

Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the
tops

Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney's copse,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled
side;

The painted partridge lies in ev'ry field,
And for thy mess is willing to be kill'd.

And if the high-swain Medway fall thy dish,

Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute
fish,

Fat aged crabs that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officially at first themselves betray.

Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on
land,

Before the fisher, or into his hand.

Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden
flowers,

Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.

The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time
doth come;

The blushing apricot, and wooly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may
reach.

And though thy walls be of the country
stone,

They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's
groan;

There's none that dwell about them wish
them down;

But all come in, the farmer and the clown;
And no one empty-handed to salute

Thy lord and lady, though they have no
suit.

Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think
they make

The better cheeses, bring them; or else
send

By their ripe daughters, whom they would
commend

This way to husbands; and whose baskets
bear

An emblem of themselves in plum, or pear.
But what can this (more than express their
love)

Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board
doth flow,

With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to
eat,

Without his fear, and of thy lord's own
meat:

Where the same beer and bread, and self-
same wine,

That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not fain to sit (as some this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor standing
by,

A waiter, doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,
He knows, below, he shall find plenty of
meat;

Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I reign'd
here:

There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.

That found King JAMES, when hunting
late, this way,
With his brave son, the prince; they saw
thy fires

Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them; or the country came,
With all their zeal, to warm their welcome
here.

What (great, I will not say, but) sudden
cheer

Did'st thou then make 'em! and what
praise was heap'd

On thy good lady, then! who therein reap'd
The just reward of her high huswifery;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far: and not a room but drest,
As if it had expected such a guest!

These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet
not all.

Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste, withal.
His children thy great lord may call his
own;

A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.
They are, and have been taught religion;
thence

Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morn, and even, they are taught to
pray

With the whole household, and may,
every day,

Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion
these

With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing
else,

May say their lords have built, but thy
lord dwells."

What have we been musing on this
last half-hour? On old noble houses.
And what have we got to say? No-
thing. Will you, then, our dear sir,
be so good as to say a few fine things
about those strong natural feelings
which, at every link in the succe-
sion, carry affection down the chain of
descent? Will you show how, after
a few steps of such descent, is found
rooted in the hearts of all, a deep and
ineradicable sense of ancient reve-
rence investing a house, of which old
memory can but half record the un-
interrupted greatness? There is reve-
rence, more than belongs to deeds
done or worth proved, which gathers
of itself wherever the feet of time have
trod, and which surrounds a venerable
name in the line of men, as it does
grey towers and aged trees. The
heart of man turns not in vain to
that which is of other years. The
present is all too narrow and too real
for its passionate admiration. It goes

back, therefore, into former days, and
expands in the past. There the concep-
tions of the spirit are not fettered by
reality. Memory is taught by ima-
gination, and tradition brightens
what it records. And, beyond this
play or dream of fancy, there is yet a
deeper emotion. For the soul itself
loves enduring power. It is painful
to it to behold that which is short-
lived and perishing. It is unsatisfy-
ing to look upon a greatness which is
of too late a date. It would fain
mount up in time to find that great of
old which is so now, that in the sta-
bility it has ascertained, it may have
belief of endurance to come. It de-
sires to look on that which surpasses
itself—to find, even in the midst of
mortality, something which it is ex-
alted by beholding. By feelings and
dispositions of mind such as these, men
have in all ages been led to attribute
to houses of ancient nobility, a degree
of rightful dignity and honour, de-
rived not simply from their power,
but from the continuance of that
power through successive genera-
tions. Which opinion blends itself
with another very deeply inherent in
our minds, and which attributes the
greatness and power long held by one
house, to the race itself, as if the line-
age and the very blood became enno-
bled by long flowing through the veins
of those who have held only high and
honourable rank in their country.

Why, you are really getting on
very well—and we wonder how people
opine that you are a Radical. But a
truce to all such high and far-flown
fancies—ennobling as they are—and
let us hear the precious words of one
about to forsake this noisy world.
We daresay you never heard the words
before—and we tell you they were
indited by Ben Jonson.

" TO THE WORLD,

" A FAREWELL FOR A GENTLEWOMAN
" VIRTUOUS AND NOBLE."

" False world, good night! since thou hast
brought

That hour upon my morn of age,
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.

" Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolved to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.

" I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtle ways be narrow straits;
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.

"I know, too, though thou strut and paint,
Yet art thou both, shrunk up, and old;
That only fools make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.

"I know thou whole art but a shop
Of toys and trifles, traps and snares,
To take the weak, or make them stop:
Yet art thou falsest than thy wares.

"And knowing this should I yet stay,
Like such as blow away their lives,
And never will redeem a day,
Enamour'd of their golden gyves?

"Or having 'scaped shall I return,
And thrust my neck into the noose,
From whence, so lately, I did burn,
With all my powers, myself to loose?

"What bird or beast is known so dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chain,
And tasting air and freedom, wull
Render his head in there again?

"If these who have but sense, can shun
The engines, that have them annoy'd,
Little for me had reason done,
If I could not thy gins avoid.

"Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear
As little, as I hope from thee:
I know thou canst not show, nor bear
More hatred, than thou hast to me.

"My tender, first, and simple years
Thou didst abuse, and then betray;
Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
When all the causes were away.

"Then in a soil hast planted me,
Where breathe the basest of thy fools;
Where envious arts professed be,
And pride and ignorance the schools:

"Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
But as 'tis rumour'd, so believ'd;
Where every freedom is betray'd,
And every goodness tax'd or grieved.

"But what we're born for, we must bear,
Our frail condition it is such,
That what to all may happen here,
If't chance to me, I must not grutch.

"Else I my state should much mistake,
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kind; that for my sake,
There should a miracle be wrought.

"No, I do know that I was born
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief:
But I will bear these with that scorn,
As shall not need thy false relief.

"Nor for my peace will I go far,
As wanderers do, that still do roam;
But make my strength, such as they are,
Here in my bosom, and at home."

You will be the better of meditating on these religious lines, even though you love the world with all your soul, and be resolved to stick to it till you die. Are you a rich man, and have you sworn to be richer far, and never to rest till you are a millionaire? You have—sit down, then, by our side—in our ALCOVE—and let us whisper into your ear the secret of this passion of yours—for you are a man of metal, and we regard your character with respect. Tell us if we be right.

The desire of advancing one's self in the world, our wealthy air, is a natural, and even an honourable desire. But he who acts upon it, having his mind still intent in desire upon the acquisition of money, and therefore feeling gratefully all the acquisitions he makes, is soon led to look upon the growing amount of his property as something excellent in itself, even beyond, and independently of, the service to which he can apply it. He has exerted, for this end, the whole power of his mind—his talents, his genius have been devoted to bring together this amount—to win it from the strife of the world. He looks, therefore, with self-complacency on the amount he has gained, because it bears witness to him of his talents, his genius; it is the trophy which signalizes his success. In this way, Mercator, the man is identified with his property; he sees in it all his exertions, perils, watchings—his sleepless nights, his anxieties, his struggles, are all embodied to him in that amount of property; and in this, which is the fruit of his whole past life, he still possesses that past life in the present. Is it not even so?

Analagous to this is the passion with which he looks onward to the future. He carries into it his own desire of enterprise and achievement. He conceives projects by which far greater wealth may be realized. He asks these accessions, not from fortune, but from his own genius and skill, commanding fortune. He imagines and weighs various projects which suggest themselves to his imagination. He seizes upon some one more bold than the rest, and in which his sanguine thought, and his trust in his own judgment

and skill, promise him magnificent results. He engages in it, and while time slowly brings forth the birth of enterprise, his whole passion of hope and fear is intent upon the issue. It is thus that, in such undertakings, the passion engaged is not simply measured to the fruit which is to be reaped from it; but the man gives himself whole to his enterprise, and feels, in the issue, not merely property at stake, but his own energy and power. Is it not even so?

Were some simpleton to ask us to explain how any man should give himself up so eagerly and passionately to a state of mind which is full of anxiety, fear, and pain, we would say—oracularly—the explanation is to be sought in a law of our nature, which makes passionate desire of all kinds agreeable to the mind. Languor only, and the want of interest, are painful and insupportable; but the most eager and anxious passions, however they may be mixed with fear or pain, are grateful, by the excited state of hope, desire, and power, which they bring into the mind. It is by such passions that he is drawn on, who engages in intent speculations for the augmentation of property. When they succeed, the amount which he adds to his former amount is to him of the nature of a triumph; when they fail, the loss he incurs is to him of the nature of defeat. And thus, his whole amount of property continually varying, and being to a certain extent in continual hazard, his mind constantly revolves it, viewing it under all aspects, as it actually is, as it may be greater or less. It is as an image continually before him—with which he is constantly connecting intenser passion and feeling, not only in failure and success, but in every variation of hope and fear. He sees in it that to which he has lived, and for which he is to live. His other desires have ceased; his other passions are extinct. He has transfused his whole being into one object; and with that he seems to live and die.

Why, you are not *Mercator*! These thoughtful and earnest eyes reveal that you are not a man who would "forsake the student's bower for gold." They tell us that your ruling passion is not for wealth but knowledge—and that you desire to see the people put in possession of their just inheritance. So do we—and we seem

to see the coming—not afar off—of a new era.

By the constitution of our minds there is pleasure annexed to the action of intelligence, and pain to its obstructed actions; therefore the pleasure and desire of knowledge are universal in human nature. And, accordingly, we have no reason to doubt that this is so. In every mind this pleasure in the use of its intelligence, this gratification in the acquisition of knowledge, appears to be implanted and exerted; nor without it are we able to conceive any motive that should impel the human mind to the acquisition of that vast stock of various knowledge, adapted to mere ordinary use, of which it becomes possessed, under even the most unfavourable circumstances.

Two causes, indeed, may deceive us, in endeavouring to ascertain in actual observation the actual existence of this capacity of pleasure in the exertion of intelligence, when we look for it in individual minds, and may lead us to believe that it does not universally subsist. The first, that we are very apt to try the minds of others by an unfit standard or test, for we try them by knowledge for which they are unapt, or to which they are not yet, by their progress, competent: which can be no true test of the native dispositions of any mind. For all the while it may be pursuing, unobserved by us, its own observations of knowledge and combinations of thought, and feeling within itself at every step the fresh pleasure of intelligence. We may thus, through our own imperfect method of observation, very easily deceive ourselves, when we endeavour to judge whether this pleasure of intelligence and desire of knowledge subsists in such or such a particular instance; and may be led by such defective observation falsely to doubt the universality of this principle, which is indeed necessarily universal.

Another cause of like error of judgment on this point may be our observation of those minds in which this natural disposition is greatly repressed and subdued by the circumstances of life, which have not only greatly withheld from it the means of gratification, but which have turned the mind with a painful force to rest in its feelings and desires of a lower kind, casting it down into that stupor of in-

telligence which want and continued ignorance are able to create. Even here, it is not destroyed, and our erroneous conclusion is deduced in part from our inexact and untrue observation: but, if it be destroyed, if there be contented ignorance produced, and an indolent aversion to the act of intelligence, still it is no less true that in the original constitution of the mind there was pleasure annexed to every act of the understanding: and that in our constitution they are inseparable.

Here, then, we have occasion to observe the operation of a peculiar and delicate affection of the mind. It is known that whatever affords pleasure to our minds becomes to it the subject, in a certain degree, of a grateful love; and that this feeling is as certainly, though not so vividly, directed towards inanimate objects, as to those that have feeling and will. This general law is applicable to those inanimate objects on which intelligence is employed. The mind, made conscious by these objects of the pleasure of intelligence, the gratification of knowledge, associates with them the remembrance of its pleasure, and bestows on them a portion of its unconscious love. And, if this feeling should be slight and undetermined at first, it becomes afterwards vivid, fixed, and strong. Thus the botanist loves the plants on which the whole intent desire of his intellectual mind has been directed, the scholar his books, the astronomer his stars.

Nor let it be thought that this is some passing emotion from mere associated remembrance. It is a feeling of a very different kind. The objects which have thus been pursued, have a power of commanding at all times a passionate interest. The discovery of a plant is to the botanist the finding of a treasure—the opening of a volume sets the scholar at once in a state of happiness—the astronomer will watch, with intense solicitude, the moment in which one luminary moves before another, and follow, night after night, with all the passion of his soul, the progress of a comet, when that stranger to our system comes on his visit from other worlds. It is not enough to say that the reasoning intelligence finds the gratification of knowledge: the whole heart of the man is wedded to the subject in which his mind for years has found its happiness. Hear him

speak of it, and you will know if his affections be involved in his studies or not. Now, it is this capacity, as it should seem, of carrying affection over upon the subjects themselves of study, that serves as the first cause to explain the different strength in which this desire is found in different minds—a difference not dependent merely on original force of the intellectual capacity. This feeling of affection for the subjects of its habitual studies, a species of love of them for their own sakes, will be found in every mind that is passionately fond of knowledge. It is one of the great feelings which supports and carries forward the desire.

When minds of great intellectual capacity are found, as they sometimes are, cold and indifferent to knowledge, or possessed with little ardour in its pursuit, it will also be found of them that they are defective in this capacity of carrying over a grateful affection upon the subjects themselves which have afforded them pleasure; and that the explanation of their coldness will be, not that they are indifferent to the act of their intellectual faculties, which is never the case, but that they are indifferent to the objects themselves on which intelligence should act: and therefore are without the desire of knowledge. On the other hand, this feeling of affection to the subject, superadded to the pleasure of the mere act of intelligence, explains the contrary phenomenon: when those who have passionately engaged themselves to any species of enquiry hang with the most intense interest over the minutest object of their researches, as if the whole sum of their whole science were collected in a single point—a sort of transport not explicable, upon any simple action of mere intelligence, and which appears necessarily to imply, that there is great affection and desire turned by the mind upon that particular class of objects in virtue of the capacity it has of truly loving what has once afforded it delight.

But here primes pretty Helen, with a silver salver besprent with letters—and perhaps some of them may contain verses for our Two Vases. We think we know this hand—and seal. It is—a couple of Sonnets from Mr Trench. His Sabbath is pervaded by a profound piety—and assuredly he is among the foremost of our young poets.

I.

Ulysses sailing by the Sirens' isle,
 Sealed fast his comrade's ears, then bade them fast
 Bind him with many fetters to the mast,
 Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
 And to their ruin flatter them ; the while
 Their home-bound bark was sailing swiftly past ;
 And then the peril they behind them cast,
 Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
 But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used :
 No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear ;
 But ever as he passed, sang high and clear
 The blessings of the gods, their holy joys,
 And with diviner melody confused
 And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.

II.

In the mid garden doth a fountain stand—
 From font to font its waters fall alway,
 Freshening the plants by their continual play :
 Such often have I watched in southern land,
 While every leaf, as though by light winds fanned,
 Has quiver'd underneath the dazzling spray,
 Keeping its greenness all the sultry day,
 While others pine remote, a parched band.
 And, in the mystic garden of the soul,
 A fountain, nourished from the upper springs,
 Sends ever its clear waters up on high :
 While this around a dewy freshness flings,
 All plants which there acknowledge its control
 Show fair and green—else, drooping, pale and dry.

A most amiable letter from a Cantab. He reminds us of having encouraged him by a few words of praise to send something to *Maga*—and here are his offerings at her shrine—worthy of all acceptance. But, oh! that he would improve his penmanship—for there is one line in his MSS. illegible—and the compositor must make of it what he can. Our poetical contributors occasionally complain of *errata*—let such of them learn to write as now only scrawl.

THE FATHER.

My son, thou askest of the past,
 And of thy father's sire,
 If noble were his form, and his,
 As mine, a soul of fire ;
 To thee those days are as a waste,
 But unto me they bring
 The pleasures of my boyhood back,
 The freshness of my spring.

Wilt thou remember me, my boy,
 When I have pass'd away ?
 Wilt thou remember all the scenes,
 O'er which I loved to stray ?

I know thou wilt not me forget
 When resting in the grave,
 Ev'n as I now, made young again,
 My father's blessing crave.

Then, too, were rich and sunny skies,
 And then the gentle breeze
 Could melt the soul to tenderness,
 And give the mourner ease :
 Then, too, beneath the silent moon
 Were whisper'd words of love,
 While for each other's happiness
 They pray'd to one above.

But I have reach'd my life's decline,
 And bend beneath my years,
 Cold are my feelings oft—and dry
 The fountains of my tears :—
 If thou should'st live till hoary locks
 Displace thy raven hair,
 Thou'lt love to think of this—of me—
 And of my latest prayer.

THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

Great Alexander to the tomb
 Of Persian Cyrus came,
 For he would honour show to him
 Who left so bright a name ;

No monument was there to say
Where slept the mighty dead,
But lowly was his resting-place
Within his narrow bed.

The King of Macedon had heard
Of gold and silver there—
But these were dreams of humbler men;
Not such his treasures were:
Beside him lay two Scythian bows,
A scimeter, a shield;—
With these he bore the nations down,
And won the tested field.

The youthful monarch grasp'd his
spear,
His kindred soul on fire;
A thousand thoughts around him
throng,
Awaking high desire:
May I but live as he hath lived,
And die as he hath died,—
Then let this in some simple grave
Slow moulder by my side.

All *our* young poets are fine, unaf-
fected fellows, full of force and fire;
and they would all, every mother's
son of them, disdain themselves, did
their consciences convict them of the
sin of a single stanza, indited pur-
posely to mystify some worthless
truism, through the embroidered veil
of its envelopement of gorgeous and
gaudy words. The *Sumpns* are
all now of the Shelley, or of the
Tennyson school—and, hear, O
heavens! and give ear, O earth!
disciples of Wordsworth! Surely
the soles of the feet of at least half a
score of them must now be tingling,
prescent of the bastinado. They are
all classical scholars, too, and keep
chirping about Chapman's Homer.

Now here are stanzas—by one of
our young poets—conceived in the
true classical spirit. The heart-strings
of Ovid would thrill to hear such a
lament from his own CEnone.

CENONE.

On the holy mount of Ida,
Where the pine and cypress grow,
Sate a young and lovely maiden,
Weeping ever, weeping low.
Drearly throughout the forest
Did the winds of autumn blow,
And the clouds above were flying;
And Scamander rolled below.

"Faithless Paris! cruel Paris!"
Thus the poor deserted spake—
"Wherefore thus so strangely leave
me?
Why thy loving bride forsake?"

Why no tender word at parting—
Why no kiss, no farewell take?
Would that I could but forget thee—
Would this throbbing heart might
break!

"Is my face no longer blooming?
Are my eyes no longer bright?
Ah! my tears have made them dimmer,
And my cheeks are pale and white.
I have wept since early morning,
I will weep the livelong night;
Now I long for sullen darkness,
As I once have longed for light.

"Paris! art thou then so cruel?
Fair, and young, and kind thou art—
Can it be that in thy bosom
Lies so cold, so hard a heart?
Children were we bred together—
She who bore me suckled thee;
I have been thine old companion,
When thou hadst no more but me.

"I have watched thee in thy slumbers,
When the shadow of a dream
Passed across thy smiling features,
Like the ripple of a stream;
And so sweetly were the visions
Pictured there with lively grace,
That I half could read their import
By the changes on thy face.

"When I sang of Ariadne,
Sang the old and mournful tale,
How her faithless lover, Theseus
Left her to lament and wail;
Then thine eyes would fill and glisten,
Her complaint could soften thee—
Thou hast wept for Ariadne—
Theseus' self might weep for me!

"Thou may'st find another maiden
With a fairer face than mine—
With a gayer voice, and sweeter,
And a spirit liker thine:
For if e'er my beauty bound thee,
Lost and broken is the spell;
But thou canst not find another
That will love thee half so well.

"O thou hollow ship that bearest
Paris o'er the faithless deep!
Wouldst thou leave him on some island
Where alone the waters weep;
Where no human foot is moulded
In the wet and yellow sand—
Leave him there, thou hollow vessel!
Leave him on that lonely land!

"Then his heart will surely soften,
When his foolish hopes decay,
And his older love rekindle,
As the new one dies away.

Visionary hills will haunt him,
 Rising from the glassy sea,
 And his thoughts will wander home-
 wards
 Unto Ida and to me!

"O! that like a little swallow
 I could reach that lonely spot!
 All his errors would be pardoned,
 All the weary past forgot.
 Never should he wander from me—
 Never should he more depart;
 For these arms would be his prison,
 • And his home would be my heart!"

Thus lamented fair CEnone,
 Weeping ever—weeping low—
 On the holy mount of Ida,
 Where the pine and cypress grow.
 In the self-same hour, Cassandra
 Shrieked her prophecy of woe,
 And into the Spartan dwelling
 Did the faithless Paris go.

But what volume is this you are
 handling, Master Neophyte? Oh!
 Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*.
 Read aloud the passage at your right-
 hand thumb.

"We sympathize even with the dead,
 and overlooking what is of real im-
 portance in their situation, that awful
 futurity which awaits them, we are
 chiefly affected by those circumstances
 which strike our senses, but can have
 no influence upon their happiness. It
 is miserable, we think, to be deprived
 of the light of the sun; to be shut out
 from life and conversation; to be laid
 in the cold grave, a prey to corrup-
 tion and the reptiles of the earth; to
 be no more thought of in this world,
 but to be obliterated, in a little time,
 from the affections, and almost from
 the memory, of their dearest friends
 and relations. Surely, we imagine,
 we can never feel too much for those
 who have suffered so dreadful a cala-
 mity. The tribute of our fellow-feel-
 ing seems doubly due to them now,
 when they are in danger of being for-
 got by every body; and, by the vain
 honours which we pay to their me-
 mory, we endeavour, for our own mi-
 sery, artificially to keep alive our me-
 lancholy remembrance of their misfor-
 tune. That our sympathy can afford
 them no consolation seems to be an
 addition to their calamity; and to
 think that all we can do is unavailing,
 and that, what alleviates all other dis-
 tress, the regret, the love, and the la-
 mentations of their friends, can yield

no comfort to them, serves only to ex-
 asperate our sense of their misery.
 The happiness of the dead, however,
 most assuredly, is affected by none of
 these circumstances; nor is it the
 thought of these things which can ever
 disturb the profound security of their
 repose. The idea of that dreary and
 endless melancholy, which the fancy
 naturally ascribes to their condition,
 arises altogether from our joining to
 the change which has been produced
 upon them our own consciousness of
 that change, from our putting our-
 selves in their situation, and from our
 lodging, if I may be allowed to say so,
 our own living souls in their inanimat-
 ed bodies, and thence conceiving what
 would be our emotions in this case. It
 is from this very illusion of the imagi-
 nation that the foresight of our own
 dissolution is so terrible to us, and that
 the idea of those circumstances, which
 undoubtedly can give us no pain when
 we are dead, makes us miserable while
 we are alive. And from thence arises
 one of the most important principles
 in human nature, the dread of death,
 the great poison to the happiness, but
 the great restraint upon the injustice
 of mankind, which, while it afflicts and
 mortifies the individual, guards and
 protects the society."

Ay, there are not many now alive
 who could write so—yet the book has
 fallen into the sere and yellow leaf—
 and 'tis now with few a familiar name.
 Let us hear what he says of Sym-
 pathy.

"Pity and compassion are words
 appropriated to signify our fellow
 feeling with the sorrow of others.
 Sympathy, though its meaning was,
 perhaps, originally the same, may now,
 however, without much impropriety,
 be made use of to denote our fellow
 feeling with any passion whatever."

This is the use of the term in its larg-
 est and its philosophic sense. But as it
 is at variance with what used to be its
 popular meaning, in which it was re-
 stricted to the participation in others'
 joy and grief, what are the circum-
 stances which may have given occasion
 to this limitation, in language, of so
 comprehensive a passion? Because sor-
 row and joy, are the most marked and
 frequent states of feeling which occasion
 our sympathy, and, therefore the most
 noticed in common apprehension:—
 further, they are the *result* of passions,
 and when we see the state produced,

we are touched with the absolute condition in which we see the human being. Joy, we admit, as in itself a good, and sorrow, as in itself an evil. Besides joy and grief, being the common condition of *all* passions, are, of course, as frequent as the sum of all other passions; and hence, our sympathy with these is so much more marked to common apprehension, that it is no wonder the tendency of language should be to confine the word to an acceptance peculiar to the most frequent appearance of the affection.

These are the beautiful forms of sympathy; in which she appears as a gracious angel treading the sorrowful earth, with feet of healing and eyes of light. Joy and sorrow make up the lot of our mortal estate, and by our sympathy with these, we seem to acknowledge our brotherhood with our species. But we do more. For by the force of this principle, those on whom the happier lot of humanity has fallen, communicate the bounty that has been showered on their head, and the wretched is not left alone with the burthen of his misery. The strength that is untasked, lends itself to divide the load under which another is bowed; and the calamity that lies on the heads of men is lightened, while those who are not called to bear, are yet willing to involve themselves in the sorrows of a brother.

There are, indeed, states of mind in which we dare not look even on its smiling countenance—that glad light affording so strong a contrast to the darkness of our own spirits. When we leave the chamber in which lie the cold remains of one in life tenderly beloved, we start back in anguish from the cheerful sunshine and the sky so serenely and happily beautiful. And so it often is, in the common intercourse of life, when, without such deep cause of sorrow, perhaps, we are sometimes assailed with the expression of a joy which has no place in our hearts. But this proves how dear is happiness to the human heart. And it is wonderful even to the sufferer himself, to feel how his soul, that at first suddenly repelled the light of gladness, soon admits it unconsciously into all its depths, and is beguiled into a blessed forgetfulness of trouble. There are a thousand other cures which nature graciously provides for grief; but we speak now of that contagion of happiness that is

breathed from the gentle voice, the sparkling eye, and the kindling smile—and which so touches the breast with a cheerful sympathy, that the wretch almost upbraids himself for his inward gladness, as if false to the sorrow which he thinks he ought to have cherished more sacredly within his miserable heart.

It has been too positively stated by Smith that, in order to sympathize with others, it is necessary we should place ourselves, in idea, in their situation. He sets out with endeavouring to establish this point, and takes, in particular, the ease of the utmost exhibition of agony which we can witness—a fellow creature upon the rack.

“As we have no immediate experience of what other men feel, we can form no idea of the manner in which they are affected, but by conceiving what we ourselves should feel in the like situation. Though our brother is upon the rack, as long as we ourselves are at our ease, our senses will never inform us of what he suffers. They never did, and never can, carry us beyond our own person, and it is by the imagination only that we can form any conception of what are his sensations. Neither can that faculty help us to this any other way, than by representing to us what would be our own, if we were in his case. It is the impressions of our own senses only, not those of his, which our imaginations copy. By the imagination we place ourselves in his situation, we conceive ourselves enduring all the same torments, we enter as it were into his body, and become in some measure the same person with him, and thence form some idea of his sensations, and even feel something which, though weaker in degree, is not altogether unlike them. His agonies, when they are thus brought home to ourselves, when we have thus adopted and made them our own, begin at last to affect us, and we then tremble and shudder at the thought of what he feels. For as to be in pain or distress of any kind excites the most excessive sorrow, so to conceive or to imagine that we are in it, excites some degree of the same emotion, in proportion to the vivacity or dullness of the conception.”

It does not appear to us that such a process as this is necessary to produce the agony of mind, with which we

might look on such a dreadful spectacle, although it is true that, in cases of such excessive suffering of physical nature, there is even a physical affection of our own bodies, of which the nerves themselves are shaken with what we behold. But we believe that the sight of such suffering as that here described directly awakens sympathy with the sufferer, without any such laborious and dilatory process as that described—it being sufficient for us to know that he is a sentient being like ourselves. No doubt, if we are driven on by the extremity of our physical sympathy to conceive what may be the *kind of agonies* which the poor wretch endures, then an immediate and direct reference is made to ourselves—our own limbs—our own bones—our own heart. But surely no two things can be more distinct than our general sympathy with the supposed pain, which we know must be dreadful, and that definite conception of the nature of that pain which we may be excited to endeavour to form.

The illustrious author soon after uses another illustration of his doctrine, which seems even less conclusive.

“Of all the calamities to which the condition of mortality exposes mankind, the loss of reason appears to those who have the least spark of humanity by far the most dreadful; and they behold that last stage of human wretchedness with deeper commiseration than any other. But the poor wretch who is in it, laughs and sings perhaps, and is altogether insensible of his own misery. The anguish which humanity feels, therefore, at the sight of such an object cannot be the reflection of any sentiment of the sufferer. The compassion of the spectator must arise altogether from the consideration of what *he himself would feel*, if he was reduced to the same unhappy situation; and what perhaps is impossible, was at the same time able to regard it with his present reason and judgment.”

Nothing can be more beautiful than this—but is it true to nature? Is the emotion, on witnessing so sad a spectacle, really awakened by the consideration of what *we* should feel, were we so miserably reduced? We do not fear to answer, No. Indeed there is something not very comprehensible in

the idea of a man feeling compassion for another in affliction, the very nature of which affliction is seen to render the sufferer insensible of it—and yet at the same time to maintain that he feels the compassion on account of what *he himself would suffer*, if reduced to a state insensible of suffering. Smith is therefore obliged to suppose that the spectator not only imagines himself for the moment afflicted with insanity, like that of the object whom he commiserates, but that in that state he retains *his present sense* of its miseries. It seems to us that, in such a case as this, all that can with truth be said is, that we feel the possession of reason—and are therefore sensible of the magnitude of the loss—and secondly—which is the thought that chiefly fills our souls—that we are awed at the humiliation or destruction of that great distinctive attribute of our kind, reason—and feel, in the sad sight before our eyes, human nature reduced beneath its own level to that of the mere sentient creation. The reference is not made directly to ourselves—at least, if there is any such reference, it is only an accessory and subordinate feeling—we think on man, capable of exaltation to an almost angelic intelligence—of humiliation low as that of the beasts that perish.

To understand the character of our sympathy, then, it is necessary for us to remember what has been this our human life. From the faint dawn of intelligence and love, we have known and felt ourselves as part of one great nature. All our thoughts, feelings, passions, joys, and sorrows, have been the same as those of our brethren of mankind. We recognise all these, not merely as our own—though it is by self-experience that we know their workings—but as belonging to humanity. We are not so separated by our own individual existence, by our own peculiar character, by our own joints, thaws, and limbs—from other sentient and intelligent beings, as to require a constant reference to our *self*, in order to feel for *their selves*. There is no need for any operation or process of transferring thought for this purpose. We are all one Being—in different forms and modifications—and our souls, minds, hearts, and bodies are all possessed with the same common spirit. Thus, when we see

joy, or grief, or any passion, we know and feel it to be human, and as much a part of our nature as if it were felt at the time by ourselves. We grow from infancy to manhood in love as well as thought—and we can no more cut off our loving self than our thinking self from the great common spiritual frame of humanity. When we lend our own passions, as we so often do to the inanimate creation—and borrow from it into our souls its seeming gloom or gladness, we go beyond ourselves there, by the power of imagination widening the range of love. But all that we feel for that humanity in which we live, is felt because we do necessarily possess one common soul, and must obey those yearning and passionate emotions which are excited by the universal and immutable law of kind.

Such is that feeling which we express when we speak of men as our fellow-creatures. The mere fact that we are all partakers of the same nature, and of the same condition, is felt and acknowledged by us all as a bond of affection and union. That we have the same moral soul, the same intelligence, the same affections, even the same living frame, constitutes the bond of fellowship among human kind. He who feels his heart revolt at some crime perpetrated here, knows that there is the same revolting at the same time among all the race. He who honours his parents, or speaks blessings on his child, knows that the same honour is felt among nations whose name he knows not, and the same blessings spoken in tongues he does not comprehend. What is this but the most comprehensive sympathy, obscurely felt only because it is not made known to us partially, and in moments, but is felt in all moments, and pervades our whole being.—Yet we may be aware what the nature of this sympathy is, and what is its power in uniting all men as brethren, when the consciousness of it is brought home to our minds by some slight incident; when we are touched with the intimations of the same nature with our own, brought unexpectedly to our apprehension; as when we are told of a tribe in the heart of Africa, that he who has sworn by the soul of his mother, is sure to keep his oath; and among the same people, of a mother, who, when the dead body of her son was brought

into the village, who had been killed in a fight, in her passionate exclamations over him, had this still uppermost in her cries, that he had never told her a lie. Or when we hear from Ledyard that in all his wandering over the earth, among unknown and savage nations, the wildest and fiercest tribes, he never asked kindness or succour, in the language of courtesy, from woman, and was refused. In these little instances, when they occur, we feel at once, that those are our kind; that their spirits are framed like ours, and when we feel this, we feel love rise towards them at the same moment. To pursue this consideration further, even into its exceptions, we may observe, that when we read of those nations who, by their cruel and ferocious manners, are totally divided from us, and calmly or gladly act deeds which we abhor, we feel at the moment abhorrence towards themselves—this sympathy or fellow-feeling of nature is broken off—we regard them as monsters, not as men—we hate them because they have not hearts and spirits like ourselves—we almost question at the moment, whether they are of the same kind: and hence it is probable, notwithstanding our general acknowledgement of a general sympathy with the human race, that every one who has much acquainted himself with the character of different nations, finds towards some of them in particular, a fixed aversion and abhorrence, remaining from such strong impressions. Nor can that natural impression be removed, till we come at last, by different reflections upon human kind, to bring back our sympathy with them, which we are led to do at last, when we come to meditate seriously upon human nature, and to substitute the result of our calm and serious meditation for those passionate impressions which at first possess our minds. We then deliberately reflect that, however human nature may be divided from our affection by the deformity it sometimes puts on, yet that the soul *was* the same, and there thus arises what may be called even an awful sympathy of our spirits which have been more favoured in their unfolding, and have remained truer to their nature, with the original constitution of those, which having been less favoured, are fallen from their proper estate. Out of such a sympathy, and

the affection which inevitably attends it, arise those strong yearnings which are felt by some minds towards the condition of those who are most lost and abject, among our species, and the passionate desire to do something, if possible, for their restoration. They sympathize with that nature which they feel, however low it may be fallen, to be their own, and in that sympathy they feel the claim of brotherhood upon them, to help the fallen from their degradation. In that sympathy, which assures them in the fallen and lost of a nature like their own, they feel the only ground of confidence that their endeavours may not be in vain, that the zeal of love will not fall inefficaciously upon hearts which, whatever change they may have endured, were moulded at least like their own.

Our most comprehensive sympathy, therefore, with mankind, and that which most widely and deeply unites us in one fellowship, as members of one great society, is that which is founded simply and directly on a known community of nature. The sympathy arising from this community of nature is so determinate and strong, that it is not limited to our spiritual part; but that we are made the same, as living men, is of itself a strong bond of mysterious sympathy—that our life flows in the same blood—that we walk in the same stature—that we act with the same organs. Hence is the force of that appeal, which the great delineator of our nature, Shakspeare, puts into the mouth of one of a persecuted race. He challenges his community of nature with those by whom he is scorned and oppressed. He claims fellowship with them, indeed, by his affections, but the energy of his pleading is drawn from this joint participation in one physical nature. "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands,—organs,—dimensions,—senses,—affections,—passions?—fed with the same food—hurt with the same weapons—subject to the same diseases—healed by the same means—warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?" So far he speaks in the language of general human nature. What he adds is from his own passion—"and

if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that too. The sum of his argument is this—"Your exclusion of us from your sympathy is unnatural, while we are not excluded from participation in the same common nature." And the argument is perfectly just, for this is the ground of a necessary sympathy in nature, till it is overpowered, as in this case, by some strong interfering feelings of division and enmity.

In thus considering the bonds of fellowship which thus subsist, binding together the human race, how can we refrain from speaking of that sympathy of which we are conscious, not as participators merely of the same nature, but as inheritors of the same lot! Let us look on this merely in a natural light, and consider that all men are tillers of the same earth, subject to the bounty or the rigours of the same skies. Does not even this unite us? And are we not concerned and interested to know of the wildest tribe that ever trode the earth, in what way they kill their game, or clothe their bodies, or frame their dwellings? But if we are inheritors of a common lot of far other severity, if there lies upon us in the depth of our nature a common burden of sorrow through sin—do we not feel that in this community of our condition there is a far deeper bond of sympathy? Have not those felt it who, bearing in their own hands the only means of recovery from this common calamity, could not rest till they went forth to the uttermost ends of the earth, to impart to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, the light which had delivered their own spirits from captivity.

Why have Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge, had all along so unkindly a feeling towards Adam Smith? Perhaps because they never read him—perhaps because—but poo, poo—men like them are privileged to have their prejudices; and we could forgive Wordsworth any injustices to Scotland or Scotsmen—(in his heart we know he loves and honours us and our country) for the sake—had he written no other—of the strain now rising—obedient to what law of association we know not—in our memory—pure and pathetic as the saving light of the planet that inspired it.

TO THE MOON.

Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
 To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
 Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
 So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;
 And, through the cottage lattice softly peeping,
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
 What pleasure once encompass'd those sweet names,
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
 An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
 I slight them all; and, on the sea-beat shore
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND!
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known,
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;
 And for less obvious benefits, that find
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime,
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
 And wounds and weakness oft his sole remains.

The aspiring mountains and the winding streams,
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
 Thou, chequering peaceably the minister's gloom,
 Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
 Can'st reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
 Welcome though silent and intangible!—
 And liest there one, of all that come and go
 On the great waters toiling to and fro,
 One who has watched you, at some quiet hour,
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
 Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move,
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
 And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thine own despite,
 To fiercer mood the frenzy-stricken brain,
 Let me a compensating faith maintain;
 That there's a sensitive, a tender part
 Which thou can'st touch in every human heart,
 For healing and composure. But, as least
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed
 Thy domination; so the whole vast sea
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
 So shines that countenance with especial grace
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace,
 Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
 With some internal lights to memory dear,
 Or fancies stealing forth to sooth the breast,
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest—

Gentle awakenings, visitations meek—
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave!
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind, that leaves thoughts free,
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!

'Tis a noble destiny, no doubt, to be a great Poet, or a great Philosopher, or a great Writer of any kind—and folks have said that to think is nobler than to act—that those men whose greatness was in their thoughtful genius must be of a higher order of mind than those who won their renown by achievements in the strife of the world, ruling or warring—yet the voice of mankind has not thus witnessed, nor perhaps our own feelings. Indeed, our imagination seems almost to fall from an eagle-flight, when it passes from the renown of those who have been mightiest in action, to those who have been mighty only in the speculative or creative mind. Their glory seems of a different order. Akenside says, in consonance, as we think, with the common sentiments of men—

“ Nor far beneath the warrior's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat,
Stands far remote the bard.”

We think that this common feeling may be explained and justified. The philosopher, whatever and how high soever his knowledge, may not be a great man. He may know the heights of the human mind, yet he may not be high himself. His intellect may be mighty, and yet his soul may be low. It is the same with all those whose genius is their title to glory. We seem in all of them to see certain faculties of the mind exalted into great power. But the human being himself, may or may not be exalted along with these faculties. These are but powers belonging to him; these are not himself. If we ask, then, what it is that to the ordinary apprehension, constitutes the man himself—it is his will. If the will is high, the man is high; if the will is degraded, the man is degraded. But

by the will is not here meant affection, passion, and desire—not at least as simple feelings however strong; but it means the will in action—proved and tried with contention and difficulty, with the burdens and the terrors which bow down or appal. He who has genius, in this view, is nothing; but he whose genius is untroubled and clear on the thundering deck, is exalted in his whole being, by that perfect power of his will of which his genius gives the evidence. So affection and desire do not in themselves exalt the man by any vehemence with which they may be felt, or any nobleness they may include; but the moment they are put to severe proof and tried, and they are found to endure the proof—as soon as generous loyalty has thrown its breast in the way of death—as soon as wealth is sacrificed to honour, so soon the passion ennobles the man; because it is found to be more than emotion and desire, it is found to have the strength of will. It is in the will, exalted indeed by affection and desire, exalted by thought and genius, that we find the elevation of the human being. In fewer and simpler words, it is the personal character that we regard first, in the estimate of personal greatness; and the intellectual character is only a secondary consideration. This is the account of the causes which, in men's judgment of the characters of others, determine the comparison they make between those who have been great in great action and those who have stood at the height of mental achievement. If we place ourselves within the minds of those whom we judge, and consider what in each case their self-esteem might be, we shall find in this respect a corresponding difference. He who feels himself to be

great, and he who only feels his genius to be great, are two men as widely distinguished from each other, in the influence of their self-esteem over their moral being or their passions, as they are different in the eyes of the world. And thus we may see how the passion of glory in the mind of the orator, or the poet, or the philosopher, appears to us as something very inferior to the same passion in the breast of the young patriot warrior. We conceive it to have been an inferior passion even as they felt it; because they carried into the passion nothing but the conscious elevation of their genius, and he carries into his passion the conscious nobleness of his whole being, ready to devote itself to the cause of liberty or his country.

Lay down that book, sirrah, and listen to Us. No—take it up again—'tis Paley, we perceive—read aloud the sentence nearest the thumb of your left hand—whatever it be, we undertake to say something on the same subject, as good or better, off hand. "The Law of Honour is a system of rules constructed by people of fashion, and calculated to facilitate their intercourse with one another; and for no other purpose. Consequently, nothing is adverted to by the Law of Honour, but what tends to incommode this intercourse. Hence the law only prescribes and regulates the duties betwixt equals; omitting such as relate to the Supreme Being, as well as those which we owe to our inferiors. For which reason, profaneness, neglect of public worship, cruelty to servants, rigorous treatment of tenants or other dependants, want of charity to the poor, injuries done to tradesmen by insolvency or delay of payment, with numberless examples of the same kind, are no breaches of honour; because a man is not a less agreeable companion for these vices, nor the worse to deal with, in those concerns which are usually transacted between one gentleman and another." Shut your mouth, now, ingenuous youth—we have had enough of it. Paley treats—does he not?—in succession of the Law of Honour, the Law of the Land, the Scriptures, the Moral Sense, Human Happiness—Virtue? He does. Hear, then, Christopher North.

Honour, then, must be considered

as subsisting independently, in the spirit itself; but it has two great accessaries—the esteem of others, and the exterior demonstration of their esteem. It is not degraded, or altered in its nature by the support it derives from these two accessaries; not even though, to a certain extent, it relies on them for support. As long as it is itself the superior principle, and these are accessaries only, the purposes of nature are fulfilled. If these feelings, which were given merely as subsidiary and subordinate, should become of more moment to the mind, as they sometimes do, than its own self-regard, then the purpose of nature is subverted, and the principle of honour itself is degraded.

It may be said to be the highest principle of our mind which is neither religious nor properly moral. The highest law of our spirit and acts, is that which immediately and consciously regards Him to whom we owe all; the next is that which is prescribed to us by conscience, by which each man knows himself subject to obligation, which must not be broken; next to these is that principle entirely distinct from them, by which the human being feels himself constrained to act, that he may not be self-dishonoured.

When these two first and greatest laws are removed, or have comparatively little force in the mind, this other principle—which may be considered as the highest of those which are merely human, including no higher regard than of the human being to himself—this other principle, according to Christopher North, then becomes, in an imperfect degree, as a director merely of human actions—a substitute for them. In this light we may understand why this sentiment has been esteemed so highly among men, since it becomes to them, under certain circumstances, the chief law of their lives, and though not virtue, yet to a certain extent a substitute for it. We may also understand on what ground it has been reprobated by religious and moral writers. They have regarded it as a law set up among men, in independence of religious and moral obligation. It has been so set up. But it might have been considered that this was the error and misfortune

of the men themselves, and not the fault of the principle to which they resorted, in their destitution, to whatever cause that might be owing, of a higher guidance.

Now, it does not, we think, require much argument to show that there is nothing in this sentiment, justly considered, which is at variance with those higher laws to which we are subjected. The man who fulfils his duty to God is thereby necessarily obedient to his conscience: but surely there is nothing that forbids the same mind which acknowledges, and has submitted itself to this highest obedience, to be sensible to its own esteem of its own desert, to be sensible to shame, when it has forfeited its self esteem. The same mind may be religious, moral, and yet retain its sensibility to honour. It is altogether a different question to ask, whether the laws of honour which prevail in any particular nation of men are throughout consistent with morality and religion. It is probable they are not; for they are framed by human beings in their pride, and in their forgetfulness of their highest subjection. But such laws are merely to be ranked among the manners and customs of that particular nation. They are not to be cited as proofs of the necessary dictates of this feeling of our nature. They show that men, in their weakness and blindness, have erred in the application of a just and noble principle. The customs and the rules of opinion which men, instigated by this feeling, have instituted for themselves, may be in some respects greatly amiss; yet not the natural feeling, but their error, is chargeable with those transgressions. Among many nations, the feeling of honour has led to frequent suicide—it has given reputation to that crime; yet we do not think of laying that crime to the charge of this principle of our nature, for we see plainly that this is a perversion of the feeling, since there are honourable nations among whom it does not suggest that action, but preserves from it. In the same way, among ourselves, in judging our own laws of honour, we are to make the like discrimination: and to take care that we do not attribute to the essential feeling accidental customs or canons of judgment, without which the natural sentiment might subsist in its

full force, and hold its just dominion over the human spirit and over human life. It is our duty to take care to keep this sentiment, which, by its alliance with pride—which, by the respect it pays to the human self, is in danger to estrange us from higher laws,—to keep it, we say, in due subjection to them. It is a feeling which, like all our natural feelings, may be carried to excess; and therefore it calls upon us for vigilance to guard and to restrain it within its due bounds; to suspect it even; but on no account to disparage it in our estimation, or to endeavour wholly to suppress it in our hearts.

As far as its laws have been defined by the manners of these nations, it is the guardian of courage and faith in the character of men. The world require these in action; the sense of honour watches over them in the heart. These, then, are important virtues to society, which are in safe keeping under the vigilance of honour. But it is not to be imagined that its influence ends here. It may be first aroused in the mind with respect to these two virtues. On these it may stand. But the principle once existing in the mind, has a far more extensive operation. For, as soon as the mind is awakened to watch over itself—to feel that it has an inward nobility, known to itself, and which, attained in its own consciousness, though no other human being should know it, is forfeited and lost—there is a principle raised up into strength, which will be jealous over the whole mind, and will preserve it, according to the extent of its understanding, from every self-degrading act. The honourable mind does not in any degree measure its own worth by the opinion of others; it measures by its own estimate; and the quick and vivid sensibility which it cherishes to its own approbation, and yet more to its own blame, is a spirit that will watch over all its virtues, and animate its aversion to every vice. It may justly be described, therefore, as a principle so friendly to virtue, that, as long as it subsists, it requires and enforces some virtues in the mind otherwise most corrupted and perverted; which, maintaining as it does some virtues in the midst of vice, is then only happily placed, in the full exercise of its power and enjoyment of its nature, when it is

placed in the midst of virtues, to all of which it can ally itself, and will strengthen all with which it is allied.

How gracious is the influence it exerts, even by the exterior demonstrations of respect which it enforces. To him who honours himself, it is natural to mark to others the respect he bears them; for he has the instinct which warns him that the want of that respect must be felt by them as an injury. Besides, it is grateful to him that those who are esteemed should know themselves to be so. It is painful to him to think that any human being should live self-degraded, and therefore he is unwillingly the cause to any one of self-humiliation. Hence is this feeling the natural inspirer of courtesy. It is not to be believed that it is disappointed in its generous aim. The maintenance of exterior respect in the manners of society, is a perpetual encouragement to every one to believe that he is respected, and therefore a constant exhortation to him to respect himself.

Our Alcove Library is not large—it is select—but neither is it exclusive—and here is a volume (published by the excellent Seeley and Burnside) from which please, pray, to read aloud, but not loud, the first set of stanzas you see with our private approval-mark—"THE SOLACE OF SONG—short Poems suggested by scenes visited on a Continental Tour, chiefly in Italy."—Give us the volume for a moment. The writer is not a mere classical, he is a Christian tourist—and avers that "of the associations that throng the Christian mind on an Italian tour, none are so imposing as those derived from scenes connected with Scripture history. Though but few, and upon the very verge of the field of sacred narrative, yet to an inhabitant of a country whose very name has no existence in Holy Writ but as "the uttermost part of the earth," they present the distant glories of a light, hitherto only apprehended by the imagination. If, however, they are but gleams, they are welcomed with the greater delight; and the author wishes it were in his power to convey to the reader the tenth part of that enthusiasm with which he surrendered himself and the objects around him to the enchantment of such associations;" and he says, "It may surely be forgiven, if all classic

interest evaporated, when, under the Arch of Titus, the gorgeous procession, that bore captive Judea in triumph, seemed to move towards the Capitol; or, on the arena of the now desolate Coliseum, the mind recalled Ignatius patiently tarrying the moment when his life must be sacrificed to gratify the assembled myriads of Pagan Rome." He says that little art was exercised in their composition; as they merely formed a recreative amusement when the spirits sought refreshment from the crowd of surrounding objects of secular interest, in the meditation of subjects of eternal moment; and if some of them should appear to have a melancholy tinge, he can easily plead that it is chiefly in times of sorrow that the mind turns to such reminiscences.

The ruins of Rome! The overthrow or decay of mighty human power is, of all thoughts that can enter the mind, the most affecting. The whole imagination is at once stirred by the prostration of that, round which so many high associations have been collected for so many ages. Beauty seems born but to perish, and its fragility is seen and felt to be inherent in it by a law of its being. But power gives stability, as it were, to human thought, and we forget our own perishable nature in the spectacle of some abiding and enduring greatness. Our own little span of years—our own confined region of space, are lost in the endurance and far-spread dominion of some mighty state—and we feel as if we partook of its deep set and most triumphant strength. When, therefore, a great and ancient empire falls into pieces, or when fragments of its power are heard, in the sad conviction of our souls, rent asunder like column after column disparting from some noble edifice, we feel as if all the cities of men were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake slept. The same doom seems to be imminent over all the other kingdoms that still stand; and in the midst of such changes, and decays, and overthrows—or as we read of them of old—we look, under such emotions, on all power as foundationless, and in our wide imagination embrace empires covered only with the ruins of their desolation. Yet such is the pride of the human spirit, that it often unconsciously, under the influence

of such imagination, strives to hide from itself the utter nothingness of its mightiest works. And when all its glories are visibly crumbling into dust, it creates some imaginary power to overthrow the fabrics of human greatness—and thus attempts to derive a kind of mournful triumph even in its very fall. Thus, when nations have faded away in their sins and vices, rotten at the heart and palsied in all their limbs, we strive not to think of that sad internal decay, but imagine some mighty power smiting empires and cutting short the records of mortal magnificence. Thus, Fate and Destiny are said in our imagination to lay our glories low. Thus, even the calm and silent air of oblivion, has been thought of as an unsparing power. Time, too, though in moral sadness, wisely called a shadow, has been

clothed with terrific attributes, and the sweep of his scythe has, in imagination, shorn the towery diadem of cities. Thus the mere sigh in which we expire, has been changed into active power—and all the nations have with one voice called out "Death!" And while mankind have sunk, and fallen, and disappeared in the helplessness of their own mortal being, we have still spoken of powers arrayed against them—powers that are in good truth only another name for their own weaknesses. Thus imagination is for ever fighting against truth—and even when humbled, her visions are sublime—conscious even among saddest ruin of her own immortality.

Now, my son, read on—with a few minutes' pause between each sacred poem—till we motion you to return the volume to its place.

BASILICA OF S. PETER.

" Who sits, a sceptered monarch in his hall,
Upheld by time, that makes all others bow,
Himself unmoved, though nations rise and fall;
No show-storm shed by ages on his brow?
High lot is his! nor change of rule to know,
Nor touch of hoary years, as centuries come and go.

" What would ambition more? Eternal Rome
Seals with his name the emblems of her pride—
High in the chamber of her proudest dome,
In Godhead throned his image dare abide;
While pilgrims hasten with the offered vow,
And at his feet in low obeisance bow.

" What would he more? The world his sceptre owns—
Aloft from column, cupola, and tower;
He views ten kingdoms prostrating their thrones,
Submissive to his delegated power,
The vassal-subjects of his magic name—
What would he more to seal a deathless fame?

" And yet to reign as king he held as nought,
When from his eye coursed down the bitter tear—
No longer Earth's magnificence he sought,
Or feared man's face—sin, sin his only fear—
To latest times he shunned not to proclaim
Jehovah's glory in his own deep shame.

" He braved a vow his Master's head to shield,
Or lay his own in willing service down—
He braved a vow the vengeful blade to wield,
And steel his heart against a people's frown—
Yet on his eye when gleamed the Judge's sword,
He would not own the Saviour for his Lord!

" Yea, he denied with curses—thrice the word
Passed unrebuked his lip, with brazen brow;
'The Lord of Hosts,' he said, 'was not his Lord,
Nor cared he the Nazarene to know'—
How in an hour are all his vows entombed!
Sifted as corn—but not as chaff consumed:

" For lo! the Sufferer turns His woe-worn face,
And on His servant bends His gentle eye—
Pity and Love blend in that look of grace,
And to the sinner tell his Saviour nigh—
He heeded not the deadly fight he fought,
Or his heart's pangs—his wandering sheep he sought :

" He sought and found—the arrow Peter smote,
And forth he stepped from out the evil hall,
Bitter the things, that 'gainst himself he wrote,
Deadly his sin, and desperate his fall—
He wept, to tell how grossly Satan lied—
Man hath no power to stay his heart of pride.

" O then! why drag him forth who thus did mourn,
And wish all self deep buried in his grave!
Why bid the crowd besotted t'ward him turn,
Their souls to save, his own who could not save!
O sight more galling than the licitor's rod,
The humbled saint upreared a brazen god!

" Bitter the tears! and let them freely flow,
For evil was the hand that placed him there!
How would he weep to serve the nation's woe,
By claiming homage in God's House of Prayer!
How weep to see his form, from realms above,
Stand 'twixt his fellow-man, and Jesus' look of love!"

S. MARIA SOPRA MINERVA.

" Why that appalling frown,
Beneath the thorny crown,
That eye of wrath, and stern, averted brow?
Is not the covenant made?
Is not the altar laid?
Say, is that covenant pledge forgotten
now?

" O doth he bend below
An universe of woe:
From His dread sacrifice impatient shrink?
The deadly brimming bowl,
Mixed for my hell-doomed soul,
Doth He refuse, in this his hour, to drink?

" Is it his people's hate,
Which knows not to abate,
That kindles flames and hot rebukes of
fire?

Do heathen words of scorn,
Cast on the man forlorn,
Quenchless, unmitigated wrath inspire?

" Here in this world of woe,
Will he indeed forego
His fore-doomed work, my soul to seek
and save,
Hurl back the assumed tree—
In act of victory,
Forbear to thread the mazes of the grave?

" O think not, Lord, on us,
Whilst thou dost suffer thus;
Heed not the word of a poor, powerless
worm!

If Thou but wave thine hand,
Waste is the peopled land,
Like chaff dispersed before the fitful storm.

" Look on thy covenant-seal,
And on thy children deal,
Tho' wayward, by the greatness of thy
name!
The Gentile and the Jew,
' They know not what they do,
Work out Thy work! let not thine anger
flame!

" Yet hush the hasty thought,
Which hath unjustly wrought
'Gainst Him, who is my own, my loving
Lord;
O no!—how can it be,
That he from pain should flee,
And o'er his chosen wave the vengeful
sword!

" Vain fear! that wrathful eye
Proclaims the Tempter nigh,
That brow is bent upon the hateful
power—
The lip of stern reproof
Bids Satan stand aloof,
Nor heap temptation on the o'erladen
hour.

" 'Neath that dread frown I view,
Love to His chosen few,
And purpose firm their rescue to ensure:
His pallid cheek proclaims,
How precious are their names,
For whom his writhing nerves such pain
endure.

" See, to his cross he clings,
Whence endless virtue springs,
Life, health, and comfort to the sinner's
soul :

What tho' the attack be rude,
As rush of mountain-flood,
He will not shrink to drain the hell-
wrought bowl.

" Warrior, he takes his stand,
Not to upraise his hand,
To crush the trembling souls He came to
save—
But meek His crown to wear,
And meek his cross to bear,
Till Satan falls, and he who rules the
grave !

" Then hail that fearful gaze !
It strikes with dread amaze,
And chills his foes, all motionless as
stone—
That frown is love to me ;
It speaks the captive free,
And plants a worm on an archangel's
throne !"

S. ROCH.

" Go ! bear Him softly to His rest,
Since past the battle shock ;
The pallid brow, and pulseless breast,
Lay in the virgin rock.
Tho' darkly yawns the rending tomb,
The light of heaven gilds the gloom—
Fear not ! seal firm the closed door—
'Tis but the gate of Death—and Death is
king no more !

" Leave Him therein—the first to dare
The mazes of that path,
Which track'd the regions of despair,
Lit by Almighty wrath—
Leave Him therein—His arm alone
Hurled Satan from his traitor throne—
His arm alone—omnipotent to save—
His erring sheep redeems, and bursts the
portals of the grave !

" Travelling in greatness of His might,
He treads the shades of Death ;
Hell flies the glory of His light—
The blasting of His breath.
The dead from chamber'd couches spring,
And hail of their dread king the King ;
Amazed who thus, in robes from Bozrah
died,
Tramples angelic powers in their own
realm of pride !

" Up, gird thy sandall'd foot, my soul !
Salute the Victor's sign !
From thee His mutter'd thunders roll—
The foes He spurns are thine !

VOL. XLV. NO. CCLXXXII.

" But ah ! how may I dare to claim,
Who shunned his toils, the Conqueror's
fame,

Or tread with ready step the narrow
way,
Clear'd by His single arm—on to the
Fount of Day !

" Up, tarry not, tho' stain'd with sin,—
With a traitor's low'ring brow !
Press on ! the crown of glory win !
Salvation's offered now !
Not for Himself the fight He fought—
Thou art the man !—thy weal He sought ;
For thee—for thee He smote the Dragon
foe—
See, how He smiles thee on ! go, track
His footsteps, go !

" What tho', ingrate ! thou didst not share
The woes He could not hide ;
Slept—when He bade thee watch to prayer,
And when confess—denied !
Doubt not there's pardon yet for thee ;
His loving smile thy welcome be !
Drink in the light of life that beams
around—
What is death's dreary vale?—with Christ
'tis holy ground !

" Lo, where He comes, Night folds his
wing
And shuns the blaze of Day ;
While flowers beneath His footsteps spring,
To cheer Him on his way.
Before Him desolation lies—
Behind, a fresh-blown Paradise ;
And sounds of seraph-harps beguile the
road,
Erst filled with shrieks of woe, that told
an absent God !

" Come—muse a little moment here,
Faith watches at the grave ;
Bid hence all doubt, distrust, or fear,
He *can*, and He *will* save !
We tune our harps, and wait awhile ;
Joy in the radiance of His smile ;
Listening with holy longing till He come,
Knock at our chamber-door, and call us
to our home !"

A SABBATH AMONG THE APENNINES.

" It is his own. His Sabbath-day,
His voice is busy in my heart—
I must from earthly thoughts away,
And go to muse with him apart !
Tho' in my soul the weight of woe,
And on my brow the lines of care,
He would not now His grace bestow,
Did He design to spurn my prayer.

" The hills that hem this little dell,
And rear their wooded forms on high,

Alike the summer beams repel,
And bid afar the wintry sky—
Where Solitude hath framed a bower,
And Shade hath spread her noon-tide
night,
He comes, to fill the lonely hour,
He shines, and where He shines, 'tis light.

" My roving soul He bids me bound
Within this scene of sky and grove,
Here own the marks of holy ground,
Here meet the objects of his love :
Tho' hushed the chimes of Sabbath praise,
And not a track of man appear—
The Lord himself a shrine shall raise,
Nor lack a Sabbath service here.

" These clustering trunks of stately trees,
Like columns of some Gothic aisle,
Rise, undisturb'd by summer breeze,
A God-framed, God-accepted pile !
Here may I bend th' uncover'd head,
Fresh homage to my Master swear,
Since here a chequer'd couch is spread,
For foot of praise, or knee of prayer.

" Nor lonely is my duty paid,
Though to the eye of man alone ;
For many a hand is stretch'd to aid,
And bear my offerings to the throne.
Around the lowly altar stand,
With ear attent, and heav'nward eye,
A thronging, bright angelic band,
To waft my incense to the sky.

" For Faith is here, though weak and
frail,
And tottering with infantine feet,
Her voice is strong her Lord to hail,
And firm she grasps the mercy seat :
And Love, that like a sister clings,
With eye as clear as beam of day,
And ardent Hope, with fluttering wings,
All restless in her cage of clay.

" And who is she, that shrinks behind
With so serene and sweet a smile,
And finger raised, lest some rude wind
Should murmur through the leafy aisle,
Leading yon sylph in silken band,
Who hides her face beneath her wings ?
'Tis Peace, with her own olive wand,
And Joy, who shades the bliss she brings.

" And nearer to my station crowd,
In vesture stained with many a tear,
Pale sorrow, 'neath her burden bow'd ;
Patience, that soothes her sister Fear :
And many more to memory known,
Heart linked to heart, and hand to hand :
How can I deem myself alone,
So blest, 'mid such a goodly band !

" They know each want, they know each
grief,

They throng with me His mercy's throne,
With me they kneel to urge relief,
My nearest woes they claim their own :
They cheer my soul with many a sign,
Each doubt repress, and hush each fear ;
Sweet smile in every smile of mine,
And weep in every gushing tear.

" One is our object—one our aim,
Whene'er a sacred rite I pay ;
They own with me the Saviour's name,
They own with me the Saviour's day !
While they my feeble service share,
Here it is good for me to be ;
Each spot becomes a house of pray'r,
Each day a Sabbath-day to me."

Religion in the human mind is apt to decline in two different ways. It degenerates into fanatic superstition or into a cold speculative philosophy. Both these are averse from its proper nature ; but, perhaps, the last most so ; for the first is but excess, and the last is defect. The excesses of the first startle men, and warn them back ; but the cold speculative faith seems almost to recommend itself to an intellectual age. It looks like reason purifying religious belief, while she takes no more than what she can comprehend. Yet it is an inclination of the mind to atheism, for it is a loosening of it from the bond of its full religious obligation. How shall we pretend to say that we will bring to this service our intellectual and not our moral being ? That we will know what is to be known, and believe as far as undoubted evidence constrains our conviction ? But that our heart, our whole spirit of passion and feeling shall remain exempt from the same influence. If our minds owe any thing to God, they owe all. Their rational intelligence is required to the highest use of its intelligent powers, when it is called upon to know the truths which religion teaches, and on which it rests. The greatest object of thought is presented to the understanding. But, at the same moment, the greatest object of affection is offered to the soul. And it is as absurd and self-contradictory to our nature, not to feel, as it is, when truth is unfolded clearly before us, not to understand.

The mere consideration of the con-

stitution of the human mind is sufficient to show what is the relation that religion bears to the whole. It is the vital principle of the whole being. It is like the soul of the soul. By it all the other powers and feelings are reduced to their right place and subordination. Without it the whole mind is disturbed and thrown into disorder. Hence only are derived true magnanimity and wisdom. Hence only the affections are purified and sublimed. Hence only the passions receive their law.

What religion is to the individual mind, that it is to the mind of a whole people. This alone preserves it lofty and strong. Without this it sinks into weakness and degradation. Its intellectual powers, its courage, its liberty, are no sufficient security. These cannot preserve its elevation. These, though noble in themselves, are not of sufficient power to maintain the whole rational mind ennobled. It is necessary that men should have before their minds some object of regard and desire, of which they fall infinitely short; that so they may be admonished to arouse themselves, and advance their nature. Their spirit is beset with many insidious foes; and it is not possible for them, by any vigilance of their own, to guard and protect themselves from their wily assault. But while they exalt themselves in the highest strength, they become secure; for those betraying weaknesses cease to have any power over them.

The character of nations seems borne down by a fatal power. The great principles of opinion and passion which have sustained them for a period sink away, and none succeed in their place. The very progress of their maturer intelligence advances them beyond the noble errors of their uninstructed youth. There is then no principle which can save them from decay coming on, but religion. In their highest state of intelligence, here is an object which commands the adoration of reason. In their decay and fall of spirit, here is a passion which can enter the sunk and languishing heart, and rekindle and renovate its strength. In the flow of overwhelming luxury, here is a principle of power to contend against the enchantments of sense, and to cast out the madness of the grosser passions.

Here is a spirit which can enter every house, can tell pleasure of its folly and wealth of its vanity, which can address itself to every heart, and chastise in each single breast the universal depravity.

How utterly have those nations fallen who have been without religion! How have those declined and suffered who have corrupted their religion! We feel that we have yet some strength with which to contend against the threatening decays that creep in upon the further periods of a nation's existence. But of that strength how much do we owe to the vigour in which our religion has been maintained amongst us? How much of it would be left, if we should ever suffer that religion unhappily to decay?

In the laws, the manners, the philosophy, the literature of a people, the influence of high religious feelings will be traced, unobtrusively but powerfully diffusing itself through every part of their welfare. How much of the happiness of a people, of the purity and dignity of its manners, arises from that domestic virtue which religion alone can guard. Their public institutions must be actuated by the same spirit. Their literature will take a character, indirectly, from this source. If the thoughts of the people be high and pure, their whole literature will maintain the same tenor. Their philosophy especially, which continually draws near to religion—which weds itself to their morality—which is constantly derived anew from the highest faculties of their intelligence—their philosophy will be lofty or low, a science of truth or of falsehood, as their whole mind is more or less influenced and governed by these high doctrines and feelings. In truth, what philosophy of morals can there be which does not derive its character direct from this source? Nothing but abasement and degradation of the whole moral nature of man can follow the moment morality is made independent of this connexion. It were better to leave man without speculation at all upon this subject, than to exhibit to him himself bereft of his highest capacity, and to persuade him that this is the faithful picture of that being which he was created. Even that science which seems less immediately connected with this part of our nature,

physical science, is in a thousand ways linked to it, and owes to it its noblest character. For it is not the subject-matter itself that constrains the mind to an inevitable course, but the mind, according to its own character, selects the matter of its knowledge. The highest researches of this science are those which are connected with the great principles that govern the natural world; and to these the mind seems called full as much by that secret moral feeling which accompanies the sublimer contemplations of nature, as by its own intellectual tendency. Nor is it possible to conceive of the mind of Newton investigating the laws of the universe, without believing that his great studies had to himself their highest commendation, while he believed himself permitted, in pursuing them, to become, in some part, an interpreter of that divine wisdom which has framed and governs the world.

In these enquiries we are accustomed to speak of the light of nature in comparison with the light of revelation, and to speak of the theological doctrines of which our human reason gives us assurance. Such expressions as these may easily lead to important error, and do, indeed, seem often to have been misconceived and misemployed. What those truths are which human reason, unassisted, would discover to us on these subjects, it is impossible for us to know, for we have never seen it left absolutely to itself. Instruction, more or less, in wandering tradition, or in express, full, and recorded revelation, has always accompanied it; and we have never had other experience of the human mind than as exerting its powers under the light of imparted knowledge. In these

circumstances, all that can be properly meant by those expressions which regard the power of the human mind to guide, to enlighten, or to satisfy itself in these great enquiries is, not that it can be the discoverer of truth, but that, with the doctrines of truth set before it, it is able to deduce arguments from its own independent sources which confirm it in their belief; or that, with truth and error proposed to its choice, it has means, to a certain extent, in its own power, of distinguishing one from the other. For ourselves, we may understand easily that it would be impossible for us so to shut out from our minds the knowledge which has been poured in upon them from our earliest years, in order to ascertain what self-left reason could find out. Yet this much we are able to do in the speculations of our philosophy. We can enquire, in this light, what are the grounds of evidence which nature and reason themselves offer for belief in the same truths. A like remark must be extended to the morality which we seem now to inculcate from the authority of human reason. We no longer possess any such independent morality. The spirit of a higher, purer, moral law than man could discover has been breathed over the world, and we have grown up in the air and the light of a system so congenial to the highest feelings of our human nature, that the wisest spirits amongst us have sometimes been tempted to forget that its origin is divine.

One other strain from the "*SOLACE OF SONG.*" 'Tis a volume well worthy a place in every Christian Family Library. The embellishments in wood by Harvey are very beautiful.

LOIANO.

A VILLAGE ON THE SUMMIT OF AN APENNINE, NEAR THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

“ High on the mountain's crown,
While all around is swathed in deepest brown,
Say, whence yon silvery gleam,
Reflecting bright the sun's departing beam?
There man hath sought his rest,
Within the eagle's nest,
Sick of the city's noise, and pomp, and power—
Content, with daily toil,
To court the barren soil,
And bid afar the world's supremest dower.
How, from the etherial height,
Dwindle the mightiest works of human might!

" And as his glance surveys,
 Yon lines of trodden ways,
 He, fain, unmindful of the law of love,
 Forgets, as pass the pigmy crowd before his face,
 That he himself is nought above
 A brother of the race !
 Far as the eye can see,
 Beneath him stretch the lordly Appenines,
 Belted with cypress, garlanded with vines,
 Rearing their backs in wooded majesty.
 There may he raise his shrine—his God adore,
 Conning his works of might down to the mid-sea's shore.

" But little thought hath man
 Of Nature's glories, while his cheek is wan
 With pinching want and care—
 His eye to heaven upturn'd in bootless prayer !
 The nightly dews that lie
 So rich around, his thirst may not supply,
 Nor earth reveal her founts to glad his clouded eye.
 For many and many an age,
 The maidens sped their weary pilgrimage,
 With toilsome steps and slow—
 Their brazen vessels on their shoulders slung—
 Down to the vale below,
 O'er whose rich crops the wooded mountain hung.

" There, in a mossy cave,
 'Mid groves of chesnut on the hill's broad side,
 Their burning brows they lave,
 Where gushed a fount, whose waters never died.
 So sweet the lowly spot—so hid from day—
 Like a swallow's nest it lay !
 With unremitting toil
 They hear the stream, more choice than wine or oil,
 Till, having won the height, they pour around
 And cool the thirsty tongue, and glad the parched ground.

" Lo ! from the covert green,
 With weary steps they came, the groves between,
 Thro' narrow paths, that wound
 To ease the toil of the precipitous ground.
 Gladly their footsteps clung
 To the gnarled roots, that o'er their pathway sprang.
 Cedars and chesnuts gazed,
 As up they wrought—at their hard lot amazed,
 While they their stores await,
 Drawing their moisture fresh from heaven's gate ;
 Then pour'd it forth in tears,
 To see poor man thus slaving all his years ;
 And to the toilsome band their shadows lent,
 And stretch'd their brawny arms to smooth the steep ascent.

" No more the rugged way
 Compels the strength and burden of the day.
 From the extremest isle,
 Where yon bright sun now rests his parting smile,
 Two strangers hither sought
 The health those wooded hills have ever brought ;
 They marked the toilsome steep—
 They marked the maidens wend their way, and weep ;
 Then strove to raise,
 The gushing stream, and the responsive praise.
 They pierced the mountain's crown,
 A fount besought—then poured the blessing down,
 And bade the thirsty hail, their hearths beside,
 The never-ceasing spring surcharge its golden tide,

"Joy lights the clouded eye,
 As now, beneath the hot and sweltering sky,
 The maidens trip to draw the cooling stream—
 And as the sun-rays gleam
 On the full current, rushing from its cave—
 Their brazen vessels bubbling with the wave—
 They scarce can deem their hands the prize attain
 Without a moment's pain.
 And as adown the steep, steep side they gaze,
 And mark the toilsome ways,
 That ope'd the mossy well-head on the sight,
 Whence toiled they up the height,
 To scatter life and light.
 They raise the hand, and bless the flowing tide,
 And those, their stranger guests who thus their want supplied.

"Blest were the hands that bade the waters flow,
 Life to preserve and jocund health bestow !
 Yet *dead* yon living wave,
 It hath no power to save !
 The lip may quaff—man's sense awhile immerst
 In the full flow, and still the soul be curst
 With an undying thirst,
 That will not yield, tho' o'er the mountain's side,
 Founts of the depths beneath burst forth—a boundless tide :
 Who of this drinks must thirst again, and die ;
 For what of earth can the soul's wants supply ?
 Then far more blest, to whom the work is given
 To ope the wells of heaven,
 And point the eye to the immortal Fount
 In Zion's hallow'd mount—
 Water of life—free gift of Christ to all,
 Who simply on Him call !
 O seek then for the living wave,
 This—this alone hath power the life to save !
 Hardly you toiled to gain the mountain's side,
 Seeking a day's supply,
 Then, with the wave to die—
 Ask, and the boon is your's—an everlasting tide !"

These are delightful stanzas—and
 will win their way into every bosom.

We have long been sick of the Sim-
 plon—and many a time and oft have
 we deplored the cutting of this road
 by Napoleon—travelled as it has been

by so many scribblers. But this Chris-
 tian poet journeyed religiously among
 the magnificencies of nature—"wor-
 shipped at the temple's inner shrine"—
 and drew thence a holier inspiration.

THE SIMPLON.

"Why hide thy head beneath the tempest's wing,
 Gigantic Alp ? since man demands thine aid,
 To rear a Sabbath-Temple to his King.
 Whose arm of old thy deep foundations laid !
 He looks to thee, as up his footstep wend,
 Scaling thy heights, his vows with thine to blend ;
 For thou a tale may'st tell of sovereign sway—
 Unveil thy cloudy brow, and hail the Sabbath-day !

"A Temple wert thou framed, where God might stand,
 To mark the movements of His creature man ;
 Search where, to work his will, a willing hand,
 Or willing eye, that righteous will to scan.
 But O ! how changed the scene ! since far and near,
 Vile earth and viler men, once good, appear ;

His kingdom spurn'd who gives all being breath,
And holds with even hand the scales of Life and Death!

"A Temple wert thou still of life and light,
When rose the sun upon a drowned world—
There, on the brow of Ararat's rocky height,
He stood, and back the foaming billows hurl'd—
How shrank the greedy waves beneath his feet,
As on he came His ark-bound flock to meet!
Girdling their kingdom by the sandy shore,
He bade them yield their prey—and vex the world no more.

"But lo! rebellion rules the stubborn land—
Again the mountain owns its Maker's tread!
He comes, He comes with thunder in His hand,
Darkness and tempest garlanding His head:
How start the myriads from their earth-born dream,
Up-gazing, where the crests of Sinai gleam,
While trumpet-blasts their rightful Lord proclaim,
Who will not gaze on sin—since Jealous is His name!

"What shakes the spirits of the smitten crowd?
Not the far tokens of a coming God,
Shrouding his glory in the deep'ning cloud—
'Tis sense of guilt, that points his lightning's rod!
In peace they saw Him not—they see Him now;
And haste to frame the long-forgotten vow;
'All that He saith, we do!' they trembling cry—
'We fear not man, but God!—O shield us, or we die!'

"But who dares climb, with fearless foot, the mount,
Thus blazing 'neath unmitigated wrath,
With eye of Faith beholding Mercy's fount,
Through the dense clouds, that gather o'er his path?
'Tis he, the friend of God, who marks on high
Love's rays of glory gild the frowning sky!
O how should He, who guides their desert-way,
His erring flock forsake? How should he save, to stay?

"Since, then, oft glimpses of sabbatic rest
Hath he reveal'd upon the mountain's crown—
Oft bade the southern breeze wave Leban's crest,
And o'er his Zion shake the incense down—
Oft bath He fed, 'mid Carmel's groves, his flock—
Oft called the wave from Horeb's flinty rock—
While hills and dales with sabbath-blessings rang,
To still rude Ebal's curse, or Sinai's trumpet-clang.

"On Pisgah's brow he bade his prophet stand,
And toward the setting sun-beam bend his eye;
There, far and wide beneath, the promised land
Waved its full harvests 'neath a summer sky—
Hard seem'd his lot to see, and yet not share,
The guerdon of his toil and fondest prayer;
Yet to his desert woes an end how blest—
Heaven's heritage of bliss, the Canaan of his rest!

"And O! more favour'd yet, where purest air,
And hallow'd loneliness delight to dwell:
There raised the Prince of Peace his house of prayer,
There met the Father, whom he loved so well;
High communings were there for man's lost race,
While Tabor's glories lit the Saviour's face—
And oft he fainted 'neath the noon-tide might—
And oft his locks were gemm'd with dew-drops of the night.

" On mountain-tops he loved to pluck the fruit
Of life—to stay him in his course below,
While rays, which from the heav'nly presence shoot,
Beam'd smiles of love to cheer his hour of woe !
There fought he his last fight with Sin and Death,
And Calvary received his parting breath ;
Well might the mountains chant his hymn of rest.
And shake their leafy brows, and rend their rocky breast !

" Thus, as they crowd around, we joyful hail
Their giant masses girt in robes of storm—
Tho' thro' the gathering gloom no sunbeam pale
Gleams, where dense clouds the sabbath dawn deform ;
And hoarse the torrents roar, while lawines high,
O'erhanging, glimmer in the driving sky—
We have a staff to tread the mountain side,
Smooth is each pass of dread with an Almighty guide.

" Then let us weave a sabbath-song e'en here,
'Mid elements of unrest—for they shall be
The ministers of His fane, since He is near
The organ tubes of heavenly harmony !
We ask a song from each, for nought can raise
A voice in nature, but that voice is praise :
Shall man alone withhold his tribute lay ?
Come, let us join our strains, and hail the Sabbath day !"

On the first reading, we confess
that our classical associations sustained
a somewhat rude shock from the fol-
lowing stern stanzas—but in another,
and we believe a higher mood, we
sympathised with the poet ;

" Soul-inflamed,
And strong in hatred of idolatry."

VILLA REALE.

AT THE BASE OF THE STATUE OF MINERVA.

" Stern statue of an elder time !
When Wisdom flourished in her prime,
Without one Christian grace !
Here at thy foot I rest awhile ;
Not to bestow a votary's smile,
Or shade the adoring face.

" I may not bow me at thy shrine,
Or pay thee dues of corn and wine,
Though but a child of earth :
If I am dust—thou art but stone,
And while man raised thee on thy throne,
God gave my being birth.

" Thy brows, which laurels long have
worn,
Are clouded now, as though in scorn,
Since offering I have none ;
Yet care I nothing for thy frown,
But, weary, sit me patient down,
While shielded from the sun ;

" Nor grudge the service of thy shade ;
Better as now to lend thine aid,

Than stand a queen confess'd—
Full many hast thou made to toil,
In search of evanescent spoil—
Now give the weary rest.

" Here men have raised a sylvan bower.
Where spreading tree, and glowing flower,
Perfume the stilly air—
Poets would style thee yet divine,
And haste to offer at thy shrine,
The sentimental prayer.

" But I, in sooth, have nought to pay ;
For though a creature of the day,
I have a higher claim
To this small plot of wooded ground,
My Father's hand hath scattered round,
Than thou of mystic name !

True ! as thy lineaments I trace,
I could admire each nameless grace,
And weave thee many a lay :
But when I count the souls that now,
Ere bowed to thee, in hell must bow—
Black is thy brightest ray !

" I note within thy fixed eye,
A glance of flame that cannot die,
Though sealed in carved stone,
Since thou hast dared the god-head claim ;
For GREAT and GLORIOUS is His name,
Who will no rival own !

" The sun shines bright, and tells each
day,
As on he speeds his jocund way,
The goodness of his God ;

But when thine image meets his view,
He hurls thee, blacken'd in thy hue,
Prone on the dewy sod.

"The trees, with arms entwining, stand,
And open wide each leafy hand,
To shield thee from the storm;
Yet when the autumn winds are high,
On thy pure breast the dead leaves lie,
And stain thy pearl-white form.

"The breezes of the ambient air,
That now in Nature's gladness share,
Embalming thee with sweets,
When stirred by angry winds, awake,
O'er thy proud head their mantles shake,
And down the tempest beats.

"All things dishonour thee—in vain
Thou glancest round with stern disdain,
And bid'st the winds obey;
When loosen'd on their wings of wrath
They joy to smite thee in their path,
And laugh at thine array.

"All things dishonour thee—save man,
Who, framed his Maker's works to scan,
And hear his Maker's word,
Bows 'fore the shadow of a shade,
The image vain his hands have made,
And saith—Thou art my Lord!

"But I from this debasement flee,
Nor bend to stocks th' adoring knee,
Nor raise the votive lay:
I love to mark a beauteous stone—
But when it climbs its Maker's throne,
I loathe, and turn away!"

THE GONG! But as we are to have
no company to dinner but the Neo-
phyte, there is no need to dress; so
let us regale ourselves for half-an-hour
on Stoddart's Angling Songs—some
of which are among the best of the
kind in our language. We must have
an article on the volume—but mean-
while merely incline our ear to listen
to the amiable enthusiast, while

"He murmurs near the hidden brooks,
A music sweeter than their own."

A LOCH SCENE.

I.

"A mountain shadow lieth on
Its mirror dark and massy;
The red late sun-ray streams across
O'er solemn wood and quiet moor,
O'er sward and hillock grassy.

II.

"It tinges with a crimson light
The water sleeping under;

That calm clear water seldom wakes—
Calm when the forest pine-tree quakes—
Calm 'mid the very thunder.

III.

"A ruin on its islet stands,
The walls with ivy pendent;
Its grey stones crumbling underneath
Peer through the arbitrary wreath
Of that untrain'd ascendant.

IV.

"But glancing from the record rude
Of the remoter ages,
Behold the image of a stag
Timorous of the water-flag
Its eager thirst assuages!

V.

"The stately antlers branching free
Above its forehead tragic—
The form of animated grace,
Are kindred to the quiet place,
A portion of its magic!

VI.

"And there the wild-duck, like a skiff,
Shoots from the reeds horrescent;
Its yellow paddles in their wake
Leave on the solitary lake
The traces of a crescent.

VII.

"The peerly water-heron, too,
Where the faint sun-ray trembles,
Drooping its ever graceful head
Above the floating lily-bed,
A poet-bird resembles.

VIII.

"And yonder, on the distant marge,
Behold an angler eager,
With taper wand and arm of skill
Under the shadow of a hill—
A solitary figure.

IX.

"But falling from the quiet air
The mist and shades together,
Glideth away the sad sweet show,
The mountain and the lake below—
The forest and the heather!

X.

"And night with dewy forehead bent
Holdeth her vigil solemn,
Till the red architect of morn
Upon a cloud-car slowly borne
Erects his amber column."

Is *that* or *this* the more poetical and
picturesque composition?—

I'VE ANGLED FAR, &c.

I.

" I've angled far and angled wide,
On Fannich drear, by Luichart's side,
Across dark Conan's current ;
Have haunted Beaul's silver stream,
Where, glimmering thro' the forest, Dream
Hangs its eternal torrent ;

II.

Among the rocks of wild Maree,
O'er whose blue billow ever free
The daring eagles hover,
And where, at Glomach's ruffian steep,
The dark stream holds its anger'd leap,
Many a fathom over ;

III.

" By Lochy sad, and Laggan lake,
Where Spey uncoils his glittering snake
Among the hills of thunder ;
And I have swept my fatal fly,
Where swarthy Findhorn hurries by
The olden forest under :

IV.

" On Tummel's solitary bed,
And where wild Tilt and Garry wed
In Atholl's heathery valleys,
On Earn by green Duncleira's bower,
Below Breadalbane's Tay-washed tower,
And Scone's once regal palace.

V.

" There have I swept the slender line,
And where the broad Awe braves the brine,
Have watched the grey grilse gambol,
By nameless stream and tarn remote,
With light flies in the breeze afloat,
Holding my careless ramble.

VI.

" But dearer than all these to me
Is sylvan Tweed ; each tower and tree
That in its vale rejoices !
Dearer the streamlets one and all,
That blend with its Eolian bawl
Their own enamouring voices !"

But all Mr Stoddart's angling
songs are *genuine*—which is more than
can be said for those called by him
Nautical and Patriotic.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING TREE.

I.

" Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !
Meet the morn upon the lea ;
Are the emeralds of spring
On the angler's trysting-tree ?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Are there buds on our willow tree ?
Buds and birds on the trysting tree ?

II.

" Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing
Have you met the honey bee,
Circling upon rapid wing
Round the angler's trysting-tree ?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see ;
Are there bees at our willow tree ?
Birds and bees at the trysting tree ?

III.

" Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing
Are the fountains gushing free ?
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting tree ?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Is the wind at our willow tree ?
Wind or calm at the trysting tree ?

IV.

" Sing, sweet thrushes, up and sing
Wile us with a merry glee,
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting tree.
Tell sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Are there flowers 'neath our willow tree ?
Spring and flowers at the trysting tree ?"

O WAKEN, WINDS, WAKEN !

I.

" O waken, winds, waken ! the waters are
still,
And silence and sunlight recline on the
hill ;
The angler is watching beside the green
springs
For the low welcome sound of your wan-
dering wings !

II.

" His rod is unwielded, his tackle unfreed,
And the withe-woven pannier lies flung on
the mead ;
He looks to the lake, through its fane of
green trees,
And sighs for the curl of the cool summer
breeze.

III.

" Calm-bound is the form of the water-
bird fair,
And the spear of the rush stands erect in
the air,
And the dragon-fly roams o'er the lily-bed
gay,
Where basks the bold pike in a sun-smitten
bay.

IV.

" O waken, winds, waken ! wherever
asleep,
On cloud or dark mountain, or down in
the deep ;
The angler is watching, beside the green
springs,
For the low welcome sound of your wan-
dering wings !"

THE ANGLER'S GRAVE.

I.

"Sorrow, sorrow, bring it green!
True tears make the grass to grow
And the grief of the good, I ween,
Is grateful to him that sleeps below.
Strew sweet flowers, free of blight—
Blossoms gathered in the dew:
Should they wither before night,
Flowers and blossoms bring anew.

II.

"Sorrow, sorrow, speed away,
To our angler's quiet mound,
With the old pilgrim, twilight grey,
Enter thou on the holy ground;
There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering burn,
Woe of the western wind!
Watcher of the April morn!

III.

"Sorrow at the poor man's hearth!
Sorrow in the hall of pride!
Honour waits at the grave of worth,
And high and low stand side by side.
Brother angler! slumber on:
Haply thou shalt wave the wand,
When the tide of time is gone,
In some far and happy land."

Mr Stoddart—like all the rest of our young poets—must needs try his hand, too, at the sonnet—and here are five—which, bating his departure from the legitimate verse, are excellent—finely felt, and on the whole felicitously composed.

SONNET.

"Through Luichart's lone expanse, dark
Conan flows,
Of moorland nature, as its tawny blood
Betokens, and insensibly the flood
Glides onward, while continuous hills
enclose
The quiet lake; at length, this soft repose—
The Syren bosom of the pastoral deeps
It rudely spurns, and with terrific leaps
Descends into the valley. Oft I chose
In days by-gone the wild and wizard place,
Wherein to roam, and from the eddy's rout,
Lured with bewitching fly, the wary trout;
This scene bath Time's hand shifted, and
its face
Reft of the life; yet, picture-like, to me
It hangs within the Mind's dark gallery."

SONNET.

The fellow-anglers of my youthful days,
(Of past realities we form our dream),
I watch them re-assembling by the stream,
And on the group with solemn musings
gaze;

For some are lost in life's bewildering
haze,
And some have left their sport and tak'n
to toil,
And some have faced the Ocean's wild
turmoil,
And some—a very few—their olden ways
By shining lake and river still pursue;
Ah! *one* I gaze on 'mid the fancied band,
Unlike the rest in years, in gait, in hue—
Uprisen from a dim and shadowy land—
Ask what loved phantom fixes my regard!
Yarrow's late pride, the Angler, Shepherd,
Bard!"

SONNET.

"Thomson! this quiet stream the song
of thought
Oft in thy bosom reared, and as I steal
Along its banks, they to my gaze reveal
The pictures by thy truthful pencil
wrought;
No rash intruder on the rural spot
I seem, but in that glowing fervour share,
Which on their page thy far-fam'd Seasons
bear;
Nor honour'd less is Nature, nor less
sought
Her still retreats, while with my wand I
sing
O'er Eden's pools the well-dissembling fly,
Creating in the Mind's fantastic eye
Castles of Indolence. The sudden spring
Of a huge trout assails their air-built
walls,
And to the untrench'd earth each hollow
fabric falls."

SONNET.

"Of all sweet waters and soul-stirring spots,
Remote from the contentions of mankind,
Often repictured by my musing thoughts,
Lies a bright lake among fair trees enshrined,
Yeclipt Loch Achilty. A heath-grown crest
Surnamed the Tor its eastern guardian seems,
While wild Craig Darroch rears its hill of
dreams
Emprisoning the clear wave on the west.
Bright mimic bays with weeping birches
fringed—
An islet ruin—solitary deer—
And distant mountains by the sun-ray tinged
At the Mind's animating beck appear,
Nor unremembered in the wizard scene,
Against a moss-grown stone, entranc'd two
anglers lean."

SONNET.

"A meteor-bearing bark before me made
For Tweed's wide current from a wooded
bay,
And under midnight's cover, on its way
Cautiously glided. In its moving shade,
On either side the oar's infrequent blade

Dipped flagging, like the heron's wing—
pursued

At every touch by fiery snakes, that play'd
Around the vessel's track. A figure stood
Upon the prow with tall and threat'ning
spear,

Which suddenly into the stream he smote.
Methought of Charon and his gloomy boat—
Of the torch'd Furies and of Pluto drear
Burning the Stygian tide for lamprey vile,
That on his bride's dimm'd face, Hell might
behold a smile."

SONNET.

"To the monastic mind thy quiet shade
Kindly accords, bewild'ring Darnaway!
Here, those retiring Powers, whose hermit
way

The hordes of gross emotions hold obey'd
Reign indolent, on bank or flow'ry glade.
A deep unusual murmur meets my ear,
As if the oak's Briarean arms were away'd
Far off in the weird wind. Like timorous
deer

Caught as he browses by the hunter's horn,
I stop perplex'd, half dreading the career
Of coming whirlwind. Then with conquer'd
fear

Advancing softly through a screen of thorn,
From edge of horrid rock, abruptly bold,
Rushing through conduit vast, swart Find-
horn I behold."

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS CAVE—that
was among the mountains—the mag-
nificent mountains of our Highlands;
CHRISTOPHER IN HIS ALCOVE—this is
amid the Fields—the beautiful fields
of our Lowlands—within the *policy*
of Buchanan Lodge—in the distance
"stately Edinburgh throned on Cragg,"

"In soft aerial perspective displayed;"

nor is it easy, in the gloaming hour,
to distinguish the city from the clouds.

Here have we been a lifetime-like
day—and shall another sun rise on the
Ephemeral! The Neophyte has evan-
ished—and can it be that he was
with us but in the spirit? Have we
been communing all the while with
a creation of our own fancy and our
own heart? Yet the voice was fami-
liar to our ear, and had its own tones
appropriate to the character of the
visitant of our waking dreams.

May we say, in all humility, that
we have not "lost a day?" Our word-
less thoughts were innumerable—and
not one of all the multitude without
its own feeling—that made it un-

wordable; how few—in comparison—
those that might have been recorded.
Of them, alas! some slipped away like
sand—some melted like dew-drops—
some danced off like sunbeams—some
stalked by like shadows. Yet may
we say, in all humility, that we have
not "lost a day." "O, mortal man,
that livest here by toil,"—we join
with thee in a Hymn written for us
by Wordsworth.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn till night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of
rest,
Are with a ready heart bestow'd
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallow'd
spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven!—the industrious
sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgress'd,
Guide, from thy love's abundant
source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's
short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

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OUR DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

No. I.

“ BARD OF THE FLEECE, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright ;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of sunshine ‘ deep embayed
With green hills fenced, with ocean’s murmur lulled ;’
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced ;
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,
Long as the shepherd’s bleating flocks shall stray
O’er naked Snowden’s wide aerial waste ;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill.”

Gray, somewhere in his letters, places Dyer at the head of the poets of his day ; and though the list enumerated contains no name above mediocrity, declares him to be a man of genius. Akenside, who Dr Johnson allows, “ on a poetical question, had a right to be heard,” said, “ that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer’s *Fleece* ; for if that were ill-received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence.” The pleasant sonnet you have now read expresses the sentiments of Wordsworth.

“ In 1757,” quoth Dr Johnson, “ Dyer published *The Fleece*, his chief poetical work ; of which I will not suppress a ludicrous story. Dodsley,

the bookseller, was one day mentioning it to a *critical visitor*, with more expectation of success than the other could easily admit. In the conversation the author’s age was asked ; and being reported as advanced in life, ‘ He will,’ said the critic, ‘ be buried in woollen.’ ” “ This witticism,” saith Thomas Campbell, “ has probably been oftener repeated than any passage in the poem.” Many a wretched witticism has had wide currency—and this is the most wretched of the wretched—the little meaning it had at the time having been, somehow or other, we believe, dependent on the repeal of a tax affecting grave-clothes. The “ critical visitor,” like most of his tribe—must have been an ignorant fellow—for *Grongar Hill* had

been popular for thirty — and *The Ruins of Rome* well known for twenty years.

"Of *The Fleece*," saith Samuel, "which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together, is to couple the serpent with the fowl. When Dyer, whose mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmost, by interesting his reader in our native commodity, by interposing rural imagery, and incidental digressions, by clothing small images in great words, and by all the writer's art of delusion, the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture, sink him under insuperable oppression; and the disgust which blank verse, incumbering and incumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased."

True that the poem has fallen into oblivion, and, we fear, by its own weight, for it is heavy, and frequently liable to some of the objections here urged; but it is worthy of revival. As to the miserable stuff about "the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture," it would be shameful even to seek to refute it. A powerful and original genius has done that by blows on an anvil, heard far up Parnassus—aye, Ebenezer Elliot has illuminated the town of Sheffield with a light that will outlive the blazing of all her forges.

Grongar Hill is a very pleasing effusion, and we have half a mind to recite some remembered passages—though you might, perhaps, be tempted to cry "pshaw!" We once heard a poet say that the opening of the *Pleasures of Hope* was borrowed—we fear he said stolen from it. That is not true—begging his pardon. Dyer writes:

"See on the mountain's northern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadow cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem.
So we mistake the future's face
Eyed through Hope's delusive glass;
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,

Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day."

The images here are natural and impressive, but the expression is poor, with the exception of

"As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air;"

and the contrast between the present and the future is feebly and obscurely set forth. How serenely beautiful the opening of Campbell's immortal poem:

"At summer eve, when heaven's ærial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills
below,

Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunlit summit mingles with the
sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling
near?

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the
view,

And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured
way;

Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered
scene,

More pleasing seems than all the past has
been,

And every form that fancy can repair,
From dark oblivion glows divinely there."

Let poets be just to one another; but alas! we fear it is among the greatest that jealousy or some unanalysable feeling towards their living compeers has ever prevailed.

Yes—we shall recite a bit of *Grongar*:

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!

No clouds, no vapours intervene;

But the gay, the open scene,

Does the face of nature show,

In all the lines of heaven's bow:

And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

"Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!

Basking from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!

Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters in the broken rocks!

"Below the trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful, in various dyes:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,

The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;

And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye !
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are clothed with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps :
 So both a safety from the wind,
 In mutual dependence find.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds ;
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,—
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state ;
 But transient is the smile of fate !
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave."

The *Country Walk* is almost *Grongar Hill* over again, with variations—but it has some pictures more touching to the heart. It opens glad-somely—

" I am resolved this charming day,
 In the open field to stray ;
 And have no roof above my head,
 But that whereon the gods do tread."

These lines are followed somewhat unexpectedly by

" Before the yellow barn I see
 A beautiful variety,
 Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
 And flirting empty chaff about ;
 Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their
 brood,
 And turkeys gabbling for their food,
 While rustics thresh the wealthy floor,
 And tempt them all to crowd the door."
 As he saunters through the fields,

" Here finding pleasure after pain,
 Sleeping I see a wearied swain,
 While his full scrip lies open by
 That does his healthy food supply."

We wonder what has wearied the swain—the hour appears to be ante-meridian—and were we to find any swain on our farm asleep, with a full scrip lying open by, we should infallibly fling it over the hedge, and rouse him from his dream of "*Dorothy* .

Draggle-Tail," with an antidote to the rod of Morpheus.

By and by the poet seeks the shade, and seems disposed to imitate the swain :

" A little onward and I go
 Into the shade that groves bestow ;
 And on green moss I lay me down,
 That o'er the root of oak has grown.
 There all is silent, but some flood
 That sweetly murmurs in the wood ;
 And birds that warble in the sprays,
 And charm even silence with their lays."

We are easily pleased—but we call that pretty poetry—and so does Wordsworth. John Dyer does not fall asleep—but, on the contrary, addresses silence with much animation.

" Oh powerful silence ! how you reign
 In the poet's busy brain !
 His numerous thoughts obey the calls
 Of the tuneful waterfalls ;
 Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
 They rise before thee without fear,
 And range in parties here and there."

We have such love for moles that no man can mention them amiss, and the image is good ; but we are sorry to find that we are not so well acquainted with their habits as we had fondly imagined ; for never has it been our good fortune to meet with parties of moles ranging here and there, not even on the hills or holms of Yarrow, where the dear, sweet, soft, sleek civil engineers have, from time immemorial, loved to pitch their pastoral tents, distinguishable but by finest eyes from those of the fairies.

We love thee, " excellent and amiable Dyer"—as thou art rightly called in a note to *The Excursion*—for this picture :—

" I rouse me up, and on I rove,
 'Tis more than time to leave the grove,
 The sun descends, the evening breeze
 Begins to whisper through the trees :
 And as I leave the sylvan gloom,
 As to the glare of day I come,
 An old man's smoky nest I see,
 Leaning on an aged tree ;
 Whose willow walls and fuzzy brow,
 A little garden sways below.
 Through spreading beds of blooming green,
 Matted with herbage sweet and clean,
 A vein of water limps along,
 And makes them ever green and young.
 Here he puffs upon his spade,
 And digs up cabbage in the shade ;
 His tattered rags are sable brown,
 His beard and hair are hoary grown ;
 The dying sap descends apace,
 And leaves a withered hand and face."

The Ruins of Rome! "Enough of *Grongar* and the shady dales of winding *Towy*," exclaims the bard, ambitious of a higher flight. And can he soar? Why, if not like an eagle, yet like one of the long-wings. He sweeps, not unmajestically, round the Seven Hills.

"Fallen, fallen, a silent heap; her heroes all

Sunk in their urns: behold the pride of pomp,

The throne of nations fallen; obscured in dust,

Even yet majestic! the solemn scene

Elates the soul, while now the rising sun

Flames on the ruins in the purer air

Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,

Like broken rocks, a vast circumference;

Rent palaces, crushed columns, rifled moles,

Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs."

Association of Ideas — by CONTRAST!! How is this? A poet looks round on the circuit of that ground, within which the Queen of the Earth once drew the nations together to gaze upon her majesty, and his spirit flies back afar into the past, to remember that which has disappeared. It is the CONTRAST that determines the course of his thoughts. It is the humiliation and the dust of that which was the diadem of the earth, that brings to mind the sovereignty which is no more. Yet, in this instance, as in every other—mark ye—it is no utter reversal of thought that takes place in the mind—no total and utter substitution of that which before was in it in no degree, for that which fills it; but in all, the mind treads the course she has known. That which now is seen, has links with that which is conceived; and it is by those links already fixed, that the mind passes from the object of present sense to the object of conception. It is this link of thought, which, if nothing were left of Rome but the earth on which she stood, would suffice to bring again the vanished city before our wide imagination.

In respect of all analysis of the instances of association by CONTRAST, two things are to be had in view. In the first place, there will be found in all of them, as there is reason to think, established links of connexion in the thought, *enabling* the mind to pass from one object to the other: and by these the apparent mys-

tery of the principle of contrast is done away. But, secondly, there will still remain to be ascertained the cause of the *power* of contrast. For those links, though they make the transition possible, do not make it necessary. The *power* of Contrast, that which impels the mind to the transition, is a power of feeling: and the law by which it acts, is a law of feeling altogether. When we look upon the ruins of Rome, the mere fact that this site, and these broken walls and reft pillars, are part of the city vainly called eternal, would not necessarily drive back our imagination with vehemence to the conception of the fallen greatness. But our mind came to the spot full of a thousand mighty recollections of that ancient majesty: We brought to the place where Rome stood, the memory of Rome. Therefore it was, that when we saw the place, and the yet surviving relics, we missed that which should have been there. It was our exulting and triumphant sympathy with that imperial state that made us feel disappointed when we came to look upon the spot, as if Cicero or Scipio could have been there, to see what was *not* of Rome. It was this high and lofty feeling quickened by the yet surviving relics of majesty, that was wounded by the sight of decay, dishonour, and desolation. And we need seek no other law to account for our grief, than that which would fill with sorrow and dismay the heart of a holy priest, who, entering the temple of his God, should find the altar sullied with profanation.

"Temples and towers, whose giant forms unfold

The massive grandeur of the world of old!
Say, shall the pilgrim glance his heedless eye,

O'er your huge wreck, and silently pass by?

Nor 'mid the waste of ages pause to scan
The mighty relics of forgotten man?

—No, for those walls, that crown the brow of time,

Shall wake to musings mournfully sublime;
And antique sculptures crumbling 'mid the pile,

Delay his steps to linger for a while.

"In Egypt's dreary land, where darkness spread,
Mysterious gloom, around Religion's head;
The land was sad beneath her awful wings,
And woful was her voice as Memnon's
mystic strings!

But Silence new and Desolation reign ;
O'er her fall'n altar and her desert fane,
Unseen she sits—no charmed voice she
hears,

But columns falling in the waste of years !
And the gaunt chacal from his charnel-
home

Howl to the blast that shakes the trem-
bling dome !

—Yet 'mid these temples desolate and
wild,

Where Solitude reigns round with Fear
her child,

The pale priest raised his voice when
bursting day

Shot tremblingly, from heaven, his earliest
ray ;

His earliest ray, that on the Harp-strings
shone,

And roused to life their vibratory tone !
Hark ! the rapt strain, the choral virgins
raise,

While sounds mysterious hymn their Mem-
non's praises,

The sev'n bright colours wake the sev'n
Harp strings,

'Till thro' its thousand aisles the temple
rings !

“ But haste thy step to plains where
Ruin's hand

Has pour'd on nature's green the billowy
sand :

Before thee lies th' interminable waste,
Fire in each gale and death in every
blast.

Ah ! who could think that even here a
trace

Remains of some exterminated race,
On whom the spirit of the desert came,

And swept alike the mamon and the
name ?

Yes, even here the camel's foot reveals
The mould'ring column that the sand con-
ceals ;

And the poor Arab, as he toils along,
Gazes in wonder, mindless of his song ;

Thinks of the fallen towers that lie be-
neath,

Unconscious of the Simoom's vengeful
breath.

“ Oh ! blind to science, and to genius
lost,

Whose grovelling soul no kindling warmth
could boast ;

When she who sway'd the sons of earth
before,

Bursts on his sight by yellow Tiber's shore ;
Within whose walls repose the illustrious
dead,

The bard who chaunted, and the chief
who bled.

Long is the grass that rustles o'er their
tomb !

—Yet shall thy ruins awe, immortal Rome,

Though the keen raven from the stormy
north,

Thy eagle crush'd, in wrath careering
forth ;

And he the fierce-eyed Hun—the scourge
of God !

Broke with his sinewy arm thine iron rod,
That, o'er the nations held with giant sway,

Had swept their honours and their kings
away.—

“ Still dome on dome the stranger eye
beguiles,

Towers, battlements, a wilderness of piles.
And still the capitol its crested form

Sublimely rears—a giant in the storm—
The look is steadfast, for the mental eye

Sees the firm hand that made ambition die ;
Sees Cæsar fall, and, where the tyrant

stood,
The sword of Brutus crimson'd with his
blood !

Still 'mid the forum Cicero seems to roll
The flood of eloquence that whelms the
soul,

While veterans round lean silent on the
sword—

The lords of earth can tremble at a word !

“ What tho' thro' every breach that
time has made,

The blast moans hollow, and the colonnade
Scarcely shelters ev'n the weeds that flourish
in its shade !

What tho' the wolf has howl'd, the tem-
pest roar'd,

In halls and courts where gods have been
adored !

Yet memory's touch each faded pile
renews ;

Again they bloom in renovated hues,
And Poggio traces 'mid the mass of dust,

The temple, portico, and trophied bust.
'How fallen ! how changed ! the world's
delight and shame,

The vine luxuriates in the path of fame !
The bat flies fitful thro' her god's abode,

And reptiles nestle where the hero trode !
Drear are her tow'rs that shone amid the
skies !

And prone on earth the mighty giant lies.”

That poetry is not Dyer's—it is

JOHN FINLAY'S, who, many years ago,
died in youth.

Dyer ascends the Palatine Hill, and
shows himself a poet.

“ Now the brow

We gain enraptured ; beautifully distinct
The numerous porticos and domes upswell,

With obelisks and columns interposed,
And pine, and fir, and oak ; so fair a scene

Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds

Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Egyp-
tian plain :

Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
 Though graceful Athens in the vale be-
 neath
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
 Lucid Ilysus', weeps her silent schools,
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
 Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
 Th' enormous amphitheatre behold—
 Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious
 womb
 Pours the broad firmament its varied
 light;
 While from the central floor the seats
 ascend,
 Round above round, slow-widening to the
 verge,
 A circuit vast and high; nor less had
 held
 Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
 When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce
 delight,
 And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-
 rush'd,
 Before the innumerable shouting crowd,
 The fiery, madd'd, tyrants of the wilds,
 Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
 And desperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd
 intent!
 By frequent converse with familiar death,
 To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
 To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate
 heart
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
 Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
 Behold you steepy cliff; the modern pile
 Perchance may now delight, while that,
 revered
 In ancient days, the page alone declares,
 Or narrow coin through dim cerulean
 rust.
 The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden
 roof
 O'er thick surrounding temples beaming
 wide,
 Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
 Half the round Sun ascends; and tower'd
 aloft,
 Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerable
 As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant
 heights
 Darkening their idols, when Astarte lured
 Too-prosperous Israel from his living
 strength."

We are getting hoarse—so take
 you up the volume—thirteenth of
 Chalmers—and give us sonorously
 the fine lines about the ancient roads:
 "And see from every gate those ancient
 roads
 With tombs high verged, the solemn paths
 of Fame;
 Deserve they not regard? O'er whose
 broad flints
 Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms
 of war

So many poms; so many wondering
 realms:
 Yet still through mountains pierced, o'er
 valleys raised,
 They stretch their pavements. Lo, the
 fane of Peace,
 Built by that prince who to the trust of
 power
 Was honest, the delight of human-kind:
 Three nodding aisles remaining; the rest
 a heap
 Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her ra-
 diant roofs,
 And columns proud, that from her spa-
 cious floor,
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose
 A hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
 Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils: the golden
 board,
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, en-
 tomb'd
 By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant
 view
 Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins
 crown'd
 Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. East-
 ward hence,
 Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides
 The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabric
 huge,
 Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast
 abroad,
 Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's
 name,
 Rejoiced: and the green medals frequent
 found,
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame.
 The stately pines, that spread their bran-
 ches wide
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls,
 Appear but tufts."

Good. Give us the volume—for
 a concluding skreed from the *Ruins*
of Rome—a noble address to li-
 berty:—

"Inestimable good! who giv'at us Truth,
 Whose hand upleads to light—divineat
 Truth,
 Array'd in every charm: whose hand
 benign
 Teaches unwearied Toil to clothe the
 fields,
 And on his various fruits inscribes the
 name
 Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
 And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
 And Libya bright, and all-enchancing
 Greece,
 Whose numerous towns and isles, and
 peopled seas,

Rejoiced around her lyre ; th' heroic note
 (Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia
 caught,
 And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand
 benign
 Rear'd up her towery battlements in
 strength ;
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling
 stream
 Of Tuscan Tiber ; thine those solemn
 domes
 Devoted to the voice of humble prayer !
 And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious,
 vast,
 In days of dearth where tender Charity
 Dispensed her timely succours to the poor.
 Thine too those musically falling founts,
 To slake the clammy lip ; adown the fall,
 Musical ever ; while from yon blue hills,
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er
 The spacious desert, brightening in the
 sun,
 Proud and more proud in their august
 approach :
 High o'er irriguous vales and woods and
 towns,
 Glide the soft whispering waters in the
 wind,
 And here united pour their silver streams
 Among the fissured rocks, in murmuring
 falls,
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works :
 And what beside felicity could tell
 Of human benefit : more late the rest ;
 At various times their turrets chanced to
 rise,
 When implous Tyranny vouchsafed to
 smile."

Probably not one in a hundred of our readers ever saw a line of Dyer's—except his *Grongar Hill*—and thousands will thank us for our specimens—preferring them, we hope, to our own effusions, of which enough is as good as a feast. It was so with our article on Warton and Young, and even Collins ; and we have treasures inexhaustible to draw from—open indeed to all, but familiar, comparatively, to how few, in this age of intellect ! We care not for originality in our articles. We desire but to delight and to instruct all our fellow-creatures, who have the happiness of dwelling within our sphere.

And now you are wishful to hear more about Dyer's chief poem—*The Fleece*. But we perceive that we could not give you any thing like a complete idea of it, under twenty pages, at least, of extract and comment ; and therefore you must wait till midsummer, which, in Scotland, is

not likely to arrive for a good many months. But that you may know what a pleasant repast is awaiting you, we present you from it with a "SHEEP-SHEARING FEAST AND MERRIMENTS ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN," which, we think you will say, ranks Dyer among the best of the pastoral poets of any age or country, and would have gladdened the heart of our own Thomson—he died ten years before its publication—and of our own Burns, who, as far as we remember, makes no mention of *The Fleece*.

" At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
 Rural festivities are often heard :
 Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
 And lusty merriment : while on the grass
 The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
 We think the golden age again return'd,
 And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
 Leering, they bound along, with laughing
 air,
 To the shrill pipe and deep remurmuring
 chords
 Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow
 sound.

" While th' old apart, upon a bank reclined,
 Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
 With every murmur of the sliding wave,
 And every warble of the feather'd choir
 Music of paradise ! which still is heard
 When the heart listens ; still the views
 appear
 Of the first happy garden, when content
 To Nature's flowery scenes directs the
 sight.

Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
 Then idly for the lost delight repine :
 As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
 Skim o'er the billows of the foaming flood,
 Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
 And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

" Could I recall these notes, which once
 the Muse

Heard at a shearing, near the woody
 sides
 Of blue-topp'd Wreakin ! Yet the carols
 sweet,

Through the deep maze of the memorial
 cell,

Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
 Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain,
 The sootiest shepherd of the flowery vale :

" This is no vulgar scene : no palace
 roof

Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
 Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
 Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless
 sports,

Thus have expanded wide their sheltering
 arms,

Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet
content,
Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night.'

" ' Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are
short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,'
Colin replied ; ' and pleasing weariness
Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
Is it in cities so ? where, poets tell,
The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
And the diseases of intemperate wealth.
Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise !'

" ' May the sweet nightingale on yonder
spray ;
May this clear stream, these lawns, these
snow-white lambs
Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
Skip on the green, and race in little troops ;
May that great lamp, which sinks behind
the hills,
And streams around variety of lights,
Recall them erring ; this is Damon's wish.'

" ' Huge Breadens' stony summit once I
climb'd—
After a kidding : Damon, what a scene !
What various views unnumber'd spread
beneath !—
Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs,
and torrent floods ;
And here and there, between the spiry
rocks,
The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects
these,
Than gardens black with smoke in dusty
towns.
Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun ;
Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds
Each greedy wretch, for tardy-rising wealth,
Which comes too late ; that courts the
taste in vain,
Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye
rich,
Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life ;
And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,
We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky
fleece.'

" ' Deem not, howe'er, our occupation
mean,
Damon replied, ' while the Supreme ac-
counts
Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
With king and priest ; they also shep-
herds are ;
For so th' All-seeing styles them, to re-
mind
Elated man, forgetful of his charge.'

" ' But haste, begin the rites ; see purple
eve
Stretches her shadows ; all ye nymphs and
swains,

Hither assemble. Pleased with honours
due,
Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
Shall bless our cares, when she, by moon-
light clear,
Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleep-
ing folds ;
Or in hoar caves around Plynlimmon's
brow,
Where precious minerals dart their purple
gleams,
Among her sisters she reclines ; the loved
Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol, rough,
Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc, swift of foot ;
And mingles various seeds of flowers and
herbs,
In the divided torrents, ere they burst
Through the dark clouds, and down the
mountain roll.
Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning
herds,
Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's poisonous
leaf.'

" He said : with light fantastic toe the
nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain ;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand
flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and
thyme,
And trefol, sprinkled with their sportive
arms.

" Such custom holds along th' irriguous
vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolweryn,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her step-dame
proud,
With envious hate enraged. The jolly
cheer
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd
abides,
Till cease the rites : and now the mossy
bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Dispersed in copious measure ; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in hunk or
rhind ;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk, with
dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff
And cast about their gibes : and some
apace
Whistle to roundelays ; their little ones
Look on delighted ; while the mountain-
woods,
And winding valleys, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and
liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes ; near at hand, the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe ; the flood
And trading bark with low-contracted sail,

Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen, and to view the joyous scene."

The judicious will see that Dyer's blank verse is excellent; and indeed we have sometimes thought that it has been studied by Wordsworth.

Only eight o'clock—so 'tis an hour till breakfast. We rose at five, my lad, and have earned our eggs.

Our friends say we wield the wand of a magician, but no such wand have we;—Imagination and genius belong to us by our birthright, as to our brethren; for we all walk—poets, though we know it not—in the midst of our own creations, more wondrous far when our souls are broad awake, than when struggling with dreams in the world of sleep. Therefore, let those whom the world calls poets beware of pride. "Blessings be with them and eternal praise!" but let them remember that passions and affections, common to us all, have illuminated before their eyes the mysterious book of life. No magician's wand have we, nor are we a magician. So let us stroll together—you and we—through this happy garden, and we shall see and hear poetry brightening and breathing around, yet all the while emanation and whisper of our own hearts. It matters not who speaks, if there be intercommunion of spirits; but youth is reverent, and age is garrulous, and never yet didst thou interrupt monologue of ours, pleased still to let the old man know he had all the while been listened to, by a pleasant voice making music between the pauses, and feeding his flow of thought, as now and then a spring shower dropping through the sunshine enlivens a stream.

"But who can paint

Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,

And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?"

It can—for it mirrors all that God was pleased to call into being; and lovelier is Nature's self in the reflection—there all spiritualized!

Who is the greatest of descriptive poets? Let us say, THE AUTHOR OF THE "SEASONS." Well, then, if not the greatest, surely the most delightful; for what other poet's heart doth so perpetually overflow with love of our mighty mother, the Earth?

No need of that poem among "Our Pocket Companions"—we have it all

by heart. And often, when our soul loses for a time its own creative energy—and nature, unobedient to our lamenting voice, lies far away in darkness, even as if she were not, and all her very images, too, were dead—in this poem she rises again into life, and again we feel that we are her son.

"From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,

Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells and deepens; and the juicy groves

Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,

And the birds sing conceal'd."

Few symptoms yet of Spring. One could almost fear that she had forgotten our garden, or worse, had looked in upon it, and then passed by, leaving these feeble blossoms to wither. But the poet's promise assures us of her return. Heaven bless her!—She is here—

"At once array'd

In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
THE GARDEN glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance, while the promised fruit

Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds."

Just so, as in thine infant eyes—
son of our soul's brother—we saw the promise of the genius now known by its immortal fruits.

There are many beautiful passages in the poets about rain; but who ever sang its advent so passionately as in these strains:—

"The effusive south

Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven

Breathes the big clouds, with vernal showers distent.

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the darkling vapour sails

Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze

Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,

Or rustling, turn the many trembling
 leaves
 Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, dif-
 fused
 In glassy breadth, run through delusive
 lapse,
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and
 flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-implo-
 ring, eye
 The falling verdure !"

All that follows is, you know, as
 good—better it cannot be—till we
 come to the close, the perfection of
 poetry, and then sally out into the
 shower, and join the hymn of earth to
 heaven.

The stealing shower is scarce to patter
 heard,
 By such as wander through the forest
 walks,
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of
 leaves.
 But who can hold the shade while heaven
 descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on nature's ample
 lap?
 Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth ;
 And while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round."

Thomson, they say, was too fond
 of epithets. Not he indeed. Strike
 out one of the many there—and your
 scone will feel the crutch. A poet less
 conversant with nature would have
 feared to say, "sits on the horizon
 round a settled gloom," or rather, he
 would not have seen or thought it was
 a settled gloom; and therefore, he could
 not have said—

— "but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of nature,"

Leigh Hunt—most cordial of poet
 critics—somewhere finely speaks of
 that ghastly line in a poem of Keates' :

"Riding to Florence with the murder'd
 man ;"

that is, the man about to be murdered
 —imagination conceiving as one, doom
 and death. Equally great are the
 words—

"Herds and flocks

Drop the dry sprig, and mute-implo-
 ring,
 eye
 The falling verdure."

The verdure is seen in the shower
 —to be the very shower—by the poet
 at least—perhaps by the cattle, in their
 thirsty hunger, forgetful of the brown
 ground, and swallowing the dropping
 herbage. The birds had not been so
 sorely distressed by the drought as the
 beasts, and therefore the poet speaks
 of them, not as relieved from misery,
 but as visited with gladness—

"Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with
 oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
 And wait the approaching sign, to strike
 at once
 Into the general choir."

Then, and not till then, the *humane*
 poet bethinks him of the insensate
 earth—insensate not—for beast and
 bird being satisfied, and lowing and
 singing in their gratitude, so do the
 places of their habitation yearn for the
 blessing—

"Even mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promised sweetness."

The *religious* Poet then speaks for
 his kind—and says gloriously—

"Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude."

In that mood he is justified to feast
 his fancy with images of the beauty
 as well as the bounty of nature—and
 genius in one line, has concentrated
 them all—

"Behold the kindling country colour
 round."

'Tis "an a' day's rain"—and "the
 well showered earth is deep-enriched
 with vegetable life." And what kind
 of an evening? We have seen many
 such—and every succeeding one more
 beautiful—more glorious—more bless-
 ed than another—because of these
 words in which the beauty and the
 glory of one and all are enshrined.

"Full in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a golden mist
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright and green, the landscape laughs around,

Full swell the woods; their very music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increased, the distant bleating of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean-time, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds
 In fair proportion, running through the red
 To where the violet fades into the sky."

You say we recite poetry like a poet. We think so too—and not like a player. Curse elocution. Every shade of feeling should have its shade of sound—every pause its silence. But these must all come and go, untaught, unbidden, from the heart and from the soul. Then, indeed, and not till then, can words be said to be set to music—to a *celestial sing-song*.

It may be true that sometimes the style of *The Seasons* is somewhat too

florid—but we must not criticize single and separate passages—we ought never to forget the character of the poet's genius and his inspirations. He luxuriates—he revels—he wantons, at once with an imaginative and a sensuous delight in nature.

At times his style is as simple as one could wish; and we defy you to improve the expression of the many deep and delightful feelings in these exquisite lines.

"Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the Sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade:
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash.
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page the fancy lead
 Through rural scenes! such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
 Confused, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind."

Shame on you if you have not—as we have—these lines by heart.

"Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth:
 • That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

"These are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retired,
 Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
 On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
 Of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare:
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives

His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engaged) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

"Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes, or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. 'Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit,
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace humingle charms,
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd,
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard;
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

We said to thee an hour ago—that youth is reverent, and age garrulous—but for garrulous read eloquent—else how couldst thou and thy like often come to listen—more than willingly—to our continuous discourse? To-morrow thou art to leave town for a month—and thou dost well; for Scotland is the most beautiful land in all the world in the Season of Spring. Why? Because here Spring pays her earliest visits stealthily, and as if in fear of her early sire, whom yet she loves, and takes care to show him that she means not by her primroses to hint it is time for him to die. For well she knows that—though like a kind but stern father, confident in her affections—sometimes he frowns almost with the same feeling usually expressed by smiles; yet when the world, wearied of him at last as he is of the world, shall wish he were dead, and his grey head laid in the mould, his last thoughts will be of her and of her happiness, rising by the law of nature from his dust.

Art thou going to the Highlands? If so, 'tis well,—for in another week they will be beginning to be beautiful—and by the end of May to leave

them, in their perfection, will sadden thy heart. In their perfection! Ay—verily, even so—for the tenderness of spring will then be blending with the boldness of summer,—while something will still be wanting to the strength of the year. And the joy of the soul is brightest in the fulness of hope, when the future is almost instant as the present, and the present tinged with a gentle rainbow-like resemblance of the past.

Would we were to be thy guide! There—let us lean our left shoulder on thine—our right on THE CRUTCH. The time will come when thou wilt be! O Son of the Morning! even like unto the shadow by thy side—Christopher North. No chamois hunter fleetest than once was he—Mont Blanc, speaks he not the truth? If he be a vain-glorious boaster, give him the lie Ben-y-Glow and thy Brotherhood—who heard our shouts—mixed with the red deer's belling—toased back in exultation by Echo, the omnipresent Auditor on youth's golden hills.

The world is all before thee—the world is all behind us; hope is thy angel—memory is ours; but both are considerate spirits—and they bid the

young and the old, the joyful and the sorrowful—as thus we lean on one another—think that time is but the threshold of eternity—and that the shadow may survive the light, on “this dim spot men call earth!”

The central sun art thou of thine own bright world! Ours is broken into fragments—and we are on the edge of an abyss. But once we were like thee, a victorious Ego—and illumined nature all round her farthest horizon with the bliss of our own soul. Fear, awe, and superstition, were ministers to our imagination among the midnight mountains—in the dreadful blank we worshipped the thunder and adored the cataract—but joy was then our element—as now, tis thine—and spite of such visitations that made us quake and tremble, fresh was our spirit as a rising star, and strong as a flowing sea.

Now mind—you must write a Poem—THE HIGHLANDS. Not for a good many years to come—but we hope to see some of it before we die—for such a Poem as it will be, must compose itself of fragments,—and finally settle down, beneath the united spirit of beauty and grandeur, into a whole, magnificent as its subject—and thou shalt be one of the Immortals.

Could such a Poem—think ye—be written in Prose? You cannot bring yourself to say so—thinking perhaps of Macpherson's Ossian. Is it not poetry? Wordsworth says it is not—but Christopher North says it is—with all reverence for the King. Let its antiquity be given up—let such a state of society as is therein described be declared impossible—let all the inconsistencies and violations of nature ever charged against it be acknowledged—let all its glaring plagiarisms from poetry of modern date inspire what derision they may—and far worse the perpetual repetition of its own imbecilities and inanities, wearying one down even to disgust and anger;—yet, in spite of all, are we not made to feel, not only that we are among the mountains, but to forget that there is any other world in existence, save that which glooms and glimmers, and wails and raves around us in mists and clouds, and storms, and snows—full of lakes and rivers, sea-intersected and sea-surrounded, with a sky as troublous as the earth—yet both at times visited with a mournful beauty that sinks strangely into the soul—while the sha-

dowy life depicted there eludes not our human sympathies; nor yet, aerial though they be—so sweet and sad are their voices—do there float by as unbeloved, unpitied, or unhonoured—single, or in bands—the ghosts of the brave and beautiful; when the few stars are dim, and the moon is felt, not seen, to be yielding what faint light there may be in the skies.

The Blockheads, meaning to be severe, used to say that our style was Ossianic—but getting none to listen to their nonsense, they grew ashamed of themselves, and have for years been gazing at us in mute astonishment, with their mouths wide open like so many barn-doors. Nay, an occasional sump is seen assuming, what he supposes to be our Ossianic; and in the Times Tartan absolutely exposing his hurdles to the derision of the elements, during some piteous Holiday—among the Mountains—a spectacle more than sufficient, one would think, had it a single particle of feeling in its whole composition, to soften the heart of a rock—to melt Aberdeen granite into tears.

Never in all our blessed lives got we such a fright as on coming suddenly, one day last summer, near the Fall of Foyers, upon such an Appearance of Ourselves. We happened to have in our hand Sir David's delightful volume, “Natural Magic;” and, after the first flurry, taking a philosophical view of the Phenomenon, we came to the conclusion that it was our SIMULACRUM reflected and refracted—heaven only knew how—from some sympathetic and admiring Cloud who had caught a glimpse of Us as he hung on the distant horizon. At that moment his Evil Genius whispered to him—“handle the Crutch!” and we saw he was an impostor. Not, by a score, the first fellow he, that has had the infatuation to personate Christopher North! But he was the first we had caught in the fact—*face to face*—and, on the spur of the moment, assuredly we had tarred and feathered him, had the materials been at hand. While we were pondering on what might be a fitting punishment for the Scotch Cockney—a horrid cross—up came “the boy with his carpet-bag”—a sight unendurable by our idiosyncrasy—and we “recoiled into the wilderness.”

“To-morrow for severer thought, but now For breakfast—and keep holiday to-day.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

BY LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

SIR,

Dover.

TEN years have passed since I last wrote and complained to you about all the boxes that annoyed me so much when I had first commenced to learn your language. Since that time I have studied it grammatically, and read a very great number of your best authors at my house near Tours, where I also made some acquaintance with your countryfolks, who did not do me much good in improving my conversation, as they are all so fond of pretension to speak French, which is ridiculous. Also experience taught menot to be too careless to form intimacy, for too many of your compatriots that come to stop long in one place, are not of your best sort, but have got a something generally wrong about their conduct or affairs. So I have not practised so much conversation as I desired, which I confess to you, in case there may be some little error of prosody in the lines I send to say "Farewell!" now I am leaving your country, after an agreeable tour of a few months. You are so generous, and so much *au fait* in poetry, that if I have made a mistake or two in quantity, you will, I am sure, correct them. Yours is an agreeable tongue to write poetry in, as you have such an abundance of similar terminations to your different words, and you will perceive that I have been very careful to use none but legitimate rhymes.

I could have said something about the coronation, and your mobs huzzing old Soult, but others have talked enough about that, and I don't like what you call "humbug;" and as for a mob, I respect it not a bit, for reasons enough in our revolutions; and so I conceive yours would have been as much pleased if it had been a green bear or a scarlet pig, or any other *rara avis*, as an old moustache. What is it to them? Bah! Something to roar at, to make themselves thirsty for more beer and gin. Don't think me too condemning of yours, as I have seen and heard our mobs ap-

plaud and huzza Napoleon, Louis *Dix-huit*, Napoleon again, Louis again, Charles *Dix*, and Louis Philippe, and also howl and groan and hiss at all in their turn, and many others I could name. But this is near political, so I shall not proceed, and only say so much as I do not consider the mob to be the people to whom of your country I mean no disrespect, as I saw them industrious and proper. I pray you to pardon this long introduction to my bagatelle, and accept my thanks for your attention to my neophytic complaint in "auld lang syne;" and believe me,

SIR,

Your very obedient servant,
LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

Christopher North, Esq.
Edinburgh.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Dover.

Farewell! I go across the main,
And leave thy shores, oh, Great Britain!

And bid my friends good by.
I've found thy land all very nice,
And conquer'd many a prejudice
Bred in my own country.

'Tis true we once were enemies,
And both believed the monstrous lies
That we did daily read,
Made up for party purposes,
And always under our noses—
We now know truth instead.

No more in future by the hour
We'll listen to the false rumour
That would our friendship mar.
I really think I never shall
Forgive the papers that did call
Hard names during the war.

Henceforth I never more can bear
Such scandal-mongers' stuff to hear,
Because I know my erring;
It now will only do for some
Poor ignorants who stop at home,
And ne'er crossed pond of herring.*

* I was informed that you colloquially call the sea "the herring pond." If it is wrong, it is not my fault, as I am misled by your compatriots.

I've travelled now, and the result
Was, that though first I difficult
Found it to catch each word,
Yet gradually my ear improved,
Till, listening to your tongue, I loved,
Were speaker clown or lord.

Then through your land I took a trip,
And agreeably made friendship
With manufacturers,
Who showed me all their great ma-
chines.

I saw your churches with divines ;
And then saw fish-curers.

I saw great rollers roll upon
Great masses of red-hot iron,
And squeeze them all abroad,
Till they became quite thin and flat,
To cut into I don't know what,
To go by the rail-road.

Then curiosity did lead
Me on, to see them making thread,
Pins, needles, knives, and forks,
Lace, muslin, calico, and cloth,
In England and in Scotland both,
And other wond'rous works.

Indeed, 'tis strange your small island
Should such variety command
Of fabrics, and of fish ;
And also such superb coal mines,
All worked by mighty steam-engines,
In almost each parish.

And then, to make myself quite sure
About your mode of land culture,
I spent a week rural ;
And saw the farmers round the bowl,
Talking of cattle, sheep, and fowl,
All agricultural.

I also liked to see the cows,
Promenade about your green mea-
dows,
Almost as fine as ours ;
Particularly near Richmond,
And other prairies beyond,
Where "Thames his tribute pours."

'Tis true you want our charming
vines,
But then your country's intestines
Yield much precious metal ;

Which makes it not such great disgrace
Not to be rich on the surface,
When work'd with capital.

Your commerce, too, is very great :
To see your ships is quite a treat,
Voyaging in the Thames ;
Each having a full cargo got,
Making London an *entrepôt*
Of goods of all the names.

And I must say that, next to France,
You have the greatest abundance
Of beautiful women ;
For though they're not so nicely drest,
They have a manner quite modest,
Though polite and open.

To send them from the dinner-table
Appears to me most lamentable ;
That custom should be changed.
A charming dame agreed thereto,
As we to dinner down did go,
And on my arm she hang'd.

You're right, in this more polish'd age,
To make them learn the French lan-
guage,
Which must be spoke by all
The nations that compose Europe ;
Which you yourselves can never hope
The English language shall.

Of politics I will not speak,
But hope our friendship will not
break—
Of strive we've had enough ;
'Tis better far than making wars,
To keep your soldiers and your tars
Minding the loom and plough.

And now I've seen your country
through,
Although the sea is very rough .
I do not mind a goat,
But quick, as by magician's hand,
Shall be borne off from your island,
Upon a fine steam-boat.

And, when I at my home arrive,
I will, as surely as I live,
A bumper fill with wine ;
And, for his literary worth,
Drink " Success to Christopher North
And *Blackwood's Magazine*."
LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

No. VII.

THE next picture which attracted my notice in the gallery; was one of a homely, every-day cast; such as John Bull—who has no great taste for the abstract and imaginative in art—loves to look upon. It represented a young man seated on a sofa close by a cheerful fire, in all the easy luxury of dressing-gown and slippers; on a black-leather reading-table near him stood a bronze lamp, and right opposite were a set of plain book-shelves, indifferently stored with volumes, which, from their neat, unsullied, white calf-skin backs, I took for granted were law-books, and also that they were seldom or never consulted by their owner, but slumbered uninterrupted on his shelves, like a placeman on his sinecure. The details of this picture were worked up with considerable care, and with a skill worthy of Knight or Leslie. The face and figure of the young man, in particular, were full of character. The artist had drawn him leaning back on the sofa, with one arm carelessly flung over the side, in an attitude of reverie, but not of the calm and philosophical order, as the hectic glow on his cheek, and his sparkling, dilated eye plainly betokened. Who was he? and what was the nature of his reflections? It was no very difficult matter to answer these queries, so clear and distinct was the painter's conception, and so adroit his execution. The gentleman in question was a barrister—most likely a briefless one; the formal, old-fashioned look of his apartments, with their dingy oak-panels and faded red curtains, showed that he was in chambers; and it was equally evident, from the animated expression of his flushed countenance, that he was an enthusiastic castle-builder, who, in fancy, had just achieved the one grand object of his ambition for the time being.

As I sat looking up at this expressive work of art, a pang of regret came across me, when I reflected how often I too had wasted hour after hour in the seducing but idle occupation of castle-building. How often, in the course of a stroll across a South Devon moor; or when resting among the

crumbling walls of Reading Abbey, after a day's troling in the Thames; or when lazily paddling in a coracle over the Talley Lakes; with the most suggestive of monastic ruins staring me full in the face; or when taking "mine ease at mine inn" at Llangollen or Baddgallart; I had indulged in the most fantastic day-dreams, instead of devising rational schemes to promote my success in life: at one time conquering Europe at the head of vast armies; at another dimming the lustre of even a Chatham in the senate; now delighting audiences with my powers as a tragedian; and now a nation with the magic of my rhymes!

Alas! it is not on easy terms like these that fame is won. She exacts far severer sacrifices from those who court her smiles. She will have no idlers in her train, who abandon themselves to the delusions of fancy, and put off action to the Greek Kalends. She is as inexorable as the overseer of a cotton-mill. All must be up and at work betimes in her factory. There must be no dropping in at the eleventh hour. For this sort of task-work, your genuine castle-builder is seldom or never prepared. His constant habit of dreaming away the golden moments of life, disqualifies him for strenuous action. Continuous labour is a commonplace from which his high-flying intellect turns with disdain. The slightest difficulty scares him like a spectre. He is at home in Utopia, but elsewhere he is as much abroad as a stranger in a foreign land, who cannot speak a word of the language. Hence, he has the mortification of seeing those who started with him in the race of ambition, pass him, one after the other, on the road. While he is content to achieve success in idea, as Ixion embraced a cloud for a Juno, the man of stern and practical energy is laying its foundations in reality, by turning each hour as it flies to strict and profitable account. To succeed, is to propose to one's self the accomplishment of one particular object; to stick doggedly to that one; to make fancy, judgment, and feeling alike subservient to it; and, above all, to be

prepared for, though not to anticipate, obstacles. This, as I observed just now, the castle-builder cannot do. His mind is volatile, capricious, erratic—conceives a thousand projects; but holds fast by none.

Surely life was given us for other and nobler purposes than to wear away in day-dreams! To encourage a healthy and enlarged system of action; to help on the great cause of social and moral improvement; in a word, to do our best, in the station assigned us, to benefit our fellow-creatures, so that when our still sets, it may leave awhile a trail of light behind it;—it was for this we were sent into the world, and not, day by day, hour by hour, to foster the growth of indolence, self-conceit, and egotism. These are harsh terms; nevertheless, they are strictly applicable to the habit of castle-building, which—however we may strive to disguise the fact—is the mask under which vanity and selfishness lurk, inasmuch as we never erect these airy structures for the pleasure or benefit of others, but solely for our own gratification. We paint no groups on the canvass of our imagination, but take especial care that we ourselves shall stand the only visible figure—a flattering full-length—in the foreground. Moreover, while absorbed in this sort of luxurious reverie, *we have every thing our own way*, and gratify our proudest aspirations without the slightest expenditure of toil or time. We travel, at more than railway speed, along a road smooth as a bowling-green, where there is not so much as a pebble to check our progress. If we win renown as conquerors, we win it without peril; if as scholars, without study; if as statesmen, without incurring the hostility of faction. Is beauty the object of our ambition? Lo, the loveliest girl that ever “witched a world,” stands like an Houri before us, waiting but the word to fling herself into our fond arms! Do we desire to become pre-eminent as poets? We become so without a struggle. No impertinent critic breaks the charm of our reverie, by telling us that our rhymes are “clotted nonsense.” Fancy, in her exceeding complaisance, suggests nothing but what ministers to our self-love and indolence. How painful—how disheartening—to turn from these seductive day-dreams, to the dull, la-

borious duties of real life! To be compelled to achieve success by the sweat of our brow, instead of by a mere act of volition; and to plod wearily, step by step, up that steep hill where “Fame’s proud temple shines afar,” instead of gaining the summit at one elastic bound—in ideal!

A man may be mentally, as well as physically, intoxicated, and this is the case with your confirmed castle-builder, who—it is no exaggeration to say so—is never sober for a week together. There are, however, some splendid exceptions to this rule. Napoleon, according to Bourrienne, was in early life an inveterate castle-builder, so also was Scott; nevertheless, both these great men had the full and unclouded possession of all their faculties, and were not less remarkable for a salient teeming fancy, than for that undeviating steadiness and energy of purpose which derives fresh stimulus from difficulty, and bears down all opposition. Scott, in particular, never allowed his habits of romantic abstraction to enfeeble his judgment, or interfere with the every-day duties of life. Thought, in him, did not overdo action. He was the master, not the slave, of his imagination—the magician who commanded the tempter, not the witch who served him. This is one of the many reasons why I reverence his memory. When I think of the sustained mental energy he exhibited throughout life; more especially when I call to mind his herculean exertions made in old age, at a season of unaccustomed gloom, to retrieve his fallen fortunes, when the chances were a hundred to one against him; of his stern, gladiatorial wrestling with despair; of the heroic sacrifice of his griefs as a husband to his sense of duty as a man and a citizen; of the prompt, unhesitating abandonment of *his all* at the call of justice, and this from no feverish impulse, but from steady, deep-rooted principle; of his perseverance, that nothing could divert from its object; of his courage, that nothing could daunt, not even the awful handwriting on the wall which had already come forth to warn him that his hour drew nigh; of the indomitable power of will that, like the setting sun on some majestic ruin, blazed out even amid the stupor of disease, and grappled with destiny to the last moment;—when I think of these things, I re-

cognise in Scott's character all the noblest elements of manhood; he uplifts my sense of the dignity of human nature to the highest point of elevation; and I exclaim, with Shakspeare, "Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

But enough on this painful theme.

To return to the picture of the castle-builder. The tale, which follows, is in illustration of that painting; and the leading idea, I need hardly add, is derived from the well-known anecdote of Alnaschar in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*:—

CASTLE-BUILDING; OR, THE MODERN ALNASCHAR.

In that quarter of Clement's Inn, whose dingy chambers look out upon a court-yard where stands the well-known statue of a blackamoor,* lodged Charles Meredith, a young man, about twenty-three years of age, who had just been called to the bar, and was as much encumbered with briefs as such raw, inexperienced barristers usually are. Possessed of considerable literary attainments, which, both at school and at college, had gained him the reputation of a "promising youth," and endowed with a quick, versatile, and even brilliant fancy, Charles was still more fortunate in being blessed with a sanguine temperament, which always inclined him to look on the sunny side of things. On quitting the university, where study and dissipation engrossed his mind by turns, he had hurried over to Paris, and there contrived, in one short year, to run through the best part of a small fortune, which had been left him by his father; and now, with but a few hundred pounds remaining in his exchequer, he was, for the first time in his life, awakened to the wholesome but unpalatable conviction, that, if he did not abandon pleasure, and apply himself with earnestness to the stern duties of existence, he must ere long sink into abject poverty. Accordingly, after duly reflecting on his position, young Meredith decided on becoming a lawyer, as being a vocation more congenial to his tastes than any other he could think of. But, unluckily, this did not supply him with an immediate competence, but only put him in the way of acquiring

a remote one; so, in order to furnish himself with the means of subsistence until he should have gained sufficient practice as a barrister, he determined, like many a clever young lawyer before him, on turning his literary abilities to account; in other words, on trying his luck as an author.

Having once resolved on a particular line of action, Charles Meredith was not the man to halt or fall asleep. "En avant," was his motto, as it is of all the ambitious and the enterprising. After casting about for a subject calculated to call forth his utmost energies, he at length decided on the composition of a historical romance—a species of fiction which the *Waverley Novels*, then in the zenith of their celebrity, had rendered unusually popular. Being well acquainted with the period which he proposed to illustrate—the stirring times of Louis XIV., when the war-minister Louvois was in the height of his power—Charles, whose fancy was kindled by his theme, wrought it out in a spirited and graphic style. Half-a-year's zealous application sufficed to bring his *con amore* task to a conclusion, when, without a moment's delay, he dispatched the precious manuscript to an eminent publisher at the West End, offering him the copyright for—what the sanguine author, no doubt, thought was a most moderate price—three hundred pounds! As a matter of course, he calculated on a favourable reply within a week, or a fortnight at furthest; but two months had since elapsed, and he had received no communication, though he had called twice at the bibliopole's house of

* This statue was once, if we may credit tradition, an actual living blackamoor, who was in the daily habit, for upwards of thirty years, of sweeping the court-yard of the inn, and running errands for its legal tenants. Having, in consequence, managed to get an insight into the character of their professional mal-practices, he was, naturally enough, shocked into a petrification; and now sits—*sedet æternumque sedebit infelix Thæscus*—a lasting monumental record of the effects produced on a susceptible mind by the inevitable roguery of lawyers.

business, and each time left a card, by way of refresher to his memory.

At last, when he had almost despaired of success, and had come to the determination of peremptorily demanding back his manuscript, his fondest hopes were realized. One afternoon, on his return home from the law courts, just as he had entered his chambers, the postman's brisk rat-tat was heard at his outer door; and presently his clerk made his appearance with a letter, dated — Street, in his hand. Eternal powers! what were the young man's transports on perusing the contents of this note! The communication was from the publisher to whom he had transmitted his romance; and, though penned in a dry, terse, and business-like style, yet, in Charles's estimation, it teemed with the eloquence of a Burke; for it was to the effect that his tale had been read and approved; that the writer acceded to his terms; and that, if he would favour him with a visit at his earliest convenience, he would give him a cheque for the three hundred pounds, and, at the same time, venture to suggest a few trifling alterations in the manuscript, which he thought would tend to increase its chances of popularity.

Charles read this touching billet at least twice over, to convince himself that he had not misapprehended its import; and then, hurrying out into the street, threw himself into the first cab he met, and—as might have been anticipated—was thrown out just ten minutes afterwards, though fortunately his fall was attended with no worse consequences than developing on the back of his head that particular bump—namely, conscientiousness—which, as phrenologists have justly observed, is so invariably found wanting in the skulls of politicians.

On getting on his legs again, young Meredith, made cautious by experience, continued his journey on foot, and on reaching the publisher's shop, and sending in his name, was at once ushered into the august presence. The interview, though short, was highly satisfactory. Charles received the bibliopole's compliments with becoming modesty, and his cheque with very visible delight; and, having listened to his suggestions, and promised to give them all due consideration, he took his leave, and posted off to a neighbouring banker's, where he presented his cheque, and received in return a

handsome pile of Bank of England notes.

Just as he turned again into the street, he unexpectedly encountered an old college chum, to whom he imparted his good fortune in terms of such extravagant rapture, that his friend, a sedate mathematician, looked at him, not without a suspicion that his intellects were impaired. And let no one blame his transports, for an author's first work—especially if it be of an imaginative character, and he who penned it a green enthusiast—is always an affair of prodigious moment in his estimation! The lover who hears his mistress falter out “yes,” when he feared she was going to say “no;” the father, who sees in his darling first-born the reflection of himself, even to the snub-nose and unquestionable squint; the hungry leader of opposition, who finds himself suddenly transported from the comfortless region on the wrong side of the speaker, to the Canaan of the Treasury Bench, flowing with milk and honey; the turtle-shaped alderman, who, on the glorious day of his metamorphosis into a lord-mayor, hears his health drunk and his virtues lauded at his own table by a real first minister of the crown; these, even in the height of their ecstasy, feel no more intense gratification than does the young unsophisticated author on the success of his first literary enterprise. But how changed the scene, when, the gloss of novelty worn off, he takes to writing as a task! The instant composition becomes a matter of necessity, it ceases to be a pleasure. Fancy flags, and must be goaded onwards like an unwilling steed; invention, that once answered readily to one's bidding, stands coldly aloof; the fine edge of feeling grows dull; thought refuses longer to soar, but creeps tamely, instead, along the dead flats of commonplace; and the mere act of stringing sentences together comes to be the most thankless and irksome drudgery. Charles, however, had not yet reached this pass. At present he was in the honeymoon of authorship.

After strolling about some time with his Cambridge friend, Charles went back to his chambers, where he occupied himself till the dinner hour in perusing Scott's splendid romance of *Old Mortality*; and in the evening, which set in wet and stormy, he drew forth from its modest hiding-place his last

remaining bottle of wine, closed his shutters, wheeled his sofa round to the fire, which he coaxed and fed till it blazed like a furnace, and then, in the true spirit of that "luxurious idleness" which Thomson has so well described, allowed his skittish fancy to run riot, and, rapt in delicious reverie, began building castle after castle in the air, whose imposing splendour increased in exact proportions to his potations.

"Lucky fellow that I am," mentally exclaimed this sanguine day-dreamer, as his eye fell on the heap of bank-notes which lay close beside him on the table, "here are the fruitful seeds from which I am destined soon to reap a rich harvest of wealth and fame! The sum now in my possession will afford me a moderate competence till I have brought my next literary production to a close, when, of course, my means will be extended; for if I get three hundred pounds for my first work, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day that, for my second, which will be twice as good, and therefore twice as popular, I shall get twice, or perhaps thrice, the sum. Then, who so fairly on the road to fame as I? My second slight of fancy being successful, my third will still further increase my renown, when public curiosity will be strongly excited to know who and what I am. Mysterious surmises will be set afloat respecting my identity. The press will teem with 'authentic particulars' of my birth, parentage, and education; this journal asserting, 'on authority,' that I am Sir Morgan O'Doherty; another, that I am a young Irishman who withhold my name for the present, in consequence of having killed my uncle in a duel; and a third, that I am no less a personage than the President of the Noctes! At last the whole mighty truth will be revealed, and an agitated world be calmed by the appearance of my name in the title-page of my fourth historical romance. From that eventful period I shall become the leading lion of the day. My best witticisms will be repeated at every table, and, under the head of 'Meredith's last,' circulated in every journal; my likeness, taken by an eminent artist, will be exhibited in my publisher's shop-window; great booksellers will contend for the honour of my patronage; invitations to dinners, balls, and conversazioni, will pour in hour by hour throughout the

season; when I enter a drawing-room, a whisper will go round, especially among the ladies, of 'There he is!—What a dear creature!—How interesting he looks!'—and at length the general enthusiasm will reach such a height, that, one night, as I am in the act of quitting a crowded conversazione, one of the most ardent of my male admirers, anxious to possess some memorial of me, will walk off with my best hat and cloak, just as a similar literary enthusiast absconded last autumn with Christopher North's celebrated sporting jacket.

"And what will be the result of all this enviable notoriety? Can I doubt?—No. The sunny future lies spread out before me like a map. A beautiful young girl of rank and fortune, fair as a water-lily, with a pale Grecian face, slender figure, remarkable for its symmetry, and foot so exquisitely and aristocratically small, as to be hardly visible, except through a microscope;—this refined, graceful, and sylph-like creature, attracted by the blaze of my reputation, will seize the favourable opportunity of my being invited to a ball at her father's house, to transfer her affections, from the author to the man! The consequences may be anticipated. I shall reciprocate her feelings; sigh whenever she approaches, throwing a fine distraction into my eloquent dark eye; and, finally, one fine day, when there is no one in the drawing-room but herself, make a direct srowal of my love. Grateful creature! She just clasps her fairy hands—utters tremulously 'Oh goodness gracious!'—and then sinks into a consenting swoon on my bosom. But, alas! the course of true love never did run smooth. The lady's stony-hearted parents insist on her marrying a squat viscount of sixty. She refuses; whereupon I press my suit, and, driven to desperation, propose an instantaneous elopement. An elopement! Delicious sound in the ears of romantic youth and beauty! Can Leonora resist its magic? No!

"Accordingly, one morning in the appropriate month of May, when the streets are still and solitary, and the venerable parents of my idolized Leonora are comfortably snoring back to back in bed, I meet her by appointment at the corner of the square where she resides—pop her into a hackney-coach, rattle away to Highgate, and there transfer her to a post-chaise and four,

which is in waiting to receive us on the great north road. Away, away we go, swift as the wind—sixteen knots an hour to begin with. Scarcely is one mile-stone passed ere another pops in sight. Trees flit by us as if they were running for a wager. Towns appear and disappear like phantoms. A county is scampered across in an hour or so. Ah, there is another post-chariot dashing madly along in our rear! Go it, ye rascals, go it—or I'll transport ye both for aiding and abetting in abduction! Don't be nice about trifles. If you run over an old woman, fling her a shilling. If you find a turnpike-gate shut, charge like a Wellington, and break through it! If the fresh horses are sulky at starting, clap a lighted wisp of straw to their refractory tails! Bravo! Now we fly again! 'Don't be alarmed, Leonora; the little boy was not hurt; the hind-wheels just scrunched in one of his finger-nails—that's all, my life! What, still agitated?' 'Oh, Charles, we shall break both our necks—I'm sure we shall!' 'And if we're caught, my sweetest, we shall break both our hearts—a far more agonizing catastrophe.' Behold us now approaching the Border! another hour, and we are in Scotland. I know it by the farm-yard cocks who are one and all crowing in the Scotch accent. What village is that right ahead of us? Gretna, as I live! And yonder's the Blacksmith's! Then Heaven be praised, Leonora is mine! Hip, hip, hurrah! Nine times nine, and one cheer more!!

"The scene changes. Love's first delirious transports have subsided, and ambition resumes the ascendancy. A little love is sweet and palatable enough; too much makes one sick. It is like living on lump-sugar and treacle. Tired of my honey-suckle cottage, even though it be situated in a valley where the 'bulbul' sings all night, I bring my equally wearied bride with me to the metropolis. The news of the lion's return spreads far and wide. My late elopement has, if possible, increased my popularity,—especially as, during my rustication, the main incidents have been dramatized, and played with astounding effect at the Adelphi. Melted by such indisputable evidences of my sterling celebrity, my old father-in-law, who has been sulking ever since I evaporated with his pet child, sends for me

with a view to reconciliation, and flinging his aged arms about my neck, formally acknowledges me as his heir; and, after introducing me to all his titled and influential acquaintance, dies, as if on purpose to give me another shove up ambition's ladder, and leaves me a tin-mine in Cornwall, shares in half-a-dozen London companies, and upwards of thirty thousand pounds in the *three per cents*. Excellent-hearted old gentleman! Here's his health!

"Adieu now to literature. My hopes expand with my circumstances. Who would creep when he could soar? or content himself with the idle flatteries of the drawing-room, when he could electrify a senate, and help on the regeneration of an empire? My destiny henceforth is fixed. The spirit of a Demosthenes swells within me—I must become a member of the imperial legislature. But how? There are no rotten boroughs now-a-days. True, but there are plenty quite fly-blown enough for my purpose—so hurrah for St Stephen's! Armed with a weighty purse, and backed by a host of potential friends whom my literary renown and handsome fortune have procured me, I announce myself as candidate for the borough of A—; make my appearance there in a style of befitting splendour, with ten pounds' worth or so of mob huzzinga at my heels; thunder forth patriotic clap-traps on the hustings, with my hand pressed against my heart; shake hands with the electors, kiss all their wives and daughters—and, as a necessary consequence, am returned by a glorious majority to Parliament.

"Now comes my crowning triumph.

On the occasion of some discussion of all-absorbing interest, I enter the crowded house, and catching the Speaker's eye, just as I am in the act of getting up on my 'eloquent legs'—as Counsellor Phillips would say—I prepare for a display that shall at once place me in the front rank of statesmen and orators. A prodigious sensation is caused by my assumption of the perpendicular. A buzz goes round the House that it is the celebrated author, Charles Meredith, who is about to speak. Peel rubs his eyes, which have been closed for the last half-hour by the irresistible rhetoric of Hume—Sheill trembles for his tropes—and each separate joint of O'Connell's Tail rattles with visible uneasiness.

Mean-while, I commence my oration. 'Unaccustomed, as I am, to public speaking,' is the modest and ingenious language in which I supplicate the forbearance of honourable members, who, with that generosity so characteristic of free-born Britons, reply to my novel appeal with reiterated cheers. Having thus secured their favourable opinion, I plunge unhesitatingly in *medias res*. I put the question in its broadest and clearest light; I philosophise upon it; am jocular upon it; embellish it by some apt Greek quotations, infinitely to the delight of Mr Baines, who expresses his satisfaction at my being such a ready *Latin* scholar; and conclude with an impassioned and electrifying apostrophe to the genius of British freedom. Next day the papers are all full of my praises. Those which approve the principles of my speech, extol it as a miracle of reasoning; and even those which are adverse, yet frankly confess that, as a mere matter of eloquence, it has never been surpassed within the walls of St Stephens. A few nights afterwards I create a similar sensation, which is rendered still more memorable from the circumstance that a lady of rank and fashion who happens to be listening to the debate in the small recess over the roof of the House, overbalances herself in the ardour of her feelings, and tumbles, head-foremost, through the sky-light into the Speaker's lap!

"So passes the Session. During the recess, the clubs are all busy in speculation as to my future course of proceeding. Not a gossip at the Athenæum, the Carlton, or the Reform Clubs, but has an anecdote to relate about Charles Meredith. The foreign secretary was seen walking arm-in-arm with me one Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park; and the next day it was remarked that the chancellor of the exchequer kept me fast by the button-hole for a whole hour in Palace Yard. Hence it is inferred that I shall ere long form one of the government. Even a peerage is talked of; but *that* I am doubtful whether to accept or not. Brougham's fate holds out an impressive warning. Weeks, months, thus roll on, and about the period of the meeting of Parliament, ministers, who are sadly in want of a ready, fluent speaker, begin to throw out hints of an intention to angle for me. These hints

daily become more significant, and as I take not the slightest notice of them, it is concluded that silence gives consent, and that I have my price. Acting on this conviction, the ministerial whipper-in sounds me on the subject, and lured on by my seeming acquiescence, proceeds to open his battery upon me through the medium of divers epistles marked 'private and confidential,' in which, in the event of my supporting government, I am promised a snug berth in Downing Street, and at the end of the session, when certain troublesome questions are disposed of, a foreign embassy, with an earldom, and a pension. Ye, who are honest men—and here, thank God, I feel that I am appealing to a vast majority of Englishmen, and the entire population of Ireland—imagine the blush that paints my patriotic physiognomy on receiving these affronting proposals! I am bewildered—horror-struck—'testocaciously exflunctified'—(to use Jonathan's phrase); and when the whipper-in meets me by appointment to receive my final answer, I snatch up his insulting letters, which happen to be lying beside me on the table, and glaring on him, like a Numidian lion, while he, hypocrite as he is, puts his hands into his base breeches-pockets, like Lord Castle-reagh's crocodile, by way of showing his indifference, I exclaim, in the most withering tones of scorn, 'Sir, were I bound to ministers by as strong ties of affection as even those which bind a Burdett to an O'Connell, still I would disdain to join their party on terms such as you propose. If you have no conscience, sir, I have; know, therefore, that nothing under a dukedom and a pension for three lives will suit my disinterested views of the case!' So saying, I tear the letters into a thousand fragments, and fling them into the fire thus!—thus!—thus,—

"Heavens and earth, what—what have I done?" continued the excited castle-builder, his enthusiasm falling below zero in an instant. 'Why, I have actually, in the order of reverie, mistaken a pile of bank notes for ministerial communications, and consigned to the flames the entire sum I received but this morning from my publisher!' It was too true. Of the three hundred pounds, not one single vestige remained. The 'devouring element' had destroyed all.

So much for castle-building!"

HALLOWED GROUND.

BY GEORGE PAULIN, PARISH SCHOOLMASTER, NEWLANDS.

PART I.

Ask yon pale mother what is hallow'd ground—
And she will tell you, by the falling tear,
And gaze of silent misery—'tis here,
Where mute she bendeth o'er a grassy mound.
Here, in the place of tombs, a lonely spot
Lies fresh and green, where churchyard verdure waves ;
Here she hath nursed a lone "forget me not,"
With which to hold communion—not of graves.
It breathes fond whispers of a beauteous boy,
To whom in days for ever past she clung,
And drank heart-gladness from his looks of joy,
And the low music of his prattling tongue,
Who smiled her own sweet smile, and look'd her love,
And fill'd her eyes with tenderness profound ;
He was her light, her lion, and her dove—
Then, deem you, can one spot of earth be found
So hallow'd to her heart as that low little mound ?

Ask the stern patriot—and he lifts his eye
To the rude cairn upon the mountain's breast,
Hid by the heather and the mantling mist
That blends it with the cloud-sea roll'd on high ;
And loftily he answers, " There—below,
His gallant heart is laid who flung the tone
Of brave defiance to the invading foe,
And made those bright blue hills and streams our own.
Houseless he wandered with his little band
'Mong yon white cliffs that stem the rolling sea,
And knew no home until his father-land
Could boast its sons and glorious mountains free.
His last red field was on *that* heathery height ;
Near yon grey cairn his heart's best blood was shed ;
There burns for aye our memory's beacon-light,
And we have sworn no foeman's foot shall tread
Upon that hallow'd spot—our chieftain-father's bed."

Ask the lone exile, musing by the shore
Of his bleak isle of friendless banishment :—
He deems the roll of ocean's music blent
With sounds that mate not with the billow's roar—
With sounds that waft his spirit by their spell
To a far isle amid the western seas,
To old familiar scenes where loved ones dwell ;
The well-known cottage, flowers, and streams, and trees,
The root-worn ash, where whilome he had hid,
In gleeful joy, from prying laughing eyes ;
The hill up which his eager steps had sped
To reach the bending glory of the skies ;
The burn to its own music dancing forth,
That imaged oft the happy bosom's truth
Beam'd from young eyes in boyhood's hour of mirth ;—
All blend to fill that tear of tender ruth ;
He weeps while gazing on the hallow'd ground of youth.

Ask the fond lover, and he haply tells
 Of some old minster's vast religious gloom,
 Or the dim abbey's dust-wreath'd vaulted tomb,
 Or cave where hermit contemplation dwells ;
 But the fair image of a holier spot
 Is shrined within his soul—such sacred fane
 As one sweet arbour in a garden grot,
 Earth bosoms not within its green domain.
 For *there* were breath'd the vows of plighted love,
There, in the evening hour, eye pour'd on eye
 Its wondrous spell, while sanctioning stars above
 Shed holier lights to bless the mystic tie.
 Mar not with footfall of ungentle sound
 The spell-wrought quietude of evening's hour,
 For more than magic guards that hallow'd ground,
 Spirits of beauty haunt that garden's bower,
 And watch love's mystic rites from every chalice'd flower.

Ask the enthusiast boy, whose burning soul
 Is rapt in visions at the wondrous story—
 Of kings whose war-tones on the ear of glory
 Age after age undying echoes roll ;
 Of men whose death redeem'd a nation's fame,
 Whose graves were water'd by a nation's tears ;
 Of men who lighted Truth's ethereal flame
 Amid the darkness of benighted years ;
 Of heroes who unvell'd to wondering eyes,
 A beauteous world far smiling in the West ;
 Or braved the fiery might of Ethiop skies
 In quest of fountains in the desert's breast ;
 And he will name the Granic's golden sands,
 Farino bright in endless summer's smile,
 The grove where walk'd old Plato's listening bands,
 The greenwood glades of Guanahani's isle,
 Or solitudes whence gush the streams of infant Nile.

Ask the old saint—when, paling death's dark shroud,
 Life's twilight trembles o'er the verge of Time,
 And Memory wings her backward flight to climb
 Youth's Pisgah heights unshadow'd by a cloud—
 One brief fond hour to track the varied past,
 A world of oceans, continents, and isles,
 Flower-lands all blighted by the withering blast,
 Bleak deserts fancy-robed in flowers and smiles ;
 And he will tell you as it pauseth o'er
 A humble but a sweet and solemn spot,
 Where in the calm of eventide he'd pour
 Prayer to his God to bless his lowly lot,
 That *that* lone place is hallow'd in its calm
 By the *felt* presence of the Holy One,
 Felt in the thoughtful hush—the breathing balm
 Of evening's solemn hour, what time the sun
 And weary human toil a sweet repose have won.

Weird dweller in the past ! *thy* wand hath power,
 Enchantress Memory ! to wake the tones
 Of other years, to clothe the mouldering bones
 With beauty, and renew the faded flower ;
 To crown with auburn locks the hoary head,
 To fill the silent chamber with the faces
 Of buried love, and call affection's dead
 From earth's deep cells and ocean's secret places.

Say, whence the witchery that charms thy wand
 To linger o'er the ruin and the grave,
 O'er the grey rocks along life's perilous strand,
 And the dark heaving of its wintry ways?
 Why lures it from the dream-land of the past,
 Some bygone scene in strong reality,
 While others, like the phantoms of the blast,
 Unheeded, float in shadowy dimness by,
 Nor wake one passion's gleam in mind's entranced eye?

A stronger charm subdues the sorcerer's spell—
 A mightier magic guides that mighty hand;
 The soul's deep feeling wins it to the land
 Of bliss or pain where joys or sorrows dwell.
 There, fond Affection claims a myrtle glade,
 Or wild Revenge a darkly crimson'd sod,
 Or Piety, a calm sequestered shade,
 Where warm Devotion breathes itself to God;
 Or Cheerfulness, a power in beauty's bloom,
 Or Grief, a lonely spot beneath the yew,
 Or veiled Despair, the dungeon's living tomb,
 Where fancy dyes the wall with murder's hue.
 For Mind can hallow with its deep emotion
 Earth's gloom and glory, splendour and decay,
 While wizard Memory tracks the land and ocean,
 Fit homage to its master-power to pay,
 And o'er its sacred scenes her subject wand to sway.

And thou, weird Memory's siren sister, Hope!
 Hast in thy cloudland many a hallow'd fane:
 Wild Passion's hosts are priests in thy domain,
 And to the bright young eye thy temples ope.
 And they have rear'd the altars which they guard,
 And round them breathe a beauty not of earth;
 And roofed them with a sky of brightness, starry'd
 And sunn'd with lights—Creation's future birth.
 Fairer than aught in Memory's colder clime
 Is that flower-arbour claim'd by young Desire;
 With holier music peals Devotion's clime,
 And mounts, with loftier glow, Fame's altar fire;
 Enthusiasm there stands before his fane,
 His rapt eye gleaming with intenser joy;
 While Patriotism there scans with proud disdain
 The hallowed scenes that charm'd the ardent boy,
 And guards a noble pile no tyrant can destroy.

Another clime my raptur'd vision charms;
 The poet's home in thought's ecstatic mood—
 When sweetest sounds of earth were far too rude,
 And far too tame its most bewitching forms.
 No other clime hath aught so rich and fair,
 Nor aught so dread, magnificent, and wild.
 Imagination holds her empire there,
 Her mountain-throne beyond the white clouds piled;
 A land where shapes of hideous horror dwell,
 And wondrous beauty ne'er to mortals given;
 All that affrights the soul in dreams of hell,
 And all it longs to clasp in dreams of heaven;
 A land of valley, mountain, tower, and town;
 Of forest, ocean, river, solitude,
 Bathed in the sunbeam's smile, or shadow's frown—

Where music floats by stream and haunted wood,
And meets the poet's ear in fancy's frenzied mood.

The storm may rage—he lists no sound of earth,
While wandering in its forest wilds afar ;
He communes with a lone and quiet star,
That owns in other skies its beauteous birth :
He claims a kindred with the glorious things
That fill the air with life and loveliness ;
A faëry band with music-moving wings,
Trancing his soul in dreams of deeper bliss ;
The spell may break, and coldness, sorrow, shame,
May blast each hope that bloom'd within his heart,
But, lingering there amid the blight of fame,
With those loved visions memory cannot part.
Still on his ear falls faëry music's tone,
By pauses heard, 'mid strife and sorrow round,
And in his eye the tear of grief that shone
Is sunn'd with rapture. Grudge him not that bound
Of wild delight—he hath a glimpse of hallow'd ground.

PART II.

Virtue, fair daughter of Eternal Truth !
Cold, pure, and beautiful, beloved with awe,
Winning wild passion back to duty's law,
Hatred to meekness, and revenge to ruth !—
All nature worships thee, thou mighty one ;
Ocean and earth obey thee ; at thy shrine
Kneels the dark savage 'neath the tropic sun,
And the pale wanderer of the frozen line.
Where is thy temple ? whither flock the lands
The homage of their tribes and tongues to pay ?
A glorious temple's thine—not built with hands,
Owning no kindred with the world's decay ;
A glorious temple, roof'd by cloud and star,
Whose arch bends o'er the pillars of the sky.
Kneels there the Ocean-empress, and afar
Bends the proud knee of desert Araby,
And India worships there, with awed and reverent eye.

Full many a shrine that boundless dome contains,
Where patriot ardour, piety and faith,
And holy friendship, strong as conquering death,
And love that alters not in bowers or chains,
Crowd with their priceless offerings—noble thought,
And sigh, and tear, and triumph-beaming look,
And honourable stain of blood unbought,
And calm, stern glance that tyrant cannot brook—
The treasures of the soul—more bright than gems
That burn along the bosom of the deep,
Or wreath with light barbaric diadems,
Or gleam in torrents down the Afric steep.
Ye hallow'd Fanes ! may I, with pilgrim feet,
With pilgrim reverence, and with holy zeal,
Awhile, by fancy led, your altars greet,
And mingle solemn vows with those who feel
In virtue's sacred cause—the cause of human weal !

They rise before me, robed in many hues,
Distant and dim with years, or brightly near—

The mouldering records of a bygone year,
 When Greece own'd heroes, Helicon a muse—
 The high blue hills that cleft the Grecian heaven,
 When sunn'd with glory's beam, and cleave it still ;
 The Eternal City, with its splendours riven
 By conquering Time from its own palace-hill.
 And later hallow'd, not less true to fame,
 Helvetia's mountain-land of liberty ;
 The island heights that despots quake to name,
 Guarded by valour and the rolling sea ;
 And, holier far, the plains by angels trod,
 What time a lowly wanderer, faint and poor,
 Walk'd o'er the Syrian sands the incarnate God
 Who paved with burning suns heaven's palace floor,
 And toil'd with humble men by Galilee's lone shore !

They rise before me, bursting through the veil
 Of bygone years ; and many a scene beside,
 Of its own land the glory and the pride,
 Hallow'd for ages by the poet's tale.
 I see a million swords flash back the sun
 From high Oëta's base, and Malia's shore ;
 I hear the Persian shout, " The pass is won !"
 I see their glittering myriads downward pour :
 Thermopylæ ! thy own Three Hundred stand
 Before me as they stood when round their lord
 They vowed to die, or save their fatherland
 With Freedom's keen and consecrated sword.
 There stood—there fell Leonidas, and round,
 With twice ten thousand foes, his little band ;
 Their fall hath sanctified that gory ground,
 Their fall hath hallow'd all that wondrous land,
 And still the Egean hymns their dirge by Malia's strand.

Gray Marathon ! the pilgrim turns to thee,
 Flashes Athena's banner on his sight,
 And all the glittering splendour of the fight—
 The plume, the shield, the sword, the prostrate tree.
 Rolls on the Mede's interminable host,
 Stand firm and stern and mute the patriot few :
 See yonder hero, Athens' proudest boast,
 With joyous look the moving myriads view :
 The war-peal bursts—the dawning light of heaven
 Blends the wild strife of freeman and of slave ;
 And see, before the avenging banner driven,
 To shun the sword the Persian seeks the wave.
 To fetter freedom in her loved retreat,
 In pride of power the despot left his throne,
 He chain'd the floods that lash'd his worshipp'd feet,
 But found Miltiades and Marathon,
 And bent his haughty crest a present God to own.

Clime of the ancient but undying glory !
 Birth-place of freedom, valour, love, and song !
 Fain would the pilgrim lingering, dwell among
 Your haunted heights and vision'd vales of story ;
 Fain would he linger by Cithæron's steep,
 And kneel upon the shores of Salamis,
 Wander a while where Leuctra's heroes sleep,
 And muse o'er Sparta's tomb where adders hiss,
 Stand mournfully where old Athenæ stood,
 And fair Ilyssus rolled its flower-kissed stream,
 And Plato walked in triumph's noblest mood,

Amid the youthful blossoms of Academe ;
 For time that steals from beauty, power, and fame,
 Adds to the charm that wins the poet's eye—
 To each loved scene whose old familiar name
 Linked with the soul's bright youth, can bidly die
 With poesy divine and high philosophy:

On fancy's bark the pilgrim quits the land
 Of freedom's birth, and skims the Ionian tide ;
 Before him, in its old heroic pride,
 He sees the city of the Cæsars stand ;
 And *there* the stern dictator, on his brow
 The majesty of empire and its care ;
 Content and poor, he guides his humble plough,
 And toils for bread his little ones may share:
 There sits the stern tyrannicide, whose doom,
 His country's laws from tyrant scorn to save,
 Consign'd his valorous offspring to the tomb,
 Himself with blighted heart to wish the grave.
 There Cato stands, and flings his honest frown
 On Rome's degenerate wealth, and shakes the soul
 That quails before the splendours of a crown ;
 While Tully points to Greece and glory's goal,
 And o'er the tyrant's head bids Roman thunders roll.

Ages have crumbled Cæsar's marble hall,
 And mock'd imperial pomp, and still'd the tone
 Of flattering millions round the imperial throne,
 And mantled Roman pride in ruin's pall.
 But there are lights amid the ruins playing,
 Known to the pilgrim ; he can there behold
 The ancient Lares with their torches straying
 Where high their altars burned in days of old.
 They light a few dim spots of nameless earth,
 But pass the pillar'd tomb in darkness by ;
 At these low shrines the pilgrim kneels to worth,
 For *there* the early Roman's ashes lie.
 The Coliseum with the dust may blend,
 Column and tower may moulder where they stand,
 Where empire fell the triple crown may bend ;
 But while the sunlight warms that lovely land,
 These hallow'd graves shall guard the fame of Tiber's strand !

Another clime ! the pilgrim knows it well—
 Oft has his soul with Alpine thunders been,
 And oft the bursting avalanches seen
 Roll stormy music o'er the land of Tell.
 See where the keen-eyed archer stands amid
 His bold compatriots on the mountain's brow ;
 His eye pursues the eagle's flight, till hid
 Beyond the clouded peaks of Alpine snow ;
 Then with his little band he bends his knee,
 And vows to heaven, upon that hoary height,
 That the wild hills that nursed its plume should be
 Unchain'd and tameless as the eagle's flight.
 And how he kept his vow, the Switzer-boy
 Sings to his comrade's pipe upon the fell,
 Tending their flock in freedom and in joy ;
 And to the stranger points, with bosom's swell,
 Where stood the humble cot of glorious William Tell !

The rush of waves—the voice of many floods—
 Old ocean's music, meets the pilgrim's ear ;

Grim frowning rocks their giant heights uprear
 Around Britannia's hills, and streams, and woods:
 Bewilder'd is his eye; for who can count
 Those fanes in sunshine and in shade that lie,
 Studding each down, and dell, and hoary mount,
 Beneath the blue of Albion's cloudy sky!
 The dim cathedral's high and solemn pile,
 Whence float to heaven old England's songs of praise,
 Whence peal'd the ancestral worship of our isle,
 Tuned to the organ's swell of other days;
 The ivied church, where England's noble poor
 Mingle their prayers on day of holy rest,
 That he who bade their mountains stand secure,
 And fix'd their isle a gem on ocean's breast;
 Should bid their fathers' fanes and fatherland be blest.

And Scotia! gleaming o'er thy lowland sod,
 And up thy highland heights amid the heather,
 Fanés where thy Sabbath-honouring children gather
 To pay their vows to Scotia's covenant God.
 They pour the reverence of the simple heart
 In solemn melody and humble prayer;
 And with their dearest blood would sooner part,
 Than see the altar-spoiler enter there!
 And Scotia's emigrant, when far away
 Amid the forest stillness of the West,
 Oft from the banks of Tweed or Highland Tay,
 Lists the loved tones steal o'er the ocean's breast!
 They lead him back to childhood's happy home,
 The village church beside the old yew-tree,
 The silent Sabbath, when he loved to roam
 In fields, to hear the hum of heather bee
 Float in the hallow'd air from brake and flowery lea:

They lead him back to where, in days of yore,
 The austere sires of Scotland's freedom stood
 Banded to save the Bibles which they bore,
 Their heritage of hope, from men of blood.
 The trembling boy—the parent grey with years
 And bent with toil—the widow poor and old,
 Driven houseless forth by persecuting spears,
 To shiver on the bleak and wintry wold.
 Their blood hath nursed a tree that will not die,—
 That braved the blast, and still the blast shall brave;
 And Scotland will not own the ungenerous eye,
 That beams not proudly o'er her martyr's grave.
 And haply, too, they lead him back to where
 The Southern plume lay low on Bannockburn;
 He sees the Bruce his Carrick falchion bare;
 And patriot chiefs, where'er his eye may turn,
 Start from their hallow'd bed—the thistle-tufted urn.

Forgive the Pilgrim, Fatherland! if o'er
 Thy hallow'd scenes he lingers not again;
 His feet may wander in the Highland glen,
 And up the cairn-crown'd hill renown'd of yore:
 For dress'd in flowers, or chain'd in winter's thrall,
 In earth's fair realm no lovelier land is found;
 Thee virtue claims her cherish'd home, and all
 Thy peaceful cottage hearths are holy ground.
 But, led by fancy at her own wild will,
 He shapes a wizard course from clime to clime;

Now wandering by some old and rooted hill—
 Now by the trophies of subduing time
 Tracking her wayward steps—before him rise
 The hoary solemn pomps of Egypt's pride,
 That frown defiance to the burning skies.
 Millennial piles to empire's birth allied—
 They stand the giant wrecks of Time's devouring tide.

A sense of power—a feeling of the vast—
 Of hoar antiquity and dim decay—
 Of might misnamed eternal, swept away—
 Hallow those tombstones of the buried past.
 But virtue owns them not *her* sacred shrines,
 Nor lingers there the pilgrim—brightly o'er him
 Now bends the holy blue of Palestine,
 And Jordan rolls his silver flood before him.
 An herbless desert and a naked rock—
 An humble stream—a city's ruin'd wall,
 Slaves crouching 'neath the proud oppressor's stroke;
 And this is Palestine!—but is *this* all?
 Is this the whole for which Crusaders flung
 The fiery cross upon the Syrian breeze?
 Is this the whole that haughty monarchs strung
 To scorn for Palestine luxurious ease,
 And brave the Arab lance, the desert, and the seas?

High thoughts are blended with that river's flow,
 And solemn thoughts are clinging round that hill;
 Mysterious thoughts that awe the pilgrim's will,
 Brood o'er that lakelet, murmuring faint and low.
 This is no land of laughter and of joy;
 Sadness hath claimed Judea for her own;
 Stern desolation works her wild annoy,
 And ruin's dust hath mantled Salem's throne.
 The sceptre's gone—the temple's fretted gold
 No longer beams on Zion. David's tomb
 Hath mix'd with David's ashes—o'er their mould
 Sweep the wild Arab and the dread simoom:
 But mystery is here. These skies have seen
 A Mighty One on those blue waters stand;
 The footsteps of Omnipotence have been
 On Carmel's steep and Jordan's golden sand,
 And left the impress of a God on Judah's holy land!

THE GODDESS VENUS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY R. M. MILNES.

Few and faint are the historic lights by which we can trace the victory of Christianity over Heathenism. The battle was fought on many fields, with every variety of weapon and manœuvre, and was protracted by many an obstinate resistance long after the main issue of the combat was decided. It was in the sixth century that St Benedict extinguished the fire on the altar of Apollo, on Monte Casino; and in many provinces of the empire, Pagan worship was celebrated down to a much later date. The temples of Diana at Treves, and of Venus at Magdeburg (Parthenopolis), have been recorded as of the last to be deserted. Charlemagne destroyed the latter, which had been erected by Germanicus, and built a church to St Stephen in its place. But far deeper into the middle ages than this, winds the thread of Pagan tradition; and even in this our time, the peasants on the coast of old Etruria are seen annually to attach a gilded bunch of grapes to a plough, which is drawn by oxen down a long slope to the sea, a propitiation to the elemental powers in favour of the harvest and the vintage.* It was, however, by a simple and natural process that the sympathies of the people were frequently detached from the old faith, and associated to the history or tradition of the new. The temple of Jupiter the Preserver was readily re-consecrated to the Redeemer of mankind; and even the play upon sounds had its meaning when the prophet Elias appropriated the reverence long paid to Apollo as the sun. In Sicily, eight

celebrated temples of Venus were, within a short period, dedicated to the Virgin; and the same substitution is said to have taken place, at the command of the Empress Helena, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The deduction of Christian rites from Pagan ceremonies has unfortunately not been confined to the detection of Popish corruption, but has been extended by infidel writers to some of the vital principles of our religion. But though this principle of adaptation might be unscrupulously acted upon, it was accompanied by a belief which gave the greatest distinctness and energy to the work of conversion from Heathenism. This was the plain conviction of the demoniac personality of each of the Pagan deities. The monotheism of the Jews does not seem to have prevented that people from regarding the gods of the Gentiles as substantial spirits of evil; and there appeared, perhaps, to be doctrines in Christianity, which rather encouraged than forbade a similar conclusion. The Christian who was liable to be thrown to the beasts for refusing to sacrifice to Jupiter, or to be rent asunder by the mob for scorning a bacchanalian rite, was not likely to consider the one as a symbol of power, or the other as a device of the fancy. Political considerations might enter into the question of Christian persecution, as, in after times, heresy often became treason; and the people might be indignant at the violation of their ancestral customs, or the invasion of their festal repose, but the Christian understood not this; "their gods were

* An English gentleman and scholar of the 19th century professing Heathenism might be considered a burlesque, but there is every reason to believe that the religious profession of Mr Thomas Taylor was much rather a conceit worked up into a belief, than an affection of singularity. Some friends of ours found him one day at his orisons, uttering his *Ecce* and classical exclamations before some small silver statues; and in a note to Julian's oration, he writes thus, "The construction of the statues of the gods was the result of the most consummate theological science, and from their apt resemblance to divine natures, they became participants of divine illumination. Statues resemble life, and on this account they are similar to animals. Statues, through their habitude or fitness, conjoin the souls of those who pray to them with the gods themselves. Let not the reader, however, confound this scientific worship of the ancients with the *filthy piety* of the Catholics, as Proclus justly calls it."

devils, and he could not worship them." For while some of them were powers claiming divine honour, which in his system could be only blasphemy, many others were such, that, from his own high moral ground, he could only look upon them as impersonated sins. Thus, in the early Christian imagination, the goddess Venus stood out as the very queen of devildom. Chastity being once proclaimed, not a high and peculiar virtue, but an essential, indispensable requisite of the Christian character, the antagonist appetite became a terrible evil, and the patroness and representative of it in the popular mind the worst of demons. The gods of Power would soon find themselves overcome: One had come into the world greater than they, and they must bend and pass away before him; but unconverted man owned, and would ever own, the reign of Venus; and she was there even attempting to seduce the very holiest. She might be subdued and driven from the world at last, but not as long as vice was in the breast of man, open to her voice and ready for her rule. No wonder, then, that Venus is the great bond between Pagan and Christian tradition; no wonder that Augustine leaves it as a matter not for him to decide, "whether Venus could have become the mother of Æneas by the embraces of Anchises" (*De Civitat. Dei*, 3, sec. 5); or that Korman, a learned lawyer of the 17th century, should write a laborious book of the history, adventures, and devices of this subtle devil.

Venus was not dead. When the vow of betrothal recorded before her altar was violated by the Christian mother of the Corinthian maid, she could raise from the grave the broken-hearted victim of the new religion, and send her as a vampire to drink the life-blood of her destined bridegroom.* She could, too, waylay the passionate youth in a form of surpassing beauty, and seduce him into marriage; sometimes, indeed, to be foiled by superior necromantic powers, and forced back into a hideous serpent shape, as was the Lamia of Greece; but at others to retain her influence even after her

deformity was revealed, as did, in comparatively later days, Melusina, the wife of Count Raymund of Poitiers, who was the fairest of mermaids. When, again, a Christian girl in Carthage was struck by the beauty of an image of Venus, and fancied herself like it, she was instantly seized by the goddess round her throat, and could take no food for seventy days and nights. She said, "a bird came to her every midnight and touched her mouth;" and she was only relieved at last by the solemn functions of the Church and participation in its sacraments.† Even when her open worship was utterly driven from the face of the earth, the magic art knew where and how to find her. She still had her favourites in the vegetable creation, plants, many of whose names testified to whom they were dedicated;—Venus's comb (*Scandix*), Venus's fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), Venus's looking-glass (*Campanula*), maiden-hair (*Adiantum*), and the mastic shrub, which covers with its thicket so many relics of hers and other fænes on the old Hellenic hills. Over the sixth day of the week she still held an important authority, making it in general belief most unpropitious to mankind, although certain theologians have maintained the contrary, resting on the facts that the Virgin ascended to heaven, and Granada was taken, on a Friday. Astrology determined that under the influence of Venus it was fortunate to make love, marry, take medicine, and arrange your will. The formula by which Venus is conjured, after a general preface, thus continues:—"Unde benedictum est nomen Creatoris in loco suo, et per nomina Angelorum servientium in tertio exercitu, et per nomen stellæ quæ est Venus, et per sigillum ejus quod quidem est sanctum; et per nomina prædicta, conjuro," &c., &c. The spirits of Friday, or impersonations of Venus, appeared generally in the following forms:—a king with a sceptre riding on a camel; a maiden, naked or gloriously attired; a goat, a camel, a dove, and a green or white vestment. Still the agents of this unholy commerce frequented the haunts of ancient idolatry,

* Read (but who has not read?) Goethe's *Brant zu Corinth*.

† Prosper Aquitanus.—*Lib.* 6.

such as the 116 steps at Lyons, the remains of her temple there, up and down which sorcerers and witches were known to dance and gambol in their infernal yearly revelling.

But her principal method of seduction was to establish herself in some hilly region, and there, having constructed in the heart of the earth a palace of sensual delights, and having surrounded herself by subordinate spirits in loveliest shapes, by supernatural music, heard far and wide, and similar means, to entice into it brave and noble souls, and keep them there till they became debased and brutalized, and altogether lost. The difficulty of knowing much about these wondrous places of pleasure and sin arose from the fewness of those who have ever again returned to the world of men after a sojourn, or even entrance, there. William of Newbury records that, in the reign of King Henry I. of England, a peasant walking by a tumulus, about three stadia from the town of Burlington, heard songs and convivial sounds issuing from within it. He looked about for an entrance, astonished that that silent region and midnight hour should be so disturbed, and, finding a door open, went in. He saw an ample and brilliant chamber, and men and women engaged in high festivity and mighty mirth. One of the attendants, seeing him standing at the door, handed him a cup, which he grasped, flung the contents on the floor, and rushed out

into the night, amid tremendous tumult and persevering pursuit. On, however, he ran, until at last the cries and sounds died away, and he brought his booty safe into the town. This cup was given to the king, who presented it to the queen of David, king of Scotland, and it was returned by his descendant King William to King Henry II. of England. In the Swiss Chronicle of Stumpfius we are told that a tailor of Basle, in the year 1600, had a similar adventure. He passed through an iron door, and a succession of halls and gardens, guarded by frightful dogs, who barred his retreat. The goddess appeared with long flowing hair, but her lower body as a serpent's. She said she should be freed from this enchantment by three kisses of a chaste mortal, on whom she would bestow infinite treasure. He kissed her once, and she grew more monstrous still. He kissed her again, and she became so terrible and violent, he thought she would tear him in pieces, so turned round in desperation and got safely out: a fellow-townsmen of his went into the cave again some time after, and, having found it full of human bones, died in a few days. The story of Tannhäuser shall be given in verse: there seem to be several old ballads of the same burthen. The one generally known is that inserted in the collection of the *Wanderhorn*. The following may be regarded as a free paraphrase of it:—

VENUS AND THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT.

“ Why are thine eyes so red, Sir Knight,
And why thy cheek so pale?
Thou tossest to and fro all night,
Like a ship without a sail.”

The Knight rose up, and answered quick :
“ Too long in lust I lie,
And now my heart is pleasure-sick ;
I must go hence, or die.

“ I must go hence, and strive to win,
By penitential tears,
God's pardon for the shame and sin
Of these luxurious years.

“ No man his life can rightly keep
Apart from toll and pain :
I would give all these joys, to weep
My youth's sweet tears again !”

" I will not let thee go, Sir Knight ;
But I will make thee new
Untold devices of delight,
That shall thy soul imbue ;

" And thou, these sickly thoughts defy,
Undo these vain alarms ;
What god can give thee more than I—
More heaven than in mine arms ?"

" Venus ! I fear thy wanton heart,
I fear thy glittering eyes ;
I shrink and tremble, lest thou art
A demon in disguise."

With high disdain the Ladie strove,
Then uttered, sad and low,

" Oh ! hard return for so much love !
Ungrateful mortal !—go."

The Knight, with none to check or meet,
Thus left the marble dome ;
And soon his weary, wounded feet
Were near the gates of Rome.

There, where imperial Tiber flows,
Pope Urban rode along ;
And " Kyrie Eleison," rose
From all the thick'ning throng.

" Thou that hast power to stay God's wrath,
And darkest souls to shrive,
Stop, holy Father, on thy path,
And save a soul alive !

" For I, a noble Christian Knight,
Have served, for many a year,
In dalliance of impure delight,
A demon, as I fear.

" If Venus sooth a demon be,
As thou hast skill to tell,
God's face how shall I ever see,
How shun the deep of hell ?"

" Too well that fiend, and all her power,
Most hapless man ! I know ;
If thou hast been her paramour,
No grace can I bestow.

" I could the demon's self assail,
As well as pardon thee ;
Thy body hath been her willing spoil,
Thy soul must be her fee !

" For sooner shall this peeled staff
Put out both leaf and bloom,
Than God shall strike thy sentence off
His dreadful book of doom !"

The Knight his feeble knee upraised,
Pass'd weeping through the crowd ;
And some in silent pity gazed,
And some with horror loud.

" Then shall I never, never see
 Thy countenance divine,
 Jesus ! that died in vain for me,—
 Sweet Mary, mother ! thine ?"

Now forth this child of woe had gone
 Full fourteen days, when, lo !
 The staff the Pope laid hand upon,
 Began to bud and blow :

Green leaves, and flowers of perfect white,
 The very growth of heaven ;—
 Sure witness to that wretched Knight,
 Of all his sin forgiven !

Oh ! far and wide, o'er earth and tide,
 Swift messengers are sped,
 To hail the sinner justified,
 The late devoted head.

In vain—in vain ! Straight back again
 He bent his hopeless way,—
 And Venus shall her Knight retain
 Until God's judgment-day.

Mysterious end of good remorse !
 Strong lesson to beware,
 Ye priests of mercy ! how ye force
 Poor sinners to despair.

This book of Kornman's, to which allusion has been made, may deserve some further notice. The title is, "*Mons Veneris ; a Wonderful and Especial Description of the Notions of old Heathen and Modern Writers with regard to the Goddess Venus ; her Origin, Worship, and Queenly Abode ; and the company she entertains there, &c. &c.*" Frankfort, 1614. A strange work, indeed, for the world to see, after Bacon had written. But our good jurisconsult sets about his investigation in the true old legendary spirit. His great object is to expose "that cursed, wicked ape of God, the merry, malicious devil." He is, indeed, rather perplexed than pleased at the progress of knowledge and enterprise. "Mankind," he says in his preface, "is always yearning after something new ; but now there is nothing under the sun which they have not thrust their heads into ; the very stars are not safe from them : they send unheard-of immense Noah's arks to India, to see what the antipodes in the under world are about. Like gnomes, they climb and claw into the holes of the hills, and get out gold, and silver, and adamant, and sapphire, and a hundred other fine names. Some

penetrate into the very palace of the Gnome King himself, to find hidden treasure, or into the mountain-chambers of the Lady Venus, to enjoy luxurious delights. In fact, there is nothing left for them but to go to hell, and see what is going on there." But, anxious as he is "to give some book to the students and lovers of nature, to amuse their minds, and reveal some secret phenomena," he also protests, that "God is his witness, that, if there are things in his book which all reasonable men cannot believe, *he* has fabricated no lies and fables, but has taken them all on the authority of men trust-worthy, and of acknowledged learning." And we are bound to believe him. For, after a most delightful farrago of classical and mediæval fancies, he boldly grapples with the main question, "*Num fuerit unquam Dea Venus ?*"—whether there ever was such a person as Venus at all ? and handles it magnificently. "Venus has been seen among men, been worshipped by them, has married some of them, has been born and has died with them, &c.—are not these all good proofs of her reality ? It is very true that these spectacles are not of very

frequent occurrence; but they are not more rare than the appearances of the devil, and the Holy Ghost, and angels, all of which nobody doubts to have from time to time been permitted by God, that we might know that he has created all kinds of creatures, and wills us to be aware of their reality: so Venus is not always showing herself, nor does she take up any regular abode amongst us, but she comes quite often enough for us to believe in her existence, and in the power of God to people the four elements with wonderful beings such as she is." He then goes into the theory of elemental spirits at large, explains that they have a subtle, not Adamite, flesh, and that each order has its own chaos or atmosphere, which is gross in proportion to their subtlety; thus the gnomes live in earth, as we men in air. Afterwards follows much dissertation as to the class which Venus belongs to, and it is at last concluded, from the phenomena of her nature and the facts of her history, that she is a nymph, a water-spirit, an Undina. She seems to have reigned a long time, and may probably be dead, as she has not been seen for many years, though it is likely enough she may live till the day of judgment; or perhaps she may have passed away and left others of her race, other Venuses, behind her, similar in form and disposition: all these matters a wise man will be content to doubt.* There is plenty more of such disquisition, but such things, being not "in our philosophy," may be thought tedious by many. But were this Kornman and Paracelsus, and they

who followed like investigations, philosophers? Surely, as much as, or more so than, the philosophers who, a century and a half after them, "made of God a farce, of heaven a gas, and of the second world a grave." The one at least loved all the wisdom they could attain to,—the others loved nothing but themselves. As children covet or enjoy the possession of a large learned book, and lay it out on their little knees, and fix their eyes on the unintelligible words, and trace them with their fingers, and seem to find meanings of their own, and an earnest joy in the occupation which we cannot understand, so was it with these old writers and the great volume of nature. Superstition, being an excess, is ever better than a void; it cannot co-exist with a disrespectful, disregarding, state of mind. It is, too, a hope when there is no better—

"Et des esprits impures l'algèbre est extrême,

Quand un espoir s'abjure et se dit anathème."

In the following poem the idea of the essential contrast between the Northern and the Southern mind, between Beauty as the exponent of the one, and Duty the manifestation of the other (the germ of which is sufficiently distinct in the legendary foundation), is attempted to be developed. The facts, or rather images, of the story, are very much the same as may be found in the graceful version of it by Heine in the third volume of the *Salon*:—here they are, but disposed and illustrated anew.

THE NORTHERN KNIGHT IN ITALY.

This is the record, true as his own word,
Of the adventures of a Christian knight,
Who, when beneath the foul Karasmanian sword†
God's rescued city sunk to hopeless night,
Desired, before he gain'd his northern home,
To soothe his wounded heart at holy Rome.

And having found, in that reflected heaven,
More than Casarean splendours and delights,
So that it seemed to his young sense was given

* In the same charming style writes William of Newbury, at the end of his chapter on Mermaids:—"The further question of these green boys, who are said to have risen out of the earth, is more abstruse than our senses, slender as they are, can examine and resolve."

† At the conclusion of the last Crusade.

An unimagined world of sounds and sights ;—
 Yet, half regretful of the long delay,
 He joined some comrades on their common way.

The Spring was mantling that Italian land,
 The Spring ! the passion-season of our earth,
 The joy, whose wings will never all expand,—
 The gladsome travail of continuous birth,—
 The force that leaves no creature unimbued
 With amorous nature's bland inquietude.

Though those hard sons of tumult and bold life,
 Little as might be, own'd the tender power,
 And only show'd their words and gestures rife
 With the benign excitement of the hour—
 Yet one, the one of whom this tale is told,
 In his deep soul was utterly controll'd.

New thoughts sprung up within him—new desires
 Opened their panting bosoms to the sun ;
 Imagination scattered lights and fires
 O'er realms before impenetrably dun ;
 His senses, energized with wondrous might,
 Mingled in lusty contest of delight.

The once inspiring talk of steel and steeds,
 And famous captains, lost its ancient zest ;
 The free recital of chivalrous deeds
 Came to him vapid as a thrice-told jest ;
 His fancy was of angels penance-bound
 To convoy sprites of ill through heavenly ground.

The first-love vision of those azure eyes,
 Twin stars that blest and kept his spirit cool,
 Down beaming from the brazen Syrian skies,
 Now seem'd the spectral doting of a fool,—
 Unwelcome visitants that stood between
 Him and the livelier glories of the scene.

What wanted he with such cold monitors ?
 What business had he with the past at all ?
 Well, in the pauses of those clamorous wars,
 Such dull endearment might his heart enthrall,
 But, in this universe of blissful calm,
 He had no pain to need that homely balm.

Occasion, therefore, in itself though slight
 He made of moment to demand his stay,
 Where some rare houses, in the clear white light,
 Like flakes of snow among the verdure lay ;
 And bade the company give little heed—
 He would o'ertake them by redoubled speed.

But now at length resolved to satisfy
 The appetite of beauty, and repair
 Those torpid years which he had let glide by,
 Unconscious of the powers of earth and air,
 He rested, roved, and rested while he quaff'd
 The deepest richness of the sunny draught.

Eve after eve he told his trusty band
 They should advance straight northward on the morrow,

Yet when he rose, and to that living land
Address'd his farewell benison of sorrow,
With loveliest aspect nature answer'd so,
It seem'd almost impiety to go.

Thus days were gather'd into months, and there
He linger'd saunt'ring without aim or end.
Not unaccompanied; for wheresoe'er
His steps, through wood, or glen, or field, might tend—
A bird-like voice was ever in his ear,
Divinely sweet and rapturously clear.*

From the pinaster's solemn-tented crowns—
From the fine olive spray that cuts the sky—
From bare or flowering summit, floated down
That music unembodied to the eye.
Sometimes beside his feet it seemed to run,
Or fainted, lark-like, in the radiant sun.

Soon as this mystic sound attained his ear,
Barriers arose, impermeable, between
Him and the two wide worlds of hope and fear,—
His life entire was in the present scene;
The passage of each day he only knew
By the broad shadows and the deep'ning blue.

His senses by such ecstasy possess'd,
He chanced to climb a torrent's slippery side,
And, on the utmost ridge refusing rest,
Took the first path his eager look descried;
And paused, as one outstartled from a trance,
Within a place of strange significance.

A ruin'd temple of the Pagan world,
Pillars and pedestals with rocks confused,—
Are back into the lap of nature hurl'd,
And still most beautiful, when most abused;
A paradise of pity, that might move
Most careless hearts, unknowingly, to love.

A very garden of luxuriant weeds,
Hemlock in trees, acanthine leaves outspread,
Flowers here and there, the growth of wind-cast seeds,
With vine and ivy draperies overhead;
And by the access, two nigh-sapless shells,
Old trunks of myrtle, haggard sentinels!

Amid this strife of vigour and decay
An idol stood, complete, without a stain,
Hid by a broad projection from the sway
Of winter gusts and daily rotting rain.
Time and his agents seem'd alike to spare
A thing so unimaginably fair.

* A bird is by no means an uncommon actor in a drama of this kind. It is recorded that at the Council of Basle, three pious doctors were wont to walk out daily and discuss points of deep theology, but that, as soon as the song of a certain nightingale reached their ears, their argument was inevitably confused; they contradicted themselves, drew false conclusions, and were occasionally very near tumbling into heresy. The thought struck one of them to exorcise the nightingale, and the devil flew visibly out of a bush and left the disputants at peace. See also the beautiful story of "The Monk and Bird," in Mr Trench's first volume.

By what deep memory or what subtler mean
Was it, that at the moment of this sight,
The actual past—the statue and the scene,
Stood out before him in historic light?
He knew the glorious image by its name—
Venus! the Goddess of unholy fame.

He heard the tread of distant generations
Slowly defiling to their place of doom;
And thought how men, and families, and nations
Had trusted in the endless bliss and bloom
Of her who stood in desolation there,
Unwoo'd by love and unrevered by prayer.

Beauty without an eye to gaze on it,
Passion without a breast to lean upon,
Feelings unjust, unseemly, and unfit,
Troubled his spirit's high and happy tone;
So back with vague imaginative pain
He turn'd the steps that soon return'd again.

For there henceforth he every noon reposed
In languor self-sufficient for the day,
Feeling the light within his eyelids closed;
Or peeping, where the locust, like a ray,
Shot through its crevice, and without a sound,
The insect host enjoyed their airy round.

Day-dreams give sleep, and sleep brings dreams anew;
Thus oft a face of untold tenderness,
A cloud of woe, with beauty glist'ning through,
Brooded above him in divine distress,—
And sometimes bowed so low, as it would try
His ready lips, then vanish'd with a sigh.

And round him flow'd, through that intense sunshine,
Music, whose notes at once were words and tears;
“Paphos was mine, and Amathus was mine,
Mine were the Idalian groves of ancient years,—
The happy heart of man was all mine own,
Now I am homeless and alone—alone!”

At other times, to his long-resting gaze,
Instinct with life, the solid sculpture grew,
And rose transfigured, 'mid a golden haze,
Till lost within the impermeable blue;
Yet ever, though with liveliest hues composed,
Sad swooning sounds the apparition closed.

As the strong waters fill the leaky boat
And suck it downwards, by unseen degrees;—
So sunk his soul, the while it seemed to float
On that serene security of ease,
Into a torpid meditative void,
By the same fancies that before upbuoy'd.

His train, though wond'ring at their changeful lord,
Had no distaste that season to beguile
With mimic contests and well-furnish'd board,—
And even he would sometimes join awhile
Their sports, then turn, as if in scorn, away
From such rude commerce and ignoble play.

One closing eye, thus issuing forth, he cried,
 " Land of my love! in thee I cast my lot ;—
 Till death thy faithful subject I abide,—
 Home, kindred, country, knighthood, all forgot—
 Names that I heed no more, while I possess
 Thy heartfelt luxury of loneliness ! "

That summer night had all the healthy cool
 That nerves the spirit of the youthful year ;
 Yet, as to eyes long fix'd on a deep pool,
 The waters dark and bright at once appear,
 So, through the freshness, on his senses soon
 Came the warm memories of the lusty noon.

That active pleasure tingling through his veins,
 Quickened his pace beneath the colonnade,
 Chesnut, and ilex—to the mooned plains
 A bronze relief and garniture of shade—
 When, just before him, flittingly, he heard
 The tender voice of that familiar bird.

Holding his own, to catch that sweeter breath,
 And listening, so that each particular sound
 Was merged in that attention's depth, his path
 Into the secret of the forest wound ;
 The clear-drawn landscape, and the orb's full gaze,
 Gave place to dimness and the wild-wood's maze.

That thrilling sense, which to the weak is fear,
 Becomes the joy and guerdon of the brave ;
 So, trusting his harmonious plunger,
 His heart he freely to the venture gave,
 And through close brake and under pleached aisle,
 Walk'd without sign of outlet many a mile.

When turning round a thicket wearily,
 A building of such mould as well might pass
 From graceful Greece to conquering Italy,
 Rose, in soft outline from the silvered grass,
 Whose doors thrown back and inner lustre show'd
 It was no lone and tenantless abode.

Children of all varieties of fair,
 And gaily-vested, clustered round the portal,
 Until one boy, who had not main and air
 Of future manhood, but of youth immortal,
 Within an arch of light, came clear to view,
 Descending that angelic avenue.

" Stranger! the mistress of this happy bower,"
 Thus the bright messenger the knight address'd—
 " Bids us assert her hospitable power,
 And lead thee in a captive or a guest ;
 Rest is the mate of night—let opening day
 Speed thee rejolcing on thy work and way."

Such gentle bidding might kind answer earn ;
 The full-moon's glare put out each guiding star ;
 He summ'd the dangers of enforced return,
 And now first marvel'd he had roved so far :
 Then murmur'd glad acceptance, tinged with fear,
 Lest there unmeet his presence should appear.

Led by that troop of youthful innocence,
 A hall he traversed, up whose heaven-topp'd dome
 Thick vapours of delightful influence
 From gold and alabaster altars clomb,
 And through a range of pillar'd chambers pass'd,
 Each one more full of faërie than the last.

To his vague gaze those peopled walls disclosed
 Graces and grandeurs more to feel than see—
 Celestial and heroic forms composed
 In many a frame of antique poesy;
 But wheresoe'er the scene or tale might fall,
 Still Venus was the theme and crown of all.

There young Adonis scorn'd to yield to her,
 Soon by a sterner nature overcome;
 There Paris, happy hapless arbiter,
 For beauty barter'd kingdom, race, and home;
 Save what Æneas rescued by her aid,
 As the Didonian wood-nymph there portrayed.

But ere he scanned them long, a lady enter'd,
 In long white robes majestic array'd,
 Though on her face alone his eyes were center'd,
 Which weird suspicion to his mind convey'd,
 For every feature he could there divine
 Of the old marble in the sylvan shrine.

On his bewilderment she gently smiled,
 To his confusion she benignly spoke;
 And all the fears that started up so wild
 Lay down submissive to her beauty's yoke:
 It was with him as if he saw through tears
 A countenance long-loved and lost for years.

She ask'd, "if so he willed," the stranger's name,
 And, when she heard it, said, "the gallant sound
 Had often reach'd her on the wing of fame,
 Though long recluse from fortune's noisy round;
 Her lot was cast in loneliness, and yet
 On noble worth her woman-heart was set."

Rare is the fish that is not mesh'd amain,
 When Beauty tends the silken net of praise;
 Thus little marvel that in vaunting strain,
 He spoke of distant deeds and brave affrays,
 Till each self-glorious thought became a charm
 For her to work against him to his harm.

Such converse of melodious looks and words
 Paused at the call of other symphonies,
 Invisible agencies, that draw the cords
 Of massive curtains, rising as they rise,
 So that the music's closing swell reveal'd
 The paradise of pleasure there conceal'd.

It was a wide alcove, thick wall'd with flowers,
 Gigantic blooms, of aspect that appear'd
 Beyond the range of vegetative powers,
 A flush of splendour almost to be fear'd,
 A strange affinity of life between
 Those glorious creatures and that garden's Queen.

Luminous gems were weaving from aloft
 Fantastic rainbows on the fountain spray,—
 Cushions of broider'd purple, silken-soft,
 Profusely heap'd beside a table lay,
 Whereon all show of form and hue increas'd
 The rich temptation of the coming feast.

There on one couch, and served by cherub hands,
 The knight and lady banqueted in joy :
 With freshest fruits from scarce discover'd lands,
 Such as he saw in pictures when a boy,
 And oates of flayours excellent and new,
 That to the unpall'd taste still dearer grew.

Once, and but once, a spasm of very fear
 Went through him, when a breeze of sudden cold
 Sigh'd, like a dying brother, in his ear,
 And made the royal flowers around upfold
 Their gorgeous faces in the leafy band,
 Like the mimosa touch'd by mortal hand.

Then almost ghastly seem'd the tinted sheen,
 Saltless and savourless those luscious meats,
 Till quick the Lady rose, with smile serene,
 As one who could command but still entreats,
 And, filling a gold goblet, kiss'd the brim,
 And pass'd it bubbling from her lips to him.

At once absorbing that nectareous draught,
 And the delicious radiance of those eyes,
 At doubt and terror-fit he inly laugh'd,
 And grasp'd her hand as 'twere a tourney's prize ;
 And heard this murmur, as she nearer drew,
 " Yes, I am Love, and Love was made for you !"

They were alone : th' attendants, one by one,
 Had vanish'd : faint and fainter rose the air
 Oppress'd with odours : through the twilight shone
 The glory of white limbs and lustrous hair,
 Confusing sight and spirit, till he fell,
 The will-less, mindless creature of the spell. ;

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In the dull deep of satisfied desire
 Not long a prisoner lay that knightly soul,
 But on his blood, as on a wave of fire,
 Uneasy fancies rode without control,
 Voices and phantoms that did scarcely seem
 To take the substance of an order'd dream.

At first he stood beside a public road,
 Hedged in by myrtle and embower'd by plane,
 While figures, vested in old Grecian mode,
 Drew through the pearly dawn a winding train,
 So strangely character'd, he could not know
 Were it of triumph or funereal woe.

For crowns of bay enwreath'd each beauteous head,
 Beauty of perfect maid and perfect man ;

Slow paced the milk-white oxen, garlanded ;
Torch-bearing children mingled as they ran
Gleaming amid the elder that uphold
Tripods and cups, and plates of chased gold.

But then he marked the flowers were colourless,
Crisp-wither'd hung the honourable leaves,
And on the faces sat the high distress
Of those whom Self sustains when Fate bereaves :
So gazed he, wondering how that pomp would close,
When the dream changed, but not to his repose.

For now he was within his father's hall,
No tittle changed of form or furniture,
But all and each a grave memorial
Of youthful days, too careless to endure,—
There was his mother's housewife-work, and there,
Beside the fire, his grandame's crimson chair :

Where, cowering low, that ancient woman sat,
Her bony fingers twitching on her knee,
Her dry lips mutt'ring fast he knew not what,
Only the sharp convulsion could he see ;
But, as he look'd, he felt a conscience dim
That she was urging God in prayer for him.

Away in trembling wretchedness he turned,
And he was in his leman's arms once more ;
Yet all the jewell'd cressets were out-burned ;
And all the pictured walls, so gay before,
Show'd, in the glimmer of one choking lamp,
Blotch'd with green mould and torn by filthy damp.

Enormous bats their insolent long wings
Whirl'd o'er his head, and swung against his brow,
And shriek'd—" We cozen'd with our minist'rings
The foolish knight, and have our revel now : "
And worms bestrew'd the weeds that overspread
The floor with silken flowers late carpeted.

His sick astonish'd looks he straight address'd
To her whose tresses lay around his arm,
And fervent breath was playing on his breast,
To seek the meaning of this frightful charm ;
But she was there no longer, and instead
He was the partner of a demon's bed,

That, slowly rising, brought the lurid glare
Of its fix'd eyes close opposite to his ;
One scaly hand laced in his forehead hair,
Threat'ning his lips with pestilential kiss,
And somehow in the fiendish face it wore,
He traced the features he did erst adore.

With one instinctive agony he drew
His sword, that Palestine remember'd well,
And, quick recoiling, dealt a blow so true,
That down the devilish head in thunder fell :—
The effort seem'd against a jutting stone
To strike his hand, and then he woke—alone !

Alone he stood amid those ruins old,
 His treasury of sweet care and pleasant pain ;
 The hemlock crush'd defined the body's mould
 Of one who long and restless there had lain ;
 His vest was beaded with the dew of dawn,
 His hand fresh blooded, and his sword fresh drawn !

The eastern star, a crystal eye of gold,
 Full on the statued form of beauty shone,
 Now prostrate, powerless, featureless and cold,
 A simple trunk of deftly carven stone :
 Deep in the grasses that dismembered head
 Lay like the relics of the ignoble dead.

But Beauty's namesake and sidereal shrine,
 Now glided slowly down that pallid sky,
 Near and more near the thin horizon line,
 In the first gust of morning, there to die,—
 While the poor knight, with wilder'd steps and brain,
 Hasten'd the glimmering village to regain.

With few uncertain words and little heed
 His followers' anxious questions he put by,
 Bidding each one prepare his arms and steed,
 For "they must march before the sun was high,
 And neither Apennine nor Alp should stay,
 Though for a single night, his homeward way."

On, on, with scanty food and rest he rode,
 Like one whom unseen enemies pursue,
 Urging his favourite horse with cruel goad,
 So that the lagging servants hardly knew
 Their master of frank heart and ready cheer,
 In that lone man who would not speak or hear.

Till when at last he fairly saw behind
 The Alpine barrier of perennial snow,
 He seem'd to heave a burthen off his mind,—
 His blood in calmer current seemed to flow,
 And like himself he smiled once more, but cast
 No light or colour on that cloudy past.

From the old Teuton forests, echoing far,
 Came a stern welcome, hailing him, restored
 To the true health of life in peace or war,
 Fresh morning toil, that earns the generous board ;
 And waters, in the clear unbroken voice
 Of childhood, spoke—"Be thankful and rejoice !"

Glad as the dove returning to his ark,
 Over the waste of universal sea,
 He heard the huge house-dog's familiar bark,
 He traced the figure of each friendly tree,
 And felt that he could never part from this,
 His home of daily love and even bliss.

And in the quiet closure of that place,
 He soon his first affection link'd anew,
 In that most honest passion finding grace,
 His soul with primal vigour to endure,
 And crush the memories that at times arose,
 To stain pure joy and trouble high repose.

Never again that dear and dangerous land,
 So fresh with all her weight of time and story,
 Its winterless delights and slumbers bland,
 On thrones of shade, amid a world of glory,
 Did he behold: the flashing cup could please
 No longer him who knew the poison lees.

So lived he, pious, innocent, and brave,
 The best of friends I ever saw on earth:
 And now the uncommunicable grave
 Has closed on him, and left us but his worth;
 I have revealed this strange and secret tale,
 Of human fancy and the powers of bale.

He told it me, one autumn evening mild,
 Sitting, greyhair'd, beneath an old oak tree,
 His dear true wife beside him, and a child,
 Youngest of many, dancing round his knee,—
 And bade me, if I would, in fragrant rhymes
 Embalm it, to be known in after-times.

Of a similar character to the above is the tale of the young knight, who, unconsciously or daringly, placed his ring on the finger of a statue of Venus, and returning to repossess himself of it, found the finger bent, and the hand closed. In the old version of this, which is to be seen in Book III. sect. 8, of the *Jesuit del Rio's Magical Disquisitions* (Venetii, 1616), the phantom goddess ever comes between him and the bride he takes soon after this adventure, and is only banished through the mediation of a priest, named Palumnus, himself most skilled in necromancy. The knight receives a parchment from

him, which, at midnight, in a meeting of cross roads, he forces upon Venus, who passes by with a solemn but hurrying train of attendants, and when she receives it, cries—"Cruel Priest Palumnus! art thou never content with the harm thou hast done? but the end of thy persecutions cometh, cruel Priest Palumnus." The knight recovers his ring, and is freed from the enchantment; but the priest dies in dreadful agony the third day afterward. Eichendorf in German, and Lord Nugent in English, have built stories on this foundation, and the plot of the familiar *Opera of Zampa*, by Herold, is slightly varied from it.

SONNET.

ENGLAND has felt of old a tyrant's sway.
 The rightful blood of long-descended kings
 Has trodden underfoot as abject things
 A people's liberties. Through dark dismay
 Where chaos brooded, Cromwell won his way
 To power supreme, uplifted on the wings
 Of a bold spirit; nor dishonour brings
 His rule, who taught the factious to obey
 And foes to fear us. But O! when till now
 Was England mastered by a low-born slave
 False and faint-hearted; on whose sordid brow
 Shame sits enamoured; who would dig a grave
 For all she venerates, and has breathed a vow
 To hate her sons as cowards hate the brave?

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER.

FASCICULUS THE ELEVENTH.

"By my troth I care not—a man can die but once—we owe God a death; I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so, an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next."—SHAKESPEARE.

"WONDERFUL are the works of nature," as Mick Montague observed to me, on emerging from the puppet-show.

So they are, to be sure—and so is the far-famed city of Westminster.

The far-famed city of Westminster, as every fool knows, has a famous abbey. Now this famous abbey, in days of yore, was a sanctuary for thieves, robbers, murderers, and other pious reprobates, who took to their heels as soon as pursued by the myrmidons of the law; and, once they laid violent hands upon the hem of some old monk's garment, or got into the sanctuary, as this sink of perdition was called, they were forthwith as safe as the church, and snapped fingers at the constable—provided always they had money wherewith to fee the monks, in default of which they were incontinently pushed out of the sanctuary, and delivered over to the officers of justice. This refuge of atrocious criminals tended, no doubt, greatly to the honour and glory of God, and materially enhanced, in those days, the respectability of Westminster.

There was another class of semi-clerical scamps, who flourished in these days, and in this neighbourhood, called Palmerins, or Palmers, most reverend rascals, who, with a scrip on their shoulders, a scallop in their hats, and peas (boiled) in their shoes, went blackguarding round the country, under pretence of selling Saracen's heads, cut off in the Holy Land, and other relics—begging, moreover, what they could beg, borrowing what they could borrow, and stealing what they could steal; and this they did, as all scamps of their persuasion do, for the love of God.

The sanctuary has been abolished—the monks have been sent to the treadmill—the most dreadful punishment that could possibly be inflicted upon their reverences—and the palmerins have gone to a tropical climate, which I only indicate as the antipodes of the

Holy Land; nor would any body be a whit the wiser concerning the palmerins, or palmerins, were not the hamlet, or collection of houses appropriated peculiarly to them, called and known as Palmerin's or Palmer's Village to this very day.

Of all the human burrows in and about London, there is not one comparable, in its way, to Palmer's Village, into which I followed my fair little guide, under an archway not much more than four feet high, close to the mouth of which stood a steam-engine of peculiar, and to me incomprehensible, construction—the engineer uttering at intervals a short and rapid guttural sound, which I then conceived to be a warning to passengers to avoid the engine, but which more matured experience has informed me is simply an announcement to the nobility, gentry, his friends, and the public, that his steaming apparatus contains "baked taters, a halfpenny a piece—all hot—all hot!"

For the information of the curious in such matters, who may be induced by my description to essay the wonders of Palmer's Village, I take the liberty to observe, that, at the further end of the tunnel, or archway, aforesaid, is a step, over which new comers are apt to break either their shins or noses, which accident is facetiously called by the villagers paying your footing. When your footing is thus paid, by your footing being lost, you emerge into an alley or avenue, fifteen inches wide, or thereabouts, affording room for one person, and no more, to pass along, and fenced on either side with old barrel staves, broken iron hoops, and rotten paling of every variety of scantling. Within the fence, on either side this path—which, I should have observed, is neither paved, nor flagged, nor bituminized, but simply one aboriginal puddle from end to end—are arranged the gardens of the respective tenements, two or three palings being

omitted from the line of palisade for the convenience of pigs and tenantry. No gardens, I am sure, from the hanging gardens of Babylon, to the gin-drinking gardens of White Conduit House, can exhibit in the same space (two yards square each) the variety of ingenious devices that ornament the gardens of Palmer's Village. A bit of anything green is the only deficiency observable, but this is supplied by a curious artistical arrangement of puddle-holes, dung-heaps, cabbage stalks, brick-bats, and broken bottles. The tenements attached are like nothing on the face of this world but themselves—a sort of half-breed between hovel and wigwam, with the least trace of cottage running in the blood. There are two stories, with two windows to each, in the face of these extraordinary village edifices—the window containing, on an average, three old hats, one flannel petticoat, and two patched panes of glass—each; there was also to each house a doorway, and some had an apology for a door.

You are not to suppose that there exists only one avenue through Palmer's Village, or one only straggling street of the tenements above mentioned. There are as many avenues, lanes, holes and bores, as there used to be in the catacombs—houses huddled upon houses, without regard to discipline or good order; in short, were I a magistrate, I should feel inclined to read the riot act, Palmer's Village being strictly within the spirit and meaning of that enactment—a neighbourhood tumultuously assembled!

The houses, individually, look as if they deserved to be fined five shillings every man jack of them, for being drunk. They had evidently been up all night, and wore an intoxicated and disorderly look, which no well-regulated and respectable tenement would disgrace himself by being seen in. Stooping under the rotten paling, I was at length received into one of the most tattered and demoralized mansions, and, having picked my way up a worn-out stair to the two-pair back—a miserable place, wherein a counterpane of patch-work, spread over a little straw upon the ground, a broken chair, a stool, three bars of nail rod stuck in the chimney by way of grate, with a bit of the same material to serve for poker, a frying-pan, a salt herring and a half, perforated through the optics, upon a

nail, a tea-kettle, and a smoothing-iron, made up the ostensible furniture of the apartment. I sat down, while the little girl proceeded to get a light, upon the patch-work quilt, which served admirably as an ottoman, and began to meditate in what particular line of life I should proceed to make my fortune in splendid London. That I should make my fortune, and that in less than no time, I never doubted—as who ever did, who has read, with the attention it deserves, the interesting history of *Whittington and his Cat*? The lady of the house, having packed up her China oranges, and other foreign fruits, and also having disposed of the last of her stock of roasted chestnuts, at a dreadful sacrifice, “to close sales,” came home at last, bringing our intended supper, consisting of a pound and a half of live eels—in her pocket, and dispatched little Bridget upon an errand, for a ha’p’orth of loose sticks and a quarter of a hundred of coals. Loose sticks, I may as well apprise the ignorant reader, are neither more nor less than the ligneous relics of the woodcutter, after making up his tidy bundles for sale. This refuse is offered to the poor at the close of the day’s work, and sold, as every earthly good gift is in London, from principalities and territories, down to the sediment of their cisterns and the dirt of their streets—from turtle and turbot, to stale sprats and stinking mackerel—from pine-apples and truffles, at half a guinea an ounce, to chickenweed and turnip-tops, at a farthing the fistful.

The coals and loose sticks having been procured without much difficulty—there being, in truth, no difficulty whatever, in this metropolis, in procuring any thing you may want, if you have money ready in your hand to pay for it, civility only excepted—the frying-pan was put in requisition, the live eels, seeing that their variegated contortions procured them no respite, submitted quietly to be fried out of existence. A quart of small beer was sent for, and the little party, the live eels alone excepted, began to show that animated twinkle of the eye, and gratified expansion of countenance, that not unusually is expressed upon the physiognomy of a hungry customer, who expects something good, and knows where to put it. The eatables being at length discussed, first being

fairly and jealously apportioned, by our hospitable entertainer, in four nearly equal portions, or "halves," which were consumed in much less time than I take to tell it. Bridget—little Bridget, I should say, that young lady's admirable mother being known in Palmer's Village as "the Bridget"—having begun to put away, and the couple of plates and brace of saucers, which had stood us instead of a service of plate, having been washed, the elder Bridget, gazing at me with an expression of countenance, such as one puts on when regarding some rare and curious animal new caught, broke out in full flood with—

"Arrah! now, Lord have mercy upon us, what brought you here at all, alannah?"

"I came here to get something to do," said I—"to better myself."

"To better yerself? An' is it fallin' down dead in the could streets wid the hunger ye call betterin' o' yerself? Have ye ever a trade, honey?"

"The devil a trade," said I, with as much carelessness as I could assume.

"Nor no money?"

"Not a cross," replied I, diving into my penniless pockets, after the manner of the factory-boy.

"Nor any body to look to yees?" enquired the lady of Seville.

"Nobody but myself."

"Oh! wirra—oh! wirra—oh! wirrastrus—my poor boy—my poor boy!" began the Cork woman, wringing her hands, poking down her head between her knees, moving her person backwards and forwards with a motion not at all unlike a bumboat rolling at anchor, and commencing one of those unearthly and barbarous yells, which the learned and cultivated old Irish let out at times of distress and lamentation; a practice which, in this poor woman's case, was really indicative of concern, and therefore less abhorrent to my feelings than the hired yells of the mercenary savages who follow funerals, proclaiming to the ears of the whole country round that they are neither more nor less than wild beasts howling in the wilderness.

My landlady kept undulating, howling, and wirrastruing, for at least an hour by Westminster clock—a most satisfactory expression, no doubt, of her desire for the success of a young Irish adventurer, but not quite so gra-

tifying to my feelings, howled over in this manner, as if I had been no better than a lost mutton.

When her lungs were quite gone, and she had arrived at that state of pulmonary exhaustion which the faculty are in the habit of expressing scientifically by the strictly professional periphrasis of "bellows to mend," the orange-woman expressed a decided opinion, that a little drop of cream of the valley would do her all the good in the world, enquiring of your humble servant in the same breath, whether I had ever, in my life, tasted cream of the valley. I revolved in my own mind all the lactic modifications that had ever traversed my oesophagus, as, for instance, curds and whey, strawberries and cream, pedlar's cream, iced cream, cream cheese, milk punch, Glasgow ditto, sack posset—all other milks and creams, moreover, whereof the dairyman knows less than the perfumer, such as cold cream, milk of roses, and the like—Irish white wine I thought of, and buttermilk—but was at last fairly driven to confess that I was innocent of the flavour of cream of the valley.

"Arrah, do ye know, at all at all, what it is, ye *gommaugh*?" enquired the orange-woman, indignantly.

"No, indeed, ma'am," replied I, abashed at the limited extent of my lactic information.

"Why thin," said my hostess, rapturously—"tis nothing at all but the sweetest of mountain dew, wid roses and lilies in it!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, licking my lips; "then it must be nectar, indeed."

Little Bridget was quickly dispatched for a quartern of this precious fluid, and returned in less than five seconds—live where you will in London, the public-house is always next door but two—ushering in a rather elderly lady, with a compressed lip and severe eye—a lady formally introduced to me as Mrs Spikins, what lived in the two-pair front, and took in washing. Little Bridget set about scouring the chair for the accommodation of this lady, who amused herself, in the interval, in discussing the cream of the valley with our hostess, that very discussion being, to say the truth, the sole purpose she had in view—for I could not help wondering that the preliminary screaming and howl-

ing of her neighbour had by no means acted so attractively as the magnet of a quartern of gin.

Gin! cheap luxury of the labourer in London—sweet solace of the labourer's wife—mother's milk of the labourer's child! Gin! to procure thee, what will not mechanics do, and what will not their wives consign to the disinterested keeping of "my uncle!" Gin! thou pallid demon, reflecting thy hideousness in every face we meet—slow poison thou, but sure—how many thousands of hapless wretches hast thou consigned to an early and unpitied grave!

Mrs Spikins seemed to consider the pallid demon a very choice spirit, and sipped and gossipped, and gossipped and sipped, until more than two quarterns, or three either, of the mountain dew, with roses in it, had evaporated from the face of the earth. My unfortunate condition, and hardly less fortunate prospects, formed a not inconsiderable topic of discourse between Mrs Spikins and my landlady—a thousand modes of livelihood being proposed to me, and abandoned, from their impossibility, as soon as mooted. At last, Mrs Spikins, slapping both legs with both hands, and expanding her lipless mouth, grinned a declaration of discovery, and protested that she knew a wrinkle that would make my fortune. This being the very object most at heart, I implored the lady *what* took in washing to keep me no longer in suspense; whereupon the lady informed me, that somebody had told some other body as told her, that at all the daily newspaper offices throughout the metropolis, the advertisements were exhibited gratis; and that, if I got up betimes, and went round from one to the other, I should surely see something to suit me to a nicety.

It was now long past midnight, and the cream of the valley being all gone, the lady *what* took in washing having also gone the moment that the cream of the valley aforesaid was fully discussed, there seemed nothing for it but to go to bed, which we accordingly did, in manner and form following:—Little Bridget having disrobed behind the chair, slipped under the counterpane. Bridget the great then undressed her dresses and decorations, as far as decency would permit, put out the rushlight, and turned in with her daughter; the only arrangement practicable for

me being to repose "heads and points" on the outside of the patchwork quilt; whereon I laid myself down to rest accordingly, regretting much that the Londoners would be unable to avail themselves of my transcendent talents until the following day, and fully determined to have nothing to do with any employer who would not come down with a handsome salary, treat me as one of the family, and give me a share in the business.

The grey dawn of morning was beginning to appear, when I started from my dreams of lord mayors and gold chains, bags of money, ribs of roast-beef, and I know not what other delicacies, and prepared to make a tour of the newspaper offices, preliminary to fixing on some light and profitable business—light, because I had a natural and instinctive antipathy to work—and profitable, because I had a natural and instinctive fondness for money. In short, a sinecure, I concluded, would be just the thing for my money, and came to the conclusion that, if there was a sinecurist advertised for in any of the morning papers, I would start off, and offer my services on the spur of the moment. As I walked through the streets on my way towards the Strand—(which I expected to find a smooth pebbly beach; with bathing-boxes and fishing-boats lying all about; enlivened by groups of little bare-legged urchins wading in search of shrimps)—the sons of labour were hastening in all directions to the commencement of their daily toil—the milk-man sent forth his peculiar cry—and the little half-naked chimney-sweepers, bare-legged and black, emitted "sw—e—e—p," with a melancholy that struck me to the heart. I will not fatigue the reader with the difficulties I encountered in finding my way to the newspaper offices—his experience of a first visit to London will supply him amply with tender recollections of his own exploratory annoyances—let it be enough that the newspaper office was opened at last, and a copy of the paper, reeking from the press, having been pasted, by a dirty devil, upon a sheet of brown paper in the outer office or counting-house, for the convenience of persons advertising, I was permitted gratuitously to consult the same. I gazed for some minutes, in speechless astonishment, at the vast number and

extraordinary diversity of the announcements, from the first ship for Madras and Calcutta, which formed the advanced guard, down to the plain cook, who could have a twelvemonth's character from her last place; or the valet, who could dress hair, air lap-dogs, and had no objection to town or country. I was there informed, that if the relatives of Muggins, who was born in the year 1701, and was not unreasonably supposed to be defunct, would apply to Figgins, attorney-at-law, they (the Mugginses, to wit) would hear of something to their advantage; and that if Higgins, who ran away from home, having first broken the till, and carried off his father's loose change, would return to his disconsolate parents, all would be forgiven, and he would be afforded an early opportunity of breaking the till a second time, and running away as before. Next came awful announcements of sales, under decrees of the High Court of Chancery—lodgings to let in different parts of the town, every lodging of them being, curiously enough, exactly within five minutes' walk of *all* the public offices—boarding-houses, musical and select, in the immediate vicinity of Russell Square; every boarding-house out of the United States being in this vicinity, and no other, where one lady or one gentleman, or a gentleman and his wife, or a wife and her gentleman, or two sisters, or two brothers, or three or more twins, or a limited or unlimited number of select ladies or gentlemen, might be received into a corresponding number of vacancies, at all prices, from fifteen shillings a-week to fifty, extras not inclusive. Sir John Brute, I observed, informed tradesmen and the public, that "he would be accountable for no debts that might be contracted by his wife, Lady Brute, she having left his house without any provocation whatever." Her ladyship, in the advertisement immediately following, "requests the public to suspend their judgment upon the circumstances, until she is sufficiently recovered from the dreadful beating received from her drunken spouse, to lay the particulars of her connubial felicity before them." The landlord of the Cat and Compasses, Little Cow-Cross Street, Smithfield, informs Mr Erasmus Twig, that if he (Twig) does not, within three calendar days, pay his bill at the Cat and

Compasses, his portmanteau, with the contents, will be sold to defray expenses—which announcement, when Twig beholds, he is ready to burst with laughing, well knowing that the devoted portmanteau contains nothing more saleable than brick-bats and sawdust. Next came announcements for sale of heroic horses, who will rather die than run—all and singular being the genuine property of a gentleman—horse-chopper, understood.

There was an announcement from Morison, the pill-monger, informing a discerning public how many of his agents had been convicted of manslaughter, and how much his poison was to be had for per bushel—there were also numerous puffing rhodomontades from other unhanged quacks. I observed, that "a surgeon was required for a free pauper (!) emigrant ship, bound for Botany Bay—he would be accommodated with a passage out, but not home—would not be required to go aloft, but expected to take his turn at the pumps—no wages—a fellow of the college of physicians preferred." Application was directed to be made, by the applicants for this highly paid office, to "Judas Iscariot Crimp, government transportation agent, Birchen Lane, Cornhill."

How I lamented my hard fate in not being a fellow of the college of physicians!

I read with much attention a requisition for "a classical assistant, who would be expected to take, in addition, the highest mathematical and junior copy-book classes—French, the language of the school—would have the charge of the boys during play-hours, and sleep in the dormitory—salary £20 per annum, tea and washing not included. N.B.—Must be a graduate, in honours, of Oxford or Cambridge."

"Curse on my stingy old aunt," I exclaimed, in a fury, "for not sending me to Oxford or Cambridge, where I might have graduated in honours, and so made sure of this splendid situation for life! What care I for tea—and as for washing, I thank my stars that I have always been accustomed to wash for myself."

Thus I repined—but where was the use of repining?—I was not, alas! a graduate in honours of Cambridge or Oxford.

An advertisement from a young

man, offering "to lend, on good security, two or three thousand pounds to any firm who would procure the advertiser the place of light warehouseman; or any other decent employment." Here, thought I to myself, now, is a man who, if he were unfortunately born in Ireland, would have horses, guns, and dogs, go to gambling-houses, and race-courses, ride steeple-chases, and, conducting himself to all outward appearance like a blackguard, would shoot through the head, without ceremony, any body who denied that he was a gentleman—God help them—God mend them!

I was forcibly struck with the case of a master tailor at the west end of the town, who announced himself in want of a first-rate cutter,—salary, with constant employment, five guineas per week.

Heavens! what do the graduates in honours of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Fellows of the College of Physicians, say to that?—look on this picture and on this—the remuneration that attends a life of study, and the prospects held out to a first-rate cutter!

And now—for I see no reason that a man who has done no good for himself, ought not, nevertheless, to do good for others—if I have nothing else to bestow, I can be munificent in advice; and the experience which has cost me the prime of my life, and all my money, under my hand and seal, I here present to your worship for nothing. I say, if there be in all England one elderly gentleman—in Ireland they are as plenty as blackberries—one man to whom years have not brought experience, nor grey hairs wisdom—who, to gratify a senile vanity, spends his little all upon giving to his sons lofty professions, towards success in which they have neither capital, patrons, nor connexions, and then turns them out upon a heartless world, with their pride and profession to sustain, in genteel poverty and reluctant idleness, the burden of a breaking heart—if there be one father of a family about to sacrifice his son at the shrine of his own fantastic vanity, let me assure him, in sober sadness, that a good trade is a good thing—that professions are a drug in the market of society—that the fruit of his loins will never turn out Lord High Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury,

whatever he may think to the contrary—that his goatings will never grow up into swans—and that he himself, with reverence be it spoken, is neither more nor less than an old fool!

Finding nothing in the leading morning journals to suit me—every one there advertising for employment being prepared to give douceurs to any amount, and persons who had employments to bestow putting them up for sale—I turned my weary steps towards an office in which I was informed good livelihoods were advertised; a livelihood was a living, and, as Goldsmith said of himself in circumstances hardly dissimilar, "all my ambition was how to live." But I found it here as elsewhere—every thing at its full value, and nothing for nothing. An active lad, who could command fifty pounds to put into the business, might, I observed, be permanently employed as pot-boy; and a gentleman's servant, or man and his wife, with eight or nine hundred pounds, might be introduced (well they might!) into a right good living. There were a few advertisements for light-porters and bar-men, with a to me highly gratifying postscript, to the effect that no *emerald* need apply! There was also a requisition from the vestry-clerk of the parish of Mary-le-bone, for a number of labourers to scour out a sewer that polluted the neighbourhood; to this there was no sentence of exclusion against Irishmen attached, for obvious reasons.

But why fatigue the reader with the minutiae of my unsuccessful exertions? Suffice it to say that for ten days—during which time the benevolent fruitress, with that overflowing kindness of heart which is the distinguishing characteristic of the poorest class of Irish towards one another, gave me share of what she idiomatically termed "her bite and her sup"—I tried for employment everywhere, and was everywhere repulsed. One informed me, that he wouldn't take an Irishman if he was paid for keeping him; another demanded to know if I had a two years' character; a third wished me to understand, before entering into particulars, that I would be expected to "come down" with a fifty-pound "flimsey," as security for the trust reposed; while a Hebrew in Houndsditch, who wanted a buyer in his rag-

store, peremptorily declared, "dat he couldn't give no monish, by Gosh, to no buyer fat hadn't a 'spectable connexion in de ragah bishness!" In short, nobody would take me for nothing now, because nobody had enjoyed my services previously at the same price; and it appeared that I was fit for nothing in time to come, because I had, unfortunately, been unable to get anything in times gone by. The five shillings given me as I lay on the ground, by the drunken sailor, had long been exhausted; hope was oozing out of my broken-hearted carcass, like Rob Acres's courage at the tips of his fingers, and despondency and despair looked out at either eye, like a couple of jail-birds peeping from their respective cells in Cold-bath-fields prison.

It was as plain as the nose on Lord Morpeth's face—a figure intelligible to the meanest capacity—that I had nothing for it but to embrace the military profession, to escape experiencing for the second, and probably last time, the agonies of hunger; to save my life by perilling it in the service of his Majesty; to sell myself, body and soul, to my country, for an unlimited term of service, for a glass of grog and a shilling!

I think I told the reader that Westminster, in the olden time, was a horrid nest of monks and other profligates. The monks are gone, but all the other vagabonds remain in full force and effect, as the law-makers call it, to this very day. Westminster is the emporium of crimps, recruiting sharks, Sergeant Kite, and the haunt of their desperate and hopeless victims—the last refuge of the destitute in London. Every neighbourhood in the metropolis has its character—an individuality about it; all are, to be sure, composed alike of bricks, mortar, blue-moulded stucco, and bad taste. Yet each locality is as different in nature, and as far removed in the social scale from its fellows, as if, instead of being part and parcel of one enormous whole, it was removed half the earth's diameter from its neighbour. Thus, for example, Arlington Street is aristocratic; Park Lane, particular; Stafford Place, suspicious; and the Albany, rakish. Russell Square, again, as every body knows, is very middling indeed; while the New Road is out of all question. Mary-le-bone is mixed; Pentonville,

low cockney; and Clerkenwell, abominable. Spitalfields is starved; Southwark, stupid; Somerstown, refugee; Bayswater, genteel; Kensington Gore, ditto; Wandsworth and Vauxhall, shabby ditto; Kingsland and Hoxton, beastly; but Westminster—let me see—yes, Westminster is—I have hit upon the very word—Westminster is rascally! A man has no right to libel a neighbourhood, any more than a neighbour; and, therefore, when I say Westminster is rascally, I beg to be understood to limit my reprobation to that part of it which lies between the Broad Sanctuary and Pimlico, thence extending south and west, and not to extend, or be construed to extend, to Belgrave Square, Eaton Square, and parts thereunto adjacent.

If you happen to be passing along Tothill Street late at night—a proceeding I would recommend you to avoid as you value an integral skull—you find numbers of hulking fellows in smock-frocks, and every possible variety of costume, loitering about; every second house is a gin-palace, filled choke-full with low prostitutes and their pals; while, from the premises in the rear, there issue obscure sounds of clandestine music and surreptitious dancing. There are some few eating-houses in this neighbourhood, too; but they are usually empty—Westminster generally dining from home, and the eating there bearing about the same proportion to the drinking, as Falstaff's halfpennyworth of bread to his two gallons of sack. It was to this classic region, then, that I betook myself, when hunger had inspired me with the martial fire of the God of war himself; and, pausing opposite one of the most densely populated spirituous pandemoniums, I was attracted by two tawdry prints in the window, the one representing six or seven gallant warriors in red coats, spatch-cocking, with their united bayonets, a half-naked native of Hindostan; the other depicting, with equally graphic effect, the scarlet warriors distributing the spoils of the native aforesaid, deceased. Underneath, in large letters, was the following attractive announcement:—

"Bringers of good men, five feet seven, twelve shillings—five feet six, six shillings, cash down, on passing the doctor." Now, I happen to be

five feet eleven, or thereabouts, and calculating myself, bones and offal included, at six shillings an inch—that being the rate of human flesh in these days for military purposes, I determined that, if a man five feet seven gave a bounty to the crimps of twelve shillings, a fellow five feet eleven was fairly entitled to just four times six shillings more; whereupon I strutted into the gin palace, determined to have value for every extra inch, and to be my own bringer. The place was crammed so full of crimps, bringers, recruiting sergeants, watchmen, raw recruits, and gentlemen like myself, intending to embrace the heroic line, that I had leisure to retreat into the back premises where the votaries of Terpsichore were engaged, in what some classic author, with equal tenderness and taste, calls “sweating the boards.” An old man, blind, rolling about his sightless orbs, as if in search of light, his head thrown back on his shoulders, and his mouth habitually open, to receive the drink of all kinds which the customers poured liberally down his throat, thundered away, upon a cracked grand piano, something like a strathspey or jig, to which time was beat by a couple of ladies in black eyes, and a corresponding number of gentlemen, with sticking plaster upon the bridges of their respective noses—the apartment reeking with tobacco, beer, foul breath, onions, and garlic. I sat down on a bench in the farthest corner of this choice assembly-room, and scanned curiously the extraordinary groups of human life that filled every table. Here, a parcel of guardsmen, having succeeded in making an old watchman beastly drunk, were engaged in dissecting his rattle—there, a lady lay against the wall, rather “overcome,” insensible, apparently, to the delicate attentions of a couple of raw recruits, who were engaged, with the assistance of soot mixed with beer, in converting her visage to the complexion of Othello—close to a wall, whereto was attached a machine like a magnified shoe-maker’s rule, but which was, in fact, a standard of measurement for recruiting purposes, stood a pale young man, of rather gentlemanly appearance, dressed in a suit of hungry black, and looking every whit as hungry as his dress. A recruiting sergeant, in full uniform, his cap overshadowed with ribbons of every con-

ceivable colour, stooped down to examine the calves of the gentlemanlike young man’s legs, who stood under the standard craning his neck, and elevating himself on tip-toe, as if by taking thought he could add a cubit to his stature.

“Do you think I’ll do?” said the gentlemanlike young man, with a face as long as if his life depended (which it probably did) on his receiving a favourable answer.

“Do I think you’ll do?—not I, by my soul, unless you pull out like a pocket spy-glass,” was the unsatisfactory reply.

“Let me have a look at him,” said another of the recruiting sergeants, pressing forwards, seizing upon the gentlemanlike young man, turning him round and round, feeling his arms, legs, and ribs, like a South Carolina slave-buyer at a Yankee “free and independent” Nigger-market.

“I’m not as fat as I was,” said the gentlemanlike young man—“I’ve been three years usher at a select school for young gentlemen.”

“Usher!” said one of the recruiting sergeants, with a scornful laugh—“blast you, if you had served the king three years like a gentleman, your ribs wouldn’t be sticking through your pelt, blast me! You might have been a lance corporal by this time, blast me!”

“Could you get me passed?” enquired the usher, despondingly.

“Me! The doctor will pass you, if you’re all sound, and no corns on your toes: hold out your hand, blast you!” said serjeant Kite, exhibiting, as he said it, a shilling between his finger and thumb.

“You consent to serve his Majesty, take notice, for an unlimited period, by land and sea, in peace and war—to be subject to the mutiny act and the articles of war—and to behave in all things as becomes an honourable man and a good soldier?” said Sergeant Kite, grasping the extended palm of the usher, and suspending in air the shilling. “I do,” was the reply.

The music stopped—the dancers gave over, joining the rest of the room in crowding round the young man, who stood under the standard leaning against the wall, one hand grasped in the hand of Sergeant Kite, while the other tremulously sustained a glass of wine to be quaffed off, the moment he

was enlisted, to his Majesty's health. One of the ladies in black eyes pinned a flash cockade to the young gentleman's hat, and replaced it sideways on his head—pipes were taken out of mouths, and pots and glasses raised, in eager expectation of the coming toast—the shilling went slap into the young man's palm, with a sound like a musket-shot. "The King!" exclaimed Sergeant Kite, enthusiastically—"hurra, hurra, hurra!" responded the whole room—the lady of the Othello visage started from her snooze, and the watchman essayed in vain to spring his dissected rattle—the wine was gulped, the shilling pocketed, and the usher from that moment converted into a hero!

"How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day!"

said, or rather sung, a tallow-faced man as he entered the room, advancing to a table where a haggard looking man was scribbling away in a blackleather note-book, and invited the haggard gentleman to drink of his (the tallow-faced man's) pot of beer to his Majesty's health.

The haggard man was below the middle size, and apparently about forty-five years of age—he might be no more than thirty, for his face was one of those faces where toil has anticipated time—his mouth and chin were enveloped in a shabby cotton shawl—his dress was poor and slovenly; but his forehead was large and intellectual; thin flakes of hair negligently strayed over it, and looking as if they had been parched by the continual working of the brain beneath. I saw at a glance that he was a man habitually engaged in mental labour of some sort, and looked at him with reverence; for knowing that in London literary persons were abjectly poor, and, of course, held by every body, from the baron to the bag-man, in great and deserved contempt, I concluded he might be an author.

In his left hand he grasped a small portable ink-bottle, a quiver of arrows in the shape of pens lay before him, a pot of beer at his elbow, and a pen in his fingers, with which he rattled over the paper with the rapidity of lightning, tearing out the leaves as he completed each, and flinging them into his

hat one after the other. I could see him refer continually to a scrap of dirty paper before him, which was covered with blots and scratches of the pen, to me altogether unintelligible, but which seemed to serve the haggard man as the storehouse of his ideas, upon whatever topic he was at that moment scribbling with such railroad rapidity. The noise, tumult, oaths, dancing, piano-playing, and black-guardism going on, appeared to give this gentleman no manner of uneasiness: he scribbled and scribbled away, without so much as looking about him, his sole relaxation being the frequent entombment of his face in the recesses of the pot before him, and a silent gesture to the dirty pot-boy, to intimate his desire of having the empty pot refilled.

After vain attempts to induce the haggard man to leave off his penmanship, for the purpose of drinking to his Majesty's health, the crimp (for such was the tallow-faced man) honoured me with a similar invitation, the which, being ready to drop down dead with thirst, I readily accepted.

"Perhaps," said the crimp, "you might be inclined to serve his Majesty as well as drink to him?"

"Perhaps I might," said I, "if the bounty be good."

"You're a likely young chap," remarked the crimp, approvingly.

"My mother always thought so," replied I.

"You're the full standard height?" enquired the tallow-faced man.

"More than that by four inches," I replied.

"Take another pull," said the crimp, handing me the half-empty pot.

"Here's luck, then," said I, "and more of the best of it."

To make a long story short, I was put under the standard, and discovered to be tall enough for any thing in the army—the Household Brigade only excepted; so that, if I did not get a good regiment, it was not for want of plenty of them among which to pick and choose. My ribs, and calves, and arms, were fingered all over; my shoes were pulled off, to see if I had bunions or corns to interfere with a march; and my stockings were pulled down to see if I had varicose veins in my legs, or scars on my shins. My head was carefully looked over for the marks of blows or cuts, and I was desired by

Sergeant Kite to cough several times, in order to ascertain whether I might not be in the condition of "bellows to mend." I was put by the tallow-faced man into all sorts of attitudes, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of my muscular conformation; and, after some demurring to the roundness of my shoulders, and my being cursed small over the hips (which I always considered rather a beauty than a blemish in a man), it was determined that I should be enlisted, subject to the approbation of the doctor, and be permitted to stand to be shot at in battles wherein I had no earthly concern, for my allowances, prize-money, and sixpence a-day. I was put under the standard, the glass of wine was brought, the ladies and gentlemen gathered round as before—a lady in a black eye was preparing my cockade—Sergeant Kite stood like an auctioneer ready to knock me down to his Majesty for a shilling—the heroic usher, by this time nine parts drunk, standing by to welcome a new companion in arms.

"'Tis no use starving," I exclaimed in a loud voice, as I held out my hand, looking round the room wistfully, as if to make my own use of my optics for the last time—" 'Tis no use starving."

"Not a bit of it—hiccup—I don't like that school—hiccup—the army for ever—hiccup—and confusion—hiccup—to select—hiccup—seminaries," hiccuped the heroic instructor of young gentlemen.

"You consent to serve his Majesty, take notice," said Kite, commencing his professional harangue, "for an unlimited period in"—

"I was a gentleman once," said I, with true Hibernian assumption of gentility—a thing, by the way, compounded of beggarly poverty and more beggarly pride—"I was a gentleman once."

"So you are now," said the tallow-faced man; "every soldier is a gentleman."

"You are a gentle—hiccup—man—give me your—hiccup—I'm glad to—hiccup—your acquaintance," said the heroic usher, proffering his hand and pot.

"Yes," I repeated, "I was a gentleman."

"Don't interrupt," observed Sergeant Kite—"in peace and war, by

land and sea, to be subject to the mutiny act and the articles of war, and to behave in all things as becomes"—

"Yes," said I, "as I said before, I was a gentleman—a gentleman of the press."

The haggard man started up. I looked at him, and observed sticking in one eye a half-crown piece, while he transmitted to me a volley of most significant winks with the other. I thought I saw meaning in his wink, and my martial ardour dropped down to zero in a moment.

"Cut it short, sergeant," said I, withdrawing my hand, and stuffing it into my breeches pocket for greater security—"Cut it short—I shan't enlist this turn."

Sergeant Kite, the tallow-faced crimp, and the heroic usher, fell back two paces, each in speechless astonishment at this unlooked-for announcement.

"You're too late, my buck," said the crimp—"you can't back out now."

"You're enlisted already, by —," said the sergeant.

"You're enlisted, by—hiccup"—echoed the heroic usher.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said I; "but I haven't taken the shilling."

Sergeant Kite threw the shilling dexterously at my bosom, in the hope it might stick; but I was too quick for him, and the coin fell on the floor.

"You drank his Majesty's beer," said the crimp, black in the face with fury.

"You have his Majesty's wine in your cowardly fist," said Sergeant Kite.

"You drank my—hiccup"—echoed the heroic usher.

"His Majesty," said I, "is too much of a gentleman to grudge a loyal subject a drop of his beer, or wine either; so here's health and happiness to him, and confusion to all his enemies."

Sergeant Kite stumped and roared with rage; the tallow-faced crimp's face was like to burst; and the heroic usher staggered speechlessly about the room.

The haggard man, I observed, had put up all his traps, fitted his hat tightly on his head, and turned up the cuffs of his coat rather ominously—I presume he saw how matters would end.

"You're enlisted, I tell you," said Kite, "and blast me if you stir!"

"You don't mean to say you'll keep me here against my will?" I enquired.

"I mean to say you're a soldier, and under my command—so halt!"

"Ay, halt! you cowardly, white-livered, rascally sponge," said the crimp, setting his teeth at me in a position so favourable for being sent down his throat, that I could not help, though I had died for it the next moment, drawing my left fist—rather an ugly customer—and planting a smashing facer immediately on his expanded mug, which improved the crimp's physiognomy by the instantaneous addition of a hare-lip, and sent all his incisors and canines smack down his throat "on particular service."

"Bolt for your life," said the haggard man, starting to his feet—"run, or you're a dead man—fly for your life, sir"—repeated the haggard man, clearing his way towards the door, and bestowing on Sergeant Kite, who had

half withdrawn his sabre from its sheath, a blow under the hilt of the ear—which sent that functionary whirling round on his axis, and finally involved him and the heroic usher in one tremendous fall; whereupon we leaped over the prostrate pair, and laying about us hot and heavy, cleared our passage to the street door, when the haggard man, taking the lead, wound and doubled in and out of the lanes and alleys at the rise of Tothill Street, emerged into the Broad Sanctuary, ran like fury through St Margaret's Churchyard, skirted Westminster Hall, over the bridge, and never drew bridle—breath I should say—until, opening by means of a latch key the door of a small house in an obscure part of the neighbourhood of the Waterloo Road, my preserver began to clamber up the stairs in the dark, dragging me after!

FASCICULUS THE TWELFTH.

"Ah! q'une belle demoteelle c'est une strange affaire."—MOLIERE.

I came, through the instrumentality of the haggard man, who was a native of Cork, by name Teague O'Desmond O'Swizzle, to be employed in very respectable business as a suck-mug. A suck-mug, I would respectfully give your ladyship to understand, is a galley-slave chained to a newspaper press, and working himself to an oil for whatever he can possibly get—which amounts to as little as his employers choose to give him, that being the usual remuneration of literary persons, of whatever description. If you happen to be crossing Hyde Park, or any other park or place, and get knocked down by a shabby-genteel pallid-faced man, who is running for his bare life, with a bundle of quill pens (steel does not write fast enough) sticking out of one pocket, and a quire of foolscap out of the other, that man is a suck-mug. He has been attending a coroner's inquest at Bayswater, and is now running to attend another at the Pig and Whistle, near Vauxhall. If you are in Whitechapel in the evening, you see the same man returning from the East India Docks, whither he went to enquire about an extensive robbery of gold dust, and to write a long paragraph about it, which his employers cut down to four lines,

value twopence! You see the same man, two hours after, going out of one river-side public house into another, in search of "Lives lost on the river;" when, if he be lucky enough to hear that three young men, named Spriggins, Huggins, and Jiggins, residing in Long Lane, Bermondsey, were drowned that evening, returning from Blackwall, he rubs his hands with delight, runs off to the newspaper office, puts in the deaths of Spriggins, Huggins, and Jiggins, and returns joyously to his family—who live in a garret over Westminster Bridge—with as much as will buy a polony a-piece, and a pot of beer for supper! In the morning he is off by daylight, to see whether the bodies of Spriggins, Huggins, and Jiggins have been found; if so, he gets his breakfast by that; and the report of the coroner's inquest, the day after, brings him in food for that day. He drinks at all times, and in all places, like a fish or coal-whipper; and if you put him into a hog's head of double X, he sucks it all up, at every pore of his skin. He is an Irishman, this hodman of literature; and came over here twenty years ago with a view to the Woolsack, but dare not show his nose in the Temple, where

he entered his name as a law student, on account of a long arrear of unpaid fees. His heart and spirit have been broken long ago—the hopes upon which he fed for years have died within him, and their epitaphs may be read legibly on his brow! Such, madam, is a penny-a-liner—an inferior gentleman of the press—a member of the “fourth estate”—a newspaper drudge—in short, a suck-mug!

I was ever ambitious of moving in genteel society; like the menagerie-man's favourite bear, I could never be brought to dance to any but the very genteelst of tunes, such as “Water Parted,” or the “Minuet in Ariadne!” It is not wonderful, therefore, that, seeing in the *Times* newspaper an announcement to the effect that, in a genteel—I do love that word—in a genteel and pianoforte performing family—harp and guitar also, if required—a widow lady—what a chance for a young Irishman with whiskers of best curled hair!—“and her two daughters”—think of that, a whisker a-piece!—“would be happy to receive into the circle of their society a philomusical gentleman of gentility,—N.B. If a flute and backgammon player, will be preferred. Terms according to room. Apply to Raggins, tripe-scurer, Judd Street, corner of Caroline Street, New Road.” Now, it so happened that I was philomusical and a flute player; back-gammon I did not, unfortunately, comprehend, but trusted that difficulty might be got over. Being a gentleman of the press, I was *a fortiori* a gentleman; and being an Irish gentleman, I concluded myself—as every Irish gentleman, from Colonel Connolly down to a cow-boy, concludes himself—a gentleman of gentility!

Accordingly, I posted away, in a tremendous flurry, to the domicile of Raggins the tripe-scurer.

That gentleman handed me a card, whereupon was written, evidently by one of the daughters, in an angular style, the address, “Mrs Skinaffint, Terrace Place, Bloody Bridge, Pentonville;” and to that classic and gin-drinking locality, I directed my impatient footsteps accordingly. After reconnoitring the premises—I always look at the physiognomy of an intended lodging, as well as at that of an intended landlady—I gave a thundering double-knock at the door, such as be-

came a gentleman of gentility; and, after the usual preliminary enquiry, was ushered into a little front parlour, where one of the young ladies Skinaffint was performing a fantasia of Hertz, with interminable variations, the other young lady Skinaffint holding the leaf of the music-book, ready for a quick turn over at “*volti subito*.”

The interminable variations were stopped in full cry, by the entrance of the lady of the boarding-house herself, who, motioning the musical young ladies out of the room with one hand, motioned me to a chair with the other; and giving her soiled net cap with faded blue ribbons a lateral twitch or two, the better to conceal a few locks which straggled from beneath her well-oiled front, Mrs Skinaffint set herself down, grinning expectancy, and looking as if she was glad she put the advertisement in the paper.

“Beg pardon, ma’am,” I began.

“By no means, sir—don’t say so,” observed Mrs Skinaffint condescendingly.

“I have taken the liberty of troubling you, madam,” I went on, “in consequence of an advertisement”—

“In the *Times* of this morning,” interrupted Mrs Skinaffint, who, it was plain to be seen, could not keep her tongue within her teeth for two seconds consecutively.

“Exactly so, madam,” said I—“musical, I believe?”

“And select,” said Mrs Skinaffint, with a toss of the head.

“Quite so, of course—your appearance, madam, is more than sufficient to guarantee that—I wish I had all the brandy in that brass nose of yours”—this latter observation was made *sotto voce*.

“Oh! dear, sir,” exclaimed the lady, hiding her brass nose in a last week’s pocket handkerchief.

“I had the pleasure to receive your address, madam,” continued I, “from Mr Raggins, the”—I would have said tripe-scurer; but the tripe stuck in my throat. Mrs Skinaffint, however, relieved me in a moment.

“Cats’-meat man—*our* cats’-meat man,” exclaimed Mrs Skinaffint.

“The same, madam, I believe.”

“Backgammon, madam, I perceive is a”—

“We are all so fond of a hit,” said the lady.

"I am ashamed to say I hardly know the game."

"My daughters will be so happy to instruct you."

I bowed low in reply to this liberal offer, and thought, though I didn't exactly look it, that that cock wouldn't fight.

"Will you look at the rooms?" said Mrs Skinafint, promptly reverting to business.

"With pleasure. Do me the favour to take my arm."

"You are so very kind."

I took the liberty of requesting from Mrs Skinafint the very lowest terms for her state bed-room for a permanency, and having screwed her down pretty tight, as the undertakers say, I ascended me up into the attic, where I affected marvellously to admire the view, and to inhale the smoke-dried atmosphere, as if it were champagne *mousseux*. After much fencing off and on as we walked down stairs, Mrs Skinafint and myself came to terms, or rather, I brought the lady to terms, having, before I set foot over the threshold, made up my mind to give fifteen shillings a-week, and not a sous more for a permanency, consisting of one week certain, and a week's notice if the lid didn't fit the box. What need of more words? The very same afternoon found me in a cab with my establishment, consisting of a tattered portmanteau, a patched travelling-bag, and a band-box, with my new hat in it, and my new hat-brush in my new hat, on the high road to my new 'fix' in Terrace Place, Bloody Bridge, Pentonville.

At six the bell was rung for dinner by the servant of all work, who, the moment she had rung the bell, clattered away down stairs to hook out the crimped skate, while Mrs Skinafint and myself, followed by the rest of the company, descended into the dining-room with as much consequence as if we had been descending to join the Queen's dinner party. The crimped skate, of which there was about as much as would have served a dyspeptic for luncheon, was distributed in mouthfuls on cold plates, with a table-spoonful of a fluid, by courtesy called melted butter, and to save skate and trouble, the dish was unskated before it had gone round the table. Mrs Skinafint and the two Misses Skinafint not taking fish, probably

because they didn't choose to take fish, perhaps because fish didn't agree with them, or, it may be, because there was no fish to take; and this last reason, to save logic, I request the printer to put first. The skate was not removed—for skate there was none to be removed—but the dish was removed, and a leg of mutton took its place. As the skate was a little too stale, so was the mutton a great deal too fresh; but there being nothing else, the live mutton was tugged at by the company—for necessity is the mother of mastication!

Half-inches of cheese were next served out by Mrs Skinafint, and exorable small beer handed round by the servant of all work. The ceremony of dinner being thus complete—the company—I had almost forgotten the company, consisted—we give the sex the *pas*—of Miss Negrohead, a lady of no colour—black, in short—who had emigrated from Antigua for the education of certain lesser Negroheads as black as herself—then came the widow of three husbands, who would not have had the least objection to try a fourth, Mrs Major Tramp—Miss Smuggles, the daily occasional governess, a sort of intellectual charwoman, who let herself out by the job, sat next—the two Misses Skinafint, with their excellent mother, and one fat lady, who could not be identified as either maid, wife, or widow, made up the musical and select female society of our mansion in Terrace Place, Bloody Bridge, Pentonville. The musical part of the entertainment was ably sustained by the two Misses Skinafint—Mrs Major Tramp, being a decidedly proper woman, or what is all the same, keeping her improprieties to herself, taking the lead in doing the select.

The masculine gender was represented in our domicile by—I proceed according to the table of precedence—Prince Snarlbach, a German potentate, who beguiled the tediousness of exile, like that stock-jobbing Jew, King Louis Philippe, in teaching the young idea how to speak French and German with the fluency of a native. Prince Snarlbach hated every man, every woman, every child, every climate, country, and religion—everything at table, every thing not at table, and every thing everywhere else; his colloquial phraseology consisted only of the interjection pooh! and the interjection

pshaw!—his brow was contracted into a habitual scowl, and his lip upcurled in a perpetual sneer. A very agreeable person was the Prince Snarlback, you may be sure! Next came the Count Diddlerini, passing himself off as a Neapolitan nobleman—justly admired by all the women as an accomplished gentleman, and justly avoided by all the men as an accomplished swindler.

Mr Huckabuck came next, partner, as we understood, in a great Manchester warehouse, and I have no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion, as, passing one day along Tottenham Court Road, I saw Mr Huckabuck busily engaged at the door of a draper's shop in holding up a roll of flannel to the inspection of an elderly lady—this shop, I suppose, must have been the Manchester warehouse in question. Mr Fleetditch, a gentleman of the law, came last—attorney's clerk, in short—very assuming, very pert, and very vulgar, as becomes gentlemen of his fraternity, for which reason I put him at the foot of our table, giving precedence to Mr Huckabuck, who, though very vulgar and very fond of "sparrow-grass," as he chose to call asparagus, was nevertheless an honest poor man and a good Christian. This was the list of inmates when I arrived at Terrace Place—they came and went, and went and came, to be sure; but, although there was a vast variety in the individuals, the tone of society ever remained the same—that is to say, fifty degrees below zero. Desolate spinsters, grass widows, equivocal mothers, and desperate daughters, arrived and departed in perpetual succession. Clerks, tutors out of place, Irish fortune-hunters, and runaway refugees, formed the never-varied male population. Every soul, male and female, seemed to have received sentence of social excommunication—some, like myself, found guilty of being poor, and transported to a boarding-house accordingly—some knavish, some guilty, some indiscreet; but all, without exception, unfortunate, soured, and selfish! The only object of female ambition in the house was the virgin cup of tea, and the best buttered bit of toast—the highest stretch of intellect among the men cheating one another in wagers, or sponging upon the last new comer's bottle of wine. I ventured once to remonstrate with Mrs

Skinasint, I recollect, upon the propriety of having six turnips instead of three, for a dozen people, being half-a-turnip to each, assuring her that, as it was, I must decline to carve the vegetables. Mrs Skinasint, with a curl of her brass nose, retorted that if I didn't choose to carve the vegetables, another would, and that people that paid next to nothing should feed next to nothing! I hate meanness—forgiveness I have in abundance for every other vice, but meanness with me is past redemption. I could spit on a mean man, and if it were not that the law—more shame for her—protects him, I would spit on every mean man I meet. Meanness, of all things, disgusts me, whether it be meanness in a boarding-house keeper, or meanness in—and in the scale of animated beings it would be impossible to go lower—meanness in that mirror of meanness—the Right Honourable Anthony Lumpkin Snake!

I cut, without ceremony, the whole beggarly boarding-house congregation; and, having eaten my daily ration at the dinner table, ascended into my attic, which opened out upon a flat roof protected by a parapet wall. Here, with a couple of chairs, a bottle of old Cork whisky, imported by O'Swizzle, a cigar, a classic, and a lemon, I passed the long summer evenings in undisturbed repose; and here I acquired much of that Attic salt, which, if you are not as dull as a great thaw, you must have perceived sprinkled profusely over this autobiography.

"But, sweeter far than this, than these, than all,"

here it was, on this very roof, protected by this very parapet wall, while enjoying, as was my custom of an afternoon, my chair, cigar, Cork whisky, lemon, and classic, that I met for the first time, and fell in love with for the first time and the last—my heart's treasure—the adorable—the angelic Sophia Jemima Cox! The fact was, the houses of Terrace Place had, every house of them, flat roofs, and, for the convenience of escapes in cases of fire, there was an accessible stair to each roof, opening out by a companion way upon the roof, and an easy transit from one roof to another—a style of architecture highly calculated to facilitate escapes from fire, as well as to promote caterwauling and intrigue.

I was leaning back in my chair with my legs upon another, see-sawing rather sleepily—curious that the fourth tumbler always makes me dozy—the evening was sultry, the bit of green belonging to the Small-Pox Hospital looked olive-brown, and the million and a half of chimney pots in sight looked red hot, the sun was going down right into Marrowbone Workhouse, and the pregnant moon was ascending out of Spitalfields, two or three stars twinkled coyly behind the Small-Pox Hospital, and three hurdy-gurdies, with a wandering piper, in the street below, imitated the music of the spheres.

“ ’Twas the close of the day, when the city was still,
And Cockneys the sweets of forgetfulness prove.”

I heard light footsteps behind me, and, looking over my left shoulder, I saw that my tumbler was all right; looking over my right shoulder, I first beheld the darling girl, fated to enchain my yet unravished heart, looking over the parapet, her head bonnetless, and her long ringlets, yet uncontaminated by a back comb, hanging in sweet confusion over her alabaster shoulders.

I took a chair, and, stepping noiselessly, placed it for her convenience, returned, took my book, and, pretending to read, saw only Sophia Jemima Cox. Sophia Jemima turned round—saw the chair—started—looked at me—trembled—smiled—blushed—bowed her thanks—sat down for an instant, as if to accept my courtesy—then starting up hurriedly, was making off at railway pace, when I stopped her, and, begging pardon for the intrusion, hoped she would permit me to retire, that she might enjoy herself the more freely. This produced more bows, smiles, and blushes. Sophia stammered out that she understood a procession was to have passed that way which she wished to see, and I assured her most solemnly that from our roof alone could the procession be seen to advantage. Sophia lamented the want of a head-dress; this difficulty I got over by supplying her fair head with a travelling shawl from my attic—she trembled for the evening air, but my cloak removed all her atmospheric apprehensions. Sophia Jemima sat down, muffled up, to watch the

procession, and the procession, as good luck would have it, went another way. As we chatted and sat, the bright eyes of the charming Sophia grew brighter and brighter, the tones of her silver voice sounded sweeter and sweeter; we talked of the evening, how lovely it was—of the country, how lovely it was—of the moon, how lovely she was; and I thought, as I gazed on Sophia, her open intelligent face bent on the expanded orb above, how lovely—how surpassingly lovely she was. We talked of town and its pleasures—of society—of friendship. I drew nearer to Sophia—I pressed almost imperceptibly her little hand—and our topic was exalted from friendship to love!

She said she had neither brother nor sister—I almost loved her. She was an orphan—I loved her from my heart. She was penniless—I adored her!

I presume, to look at, you would not suspect me of a generous emotion. The cold world, and the buffets and kicks it has given a man, who, of his natural temperament, would lift, as he went on his morning's walk, the heedless worm away from the passenger's path, has left on my care-worn face no trace save of the contempt in which I hold the human vermin that ret above the surface of the earth. The expression of my face is degraded to the level of the selfishness of worldlings around me; and the heart that once swelled, and the eyes that once filled, at every song of sorrow, at every tale of woe—the wide wish, that would grasp in its expansive benevolence the whole family of man, and diffuse happiness from pole to pole—that heart, immoveable and cold, now swells only in bitterness and sorrow, and that expansive wish expires in a hearty malediction upon rascality rampant and sycophancy successful!

Oh love!—first and passionate love! How delicious to fallen, selfish, and cold-blooded mortals the recollection of that tender emotion of generous youth—that unworldly feeling, the ripper man affects to despise, and blushes to confess—that sentiment not of the earth earthy—that precious emanation of the Divine Creator himself. How sweet the remembrance that we enjoyed thee once—how sad to think that we descend from the cold world into the silent grave, enjoying thee no more! Let us exult over our

first love—let us revert to it with tender emotions—and, no longer virtuous, let us for a moment become better in the delicious remembrance of virtue!

Sophia was a trump. You might boil down—let me see—sixteen select seminaries for young ladies, and sell the contents for kitchen stuff, before you would hook out such a tit-bit as my Sophy. Sophy, to be sure, was her name—but she was no Sophy. Sophy is a lack-a-daisical, die-a-way devil—fat and sleepy—with large bust, larger waist, and ankles larger than both put together; as soft as bullock's liver, and as dead as a drop of stale small beer. My Sophy had a fine-drawn head, fine-drawn waist, and fine-drawn ankles; none of your starvelings neither, but plump as pudding, and frisky as a four-year old. I used to call her Kate—and Kate, with deference to her godfathers and godmothers, ought to have been her name. She had eyes in her head—and teeth—and hair; a smile so sweet—and a laugh—a laugh so hearty and joyous, that I sighed when I heard it, for I knew that care would come, and with his icy hand freeze it into silence! A coxcomb or a libertine seeing Sophy, would have concluded she had a kick in her gallop; but never was libertine or coxcomb further out in the whole course of his life. With you she was lively, gay, and free; with me the indifferent gaiety she bore in her carriage towards others, was mellowed into a tenderness irresistibly touching, as if already the ardour of a passionate mistress was tempered with the quiet cares of an affectionate wife. I loved Sophia above all for this, that she never sneered—a sneering woman is a beast—much less did she ever throw up her nose like a pig in the wind, and talk

of “improper women,” and “women that were not received;” as much as to say, in every toss of the head, “see what a proper woman I am!” Quite the contrary. My dear Sophia made no difficulty of expressing, even to tears, her sympathy for the fallen and degraded of her own sex; but she took especial good care, all the while, to run no risk of being fallen and degraded herself. She was my mistress, confidante, friend, play-fellow—anything, everything but—won; “for with woman, you know,” she used to say, looking up in my face with a sad, supplicating smile, that said, as plain as smile could say, Could you harm me? —“with woman, you know, to be won is to be lost!”

Luckily for our loves, my dear Sophia had no money. I say luckily, for I never knew a woman with three halfpence in her own right, who was not either pert, presumptuous, or dull, upon the strength of her triumverate of coppers. I am, and always was, the sort of fellow to let this class of ladies down by the run, and would as soon think of paying more than the coolest courtesy to a female millionaire, merely as such, as I would of taking off my hat to a blind old apple-woman!

Sophia was friendless—so was I; she was warm-hearted—so was I; she was without a penny—so was I. We were so far equals. Sophia was a dependant on the charity of a cold-blooded usurer of an uncle—so was not I; yet for her I felt that I could toil my heart out. We had our quarrels, too—for what is true love without its quarrels? she returned my flowers in a fit of pique—for what is woman without her fits of pique? and the following duel was fought through the medium of the twopenny post upon that occasion:—

SOPHIA TO HER LOVER.

I wish, Horatio, to discover
Whether the sweet spring flowers you send
Bespeak the homage of a lover,
Or offering meet from friend to friend.
Say whether, in this wreath—your love
Those rose-buds blushing disclose,
Your constancy these lilies prove,
And truth among these violets blows?
To-morrow—and the violets spoil,
To-morrow—and the rose-buds fade,
To-morrow—and the lilies soil,—
Truth, love, and constancy—decay'd!

Frail emblems! never to be worn
Near hearts, that know not how to range,
Back to the giver, I return:
Ere they are faded—thou wilt change!

HER LOVER TO SOPHIA.

When forth I went these flowers to cull,
Thinking, not of myself, but thee,
I gather'd the most beautiful,
And this was my soliloquy:—
Spotless the lily, as her mind,
This bud, like her, lovely in youth,
These modest violets, design'd,
Fit emblems of her faith and truth,
I twined the wreath for thee.—Return'd,
The flowers lie near me in decay,
Wither'd and drooping, as they mourn'd,
All harshly to be chid away.
New wreaths will other springs restore—
New suns bring fresher flowers to view—
But love, frail flower, despoil'd—no more
Will springs restore—will suns renew!

We met—and our reconciliation was celebrated with a feast of ambrosial kisses, and a mingled libation of nectareous tears!

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH TROCHAICS.

BY WILLIAM R. AYTOUN.

Thus, like deer, all terror-stricken, through the city streets they spread,
Cool'd themselves from sweat and labour, and their burning thirst allay'd,
Safe behind the massy bulwarks; whilst the Greeks across the field,
March'd, beneath the very ramparts, each protected by his shield.
Hector stay'd, for fate compell'd him, like a fetter'd slave, to wait
Still before his father's city, and without the Scœan gate.
Meanwhile thus to bold Achilles spoke the radiant God Apollo,—

“Wherefore thus, with eager footsteps, son of Peleus, dost thou follow,
Mortal thou, a God immortal, recognising not my strain?
For a God thou didst not know me, now thy wrath is spent in vain;
Fruitless must thy toil and trouble 'gainst the Trojan army be,
They are safe within their city, thou hast turned aside with me,
And thou canst not hope to slay me—death may never reach my frame.”

Him thus answered swift Achilles, burning red with rage and shame,—
“Thou hast wrong'd me, O thou Archer! most destructive God of any;
Thou hast led me from my conquest, else, ere this, be sure, had many
Bit the earth in dying anguish, ere they could have reached the town.
Thou hast ta'en my glory from me—thou hast lightly kept thine own;
For thou didst not dread my vengeance: yet, tho' heavenly power be thine,
Know I surely would chastise thee, Phœbus, if the strength were mine.”

Thus he spake; and to the city once again he turned his face,
Rushing like a courser, often victor in the chariot race,
Who, against the others straining, clears the ground with furious stride:
Thus Achilles rushed to combat, thus his foot and knee he plied.
Then old Priam first beheld him, glittering like that evil star
Which against the autumn riseth, and outshines in lustre far

All the other heavenly watchers, gleaming thro' the unwholesome night,
 And Orion's dog they call it : yet, though brilliant be its light,
 'Tis a woeful sign, and fatal, earthwards beat and fever glancing.
 Thus the armour of Achilles glitter'd on his breast advancing—
 Priam saw, and groan'd in anguish, threw his reverend hands on high,
 Beat his forehead, and, distracted, utter'd loud a warning cry
 To his son, the dearly cherished, who, remaining at the gates,
 Earnestly desires the combat, and for stern Achilles waits.
 And the almost madden'd father, to adjure him thus began :—

“ Do not wait, my darling Hector !—Hector, do not meet this man
 Thus alone, nor backed by comrades, lest thy fate be now fulfilled—
 Overcome by stronger weapons, by this fell Pelides killed.
 Ruthless ! did the Gods regard him with such feelings as I bear,
 Vultures should deface his carcase, dogs his prostrate body tear:
 Then my anguish would be lighten'd ; for how many sons and brave
 Hath he taken from me, sending some to an untimely grave—
 Selling some to distant islands. Even now, when all is over,
 All the Trojans in the city, nowhere can my eyes discover
 Either of my boys, Lycaon, or the youthful Polydore,
 Whom to me Laothœ, fairest of all women, bore ;
 Yet, if they are ta'en and living, surely it shall be my care
 Both to ransom, with the treasures which within the palace are ;
 For old Altes, known in story, gave abundance to his daughter.
 But, if they be dead already, and beside the Stygian water—
 Tho' their mother will lament them, and tho' I will deeply feel—
 Others will lament less sorely, so thou 'scap'st Achilles' steel.
 Therefore enter thou the city—come, my son, within the wall,
 Save the Trojan men and maidens—thou the bulwark of us all ;
 Give not glory to Pelides, neither tarry to be slain.
 On me, too, my son, have pity, while my senses yet remain—
 Me, whom Jove, Saturnian father, at the limits of my being,
 Will destroy with evil fortune, such dark sights of horror seeing :
 All my sons—my brave ones—slaughter'd, and my daughters captive bound,
 And their bridal chambers rifled ; and against the flinty ground
 Children dash'd, in butcher carnage, ere their lips have learn'd to speak ;
 And your tender spouses handled by the rude and boist'rous Greek ;—
 I too, haply, when some foeman shall transfix me with his spear,
 And shall leave me dead and bleeding at the palace entrance here,
 May by ravenous hounds be mangled—hounds that once I call'd my own,
 Who, all drunken from their banquet, furious, fierce, and savage grown,
 In these princely halls will kennel. When a young man dies in glory,
 Slain in battle, 'tis some honour, with a bosom gash'd and gory
 On the field to lie extended ; for whate'er is seen is fair.
 But when dogs deface the features of an old man, and his hair,
 Gray as winter, is dishonour'd, and his limbs are mouth'd and torn—
 Oh, can any sight be fouler to a man of woman born ! ”

Thus the aged sire entreated, and his locks by handfuls whole
 From his head he tore and scatter'd ; but he moved not Hector's soul.
 Next his mother call'd unto him, shedding bitter tears and praying ;
 And she bared her aged bosom, and her wither'd breasts displaying,
 With a voice half-choked with sorrow, these beseeching words address'd :—

“ Hector ! take thou pity on me, O my son, respect my breast ;
 If it ever hath sustain'd thee—if it still'd thy infant cry—
 Think on that, my best beloved, and behind the ramparts fly—
 Thence keep off this hated foeman, be not first to brave him here.
 Oh, hard-hearted ! if he slay thee, neither I, thy mother dear,
 Nor thy wife so rich and beauteous, shall lament thee on thy bier ;
 But apart from all thy kindred, near the vessels by the sea,
 Cruel dogs will tear thee piecemeal, far away from her and me ! ”

Thus, in anguish, both the parents called unto their son beloved ;
 But their earnest prayer avail'd not, nor the soul of Hector moved.
 Calm collected, still he tarried for Achilles, first of men—
 Even as an angry dragon, at the entrance of his den,
 Having fed on poisonous pasture, waits the coming of his foe,
 Glares terrific, and behind him wreathes his body to and fro.
 Even thus did valiant Hector still determine not to yield,
 But against a turret leaning, eased him of his glitt'ring shield,
 And, indignant at their counsel, communed with his own brave mind.

" If the city I should enter—if the walls I flee behind,
 First, Polydamas will blame me, that I took not his advice,
 Neither led the Trojan army (and therein his words were wise),
 To the city back retreating, on this most disastrous night
 When Achilles rose to combat. But I would not yield my right,
 Though it had been better for me. Now, since by my over-daring,
 Many of our men have perish'd, fain would I escape from bearing
 Angry looks and sad reproaches from the men and maids of Troy ;
 Lest some lower chief should tell them, ' Hector did your sons destroy,
 Rashly in his strength confiding.' This the baser sort will say ;
 And 'twere better for me surely, either to return this day,
 Having slain the dire Achilles, fiercely fighting hand to hand,
 Or before the walls to perish, battling for my native land.
 What if I should change my purpose, and should leave my armour here,
 Throw aside my heavy helmet, rest against the wall my spear ;
 And the strong Achilles meeting, freely offer to restore
 Helen to the sons of Atreus, with the treasures Paris bore
 In his hollow ships from Sparta—she for whom the war began—
 And, moreover, to distribute to the Argives, man by man,
 All the treasures, rich and costly, which within the city are ;
 And to give them more assurance, should I make the elders swear
 Nothing of the city riches to conceal or lay aside,
 But the whole, in equal portions, well and fairly to divide ?
 Yet, why doth my soul within me such an idle thought maintain,
 Never let me go a suppliant, for my prayer were all in vain.
 Small respect would I encounter—straightway would he strike me down,
 Rashly coming like a woman, and aside my armour thrown.
 This is not the time or season to discourse with such as he,
 As a youth might greet a maiden, from a rock or from a tree.
 No, 'tis better far, engaging in the deadly strife, to know
 Whether Jove will give the glory unto Hector or his foe."

Thus remaining fast, he communed, and Achilles now drew near,
 Like to Mars, the helmet-shaker, brandishing the Pelian spear
 On his shoulder, and around him all his brazen armour shone,
 Either like a blazing furnace, or more like the rising sun.
 Then a panic seized on Hector, neither durst he longer wait ;
 But, all terror-struck, departed, and behind him left the gate,
 Fleeing onwards, and Pelides followed, trusting to his pace.
 As amongst the hills a goss-hawk, fleetest of the falcon race,
 Pouncing on a frightened pigeon, who by shifting shuns the blow,
 Still with screams renews the onset, and together still they go,
 Thus right onward bore Achilles—thus did Hector turn away,
 Underneath the city ramparts, overmaster'd by dismay.
 Thus he changed his course and shifted. First they pass'd the lofty mound,
 And the wind-saluted fig-trees, which they say do most abound
 Near the shelter of the rampart, by the public pathway growing.
 Then they reached the double fountain, whence the waters crystal-flowing,
 Of the deep Scamander, issue. One of these pellucid springs
 Rises hot, and round its basin ever gusty vapour flings ;
 Whilst the other sister fountain flows, the livelong summer through,
 Cold as hail, or ice, or water trickling from a bed of snow.

Close beside them stand the cisterns, fairly built of massive stone,
 Where the Trojan wives and daughters, in the days that now were gone,
 Came to wash their costly garments, in the happier times of peace,
 Ere the tempest settled round them—ere they saw the sons of Greece.
 Thitherward they ran and passed them, chase and chaser swift of limb;
 Brave was he who fled, but braver far was he who followed him.
 And right swiftly did he follow—for they strove not for the meed,
 Hide of bull or votive victim, which reward the racer's speed:
 Hector's life's the prize and forfeit—Hector tamer of the steed.
 As when games are held in honour of some mighty hero slain,
 Fast the oft-victorious coursers round the ample circle strain
 For some prize—a slave or tripod: so the hasty warriors wound;
 And the lofty town of Priam three times did they circle round,
 Never of their speed relaxing; and the Gods beheld nor spoke,
 Till the Universal Father thus the solemn silence broke:—

“There I see an honour'd chieftain—is it not a piteous sight?
 Round his native city hunted; I am sad for Hector's plight.
 Often have I felt the savour of his plenteous sacrifice
 From the tops of vallied Ida, or the city turrets, rise
 In my honour; now I see him—and my soul is fill'd with pity—
 Follow'd by the strong Achilles round and round his father's city.
 Quickly then, ye gods, to counsel!—shall we interpose to save,
 Or the son of Peleus suffer to subdue the good and brave?”

Out then spoke blue-eyed Minerva.—“Father, whom the Gods revere,
 Thunder-hurler—Cloud-compeller—Father, what is this we hear?
 Wouldst thou save a mortal being long ago to fate consign'd?
 Thou mayst do it, but remember, others are not of thy mind.”

Answer'd Jove, the Cloud-compeller.—“Calm thyself, my daughter dear,
 That was not my thought, Tritonia, therefore be of better cheer.
 I would fain be gentle with thee; work thy will and do not fear.”

Thus he spoke, and stirr'd Minerva, who no further urging needed,
 Up she sprang, then shooting downwards, from Olympus top she speeded.

All this while the swift Achilles press'd on Hector, rushing on.
 As a dog within the mountains follows fast a startled fawn
 Through the glens and through the thickets, having roused it from its lair;
 Even though it reach a cover, and should seek for shelter there,
 Still he follows on its footsteps, hunting over hill and hollow,—
 Thus did Hector try to double, thus did swift Achilles follow.
 When the Trojan strove to bend him in towards the gates of Troy,
 Underneath the Dardan rampart, that the townsmen might employ
 Dart and sling to gall his foeman, did Achilles turn him wide
 To the open plain and country, keeping still the city side.
 As in sleep the dreamer cannot follow one who flies before,
 Neither can that one escape him, nor the dreamer hasten more,
 So 'twas now;—Achilles could not on the flying Trojan gain,
 Nor could he outstrip Achilles, though he strove with might and main.
 Then had Hector surely perish'd, had not, for the latest time,
 God Apollo come to help him, strengthening him in soul and limb;
 And Achilles, as he pass'd them, beckon'd to the gazing Greek
 Nor with lance, nor dart, nor arrow, Hector's forfeit life to seek,
 Lest another's hand should wound him, and should take away his fame.
 When, the fourth time, widely circling, to the fountain's marge they came,
 Jove his golden scales uplifted, and two lots of death he weigh'd,—
 One Achilles' lot, the other Hector's, tamer of the steed:
 By the centre then he raised them—Hector's fatal day declin'd,
 Sinking down to gloomy Orcus—then Apollo left his friend;
 And the blue-eyed queen, Minerva, to her favour'd chief drew near,
 And, his headlong course arresting, whisper'd lightly in his ear:—

"Now, I trust, renown'd Achilles, honour'd of the highest King,
Fame and glory to the vessels of the Argives shall we bring,
Having slain this valiant Hector, strong in battle though he be ;
For he cannot longer 'scape us, and he may not further flee,
Though the Archer-god, Apollo, e'er so earnestly entreat,
Begging respite for his minion, at the Ægis-bearer's feet.
Meanwhile, stand thou still and breathe thee ; I will urge him to remain,
And to fight the battle with thee singly on this pitched plain."

Thus Minerva. He obey'd her, and a joyful man was he,
Leaning on his spear so deadly, shapen of the ashen tree.
So the Goddess parted from him, and to Hector near she drew,
Like Deiphobus in person, and she spoke his accents too ;
Thus disguised, she hasten'd onwards, and accosted thus the other :—

"Sorely by the swift Achilles art thou press'd, beloved brother ;
I have seen him swiftly chase thee our ancestral city round ;
Now, then, let us stand and face him—bravely shall we keep our ground."

Out then answer'd helmed Hector :—"Welcome thou, my trusty frere,
Over all the sons of Priam, ever held I thee most dear ;
But this day thy bold endeavour far exceeds thy first renown,
Since thou comest forth to help me, whilst the others keep the town."

Answer'd back the blue-eyed Goddess :—"True it is, my valiant brother,
Long our father did implore me, long our venerable mother,
Each by turns my knees embracing, and our old companions pray'd
That I would not leave the city—he hath made them so afraid ;
But my soul was heavy-laden, and I could not stay within.
Now, then, while our hearts are ardent, let the battle straight begin :
We have spears, and we can use them—let us try this Grecian's power ;
Whether two of us shall perish, brothers, in the self-same hour,
Whether he shall bear our armour bloody-dripping to the fleet,
Or, o'er-master'd by thy prowess, fall a corpse before thy feet."

Thus she spoke, the guileful Goddess, and she led the hero on.
Now, when they were near each other, pausing ere the fight begun,
Hector of the crested helmet thus accosted Peleus' son :—

"I have shunned thee, thou Pelides ! now I shall no longer shun :
Thrice round Priam's spacious city have I fled, nor dared to wait
For thy coming ; now I face thee, for my heart again is great,
And it urges me against thee, to be slain, or else to slay !
Take we then the Gods to witness, none so excellent as they,
If my vows to Jove shall prosper—if thou fallest—hear me swear,
Basely will I not entreat thee, no dishonour shalt thou bear ;
I will take thine armour only, but thy body will bestow
On the Greeks ; and thou, Achilles, also swear to use me so."

Then the swift Achilles answer'd, and a furious man was he :—
"Hector ! miscreant ! do not look for covenant 'twixt thee and me.
Men will never treat with lions, wolves will never league with sheep,
For their hostile kind forbids them—each their adverse nature keep ;
So, apart from all alliance, thou and I must ever stand,
Until one shall fall a victim unto Mars, the bloody-hand.
Now be mindful of thy valour—thou hast cause for it indeed !
Show thyself a skilful spearman, and a sworder good at need :
Flying shall not longer serve thee—Pallas smites thee by my spear :
Thou shalt render rich atonement for my many comrades dear,
Whom thy wrath and deadly anger to the gloomy shades have sent !"

Speaking thus, his lance he brandish'd, launching it with fell intent ;
But the wary Hector watch'd it coming, with a practised eye—

Down he stoop'd before it reach'd him, and the brazen death pass'd by ;
 Deep in earth it stuck, and quiver'd : but Minerva came behind,
 All unseen by princely Hector, and restored it to her friend.
 Then the Trojan chief exulting, thus to stern Pelides cried :—

“ Thou hast miss'd thy mark, Achilles ! lo, thy lance hath turn'd aside !
 And thou saidst that Jove deliver'd thus his counsel to thy view ?
 Man ! I hold thee for a prater, and a vain dissembler too !
 Think not that thy words shall scare me—neither them nor thee I fear !
 Not into my back inglorious shalt thou ever thrust thy spear ;
 Through my bosom, onwards rushing—if, indeed, the powers divine
 So have destin'd—must thou strike it : now, do thou take heed of mine !
 Would 'twere buried in thy body ! for, of all the plagues of war
 That have scourged the hapless Trojans, thou hast been the fellest far !”

Speaking thus, his lance he brandish'd ; fast the enormous weapon came,
 Struck the target of Pelides in the midst, so true the aim ;
 Yet it pierced not, but rebounded. Then was Hector sore cast down,
 That so uselessly and rashly was his trusty weapon thrown.
 Sore dejected stood the hero—keenly glanced he round the field ;
 For Deiphobus he shouted, warrior of the stainless shield,
 His long lance in haste demanding : no Deiphobus replied.
 Then he knew himself forsaken, knew the cruel fraud, and cried,—

“ Woe is me ! my death is surely by the hostile Gods decreed,
 For I thought the warrior by me was Deiphobus indeed.
 He, alas ! is in the city. Thou, Minerva, didst deceive me.
 Evil death no longer tarries, but is ready to receive me ;
 Neither can I flee before it. Long must this have been foreknown
 Unto Jupiter, and destined by himself, and by his son
 Phœbus, launcher of the arrows—he whom once I thought my friend—
 He who shelter'd me in battle. Well ! at last I know my end—
 Now for what remains ! Ignobly Hector will not yield his breath,
 But my name shall live in glory, honour'd even after death !”

Thus he spoke, and from its scabbard drew the falchion by his side.
 Rushing onwards—as an eagle stooping from its place of pride,
 Downward darting on the meadow, cleaves the hot and heavy air,
 Aiming at a tender lambkin, or, perchance, a timorous hare,—
 So brave Hector onwards bounded, brandishing his sword on high ;
 And Achilles rush'd to meet him—wrath was in his soul and eye :
 That strange shield, so fairly fashion'd, spread before his ample breast,
 And his four-coned helmet nodded, and the wavy golden crest,
 Which Hephaistus' hand had moulded, quiver'd as he rush'd to war.
 As when all is hush'd and darkling, Hesperus, the fairest star
 Shines among the other planets, so the point of that sharp spear
 In the right hand of Achilles, seem'd to flash, as, drawing near,
 Hector's frame his eyes ran over, seeking where he best might wound him :
 But the polish'd brazen armour of the dead Patroclus bound him,
 All except one little rivet, where the neck and throat were bare ;
 Any wound on that is fatal—and Achilles smote him there.
 Through the neck the weapon glided, for the deadly aim was true,
 Yet the brazen spear so heavy did not cut the windpipe through,
 And the power of speech was left him, while he yet survived the blow ;
 Prone he fell, and thus Achilles triumph'd o'er his fallen foe :—

“ So thou thoughtest, haughty Hector, when thou didst Patroclus slay,
 That no vengeance should o'ertake thee, and that I was far away !
 Fool ! a stronger far was lying at the hollow ships that day—
 An avenger—who hath made thee his dear blood with thine repay ;
 I was left, and I have smote thee. To the ravenous hounds and kites
 Art thou destined, whilst thy victim shall receive the funeral rites !”

Him thus answer'd helmed Hector, and his words were faint and slow,—
 " By thy soul, thy knees, thy parents—let them not entreat me so !
 Suffer not the dogs to rend me by the vessels on the shore,
 But accept the gold and treasure sent to thee in ample store
 By my father and my mother. O, give back my body, then,
 That the funeral rites may grace it, offered by my countrymen !"

Then the swift Achilles, sternly glancing, answer'd him again :
 " Speak not of my knees or parents—dog ! thou dost implore in vain ;
 For I would my rage and hatred could so far transport me on,
 That I might myself devour thee, for the murders thou hast done :
 Therefore know that from thy carcase none shall drive the dogs away—
 Not although thy wretched parents ten and twenty ransoms pay,
 And should promise others also—not though Dardan Priam brought
 Gold enough to weigh thee over, shall thy worthless corpse be bought :
 Never shall thy aged mother, of her eldest hope bereft,
 Mourn above thee—to the mercies of the dog and vulture left !"

Then the helmed Hector, dying, once again essay'd to speak :—
 " 'Tis but what my heart foretold me of thy nature, ruthless Greek !
 Vain, indeed, is my entreaty, for thou hast an iron heart.
 Yet, bethink thee for a moment, lest the Gods should take my part,
 When Apollo and my brother Paris shall avenge my fate,
 Stretching thee, thou mighty warrior, dead before the Scæan gate !"

Scarcely had the hero spoken, ere his eyes were fix'd in death,
 And his soul, the body leaving, glided to the shades beneath ;
 Its hard fate lamenting sorely, from so fair a mansion fled :
 And the noble chief, Achilles, spoke again above the dead.

" Meanwhile, die thou ! I am ready, when 'tis Jove's eternal will,
 And the other heavenly deities, their appointment to fulfil."
 This he said, and tore the weapon from the body where it lay,
 Flung it down, and stooping o'er him, rent the bloody spoils away :
 And the other Grecian warriors crowded round the fatal place,
 Hector's noble form admiring, and his bold and manly face ;
 Yet so bitter was their hatred, that they gash'd the senseless dead ;
 And each soldier that beheld him, turning to his neighbour, said,
 " By the Gods ! 'tis easier matter now to handle Hector's frame,
 Than when we beheld him flinging on the ships devouring flame."
 So the standers-by exulted, and again did each one wound him ;
 Then Achilles, having spoil'd him, spoke unto his friends around him :—

" Friends and princes of the Argives ! since the Gods have, by my arm,
 Slain this man, who, most of any, drove us back, and work'd us harm,
 Let us hasten,—round the city let our arm'd battalions move,
 So we'll try the Trojans' mettle, and their further purpose prove—
 Whether they will leave the city, or their lofty towers retain ;
 Broken-hearted are they surely, since their chief defence is slain.
 Out, alas ! I blame my folly that such words should pass my lips,
 Unlamented and unburied lies Patroclus near the ships ;
 He whom I have loved so dearly, and whom I shall ever love
 Whilst I dwell amongst the living, whilst my limbs have power to move.
 Even in Orcus, though the spirits, ere they enter, leave behind
 All the memories of their being, shall I recognise my friend.
 Come, then, children of the Argives ! raise on high the triumph song ;
 To our vessels let us hasten, bearing this dead corpse along.
 Mighty glory have we gotten,—Hector's self hath bit the sod,
 Whom the Trojans, through the city, honour'd even as a god !"

Thus he spoke, and took a vengeance most unworthy of his kind—
 Both the feet of Hector piercing, where the tendons meet behind

From the heel into the instep, leathern thongs therein he thrust,
Bound them to the chariot, leaving the brave head to trail in dust.
'Then within the chariot vaulting, lifted up the arms to view,
Lash'd his horses to the gallop, and right eagerly they flew ;
And the dust arose from Hector, and his hair was shaken round,
And his head, so fair and graceful, smote the earth at every bound ;
For that hour was granted to them, by almighty Jove's command,
That his enemies might triumph o'er him in his fatherland.
Thus his head with dust was loaded. Then his mother rent her hair,
And she threw her veil far from her, and she shrieked to see him there ;
And his well-beloved father—O, to hear him groan was pity !
And the cry of lamentation rose throughout the peopled city.
'Twas most like—that dismal wailing—as if Ilion's ancient wall
Were from its foundation blazing, and the flames were circling all.
Scarcely could the sorrowing people in the town their king detain,
For he strove, with frantic passion, forth to rush and cross the plain ;
Like a suppliant he implored them—he, their honour'd king and sire—
And each man by name entreated, grov'ling in the filthy mire :—

“ O, my friends ! stand back I pray you, and permit me all alone
From the city gates to issue, and towards the vessels run,
That I may entreat this warrior to forego his dreadful rage :
Haply he my years may honour, and have reverence for my age—
Such as I am is his father, who hath brought him up to be
Such a ruin to the Trojans, and a cruel scourge to me.
His death-dealing sword hath robbed me ere to-day of many a son
Whom I mourn'd, but not so deeply as I mourn this latest one,
Sorrow shortly will consume me,—I shall die for Hector's death !
Had he perish'd on my bosom, had I felt his latest breath,
Then his most unhappy mother might have ta'en her fill of weeping,
And our tears together mingled, watch beside his body keeping.”

Thus he cried, and all the people groan'd to hear the wretched man ;
And, amidst the Trojan women, Hecuba her wail began :—

“ O, my son ! why live I longer, when thy precious life is lost ?
Dead art thou that, through the city, wert my glory and my boast,
And the darling of the Trojans, who revered thee as their own !
Hadst thou been a god, their reverence could not have been greater shown ;
And they well might joy to see thee, for thou wert their very breath,—
Lifeless now thou liest, my Hector, in the leaden hands of death.”

Thus old Hecuba lamented ; but the wife of Hector knew
Nothing of this great disaster—none had brought her tidings true
How her spouse had rashly tarried all without the city gate.
Weaving of a costly garment, in an inner room she sate,
With a varied wreath of blossoms broidering the double border ;
And unto the fair-hair'd maidens of her household gave she order
On the fire to place a tripod, and to make the fuel burn,
For a welcome bath for Hector, when from fight he should return.
Hapless woman ! and she knew not that from all these comforts far,
Blue-eyed Pallas had subdued him, by Achilles, first in war ;
But she heard the voice of weeping from the turrets, and the wail
And the cry of lamentation ; then her limbs began to fail,
And she shook with dread all over, dropp'd the shuttle on the ground,
And bespoke her fair-hair'd maidens, as they stood in order round :—

“ Two of ye make haste and follow—what may all this tumult mean ?
Sure that cry of bitter anguish came from Hecuba the queen.
Wildly leaps my heart within me, and my limbs are faint and bending,
Much I fear some dire misfortune over Priam's sons impending ;
Would to heaven my words were folly ; yet my terror I must own,
Lest Achilles, having hasted 'twixt my Hector and the town,

O'er the open plain hath chased him, all alone and sore distress'd—
 Lest his hot and fiery valour should at last be laid to rest ;
 For, amidst the throng of warriors, never yet made Hector one,
 Onwards still he rushed before them, yielding in his pride to none."

Thus she spoke, and, like a Mœnad, frantic through the halls she flew,
 Wildly beat her heart within her ; and her maidens follow'd too.
 Oh ! but when she reach'd the turret, and the crowd were forced aside,
 How she gazed ! and, oh ! how dreadful was the sight she there espied !—
 Hector dragg'd before the city ; and the steeds, with hasty tramp,
 Hurling him, in foul dishonour, to the sea-beat Grecian camp.
 Darkness fell upon her vision—darkness like the mist of death—
 Nerveless sank her limbs beneath her, and her bosom ceased to breathe.
 All the ornamental tissue dropped from her wild streaming hair,
 Both the garland, and the fillet, and the veil so wondrous fair,
 Which the golden Venus gave her on that well-remember'd day,
 When the battle-hasting Hector led her as his bride away
 From the palace of Aëtion,—noble marriage-gifts were they !
 Thronging round her came her sisters, and her kindred held her fast,
 For she call'd on death to free her, ere that frantic fit was past.
 When the agony was over, and her mind again had found her,
 Thus she falter'd, deeply sobbing, to the Trojan matrons round her :—

" O, my Hector ! me unhappy ! equal destinies were ours ;
 Born, alas ! to equal fortunes,—thou in Priam's ancient towers,
 I in Thebes, Aëtion's dwelling in the woody Poplæus.
 Hapless father ! hapless daughter ! better had it been for us
 That he never had begot me,—doomed to evil from my birth.
 Thou art gone to Hades, husband, far below the caves of earth,
 And thou leavest me a widow, in thy empty halls to mourn,
 And thy son an orphan infant,—better had he ne'er been born !
 Thou wilt never help him, Hector—thou canst never cheer thy boy ;
 Nor can he unto his father be a comfort and a joy !
 Even though this war that wastes us pass away and harm him not,
 Toil and sorrow, never ending, still must be his future lot.
 Others will remove his land-marks, and will take his fields away,
 Neither friend nor comrade left him, by this orphan-making day ;
 And he looks so sad already, and his cheeks are wet with tears !
 Then the boy in want shall wander to his father's old compeers,
 Grasping by the cloak one warrior, and another by the vest ;—
 Then, perhaps, some one amongst them, less forgetful than the rest,
 Shall bestow a cup upon him—yet that cup shall be so small,
 That his lips will scarce be moisten'd, nor his thirst assuaged at all :
 Then shall some one, bless'd with parents, thrust him rudely from the hall,
 Loading him with blows and scorning, which perforce the boy must bear—
 Saying, ' Get thee gone, thou beggar ! lo, thy father feasts not here !'
 Weeping at this harsh denial, back shall he return to me—
 He, Astyanax, the infant, who, upon his father's knee,
 Feasted on the richest marrow, and the daintiest meats that be ;
 Who, when slumber fell upon him, and his childish crying ceased,
 Went to sleep in ease and plenty, cradled on his nurse's breast.
 Now, Astyanax—the Trojans by that name the infant call ;
 Since 'twas thou, my Hector, only that didst keep the gates and wall—
 Many a wrong shall feel and suffer, since his father is no more.
 Now the creeping worm shall waste thee—lying naked on the shore,
 Neither friend nor parent near thee—when the dogs have ta'en their fill.
 Naked !—and thy graceful garments lie within thy palace still ;
 These, the skilful work of women, all to ashes I will burn,
 For thou never more shalt wear them, and thou never canst return ;
 Yet the Trojans will revere them, relics of their chief so true !"—
 Thus she spoke in tears, and round her all the women sorrowed too.

LETTER ON SCOTCH NATIONALITY.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—The kind reception which you gave me on my arrival in Scotland, with but a slender claim on your acquaintance, and the high opinion which I formed of your liberality of sentiment in the course of much delightful communication with you, both in Buchanan House and elsewhere, encourage me to address you on a subject, from which I should otherwise have studiously abstained, as involving many delicate and perhaps disputable questions. Our mutual friend H—— had partially prepared me for finding, in the Christopher North of private life, a still more enlightened and engaging old man than the pages of his published writings present to us; but, independently of other qualities, my anticipations were far short of that courteous hospitality, that wide-spread fellow-feeling, and that mild toleration for honest differences of opinion, which I soon found him to possess. I am aware, that, in sending you this packet, I am trespassing on your time, and perhaps trying your temper; but the extent of your indulgence to me on former occasions must plead my excuse, however imperfectly, if I seem to overtax it now.

You are aware that, though speaking the language of Britain, and bearing British blood in my veins, I cannot boast of having been born in this country. Yet no man, I believe, entertains towards her soil a more fond or filial affection. My father was a native of England; my mother of Scotland. I feel an interest and a pride in all that concerns either part of the United Kingdom; and perhaps, as earliest impressions are the strongest, my predilections are rather in favour of the northern than of the southern division. I well remember, when yet a child, and when the first pulsations of taste and feeling were awakening within me, the sad but pleasing sympathy with which I listened to my mother, while, with tears in her eyes, and her sweet voice faltering with emotion, she sung to her children, the nurslings of a distant and destructive climate, those soft and simple strains which had delighted her

own childhood in the cool glens, and by the prattling streamlets of her native land. Her favourite melodies were the pastoral songs of Scotland, of which the peculiar imagery never failed to affect her with the tenderest longings of attachment, and produced in the expanding minds of her little nursery an involuntary desire to know and to see the objects that could excite so strong a devotion in one whom we so much loved and venerated. In advancing years, I retained for Scotland, and all that was connected with it, much of that instinctive affection which had thus been implanted in me. But various circumstances attending the course of life on which I entered, prevented me from visiting my maternal country until a recent period, when, among other advantages, I enjoyed the pleasure and profit of making your acquaintance, and I hope I may add, of acquiring your friendship.

In most respects, my visit to Scotland has not disappointed me. Her mountains and valleys were all, or more than all, that I had fancied or desired. I found her institutions wisely framed, and ably administered. Her people generally impressed me with a high conviction of their virtues and good sense; and those with whom I have had a more familiar intercourse, have laid me, by their civilities and cordialities, under obligations that I can never either forget or repay. But allow me, my dear sir, to say, that in one particular, the conduct or manners of your countrymen gave me considerable pain, and seemed to me to leave room for considerable amendment.

The fault that I have to find with them lies in an excessive, and I think superfluous display of national feeling, particularly in matters of learning and literature. Since I came among you, I have been present at a good many meetings and entertainments, more or less of a literary or public nature; and while there has been no lack of laudation bestowed on merit of home growth, I have been struck with the almost entire absence of any allusion, and certainly of any adequate tribute, to the literary excellence even of your nearest

neighbours. I was for some time delighted to have the privilege of sharing in the just enthusiasm excited by the names of those great men, whether living or dead, who have raised the honour of Scotland so high. Burns, Scott, Campbell, Wilson, North, Jeffrey, Chalmers, — seemed to me, in their several spheres, most proper and pleasing objects of admiration, and sources of honest pride. I read with delight in every countenance the feelings of self-gratulation which filled my companions at the sound of those distinguished names. I set my features by the same glass, and cheered and clapped with the loudest and lustiest among them. I began more than ever to claim a part in your national treasures, and said, after Correggio, "Anch' io son Scozzese." But after several repetitions of the same diet, it began to pall. I longed for variety—I longed for truth: for though what I heard, for the most part, was the truth, and nothing but the truth, it was not the whole truth. It was not the *suggestio falsi*, but it was the *suppressio veri*. I asked myself the question, but without receiving an answer favourable to the practice of my excellent friends here, whether genius now, and in time past, was really confined to Scotland, or whether only the optics of those about me were too shortsighted to discover it beyond the Scottish border. I speculated whether this so very limited enthusiasm was prompted by a love of literature, or proceeded merely from a love of self, amiable indeed, and intelligible, yet erroneous in fact, and indefensible in principle. Burns, thought I, is indisputably an admirable poet, who will live as long as his language can be understood; yet "it may be dooted," as M'Leod said in other cases, though he probably would not have said it of a countryman, whether his poetry is of a very ethereal or elevated kind, and whether its reputation has not sometimes been endangered, not by faint but by injudicious praise. Scott we all love and delight in: but is it quite clear that he is as great as Shakspeare; that his prose fictions can, in wisdom, beauty, and sublimity, be matched with the poetry of the chief of poets?

Campbell is sweet and touching, and something more; but is it true that he has surpassed the excellencies of those English worthies, whom his own criticisms have so justly exalted? Wilson is a true and delightful poet, whether in prose or rhyme; but, to say the least, he has a formidable rival in Wordsworth: yet Wilson's name is ever in your mouths, and Wordsworth's ye never utter. Jeffrey in his day was pretty and pleasant; but can we safely affirm that he was a greater than Johnson? Chalmers is eloquent, earnest, and energetic; but even on his disc there are a few spots discernible by the telescope of truth; and there are luminaries in the sister church that could make him pale his beams when at the brightest. North, I admit, is unapproached and unapproachable,* . . . but one swallow does not make a summer; and you have no right to claim pre-eminence in every thing, because in some single department, those who are otherwise your equals or superiors, have hitherto failed to surpass you. Why, then, do such excellent and penetrating persons as you are, thus exclusively dwell on the glories of Scottish writers, and either wholly withhold, or but rarely and reluctantly allow, to the men and the memories in which England abounds, that share of sympathy and admiration which is so justly their due?

Such, my dear North, were my internal expostulations with those whom yet I ardently love and respect, and by whom I earnestly desire to be esteemed, not only as a friend but as a countryman. Now, tell me whether, in the idea that I thus adopted, I was or was not mistaken. Perhaps I have been hasty in admitting the impression that was thus formed. I may, by mere accident, have been thrown among persons, or have been present on occasions, that do not exhibit a fair sample of the national feeling in Scotland on this subject. If so, I am sincerely sorry for my mistake, and shall be most happy to see it corrected. But if I am not here in error, nay, if there is any foundation whatever for my opinion, even though it be less than I suppose, I must humbly submit that

* Some sentences here occur which our modesty precludes us from permitting to be printed.—C. N.

this state of things ought not to be, and that every true friend of Scotland is interested in its reformation.

If the extreme and exclusive partiality for Scottish merit which is thus exhibited in our countrymen (permit me so to speak of them in the rest of this letter), were called for by any unwillingness in our southern neighbours to do us justice, I should be the last to find fault with even an exaggerated assertion of our claims. Let the honour or the fame of Scotland be attacked, and I will allow you to bristle up your spines, like the armed plant that forms the emblem of your nation, and to prove that aggression shall never escape punishment. Nay, in such a case, I would wag my tongue or my claymore in her defence, with the best of you! But why at present these laboured and one-sided panegyrics? What has made it necessary now, for years past, to dwell specially and solely on the literary praises of Scotland? *Quis vituperavit?* Her merits, in all departments, have long been fully acknowledged by the world, and by England among the rest. We need not, therefore, display that Yankee-like itch for praise, that springs from a morbid soreness within; we need not resort to this perpetual bolstering up of our pretensions, of which the natural explanation is, that it indicates insecurity of position.

The course that I thus take the liberty of lamenting, appears to me to be objectionable on these several grounds: 1. It is unjust; 2. It is ungrateful; 3. It is foolish; 4. It is injurious.

1. It is unjust. Scotland has, indeed, done much for literature. But what she has done, cannot, without violence to truth and reason, be held as paramount or equal to the contributions of the rest of the empire. Count up the names which she has added to the list of literary classics, and compare them with those of England,—and either we must confess our great inferiority, or we must allow our principles of criticism or veracity to be perverted by our patriotism.

Let us take a hasty review of the poetry which has been produced in each country, leaving out, necessarily, the inferior names on both sides of the question. One eminent poet of early date Scotland can boast of—Dunbar; one to whose merit you have

yourself done no more than justice by a noble criticism. Admirable, indeed, he is, alike for fancy, tenderness, and humour; yet he is surely a paler and a lesser light than the morning-star of English song. Chaucer, too, we must remember, had the precedence in point of time by fully a century; and Dunbar, doubtless, drew much from his example, both in language and in thought. From Dunbar to Ramsay how wide a space in our history—more than two centuries—yet how few names of any consideration can we number to fill it up! How much of our sky is dark and vacant, while that of England is a glittering galaxy! Three glorious orbs of song may be there discovered at no great interval from each other—Spencer, Shakspeare, Milton; each, indeed, not a star but a sun, dazzlingly bright, and not more bright than beneficent; not coldly shining with beams of idle beauty, but diffusing to all the world the light of truth and the warmth of virtue. With these must be associated many luminaries of secondary dignity, that elsewhere would appear conspicuously brilliant, but here are made dim, partly by the surpassing lustre of those greater lights, and partly by the very frequency with which they are themselves clustered together. In later times, indeed, Scotland has more to show. Let the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* receive his due meed of praise for that native simplicity and genuine tenderness which his English rivals failed either to seek or to attain;—let Thomson be revered as a great and worthy high-priest of Nature, and a glorious restorer of her true worship, when it had been either forgotten or corrupted;—let Beattie retain all the praise that he has ever received—he well deserves it, as a genuine poet, who knew and taught that the love of beauty and of goodness must go hand in hand;—and let Burns conclude the century, a noble product of his country's character and institutions, unrivalled in all the qualities of lyric tenderness, of manly force, or of homely humour, that his genius or position were calculated to inspire. But let us not forget that, during this later period, our neighbours, too, have a list to show, which we must not boast of surpassing. Pope, Young, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, and Cowper, are names never to be uttered

without love and gratitude, as having inestimably contributed to the delight and instruction of mankind. The poetry of Cowper in one respect resembles that of Burns, as it is a fruit of which the form and flavour are eminently characteristic of the soil that gave it birth. English scenery, English habits, the calm and cheerful pleasures of English homes, the independence, philanthropy, and devotion of English hearts, are delineated in Cowper's verses with a truth and beauty that ennoble at once the poet and the theme, and present a social picture of sober wisdom and solid happiness that cannot elsewhere be equalled.

If we come down to our own day, I suspect that all the poetry we can muster in Scotland, and it is not inconsiderable, will not turn the balance against the opposing weight of Crabbe and Wordsworth.

If I were to take a similar survey of miscellaneous literature, I believe that I should reach nearly the same result, at least until that period of our annals which records the auspicious birth of Maga. The name of Samuel Johnson would alone be sufficient to immortalize the nation that produced him. Why, sir, have you never, in all your lucubrations, done justice to the genius and virtues of that great and good man? You carp sometimes at his criticisms on poetry, and I allow that his poetical, like his physical vision, had some natural defects. Yet even in criticism he was often sound and just, able and admirable: and in some departments of no trifling value, he was not only a good judge, but a true poet. To those happily constituted minds in which the love and worship of nature are both a part of their frame and an article of their religion, it is difficult to think of Johnson's purblind perceptions with sympathy or toleration. But the regions of moral loveliness were to him in the place of rocks and valleys, flowers and forests; and his reverence for piety and justice, truth and fortitude, may be allowed to compensate for the coldness and almost sullenness against nature with which he regarded the forms of physical beauty. Who can remember his struggles with poverty and disease—his ever-increasing aspirations after knowledge and wisdom—his scrupulous pursuit of duty,

whether real or supposed—his rigid self-examination—his heartfelt humility—his enduring affection—his sincere devotion;—who can remember these virtues, and reflect that they were combined with one of the most powerful intellects that ever animated a human frame, without willingly paying to him the tribute so justly due to those who nobly use the noble gifts of their Maker? We shall never, my dear sir, have another book of equal wisdom and delight with the biography of Johnson till Gurney publishes his full notes of the *Private Conversations of Christopher North*. Of Addison, I presume it would be unfashionable now-a-days to speak in terms of praise! But ought it to be so? Will any impartial examiner of literary history refuse to that excellent and eminent writer the tribute that belongs to the man who makes wit and gaiety subservient to wisdom and goodness—elegance of style to purity of life? Addison contributed, perhaps more than we can tell, to diffuse through general society the taste and knowledge that had been locked up in cloisters and libraries; and his simple and unostentatious communication of his stores of thought and scholarship might be well imitated at the present time by many who, with much less to exhibit, make an infinitely greater flourish in the display. Scotland, I fear, has as yet no names to show that can match with the two I have here mentioned.

In the department of history, our countrymen have done well: better perhaps, comparatively, than in any other. Our leading historians have gained a high place in a very difficult and honourable contest; but we must not say that we have yet thrown Clarendon and Gibbon into the shade.

In philosophy, we have done something, but not so much as is sometimes alleged. We have produced two distinguished men, Hume and Reid—the one to set us wrong, and the other to set us right again. Beyond these, I suspect we have few whom we can boast very highly of, or whom we could place in competition with Bacon, Hobbes, Cudworth, Locke, or Berkeley. The Scotch have sometimes been praised for their metaphysical talent, but I own I am not of opinion that we are in this respect superior or equal either in subtlety or soundness to our

Southern neighbours, among whom very high examples of this power of analysis may be traced in many writers even of inferior note. The country that produced Shakspeare, and that still holds him in reverence as her worthiest son, cannot be deficient either in genius or in taste for mental philosophy; and her ability in this branch of science can only be overlooked from her general pre-eminence in other and nobler acquirements.

In divinity, what shall I say? The Church of Scotland deserves a warmer eulogium than I am able to pronounce upon her, as the trusty guardian of sound doctrine, and the diligent instructress of her people in piety and virtue. We cannot feel too much either of gratitude or pride towards her early reformers, whose efforts set us free from papal tyranny, from error, ignorance, and vice; and we cannot now reflect on the number of devout and laborious men, scattered among her secluded valleys or fertile fields, over her barren wastes, or in the worse wildernesses of her crowded cities, without rejoicing that so many fit and faithful teachers are thus provided to proclaim the truth, both from their lips and in their lives. But as a literary church, in the best sense of the term—as the able and accomplished champion of Christian and Protestant doctrines in the arena of public discussion, I fear that she must be ranked in a lower class than her friends would desire. Some eminent theologians she has produced; but her catalogue must be short and slender compared with that which contains the names of Hooker, Taylor, Chillingworth, Barrow, South, Tillotson, Clarke, Butler, Warburton, and Paley. In the volumes of these great men, and of others resembling them, though differing from each other in dignity, and some of them not exempt from error, there is to be found, as in a ready and well-arranged armoury, a store of sharp and shining weapons, with which in all time the adherents of truth may be supplied to secure the victory over her opponents. It has never been explained to my satisfaction why the Church of Scotland has not sent to the field at least a fair contingent of combatants in the same sacred cause. I cannot allow that the poverty of her livings can alone account for it. The poorest of our

clergy are not worse off than Hooker was, when he was visited at Draiton by his old pupils, Sandys and Cranmer; where, we are told, “they found him with a book in his hand (it was the *Odes of Horace*), he being then tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do, for that his servant was then gone forth to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business.” Again, “when his servant relieved him, his two pupils attended him into his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they staid but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor’s condition.” It was amidst these privations, however, and with the additional trial of a termagant wife, that Hooker matured those profound opinions and lofty meditations which have made his name immortal in the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. I cannot think that many of our Scotch ministers are worse provided for, and I trust that most of them are better married; yet no work comparable to Hooker’s has yet been produced in the Scottish Church. Perhaps the fault is to be found in the absence of dignities or sinecures—perhaps in the want of discipline and endowments in our schools and colleges. Whatever may be the cause of our inferiority, I trust it may be one day removed, and that the Scottish Church may approach in learning and in written wisdom more nearly to that fair level with her Anglican sister, which she may boast of having attained in orthodox belief and in practical piety.

In general learning, I doubt if we have any very great name, except that of him whose effigy adorns the title-page of *Maga*, to oppose to the countless swarms of scholars who have issued from the seminaries of English erudition, and who, taking wing to every quarter of the heavens, have gathered treasures from the whole region of literature to enrich the pleasant hives which they have made their homes, and from which the sweet and sustaining food of sound instruction may be again dispensed to all who hunger to obtain it. Compared with these happy

children of light and industry, our own scholars, I suspect, must be set down as mere humble bees or downright drones. We have had no names, whether in classical literature or in other departments, which can, without presumption, be pronounced in the same summer's day with Bentley or Porson, Hickes or Pocock. This deficiency of itself is of most formidable consequence. Where there is no profound learning, there can be no thorough instruction. The minds of youth will not be trained to habits either of right thinking or of deep enquiry; and the standard of excellence will, in all departments, be lowered or lost. To borrow a figure from Pericles, the best part of the spring will be blotted from the year, and our empty garners and vapid wine-presses will proclaim the extent of the calamity.

What, then, is the result? That Scotland, a poorer and a smaller country than England, has borne a noble share in the literary eminence of Britain,—but not a share that authorizes any undue pride or elation on the part of her children, much less any forgetfulness of the far greater names that England can exhibit, and which place her, as a literary country, not merely above ourselves, but above the whole world. While we exult, then, in much that our country has done, both in a historical and literary sense, let truth temper the enthusiasm of our praise; and let us remember that an exclusive appropriation of merit to ourselves is unjust to our nearest neighbours, with whom we are united into one mighty kingdom, and to whom we owe the obligation of candid sincerity, as well as of brotherly kindness.

2. It is ungrateful thus to dwell exclusively on our own claims. We can with difficulty say that the character or exertions of Scotland have had a very great influence upon those of the sister country. They may have produced a considerable effect chiefly by indirect means. But there can be no doubt that the character and literature of England have exercised the most powerful and beneficial influence upon us. The English personal character, we may boldly say, and it penetrates deeply both into her institutions and her literature, is the noblest and purest that the world has ever witnessed. The elements of dif-

ferent excellencies are mixed up in it with the most admirable felicity of combination. No where do we see so successfully united the spirit of speculation and of action, of study and of judgment, of enthusiasm and composure, of cheerfulness and of earnestness, of intellect and of piety. No where else do we behold an example of honour so high and so unstained, of morals so pure and yet so kindly, of courage so gallant and so generous. We have ourselves much of the same good qualities, yet modified, partly by the impetuosity of temper arising from inferior refinement, and partly by the too great caution and calculation natural to a people numerically weak, and placed originally in a less favourable position. We needed, therefore, and have largely received, the support of that more fearless, and, at the same time, more firm and collected spirit, which belongs to a nation that had enjoyed the civilisation of a long series of centuries, and that was born to the sovereignty of the world whether in arts or in arms. The effect upon us of English literature may be estimated by the single reflection that no one can have read Shakspeare or Milton without a revolution being produced in his whole mind, from the introduction of a new creation of thoughts, images, and feelings, the most glorious and divine. These master poets have influenced not us, merely, but mankind at large, by supplying new sources of delight, new revelations of wisdom, and new motives to goodness of the most powerful and ameliorating kind; but they must surely have still more forcibly and beneficially operated on the minds and character of ourselves, who stand towards them, if we would but claim it, in so near and dear a relation.

It seems, then, to be inconsistent with proper gratitude that we should ever name the name of literature without paying a just tribute to that glorious country, to which we every way owe so much, and which has produced such unrivalled models of excellence, fitted alike to train and inspire men to the production, and to the admiration of poetry and wisdom.

3. It is foolish. In dwelling with such exclusive preference on the ovations of our countrymen, we are foregoing our lawful share of more numerous and illustrious triumphs.

Why should we not be eager on all occasions to identify ourselves with English excellence? In remembering that we are north of the Tweed, do we forget that we are in Britain? In rejoicing that we are Scotchmen, do we count it nothing that most of us are Saxons? Few among us that excel in literature profess even to be Celtic: fewer still exhibit their literature in a Celtic form. Our vernacular speech admits, or has received but a limited range of cultivation, though in some hands it has become what it was fitted to be, a most exquisite pipe of Doric minstrelsy. We write now, as our poets have done for centuries, in the "Ingils" language, but even our common speech is of Saxon character. Shall such of us, then, as are Saxon by blood and birth, Saxon both in our native and our adopted language, claim exclusive kindred with the unintelligible Ossians and Ullins of the north, whether real or fictitious, and disown as aliens the poets and sages of England, whose language and sympathies are the same with our own? Shall we wilfully blot out from our scutcheon the noble quarterings which we can show from that side of our house, whether by ancient descent or modern alliance, and disclaim any part in that just and glorious boast which has been put forth by a divine poet, divided from our land by only a little stream and a few miles of hill and valley; but in whose words even the dwellers beyond the Atlantic, who reject our monarch and our government, exultingly participate? Shall we refuse to say with Wordsworth—

———"In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held. In every thing we are
sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold!"

4. It is injurious. Enough of causes are already at work to depress and deteriorate literature without having this other influence to boot. The indulgence even of a just estimate of what our countrymen have done, may lead us rather to repose on the laurels they have left us, than to gather a fresh

wreath for ourselves. But an overestimate of what we have thus to boast of, is doubly pernicious. It lulls us into a false security. It debases our standards of truth and taste. We ought to be far less occupied in contemplating what Scotland has done, than in helping her still to do what may make her a fitter companion for the great country with which her destinies are for ever united. Let us raise our ideas by looking beyond ourselves at the highest models of excellence that we can find, whether among our illustrious neighbours, or, if there be any higher reality of beauty and wisdom, among those ancient classics that have been as models to them. At present, I fear, but little is going on amongst us. The crop that is to form a future harvest shows at best but a feeble and scattered *braird*. It is, at least, not so vigorous and abundant as one could wish. Young Scotland may and does abound in energy and genius, but, so far I can perceive, it has as yet given but few overt or tangible proofs of its powers—fewer certainly than a true patriot would desire and struggle to produce. The old are falling off around us, and who is rising to succeed them? I asked for the illustrious names of literary men resident among you, and received for answer, "Christopher North in prose, and John Wilson in poetry." I asked again—"John Wilson in poetry, and Christopher North in prose." Some minor names were murmured in a lower tone; but they dwelt not in my ear or my memory. I could make no more of it. Scott, then, is in his grave. Jeffrey is on his shelf. The pen of the Professor sleeps in the inkstand of his own indolence. Christopher alone remains. Excepting him,

"No one now
Dwells in the halls of Ivor.
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor."

It is a happiness, my good sir, that you do survive, as well as that the remainder of Wordsworth's description of Simon Lee does not apply to you. But is such a monopoly desirable, either looking to the present or the future? The time may come when even you must bow your hoary head to the sickle; and another crop should be ready to take your place. You should even now have many assistants and successors in your important

office of Master Wizard, ready to support, and, if possible, extend the reputation of your country, and to join in bestowing on mankind at large some of those imperishable gifts of genius which will make the givers known, and loved, and conversed with, throughout all time. Do not you, then, sir, be aiding and abetting here to any deviation of duty. Do not play the part of Sir Pandarus of Troy, to a silly self-love. Tell your countrymen what they are, and tell them what, as yet, they are not, and what they should strive to be. Let not the youth of Scotland sit like Narcissus on the margin of the lake, enamoured of their own features, and regardless of the other forms of actual and abstract beauty that demand and would reward their admiration. Let them be up and doing. Let them "think nothing done, while aught remains to do." Lead them, even more than you have ever done, to the fountains of poetry and truth flowing in other lands as much as in their own, and teach them to drink genius, and wisdom, and immortality, from the living stream. The causes which, for a time, suspended our literary exertions are, I hope, rapidly passing away. It was proper that, while our institutions and privileges were in jeopardy, we should think their preservation paramount to all other duties. It was excusable that, while the very existence of knowledge and piety was threatened, we should be engrossed with the task of protecting them; that, while a new invasion of Vandalic barbarity was preparing to overrun the territory of learning and civilisation, we should be rather occupied in defending the frontiers than in cultivating the soil. But, if I mistake not much, the crisis is past; liberty and religion are safe, and we may resume the arts and the accomplishments of peace. Our labourers should now change their occupations, and turn their swords into ploughshares. While the sky lowered, and the storm was howling round us, no wonder that our woodland minstrelsy was mute. But the clouds are dispersed, if not wholly, yet in a great degree; the radiant sun of peace and security shines forth again, not, I trust, with only a "farewell sweet," but with a long course of brightness yet to run.

Why then are the groves still silent?—why do not our sweetest voices pour forth their most joyous notes, at once to attest our safety and give thanks for our deliverance?

We should not lay the flattering unction to our souls, that England is at this moment doing comparatively little in the better departments of literature. I acknowledge that a false taste has, for the present, made greater progress in that country than her institutions and established models ought to have permitted. It is one of the symptoms of that misleading spirit of the age, which, I hope, is already beginning to lose its influence. You are aware I am no admirer either of the Bulwers or of the Bowings of the day, either of the flashy fictionists or of the dull utilitarians, that liberalism in all things has, in our time, tended to produce. I look on them all as the foam or froth that agitation has raised on the current of literature: differing somewhat, indeed, in character and aspect among themselves, but not much in origin or destiny,—the one appearing like a net-work of variegated bubbles, that will soon break and be seen no longer; the other like a foul and dusky scum that will speedily sink to the mud from which it rose. But while these passing levities and impurities are conspicuous enough, the whole stream of literature is not disturbed or polluted. The pure and tranquil flow of Wordsworth's genius, still holds on its way in a retired channel, bringing health and joy with it in its course; now clear and cheerful, but without empty impetuosity—now still and dark, but only from the depths over which it flows. While Wordsworth remains to England, she has still to boast one of the few whose powerful and yet regulated genius has attained to the highest rank in imaginative literature.

But more, perhaps, is doing in England in solid and salutary learning than is at first sight apparent. The evil spirit of the times has roused an antagonist principle of good, which will ere long obtain the mastery. The popular demand for novelty and change, for superficial talent, and for voluptuous reading, has revolted the minds of many, and has revived on the other side the reverence for severe reasoning, for simple nature, and for

ancient authority. To notice only a few of these correctives, it is of the utmost importance that the study of strict logic is again sedulously cultivated; that the unaffected plainness of Anglo-Saxon literature has been rescued from the obscurity in which it lay; and that the patristical writings have been restored to that honour which all humble and devout Christians would acknowledge to be their due. Errors may easily arise from some, at least, of these tendencies. The rod may be bent for a while beyond the right line on this side, as it once deviated from it on the other. But a just mean will ultimately be attained, and the English nation will still preserve that happy mixture of virtues and tastes which, though disturbed by occasional variations, has so long constituted its permanent character.

But, supposing that the literature of England were now in a state of inactivity, this is no reason why Scotland also should become torpid. It is when the hare is asleep that the

tortoise has a chance of overtaking her. We have a long interval of ground to get over in the race. Let us use the opportunity if it has arisen. Let us strain every nerve to diminish at least the distance at which we have been left behind. Let political agitation and frivolous literature be alike restrained within narrow bounds. Let sound learning and taste, poetry and philosophy, be instated in their lawful sway; and, in order to accelerate the result, let us neither overrate what we have already done, nor refuse to others the praise that belongs to that excellence to which we are aspiring ourselves.

Excuse, my dear sir, this hasty effusion; and forgive me if, in any way, it does injustice either to the cause or the country whose interests I have so earnestly at heart. I leave to-morrow, and write in a hurry. When we shall again meet, who can conjecture? Mean-time, believe me, ever your obliged and faithful servant,

A. MURRAY MILDMAY.

BARRY'S, 25th April, 1839.

SONNETS.

BY THE SKETCHER.

"KNOW THYSELF."

"Know thyself"—wandering, on this text I mused,
And, in the mock of vain philosophy,
I ask'd the babbling brook, that pass'd me by,
Lend me his glass—I look'd; but all confused
The image was—and Fancy's self abused,
With dream-like music; and I turn'd mine eye,
And of the awful cataract ask'd reply
From its oracular flood.—It roar'd—refused:
Then sped I on—o'er mountain, moor, and fell,
Until I came unto a dismal lake,
All ink, th' unfathomable blot of hell,
And from its depth did vapours rise, and take
The form of fiends, as from the womb of sin;
"Look!" said a voice—I look'd, and saw *myself* therein.

WOMAN.

Of manly wisdom if there lacketh aught
In the fair structure of dear woman's mind,
It is Heaven's benison, of so sweet kind,
That she may walk this earth with evil fraught,
And know it not. For purity untaught,
And unassailable in *her* enshrined,
Shines like the ray in precious stone confined,
Through the clear adamant of holy thought:
But man, that makes and combats evil, needs
The serpent's wisdom, and the serpent's lure
Comes with it, and his feet too often leads
Astray: Woman, with light, and instinct sure,
Walks virtue-charm'd 'mid the world's blackest deeds,
Unharm'd—"For to the pure all things are pure."

REALITY AND FANCY.

To reach a seeming gem, one tax'd his speed,
 On the wet shore—the disenchanted cheat
 Vanish'd, as down he stoop'd—but at his feet
 Stood cold Reality. “How poor thy need,”
 Quoth she: “thus Fancy's fools take fruitless heed,
 Wasting the precious life in feverish heat
 To follow glittering things—joys incomplete—
 A little sunshine gilding worthless weed.
 I too can offer treasures, but not here,—
 I lay not up for time. Th' Eternal Hand
 Hath sown the world with virtues. Pray, with fear,
 For grace to reap them: then that promised land
 Is thine, where all things *are* what they *appear*,
 And Fancy cheats no more with *glittering* sand.

NIGHT.

How shall I name thee, Night, Great Secresy?
 For thou dost hide in darkness many a deed,
 The world's and all thine own—and thou dost breed
 Things of all unknown shapes, and mystery,
 In every element—th' unfathomed sea,
 Cavernous earth—and storms, that in their speed
 Crush luminous towns, yet spare thy shelter'd weed
 That frights mankind, inhaling death from thee:
 Some feign thee evil thus—more thankful I
 View thee, kind Mother, when thou lay'st to rest
 All creatures underneath thy gracious eye,
 Soothing with dreams instill'd the aching breast;
 And settest up thy watchers in the sky,
 That all thy children's sleep be safe and blest!

THE BIRD.

It was a sunny eve—and in a bower
 There was a bird sent forth his carols sweet
 To the soft air—and glistening leaves did meet
 And bend around him to the magic power.
 And there were Two, that hand in hand that hour,
 That happy hour, pass'd by with lingering feet;
 And listening look'd into that green retreat,
 O Change! why art thou true love's only dower?
 Dead is the bird—the leaves that interposed
 Their golden light lie o'er him—they too dead!
 And of the Two—the eyes of one are closed;
 And her dear feet, that did in sunshine tread,
 Upraised, and cold and bare, in darkness lie—
 O, that the lonely wanderer, too, could die!

BLESSING.

Oblivion! but the darkness of the blind!
 It is not real; deed, word, vision, past,
 Are known to God; and if so known, are cast
 In mould imperishable as His mind.
 Or be they spiritual, and unconfined,
 Still are they in that knowledge self-amass'd—
 Knowledge that is Creation; and must last
 With all things that have ever been, combined.
 Nor would I deem the Divine Consciousness
 All from this earth removed, o'er which the Dove
 Brooded: for rocks and wooded wilderness
 Are but reflections of things known above;
 And I would trust that every scene we bless
 With one sweet thought will live, for ever, with our love.

THE MIND.

The human mind is like a working-shop,
 Where Self-Will rears the anvil—and strong Passions
 Forge for Philosophy, and eke for Fashions—
 High thoughts for heroes, fancies for the fop.
 Big resolutions glow, and cool, and drop
 In Idless' stagnant pool: here sparks of wit
 Fly upward and around, and nothing hit.
 Noise and confusion to the very top.—
 So round the Ætnean fires a grisly band,
 Brontes and Steropes, their metal clot,
 Urg'd with their brawny sinews at command
 Of limping Vulcan, and now hissing hot
 Plunged into troughs, and now turn'd out of hand
 Jove's thunderbolts—and now—an iron pot.

AFFECTION.

O lead thy children in Affection's way—
 With every living thing to sympathize—
 'Tis better to be kind than to be wise.
 "Our boy's from school," the mother cries, "to-day.
How many will rejoice!" "Puss, pur and play;
 And Rover, leap," the little sister cries.
 "*How many will rejoice!*"—Now home he hies—
 Indulgence gives. He takes his swing and sway;
 Th' ungenerous Boy becomes the general dread;
 Stick, stone, and gun, the weak and ag'd molest—
 The red-breast that came daily to be fed
 Is blown away, the muzzle at his breast:
 "*How many will rejoice!*"—say rather, weep—
 Who sow in joy unwise, in sorrow reap.

THE WARNING.

The storm-cloud came, o'er heaven's large pathway strode,
 The billows roll'd around with awful roar—
 Two Brothers parted on the sea-lash'd shore.
 "I go," said one—"nor heed what ye forebode,
 My bark shall ride where she bath proudly rode."
 He went—was wrecked; he went—return'd no more.
 The other, calm and thankful, bow'd before
 The mercy-sign—and sought his safe abode.
 O, fear ye Him, whose hand, as with a rod
 Scourgeth the seas, and measures with a span—
 Through whom, a passage once was safely trod,
 When upwards all the reflux waters ran:
 The warning winds are but the voice of God,
 Of disobedience is the voice of man.

EQUINOCTIAL GALES.

Howl on, ye winds, and fill the world with fears,
 Ye now have license—yet a little while—
 A voice shall call you from your far exile:
 The heaven-commission'd spirits that touch the spheres
 With holiest fingers, and angelic ears
 Charm with celestial song, shall reconcile,
 With various stop, you and your wild compeers,
 To waft soft airs o'er many a summer isle.
 O, ye harmonic spirits, your skill transfer
 To rebel passions, till *their* tumult cease
 Or even *they* subdued shall minister
 To virtue in her glorified increase;
 And every thought like sainted chorister
 Breathe in its sunlit sanctuary—peace!

THE HOUSE ON THE HILLS.

A TALE.

STILL white, as with the constant fear
Of *Doomsday* crack at hand,
Though crumbling fast from year to
year,
The FOLKESTONE Hills their summits
rear,
Like giants on the land.

There straggling, lone, companion-
less,
Where cattle sparsely browse,
From fav'ring gales which sailors
bless,
That chill'd my cheek with cold ca-
ress,
I sought a sheltering House.

"House!"—But there came no an-
swering sound—
Echo refused the word,
That, what was falling to the ground,
Fast as the autumn leaves around,
Should hear itself *preferr'd*.

Upward I raised the rusty latch,
Half eager, half in fear,
To know, beneath that rotten thatch,
Where birds had long disdain'd to
hatch,
What object would appear.

The creaking hinge aloud replies,
When, from a crazy chair,
Uprose a man, whose hollow eyes,
Two oracles of miseries,
Yet question'd by a stare.

"Master, for warmth I'll give thee
worth,
I'm cold!"—He yell'd a cry;
"Cold?"—Look at yonder empty
hearth,
Where fire ne'er lent a cheerful
mirth—
Cold!—Are you cold as I?

"Cold!"—And within the inner vest
He clasp'd the heaving fold,
As if he vainly crush'd to rest
A sorrow beating in his breast,
That echo'd cold—cold—cold!

"What brings you where the wretched
dwell?—
I've nought but life to give,—

I dream'd a dream that peopled hell
With blazing souls—you woke the
spell,
In which I love to live.

"You shrink! Why, what have you
to fear?
I faced the stormy seas;
When Ocean's torrents, hissing drear,
Whirl'd in the lightning's shaken
sphere,
I thought my life was ease.

"You came along the mountain's
brow?
The sea upheaves beneath,
There did my infant body grow
To manhood, strong with healthy
glow.
Would it had borne me death!

"I went to sea, and left at home
One, motherless, a child;
And, as I cut the watery foam,
Pray'd for Joy's kingdom yet to
come,
In him for whom I toil'd.

"Years, many years upon me grew,
I stoop'd beneath the past,
Till, hoar of lock, I homeward flew,
To think my exiled troubles few,
Since home appeared at last.

"Ha, ha, methinks I hear them
now!
They howl along the shore—
A savage tribe, of scowling brow,
Whose passions rise where terrors
flow,
And winds their wreck deplore.

"A wreck! a wreck! O, happy
news!
See how they crowd the strand!
O, that a fellow-mortal's thews
The rights of mercy should abuse,
And grave us where we land!

"Dear native shore! such welcome
kind
Your sons' return to cheer?
Are foes and howling blasts of wind
The only friendly guests you find,
As homeward lights appear?

"Gold, the hard gain of labouring
years,
My little wealth, I bore ;
And, as the wave above me rears,
To Heaven I gave my hasty prayers,
And sought to swim ashore.

"Up, up and down the sea I strove,
Oft dash'd beneath the foam ;
The threat'ning seas against me move,
Seas that I used, a child, to love,
They wash'd my native home.

"A last convulsive effort gave
My limbs a deaden'd weight,
When the fierce sea, I thought my
grave,
Heaved up a strong and friendly
wave,
And earth received my freight.

"Above my exhausted body stood
A youth of evil eye,
Who watch'd me cleave the briny
flood,
And, thirsting for a deed of blood,
Had doom'd a wretch to die.

"I mark'd his ill-intention'd aim,
' Though grief my utterance bound,
Yet, as the nearing mischief came,
My sinews felt their wonted flame,
I smote him to the ground.

"Yea, seized the knife himself had
raised
Against his victor's throat ;
Bright the malicious lightnings blazed
Upon the blade, as if they praised
My courage as I smote.

"Say, bloody night, why I survive
The gold which care compiled ?
Why for myself no blow to give ?
Yes, I've the wound. I live! I live!
I struck against MY CHILD.

"My child! my child! my fallen
boy!—
A wretch that robbed the wretch—
I brought thee dust for which men
sigh,
But gave thee to the vile and dry,
Where lazy maggots stretch!

"Months I was mad, while fiery
thought
That dismal night renew'd :
I with the whispering breezes fought,
Often to smite my shadow sought,
As if a foe pursued.

"Mean-while, they placed my wicked
son
Beneath the churchyard stone ;
But, when my reason's dawn begun,
I stole him—'twas by moon-light
done,—
I stole his precious bone."

The man his shrivell'd features turn'd
To the small corner's cleft,
There crumbling bones mine eyes
discern'd,
O'er which this human monster
mourn'd,
All which the worms had left.

"Now far from man, unblest'd, un-
known,
I wait mine hour to die,
Or murmuring o'er yon withering
bone
Curses for prayers, that lend their
tone,
To breezes listening nigh.

"Oh, then a merry time is mine!
Grief echoes far and near,
I hear the frighten'd cattle whine,
Nature becomes a funeral shrine
Where I create a sphere.

"A shrinking fear in those, whom
chance
May hither bend, I see.
They rush in terror from my glance,
I curse in silence their advance,
I bless them when they flee."

Small coins I from my pocket drew,
Such as poor priest might spare ;
He to his bony treasure flew,
I, as my homeward steps pursue,
Offered a silent prayer.

P. S.

Temple Ewell, Kent.

ASSASSINS AND BULL FIGHTS.

THE following narrative is by the Baron von Auffenberg, one of the most spirited and glowing of the German dramatic poets. It is extracted from his account of a Pilgrimage to Granada and Cordova, and gives perhaps a better view of the state of Spanish misrule than a more laboured disquisition could furnish. His pilgrimage was performed in company with a Swiss gentleman, whom he introduces only as "Carlos," and who plays a prominent, though not a very heroic part in the following adventure. He calls it "A Night of Terror at Valencia," and it certainly seems to have been deserving of the name; though we cannot help thinking that if Carlos had been William Tell, or the Baron Guy of Warwick, the issue might have been different. There might have been worse odds than three to two—but to the tale.

A dismal day of clouds succeeded the bright sunshine of the Easter festival. I visited several more of the innumerable convents and churches of this city, which give a convincing proof of the inexhaustible wealth of the Spanish priesthood. The weather grew worse and worse;—dull and depressed, as if I had encountered the simeon, I betook myself to the table d'hôte of the Funda, where the first object that presented itself was a French merchant, who had just arrived from Barcelona. He was a tall haggard-looking man, dressed in dark-coloured clothes, with a vast profusion of beard, and a most melancholy expression on his pallid face. Such an object was by no means qualified to raise my spirits; he reminded me of Peter Schlemihl of shadowless memory, and his conversation was in admirable keeping with his outward man. He spoke of nothing but wars, earthquakes, cholera, and suicide. He smelt strong of camphor; and, as no one seemed inclined to listen to the lamentations of this second Jeremiah, he addressed his conversation to me. When he had asked me what lions I had seen—"What!" he cried, "have you not been to the Hospital yet?—my dear sir, 'tis the prettiest sight in Valencia." This was in character; and when I had put down his recom-

mendation in my note-book, and determined on visiting the hospital next morning, he seemed encouraged to pour forth his grumblings more freely than before. He growled about the weather, the dinner—the meats were bad, the dishes ill dressed—and at last it was quite a relief to me when he falsified his own judgments on the cookery, by eating so copiously of every dish that came in his way, that he found it impossible to talk any more. During dessert, he rose and walked to the window. After he had looked for some time at the sky, he came back, and muttered (almost as if he were pleased at the prospect) "Any one that wishes to see a good stiff storm may go down this afternoon to the seaside. A bad look-out for the shipping—lives lost—bankruptcies—bodies washed ashore," et cetera, et cetera, and da capo. When at last this bird of bad omen left the room, many a hearty "*Valgate Satanas!*" hurled after him, showed that the Spanish part of his auditory were by no means prepossessed in his favour. Carlos and I, however, were glad to avail ourselves of his information, as neither of us had yet seen a sea-storm; and we accordingly walked along a beautiful road, ornamented with splendid trees, to the Villa Nueva de Santa Maria, as the little seaport, about a mile and a half from the city, is called. It is also sometimes called El Grao. It was about six o'clock in the evening when we reached it. The bay of Valencia is always rough, being exposed to almost every wind; and on the present occasion a regular *borrasca* was raging. The sea was earth-coloured; from time to time the waves, white-crested, and higher than the house-tops, came rolling in, while the east wind howled every moment more fiercely, as if it enjoyed the hideous sound itself had made. All the thunder-voices of the mighty deep seemed let loose. A frigate in the distance struggled like some ocean-spirit with the increasing tempest. No wonder that this magnificent scene made us forgetful of every thing else. I declaimed and spouted all the poetry I could remember suitable for the occasion, and was not very unlike Demosthenes, with the exception of hav-

ing no pebbles in my mouth; and Carlos, I have no doubt, would have also sung hymns to Neptune, if he had not been busy collecting mussels and other shells that were cast on shore by the violence of the storm—for Carlos is a conchologist, and thought of his cockles and periwinkles almost as much as of his Homer and Byron.

The rage of the elements grew with the darkness; the foam of the waves gleamed as if with lightning. The hollow sounds of the abyss seemed to sound upwards from the depths of the lower world, and it was only when night had fairly set in that we could tear ourselves away from the grand and exciting spectacle. El Grao was already quite deserted; scattered lights along the coast glimmered dimly through the darkness, and along the roads belated travellers were hurrying towards the city, some on horseback, and some in their light tartanas. It was about nine o'clock when we came to the sea gate, and we found it closed. When we begged permission to enter, a low voice advised us "to pass on to the left (*a la iz guierda*) where we might perhaps still get in, for here it was impossible: the strongest orders had been given to admit no one after the doors were shut; no, not if it were St Vincente himself." This took us a little aback; but we obeyed the recommendation, and walked towards the Puerta Real.

"After all, Carlos," said I, "'tis no great matter; we only lose the fandango for to-night, and sleep in the open air." Scarcely had I said this, when I heard something creeping softly; and in a moment, as if fallen down from heaven, or sprung up from the other place, a broad-shouldered, thick-set man stood before us, dressed in the wild, romantic costume of the labradores, or labourers of that district. With a very submissive voice, and many bows and cringes, "The caballeros," he said, "are belated. O, Madre de Dios, so am I—so am I! But, *chil chil*! I know the guard at the door; I will speak to them; they are sure to let us in. *Chil chil vamos juntos*."

Carlos muttered curses on the sea, on the mussels and periwinkles, and the long face of the melancholy Frenchman.

As yet I had no suspicion, and I knew it was not usual in Spain for one man to attack two. We reached

the Puerta Real. In the middle of it is a long slit, about two inches wide, perhaps an inlet for smuggled cigars. Through this opening, our companion, the labrador, carried on a conversation with the sentinel. "Two caballeros are out here—great gentlemen—*Chil chil, centinela!*—open the gate—the caballeros are strangers—they will be grateful, you may be sure."

"I will give you two duros if you get us in," whispered Carlos to our advocate; and I immediately perceived an involuntary movement of surprise in that gentleman, and an alteration in his voice; after this he pleaded our cause as if he were not in earnest. He now advised me to give myself out as harbour-captain, and then they would be sure to open. But I perceived the trick and its object, namely—to seize me as an impostor, and squeeze as much money out of me as he could.

Before I had time to answer, I heard Carlos cursing our evil stars more than ever; and with some cause, for immediately a voice said, quite close to us, "Buenos tardes, caballeros," and two other fellows in the same dress approached us—one of them very tall, and the other a short stout man, who carried a full bottle of wine.

"We are lost men," whispered Carlos—"Oh! that infernal sea!"

My suspicions now rose at once to the highest pitch. "We must leave this at all hazards," I said, "or this night will probably be our last." Of this I was well convinced; for the three men began a low muttered conversation among themselves, but always, when they thought we were observing them, mixed with bursts of laughter, as if they were talking of some merry adventures. "They are laying their plans at this moment against our lives," said Carlos; "there is no hope for us—*alas! alas!*"

Just as he said this, the short man let fall his wine bottle on a stone slab near the door, and as he stooped down, cursing his ill luck, I saw him gather up a good many stones, and wrap them up in his red-coloured mantle. The tall fellow, in the mean time, posted himself on the other side of us, as if they suspected we might try to make our escape. Our first acquaintance spoke again to the sentinel, whose only answer was, "*Noda! noda!*" It was now half-past nine—we heard itsound-

ing from the church towers. The man seemed to breathe more freely, and stretching himself joyfully up, he said, in a tone that evidently showed his happiness, " 'Tis of no use, caballeros ; at this hour the keys are always given up into the commandant's hands ; but at four o'clock the relief-guard comes, and the gates are opened. You had better come, and spend the time with us till then."

"Tengo una buena casa" (I have a good house), said the little man, in an ominous whisper ; and I now felt persuaded they would try to get us into the suburb, to be able to attack us the more securely.

Our situation was deplorable enough, and particularly mine. We were quite defenceless—even my leaden-headed stick I had left behind, and I had nothing but a small pocket-knife, with a blade of about two inches long. I had with me eighty Napoleons in gold, and in a bag the money for our journey to Madrid, amounting to two hundred guildens, also in gold ; for, in the *funda*, there was no place I could safely stow it away, not even a cupboard that would lock. I had also a gold watch with me, the chain of which had attracted the marked attention of the party. The sentinel now halloed to us—"Off with you, in the devil's name—back from the gate!"

"Vamos juntos," said the three men, and stuck to us closer than ever.

I cannot comprehend what indescribable fatality it was, that led us to go with them, and not rather to remain near the gate, in spite of the notice of the sentinel. We were partly ashamed to show such an appearance of alarm, and partly we laid our plans as we went along, to save ourselves, if possible, by the window of whatever house they took us into. I determined to try our fortune at the first gate again ; and as the sentinel warned us off with more anger than ever, we retired. I cannot describe the presentiment of some overhanging evil that now took possession of me. The sky above looked black and lowering, and over all sounded the dull hollow roll of the tempestuous sea. I felt more depressed and agitated at that moment than during all that followed. I was walking in front with the man who had spoken to us first ; the tall man followed in the middle ; while the little one had joined himself to Carlos, repeating his exclamation of "Vamos !

vamos !" I soon became aware that the fellows had led us away from the gate, and towards the great bridge. Peacefully shone the lights of a cloister of the Trinitarians on the other side, which I had observed during the day ; and a new hope of deliverance gave me fresh strength. I resolved to rush to the door of the cloister, and shout for assistance—"Ayuda al Rey !"—the usual cry in distress. But at this moment Carlos positively refused to go further over the bridge. The first man altered his tone, and spoke bullyingly,—“Whom do you take us for, señors ? We are good men and true (*hombres de bien*) ; to h—ll with any one that doubts us !" I made signs to Carlos, pointing to the cloister, and pretended to be in high spirits, to deceive the trio.

"Let us go with these good fellows ; they are honest Valencians, we will have a jolly night in their houses. They are brave Spaniards ; and tomorrow they can come with us to the *funda*, and we will pay them the double of the reckoning, for we have no money with us now. *Vamos !* We will have dancing and singing, and all sorts of merry-making, in the house of a gallant Spaniard. We are no Frenchmen ; a German and a Swiss will get on right well with the noble caballeros. *Vamos ! vamos !*"

With consternation I observed that the first man only answered me in monosyllables—a cold short "si, si"—and increased his pace. Under us rolled the waters of the Guadalquivir, and we rapidly reached the other side. I now drew my knife in preparation for my desperate venture, and sidled constantly towards the cloister. I sang with all my might—"Amis, la matinée est belle." Immediately I heard three separate clicks ! and I knew that the springs of their navajas were touched ; the first man at the same time saying to me, sternly—"Aura pezetas *paur la pobreza*" (now money for the poor). The long knife glittered in his hand—the cloister lay scarcely fifty yards from us, and, maddened by rage and despair, I made the attempt. I sprang like a baited tiger on the labrador, in hopes of reaching his eyes with my short knife ; but I sank, as if thunderstruck, to the ground, from a crashing blow on the head with a stone, thrown by the man who followed in the middle. I was half senseless, but soon recovered ; for

already I felt the cold knife as again and again it dug into my flesh. Stab followed stab. This deliberate murder made me mad with indignation and despair. I howled and bit all round like a wild beast—all three had attacked me; and Carlos had saved himself, as he was a little way behind. He could not have helped me, even if he had staid, as he had not even a knife with him. While I live I shall never forget those dreadful figures, as they stood above me, darkly relieved upon the cloudy sky. The courteousness of the little man was the most revolting thing of all. In a quiet mild voice he kept saying to me, "Callese ud," (be silent). "Mire ud la santa pobreza" (behold the holy poverty). "Be silent, my dear sir—the money, dear sir—I beg you will be silent;" and at every word followed a stab.

Instinctively I had thrown myself on my left side to guard, as long as possible, the region of the heart. With my right arm and foot I managed to parry a good many thrusts, which were principally aimed at the breast and body. It was evident they wished to finish me as quick as possible, as they were afraid my friend, who had escaped, would make an alarm at the gate. The first villain stood before me with his drawn dagger, and called hurriedly, "Las unzas, demonio! Las unzas, ladron! El dinero paur la pobreza." The tall one, in the mean time, tore away my watch. A thought at that moment struck me, which proved my salvation. I threw the rascals my purse, and exclaimed, "Aqui, aqui,—mi todo!—(there, there—my all!) O Santa Virgen!" Whether it was the sight of the gold, or my exclamation to the Virgin, they left off for a moment, and looked greedily into the purse. The little one then observed a ring upon the little finger of my right hand, and as it did not come off quite easily, he drew a large gardener's knife from his pocket, and tried to cut off the finger. I guarded myself as well as I was able, but at last he got off the ring, and a piece of flesh at the same time.

The last rage of a dying man now got hold of me. "Maldito seas," I exclaimed, "con padre, madre, y hyos—punnatero!" (Curses on you, your father, mother, and children!) *Punnatero* is a national term of reproach, impossible to be translated; but this is the greatest imprecation that can

be uttered in Spain, as it is believed some diabolical influence resides in it. A deeper stab, however, was the only answer, and it entirely took away my senses. I felt my muscles straining in agony; and, with "maldito!" on my lips, I sank backward, resigning myself to death, and fainted. I must have lain there full ten minutes ere my senses returned. For the first moment I was unconscious of what had befallen me. There was a rushing in my head, as if the Turia had been flowing through my brain. I could not move a limb; and, if I may speak poetically, my soul stood on tiptoe on my body, and prepared for her last flight. I can by no means account for what befell me then; for, at the moment when I scarcely knew my own name, when Death's scythe, as it were, had almost cut off the *ego* from my existence, I, as clearly as I ever saw any thing in my life, saw the room where I was born, and where I had passed my childhood. It seemed as if I were in it, and some little time elapsed before my consciousness was completely restored. Gradually, all the circumstances of my unhappy position recurred to me. The cloister that was so near me showed its lights—so peaceable, so clear—but its gates were closed! There I lay beneath cypresses, roses, and plane-trees—a paradise—where fiends had sacrificed me; and the deaf insensate church stood near, listening to my groans! and my murderers, I thought, might enter it to-morrow to hear mass, and confess that they had stumbled on a dead body, and so escape suspicion, and be innocent men as ever. But I cannot venture to describe the thousand thoughts that passed through me at that moment—thoughts so rapid and various that they were above all ordinary exertions of the mind—but the thoughts *were* there.

"For we're o'ermastered by the hours of night"—

and by the great and true God! *that* was an hour of might!

I committed my soul to heaven, and praying that hell might be the portion of my murderers, stretched myself painfully out on the cold ground, and calmly expected death.

In a short time I heard a rustling noise, about thirty or forty yards off, and, with renewed consternation, perceived that those Christian Catholic

savages were coming back again. Perhaps they had hidden themselves to observe that all was quiet, and were now returning to bury the corpse. It was fortunate for me that Espina had been my Catalonian teacher, for I heard the little hyena muttering, "L'echarmos nel aigue"—(we'll cast it in the water).

With supernatural strength, from the instinct of self-preservation, I recalled all my forces. To walk was impossible, but I thought I could manage to creep, and I accordingly crept slowly and painfully towards the bridge. The murderers looked all round for me, and I heard them as they followed in search. The horrible thought now seized me that they would overtake me, and, after completely plundering, throw me from that vast height into the deep Guadalavir, in which I should have been engulfed, without leaving any trace of my destruction. The villains were not more than twenty paces behind me. I could move no further forward, and leant myself, groaning in agony, against the high parapet of the bridge. I do not wish to make myself out *wiser* than I am;—where the learning of the professor, the policy of the statesman, the faith, ay, even of the Christian, is of no avail—there *self-preservation* sometimes saves us—a flash of instinct illumines the darkness of the soul; and it was this, and nothing more, that inspired me, in the risk I was in of so horrible a death, to cry out, "Here!—sentinel!—here they are!—come on, my friends—quick, Carlos, quick; there are the murderers!—Ayuda al Rey! Ayuda!"

In spite of all my pain, a grim sort of scorn took possession of me, when the assassins, like cowardly hounds as they were, ran off, fancying that justice was at last awake. But that, unfortunately, was not the case; she slept as sound as ever; and I was delivered from death only by the same mysterious instinct that teaches the hunted deer to double on the dogs—the fox to bite off the leg that the trap has caught—that says to the wounded whale, dive down—to the threatened eagle, soar aloft!

I now crept over the bridge, supporting myself on the breastwork, and stumbling onward from statue to statue of the numerous stone saints which adorned the niches. On the other side, two immense dogs, attracted by

my noise, came up to me; but they were a great deal more compassionate than my fellow-men, and contented themselves with licking the blood from off my boots. At this moment, Carlos came towards me with many grievous exclamations, pale as death, and disordered. Even now I think I hear his "Oh, povero Giuseppe!" He had knocked in vain at both gates; and now, with the utmost difficulty, I managed, with his assistance, to crawl once more to the Puerta Real. He besought them, by the pitifulness of God, to open to a dying man. He placed me on a stone at the gate. I felt no pain from my wounds, only an increasing weakness, and nearly intolerable thirst. He passed my letter-case, with the certificate of my residence (which itself is an extract from my passport) through the slit—it was returned—but the door remained fast. Within we heard a serenade, which was given in front of a palace. He cried out for them to send to the commandant. "He is asleep," was the comforting answer. "Then I will shame you, by dying at your door," I groaned out. Carlos now hurried me away; for, at the other side of the bridge, he had seen lights in one of the houses. Towards it he helped me, and craved admittance for a person in a dying condition. At the word "*moribundo*," the light was instantly extinguished, and not a sound was to be heard! Again, he took me near the gate, and called for them to admit us—in vain! in vain! I should certainly have died upon the gate-stone, had it not been that Carlos saw two men coming over the bridge. "Stay here," he cried; "they are coming again!" He went up to them, and found they were two armed watchmen (*hombres de armos*) who enquired into the cause of the disturbance. They came to me with Carlos, and helped to convey me into the suburb Ruzzaffoh, where we found admission in a mill. The woman of the house, when she saw my blood-stained visage, nearly fainted. A council was now held as to what should be done with me; and it was resolved to carry me to the house of the surgeon of the suburb. Meanwhile, I had remarked in a corner a flask full of wine. Impelled by my horrible thirst, I slipt towards it unperceived, and drank greedily. The frightful mixture of delight and agony that I experienced

from the draught, it is impossible to describe. When the watchmen perceived it, they blamed me severely; but I doggedly answered, "*Quiero morir!*"—(I wish to die). In spite of my weakness, a fiery glow ran through me; they gave me up for lost, and carried me softly and gently further on to the surgeon's house, and laid me in a great wooden arm-chair. The surgeon came. It did me good to be once more in friendly hands. I was undressed and examined; they counted the wounds, and the surgeon numbered them with a sigh—*veinti-tres*—twenty-three; such had been the number of stabs; and even now I retain the scars of twenty. Three were slight *picaduras*, as they are called in Spain. The strength of the wine excited me to a sort of half-insane irony, and I exclaimed, "Here sits the murdered Cæsar!" and fell into hysterical fits of laughter, which renewed the intolerable pains I had experienced at first. I throw over my letter-case and money-girdle to Carlos. Whilst the surgeon wrapped some temporary bandages round me, several people of the suburbs came in. The eighty Napoleons I had preserved, were counted in their presence; and the people cast many looks of suspicion upon Carlos. He was now, therefore, in as bad a condition as I was. A speedy death might deliver me; but if I died, he would be held for my murderer, and would have great difficulty, though he sacrificed half his fortune, in seeing his fatherland or his bride again. He has often told me since, that at that moment he envied me, suffering as I was. The cannibals had apparently struck the girdle, which in so far saved me, by not being easily penetrable. I had a deep breast-wound near the heart, two stabs close together in the lower part of the body, thirteen in the right arm, two in the foot, two behind the right ear, and three lighter wounds or *picaduras* in the neck and the right side—*facil*, twenty-three.

Towards midnight, my agonies began. When they tried to lay me on a mattress, I screamed so as to waken the whole suburb. It was the utmost extent of torture; and it was only on the chair, and bent nearly double, that it was endurable at all. The wine had naturally inflamed the wounds; my breath grew shorter, and at every inhalation I felt the pain. I could have

taken poison with pleasure. Carlos prayed the whole night through; and I exerted the last remains of my strength to establish his innocence. The surgeon, resolving to let me die as easily as possible, gave me strong cordials, mixed with opium; the alleviation was only momentary; and in this way, in the expectation of death every instant, I spent a miserable night in the arm-chair. In the morning, at four o'clock, Carlos hastened into the city, accompanied by four men. A splendid spring morning succeeded the storm. The sun shone clearly on my blood-stained countenance; and for the first time a settled melancholy possessed me. But the horror of despair soon vanished before the clear light of heaven; and, as it was now all that my bodily sufferings allowed me, I thought, with many a pang, on my distant fatherland, and the friends who made it dear to me.

At six o'clock, the Alcáide Mayor made his appearance, with four clerks and two surgeons. They all despaired of me. One of them, who thought I did not understand him, allowed me to drink the cordial; and as it immediately awoke my sufferings, and I screamed with the anguish, he said, "*Es un sennol de la muerta*" ('tis a sign of death.) The magistrates had already taken Carlos's deposition, and they now took down my declaration, as it is called, and I gave it, interrupted by many pauses.

My countryman, Heinrich Elch, with several more Germans and Frenchmen, now arrived. My good compatriot, who had indeed only once met me before, had taken means to secure my admission to the great hospital; but I was no longer in a state to be removed. I would sooner have died than have placed myself in a tartana with all those wounds. They covered me up in my sleeping cloak, which Carlos had brought with him, bound my head round with yellow hospital cloths, and six *labradores* carried me in the arm-chair, accompanied by half the population of the suburb, into Valencia. The magistrate and my new friends followed in tartanas. I thought now it was for the last time I saw the glorious blue sky, or inhaled the balmy breezes of spring; and full of sadness, I saw the red crucifix at the high-walled *Puerta del Cid*, close to the gate through which I was carried. The multitude that crowded

after us were sent back; and I was carried by side-ways to the hospital, which is also called Casa de la Misericordia, and was deposited in the great Sala de los heridos (hall of the wounded).

A cloister of nuns is attached to this magnificent establishment, in whose praise I can never say enough; and their duty is to attend upon the sick. The nuns are called Hyas de la Caridad (Daughters of Charity), and do honour to this noble appellation. Amidst excruciating pains, and in the presence of four physicians and all the surgeons of the hospital, my wounds were carefully sounded, and bound up with the utmost attention. "We have never had so bad a case," said one of the elder surgeons. One of the younger ones, to whom I took a great fancy, Don Bernardo by name, exclaimed, on every new wound he discovered, "Ah, los picaros!" (ah, the villains). The binding up lasted more than an hour, and at the end of that time the physicians retired, giving further directions as to what was to be done; but I read in the expression of their faces, that my case was desperate.

Two Jesuits now visited me, and enquired if I wished to confess and communicate. I answered in the affirmative. Henry and my other friends were then asked to retire. The Lady Superior of the convent now came to me—an honourable dame, called Sor Paula Figuero, of an Andalusian family—attended by two nuns. They comforted me, recommending me to the favour of God, and with their own hands hanging round me, with many prayers, the "Virgen del carmen,"—whose image is called the last comfort of the dying, ("el ultimo consuelo de los agonizantes.") This made an indescribable impression on me. Soon after this a confessor appeared, who, far from terrifying me on the brink of the grave with the thunders of God's wrath, spoke mildly and impressively a few words of consolation, gave me absolution, and prepared me for the extreme unction.

Now came the sad procession with the host, preceded by sacristans bearing lighted torches. I received the sacrament and extreme unction, and solemnly the choir of priests uttered over me the *Requiescat in pace*. Nothing ever affected me so much as

this. My pain diminished by degrees; and, motionless, I gazed on a splendid crucifix that hung at the end of the hall, where formerly a chapel had been. I longed to have my bed removed to where it was, and my wish was gratified, evidently much to the satisfaction of the nuns. Many wounded people were lying in the hall; I attended not to their groanings, but gazed ever—ever—on the sun-illuminated image of the Redeemer.

The reader need not be under any apprehension that I am going to disgust him with the repulsive experiences of an hospital. I will pass over, as quickly as possible, the seven weeks I spent in the Casa de la Misericordia; yet I cannot altogether omit some account of them, for that noble and benevolent establishment still lives in my grateful remembrance; and, besides, it is not the fate of every traveller to see Spain in this point of view, and to get an insight into her hospitalar and conventual institutions.

The arrangements in this beautiful hospital—which consists of a number of spacious halls, many laboratories, an enormous and truly royal kitchen, a contiguous cloister with its church, besides a mad-house and a receptacle for foundlings—are truly exemplary. At five every morning, I saw the first cura arrive; this is the name of the rounds which the physicians and surgeons make three times a-day. First came two surgeons to my bed, with two assistants and an hospital attendant. The elder of them, whose name was Don José (Joseph), examined the wounds very carefully, and spoke in a low tone of voice to the others, because he observed that I exerted myself to understand him. It was then their duty to arrange the bandages, and do whatever else was necessary. The younger one, whom I have already mentioned, Don Bernardo, was the only one who did not give me up. After the *chiruganos* came the *medico*, accompanied by six assistants, of whom two took down the particulars of my case in writing. The exhibition of the medicines prescribed, and of the cooling draughts (*refrescos*), was a part of the duty of the nuns, who kept constantly coming and going. The lady superior visited the sick wards sometimes ten times in a day, and several times also during the night. As the

nuns, besides all this, had their religious duties to go through, it may be easily imagined what efforts and self-sacrifices these labours of charity must give rise to.

On the second day, the wounds on the lower part of my body showed symptoms of inflammation, and it was thought impossible that I could live more than twelve hours. Notwithstanding the immense quantity of blood I had lost, the physician ordered me to be copiously bled; and I heard him say, as he went out of the hall, "also es el ultimo remedio." On the first insertion, no blood made its appearance; and the hospital attendants shook their heads, and said they thought it was of no use giving any more trouble to a man already half dead. After much preparation, and many endeavours, Don Bernardo succeeded at last in obtaining a flow, and said, in a tone of deep feeling, in answer to their opinion, "Don't despair of him till I give up all hope." This uncertainty between death and the hope of life, is almost more painful than the certainty of the worst.

Every evening, a nun prayed beside the sick; and the doors of the adjoining wards were thrown open, so that from all sides the solemn *Ora pro nobis*, sounded like a chorus of spirits. A Jesuit chaplain with four brethren had the night watch; there are always eight present in the daytime. From time to time, I heard the tinkle of the little bell that is borne before the sacrament, and the deep-voiced chaunt of the officiating priests. When they sang the *Miserere* on their homeward way, the sick person was in extremities. Those who died were always laid out with their faces uncovered at the mass for souls.

On the third day, as my wound fever had somewhat abated, the Alcaide, with a great number of officials, visited me. He was a quiet, contemplative looking man, and was accompanied on this occasion by Carlos, Heinrich, eight or nine Germans, principally artisans, several Frenchmen, and among them the noble and humane French Consul, Gauthier D'Arc—an honourable man, and worthy to bear his heroic designation. I was asked if I felt myself strong enough to see some people who had been arrested on suspicion. Notwithstanding my miserable state of debility, the excitement of having a chance of vengeance took possession

of me. This, however, was observed by my friends, who cautioned me privately not to point out the murderer, if I wished to save my life. If a single Valencian were on my account sent to the galleys or condemned to the garrotte (a punishment they have introduced instead of hanging), I might count with perfect certainty, in case I recovered from my wounds, on having the whole tribe of the labradores, with their drawn knives ready, and bound by an oath to revenge their companion. But as revenge was equally dear to me, I beckoned to Don Bernardo, and implored him by the head of the Saviour, pointing to the crucifix, to inform me if there was indeed any hope of my recovery, and I would die contentedly if he would tell me the truth. "Hay todavia esperanza" (there is still hope), he whispered in reply, with a solemn asseveration; and I expressed my readiness to see the prisoners. They were brought into the hall—about six-and-thirty labradores, and gardeners from the Alameda, all dressed alike. The crooked cut in my finger had made the police officers suppose it not unlikely that some of the labourers who were employed in pruning trees in the Alameda had a hand in the business. Hideous, double-distilled gallows faces appeared at my bedside—rascals whose only days unstained by crimes had been spent in the galleys. The police had raked together the off-scourings of Valencia, on the supposition that at all events one out of the three assassins would be among them. The innocent I had no difficulty in discovering at a glance; for they looked me boldly in the face, grinning with rage and hatred, looking daggers at me, stroking their long beards, and stamping with their half-naked feet. It was certainly by no means complimentary for them to be arrested on such a suspicion, and brought before the bed of a person about to die. The sun illumined those brown Salvator Rosa countenances, while perfect silence was preserved throughout the hall. All eyes were fixed on me, and the clerks stood by with pen in hand, like spirits of wrath, ready to insert three names in the book of condemnation. Burning with hatred and revenge, I gazed fixedly first on one, then on another, till at last I discovered a little man, of four or five-and-twenty, who snorted like a boar, while

his face was covered with perspiration. He kept constantly changing his position, and could not look at me with composure.

That is the man !

The thought rushed through my brain like fire. My friends motioned me to be quiet. The Alcalde and the attendants gazed at the man with their dark, searching Valencian eyes, and turned again, full of expectation, towards me. I begged they would ask *that señor to speak*. The magistrate addressed him, and I heard in reply a sweet, courteous voice, that trembled out from a breast in agony ; and I recognised in a moment the "callesed," "caro señor," &c. &c. For a moment I determined to risk all, and accuse him on the spot. The other two were certainly not there. Twice the whole party exchanged their hats and mantas, and presented themselves before me—and every time I discovered the little man, who could not bear to look at me. God only knows whether he was really one of the robbers ; if he was *not*, the extraordinary resemblance I have spoken of among the countenances of the Valencians, might have been the cause of great injustice. I also called to mind, that my fixing my eyes on him in such a way might destroy his self-possession ; and, besides all this, Carlos could not recall any particulars of his appearance. I considered all these things carefully, as well as the advice of my friends. I had a great struggle with myself, and kept the suspected people in their disagreeable situation full five minutes. At last I said, "No, sir, I can recognise no one." The little man breathed more freely, and looked round him evidently relieved. They were told they were at liberty ; and, exhausted with my efforts, and the agitation of my expected revenge, I sank back upon the bed, and was left alone with the physicians.

The Baron Von Affenberg, whose desire of vengeance does not seem to have affected his father confessor or the nuns with any scruple as to his Christian frame of mind, recovers his strength and, it is to be hoped, his philanthropy at the same time. He resolves to make up for the dulness of his hospital residence, and enters into all the gaieties of the city of Valencia. The reader may have remarked, in the previous narrative, a certain pain-

ful flinching for sympathy, and a laborious dwelling on his mere physical sufferings, at all times the most unheroic of subjects, and may have felt no great respect for the courage or fortitude of the noble author ; but plain description is not his forte. He flags sadly in unadorned narrative ; and is only really good and entertaining when he gives way to his dramatic *furor*, and presents us with dialogue and stage effects. We have, all of us, read accounts of bull fights till we have been sick of the very names of *matadors*, *picadors*, and all other sorts of *doors* connected with the amphitheatre ; yet we think there is so much life and novelty in the following scenes, that they will be pleasant reading this fine weather, even after the graphic accounts of Southey and Blanco White. The conversation and sentiments of a Spanish mob we have no where seen so well represented ; and, in fact, the whole appearance of the arena, the audience, and every thing belonging to the sport, are brought more vividly before us than it would be possible for any other style of description to do. We begin our second extract without more preface, and call it—

THE BULL FIGHT OF VALENCIA.

These strictly national and highly popular shows are here undertaken by the Hospital. It buys the bulls, collects the fighters (*quadrillas*), and, generally, combines the exhibition with the other festivities of the feast of Corpus Christi. Six weeks beforehand, nothing else is spoken of ; and the night when the bulls are driven into the city from Rincon de Los Marlisés, a district on the Turia, is an occasion of unlimited rejoicing. Each bull has a name given him, and careful enquiries are made as to what breeding-ground they come from. Little cards are prepared for the benefit of the *aficionados*, as those are called who are enthusiasts in the amusement, on which they mark with a pen the wounds a bull receives, the number of picadures and *banderillos*, and if he stands the first or second stab of the *matador*. My readers have read, of course, many accounts of those spectacles ; but I wish to invite them to be present themselves at the scene, and, therefore, I choose the dramatic form—*Vamos !*

THE CURTAIN RISES.

The bright sun of the twentieth July illumines a large and tastefully built wooden amphitheatre. On benches, chairs, and in boxes (*tertullias*) sit ten thousand people. Time—a quarter to two o'clock. Exposed to the heat of the sun are the work-people, fishermen, sailors, and perhaps two thousand *labradores*, for every village of the Huerto has poured out its population, and many have come even from Marviedro and S. Felipe. The more respectable spectators sit under shelter. The female rank and beauty of Valencia, richly dressed in their national costume, fill the boxes. *Cortejos* move about in all directions with refreshments. The heat intolerable, the amphitheatre full as it can hold, for a detachment of *hulans* have just cleared the circus. An old woman makes a rush to the door. Universal uproar, hissing, and whistling.

"Ah la viejah! (out! out!)—Chi! chi! vaga! vaga!"

"Silencio! silencio! chi!"

(Hideous noises and stamping with the feet).

"Silencio! chi!"

Great barrels are brought in on cars, and, by means of long leather tubes, the circus is well watered. The *corregidor* appears in his box.

Many voices. "Viva! viva! viva!"

Others. "Chi! chi!—he's always too late."

"Viva! chi! chi!"

"Es un afrancesado! silencio! ca-rai!"

"Chi! chi! silencio!"

The sellers of refreshments clamber every where; one stands on my shoulder.

Voices. "Orgiata quien? Quiere orgiata? (Who'll buy?)—Agua! agua! fria la agua!—Quien quiere agua?"

Many voices. "No hay plaza!" (no room here).

"Agua fria! Fria la agua!—a—gu—a!"

A sudden uproar, mingled with whistling and hissing. One of the directors of the fight, dressed in flaming red, enters, followed by eight servitors in uniform, with daggers and bonnets. He proceeds to the box of the *corregidor*, and is about to read the laws of the fight.

All the labradores. "Fuera! (out!)—Fuera con el cangrejo!" (Out with the lobster! out! out!)

The nobility in the tertullias. "Silencio, caballeros!"

Great rattles are sounded from all quarters.

"Fuera! fuera! vaga! vaga! chi! chi! ya empezon! (they're beginning!) Agua fria! orgi—a—a—ta! fuera! silencio! chi! chi!"

Several thousand magnificent fans are constantly in motion.

Chorus of ladies. "O! que calor!" (how hot it is!)

"Orgi—a—ta! fuera!—chi! chi!"—(Three thousand whistles—fifteen hundred rattles.)—"Off! off!"

The unhappy official against whom all these noises are directed walks quietly off with his attendants.

All the snobs. "Bien! bien! van ustedes! bien!"

One with stentorian voice. "Ah los cuervos!" (the crows).

Chorus of snobs. "Los cuervos! malditos sean los cuervos!"

The nobles. "Silencio, caballeros!"

The ladies. "Oh Dios! que gente!" (what people!)

The cathedral clock strikes two.

"Silencio—o—o—o!"

Immediate stillness—expectation.

The *corregidor* throws a key to another of the directors, who lets it fall.

Snobs. "Chi! chi!—hiss—s—s—s—mal hecho!" (ill done).

Many voices. "He can't get the key!"

Thousands. "Reventete, grulla!" (burst, crane!)

The nobles. "Silencio, señors! silencio!"

The ladies. "O que gente! que gente!—que calor!—O Dios!"

The director stands at the door that leads to the place where the bulls are kept.

A voice. "Stand up, grulla! Silencio!"

A trumpet sounds. Deep silence.

The opposite door is thrown open, and, amid innumerable *vivas*, enter the *quadrilla de toreros* (*quadrille* of the bull-fighters).

All. "Chi! viva! viva! Viva Montes el divino" (the godlike Montes.)

The nobles. "Viva la estrella de Sevilla!" (the star of Seville.)

All. "Viva! viva! viva!"

The *matadores*, otherwise called *espadas*, or swordsmen, pass in front of the *quadrilla*. The four *banderilleros* follow; then six *capitos* and *chulos*, with cloths and red flags; then the

picadors, on horses covered with yellow leather and iron, with long thick lances, ending in a sharp iron point about three inches long, and clothed in blue jackets, bedizened with gold, and hats ornamented with dark brown ribbons and flowers. The whole cuadrilla, in the national Andalusian costume, glittering with gold and silver, presenting a chivalrous appearance.

(Innumerable vivas).

The reserve picador rides off. The two others start forward in full career to the wooden fence at the left hand, near the bull entrance door. The banderilleros stand behind them; then the capistos; and, still further back, the matadors. The assistants all retire into the space between the circus and the spectators.

Deep silence. The hearts of those who are unused to such scenes beating audibly.

In the box belonging to the Hospital enter a priest with the sacrament, to be administered to any of the wounded; beside him several surgeons, bearers, and servants.

Three notes of a trumpet. The bull door thrown open.

The bull Tormento, black as night, and bearing prodigious horns, rushes madly in, and dashes at the picador Sevilla. He wheels his horse to one side, saves it from the horn, and pierces the bull's neck, without moving in his saddle. The bull stands for a moment on his hind legs, beat back by the force of Sevilla's thrust, and hurries forward to the middle of the ring where it looks round, bleeding and amazed.

(Prodigious thunders of applause.)

All. "Bien! bien!—bravo Sevilla! Bien! viva!"

The picadors change places. The capistos irritate the bull with their flags, which he attacks, foaming with rage. He rushes on the men. They leap over the fence,

(Great laughter).

A Voice. "Bien, golondrinos!" (good, swallows!)

All the ladies scream.

Tormento has upset Rodriguez and his horse. The horse dies. Rodriguez lies pale as death, half supported against the paling. The bull rushes towards him. A capisto succeeds in attracting its attack to himself.

(Hooting and hisses).

"Mal hecho, Rodriguez!—(ill done)—chi! chi!"

Other voices. "Silencio, es muerto!" (He is dead).

Snobs. "Dead!"

Ladies. "Ai! ai! señor!"

(Screams again).

Tormento has caught a capisto on his horn, and tosses him high in air.

All. "Mire! mire! mire!" (see! see! see!)

The ladies. "Ai! señor! Ai! Dios!"

Labradores. "Muerto, carajo!—bueno el toro!—(well done, bull)—Bien! bien!"

Rodriguez and the capisto are carried out. The bull rushes at Sevilla, who pierces him again, and parries him beautifully.

(Tremendous applause).

All. "Bravo, picador! Bien, Sevilla!"

The labradores (stamping and growling). "El picador de la reserva!—(the picador in reserve). "El picador de la reserva!"

Rodriguez, who had been thought killed, rides into the ring on another horse. He is still pale.

All. "Bravo, Rodriguez! Bien!"

Others. "Where is the capisto?"

An attendant. "Muerto."

The ladies and strangers scream again.

Tormento has the horse of Rodriguez on his horns. Rodriguez keeps the saddle. The horse falls over—he saves himself. The bull runs at him fiercely—the capistos get in its way—Rodriguez pulls the horse up again, its entrails hanging out nearly a yard—he spurs it as it limps on, the blood falling in streams.

The labradores (with diabolical uproar). "Ahai! Heaqui! los tripos!" (the entrails).

(Universal exclamations). "Los tripos! los tripos!"

The ladies hold their fans before them.

Some voices. "Dismount, Rodriguez!"

Others. "Stay on! Stay on!"

The horse sinks down and dies.

(Great uproar and delight).

The bull attacks the horse he had first killed, and tosses it on his horns. Rodriguez staggers off.

Voices. "Bien toro! es bueno el torito! Bien, toro, bien!"

A trumpet sounds.

The banderilleros spring forward against the bull, crying "Hup! hup!" When he runs at them they jump

aside, letting him pass under their arms, and planting their gaudily ornamented banderillos in his neck.

The bull is maddened. He springs all fours from the ground. Clouds of dust mingled with the smoke of blood.

(Great triumph.)

"Blen hecho! Hup! hup!—bravo! viva! viva!—hup! hup!"

The bull has now eight darts sticking in his neck. He is furious, rushes after a capisto, and leaps over the six-foot-high paling in pursuit.

Voices. "Save yourself."

Other voices. "Stay where you are."

The ladies. "Ai! Dios! ai!"

All the assistants jump into the ring. The bull rushes forward through one of the numerous doors. The assistants fly in all directions.

(Great laughter).

They escape to their seats.

(Sudden excitement. Tremendous shouting).

"Viva Montes! eh, viva!"

Montes has performed a masterpiece. Armed with a long pole, he has attacked the bull and sprung clean over him when he made his rush.

(Tempestuous acclamations).

A trumpet sounds.

The bull is busy with the dead horse. Montes appears again as a matador, and approaches the corregidor's box.

Voices. "Silencio! silencio!"

(Stillness.)

Montes. "Now will I, with God's help, and the protection of Our Lady, put this bull to death. God save the King and the Royal Family."

He throws his montera (or cap) into the air.

All. "Viva el Rey! Miestro Señor Fernando Setteno."

(Perfect stillness).

Montes, followed by the foot-quadrilla, stands in front of the bull, which stares at him, roaring. Tormento attacks the red cloth of the matador. Montes slips nimbly aside—this is repeated amidst cries of hup! hup! six times.

(A sudden earthquake of approbation).

At one blow, without blood, Montes kills the bull, and sticks the espada up to the hilt in his neck. Tormento falls on his knees struggling to the last, a dying hero.

(Acclamations). "Muerto! Muerto!"

Garlands, flowers, and copies of verses, shower down on the illustrious matador, whilst the dead bull is dragged at full gallop from the ring by four mules hung round with bells. The quadrilla resumes its former position. The dead horses are dragged out by the empleados. Trumpets are sounded. The door flies open, and the second bull appears. With some few differences, six bulls are thus introduced, one after the other. No other accident occurs, and few horses are wounded. The first and last bull are generally the best; and I now lift the curtain once more at the closing scene.

EVENING.

The seventh bull is dragged out, and the quadrilla is stationed ready for action.

Voices. "Who comes now?"

Others. "El Sarco," (the name of the eighth bull).

Several voices. "Is he a good one?"

Some sailors. "We saw him driven in. He'll do wonders."

Voices. "Orgeata!—agua!"

A voice. "Tormento was their best."

Another. "Es buena el Sarco. You shall see; but 'twill soon be dark."

Many citizens and women. "Mala hora" (too late).

Trumpet sounds three times.

El Sarco, a splendid black and white Andalusian, rushes in, looks round, and walks solemnly into the middle.

(Howlings). "O, O, Vaga la cabra!—(Off! she-goat!)—O, Vaga! chi! chi! si!"

(Whistling and hissing).

(Uproarious cries). "O, O, la cabra! O, la vaca!—la vaca de la boda!—(Wedding cow)—Silencio!"

The picadors change places. The bull trots towards them; and turns tail.

(Hootings). "Maldita sea la vaca! O, O, la cabra!"

El Sarco remains in the middle. Sevilla rides at him.

Many voices. "Bravo, Sevilla!"

Others. "Mos adelante!—(more forward!)—mos adelante, carajo."

Voices. "What sort of Sevilla is this?"

Others. "Not the old one—mos adelante!"—(N.B. The further a picador follows a bull into the ring, the more dangerous).

"Mos adelante, Sevilla!"

Sevilla thinks he has done all required of him by the laws of the amphitheatre, and rides back, retiring his lance. The former favourite is now in great disgrace. Hissing, rattling, whistling, and all manner of insulting noises.

(Huge disturbance).

Voices. "Que es esto Sevilla? Vaga! Vaga, fantástico! O el embustero!—(the deceiver!)—O el maullon!—(the false rascal!)—Adelante, punnatero—O! O!" (Rattles, catcalls, stamping, whistling.) "Adelante, demonio! Así no se gana el dinero! (deserves no money). O el peje polo—(the stockfish!)—Vaga, vaga! Punnatero de Sevilla!" This lasts some time. Sevilla's Andalusian pride is roused fearfully. He shakes his head, and swings the lance in a rage; and casts scornful glances even up to the ladies, who pity him. He rides again against El Sarco, who is still quiet.

Many voices. "Bien, Sevilla—mos adelante! Hombre! bien, hombre!"

He rides further forward. The bull retreats, shakes itself, and stamps. Sevilla drives him from the middle of the place, and holds the lance-point under his nose—(the most daring thing that can be done).

(Immense applause).

"Bien, Sevilla! viva! viva! Bien, hombre! viva!"

(The ladies scream).

The labradors. "Look! look! carajo!"

El Sarco gets under the horse in a moment, and tosses it and its rider in the air, dashing them down, so that the horse falls dead upon Sevilla. The capistos try to attract the bull, but it remains quietly walking beside the fence, and looking at the spectators.

(Confused exclamations).

Some cry, "Viva Sevilla!" others blame the phlegmatic El Sarco.

Labradors. "Fuego! fuego! fire! fire!"—(to rouse El Sarco).

(Confusion for some time).

A man is passed from bench to bench, and kicked down stairs. Up-roar. The bull stands unmoved. The banderilleros set crackers and squibs round his neck. Amidst the explosion he stands enveloped in smoke and dust—from being calm and phlegmatic, he becomes wild, and dashes at

Rodriguez, springing so high, that the horn wounds the horseman's side. The picador falls.

(Shouts).

Voices. "Ah, ah, mire! Heaqui!" The loose horse gallops round. El Sarco tosses him, ripping open his bowels, so that they trail on the ground.

Snobs. "Ah! ah! Buena el toro! Ah! ah!"

It gets rapidly dark. The danger of the cuadrilla increases. Smoke and dust envelope the ring.

Labradors. "El picador de la reserva! Ah, ah!"

Rodriguez is carried off with great difficulty. Sevilla lies under his horse, protected with all their powers by the capistos. The picador de la reserva, Jose Fabré, rides in.

Voices. "Buenos tardes, señor"—(good evening, sir).

The bull rushes at him, and overthrows man and horse.

(Immeasurable acclamations).

"Bien! bien!—bravo Sarco—bien! bien!"

Three horses are now lying dead. Fabré is stunned, and is led off. Sevilla is there alone; and the bull has not yet received a scratch. It rushes madly at the dead horses. An amateur from among the labradors volunteers to attack the bull, amidst universal applause—a strong coarse fellow, that has been for some time with difficulty kept back. Sevilla plants a stab at enormous risk.

(Vivas).

The amateur appears on horseback, dressed in Fabré's jacket and cap. El Sarco runs at him, and tosses man and horse.

(Vivas and laughter).

With his pride very much lowered, the champion sneaks off. Sevilla's horse falls, after another rush.

(Unbounded applause).

It is now nearly dark. The matador Montes attacks the indomitable Sarco, who has now slaughtered five horses, and disabled two picadores. After five minutes admirable play, he succeeds in planting the death-stroke, and, amidst tumultuous applauses, *exeunt omnes*.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

PROSPECTUS OF A HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY.

"The proper study of mankind—is man."

It is an interesting fact, and one which belongs exclusively to this age, that there is an universal taste for Biography—"Secret Memoirs"—"Private Correspondence"—"Reminiscences"—"Recollections," and all other devices by which it is possible to peep into the lives or characters of departed greatness or littleness. No wonder, then, that when an usurper dies, who has raised himself to a throne, and deluged a continent in gore, a thousand pens should be dipped in ink, to unfold the designs, and trace the rise and progress, the decline and fall, of such a man. But a conqueror is not the only theme on which a goose-quill deigns to perform its part: fiddlers and singers, actors and dancers, demagogues and pickpockets, in short, any body who will but be kind enough to die, is sure to be immortalized, if—a *Homer* can be found to portray his Achilles. This is the day for people to talk, and vapour, and fight, and strut, and puff themselves into notice, for each will find his admirers. Mr Owen of Lanark, M. Papineau of Canada, Mr Morison and his pills—all become celebrated when alive—how doubly valuable when dead! As they each leave the world, some panegyrist will be found to laud their merits—their rebellion, their physic—in large quarto volumes, *embellished* according to the best principles of their art.

How improving is the study of biography for the formation of rising talent, which may there see, as in a glass, the ways and means by which to steer its course through this strange world. But notwithstanding the "Lives" which are always pouring from the press, none have the direct object in view with which we purpose to enlighten the universe; we, having the privilege of being amongst the initiated, can discover under all the dross the real gem, therefore we understand how Napoleon arose to greatness, Mahomet to be a prophet, the popes of Rome infallible. Histories have been, and will again be, written of those extraordinary individuals, but not on the plan we propose.

We have thought it high time the ho-

nour of our family should be made manifest, and, in consequence of this resolve, have for many years been diligently employed in the composition of a standard work—namely, a comprehensive Universal History of the splendid, ancient, and illustrious House to which we have the honour to belong. The more we study and write upon the subject, the more we find left unwritten. Since the period of the French Revolution our task has become that of hourly toil, for the plot has thickened, and the actors have become more numerous than in any other given epoch of time; but as our theme begins with the Creation, and goes through every empire and nation, it will not astonish the gentle reader to learn, that the proposed work cannot be contained in less than a thousand volumes; and even then, how small a part will have been told!

But, when we announce that the old, potent, magnificent family of *Humburg* is that to which our talents have been devoted, surprise will cease, as all must allow that a wiser, richer, or greater house never existed upon the earth. In this prefatory sketch of our plan, we can but briefly allude to even the most imposing names amongst our kindred, who are numerous as the stars of heaven; and many individuals who (had we time and space) would have been noticed in our pages, can now only be mentioned in the list of worthies in our last volume, which will be a sort of index as to the collateral branches of a genealogical tree which overshadows the known world. In taking a bird's-eye view of our subject, the difficulty seems to be compression; and, as we omit all who have not figured pre-eminently in their own sphere of action, our accounts are more interesting than may be imagined.

As our design is to trace the rise, progress, and dominion of the *Humburgs*, it becomes us to follow the example of all Biographers, and commence with the first individual on record of whom we have any positive information. What took place before the time which we call the Crea-

tion, we do not profess to know, as not even the oldest Welsh MSS. have any higher data, nor any Chinese documents which we have consulted have anything satisfactory as regards talking, thinking, writing creatures. We are often gratified by the discoveries of geologists respecting the earliest eras of this globe, and more especially of the earth's existence for millions of ages; and if they do not all quite agree, and the theory advanced in one year is overturned by that of the next, yet by and bye we expect they will arrange something amongst themselves, and in the meanwhile we shake hands with most of them, as part and parcel of *our* family circle, although we believe many of them are not at all aware of our affinity.

In an antique volume, which gives intimation of circumstances which happened in the year *one*, we find authentic testimony of the first appearance of *our* great ancestor on this scene of things, together with oblique hints as to his unrivalled talents. The book to which we refer is in the Hebrew tongue; but as its contents are not in unison with the principles or practice of *our* great and regal house, we merely notice it, as an early register of events from which we may gather our facts. It is there stated, that soon after Adam and Eve were placed in Paradise, a sublime personage introduced himself to the latter, and, by his guile and flattery, induced her to transgress a law which had been given. All this may be found elsewhere, as we allude to the occurrence purely for the purpose of showing from what source is derived that *principle* which has pervaded every member of the family since that time. The august individual of whom we now speak, is, in the first instance, known by the appellation of "the devil." In the original, this is a term of high distinction, but from some change in the meaning of words, it has since become one of reproach; nevertheless he has been deified and worshipped by many titles and names *equally* honourable; and although in Europe he is not treated with the *outward* esteem, which he has a right to expect from the devoted children who flourish under his own immediate auspices in those flourishing states, yet few dare deny their parent, and much credit they do him!

The pictures by which *he* is represented are too gross and frightful to be more than mentioned by the grave historian, and may be considered as the rude efforts of unenlightened ages. It is as cruel as it is unjust to represent him with hoofs and *tail*, as if he were Mr O'Connell himself, or the model of Lord Monboddo's theory upon that *long* subject; but for those who wish "the devil to have his due," we would request them to look into Lavater's works, where they will find all that could be desired, in a splendid head, in which is set forth to the best advantage every distinguishing *family* feature, such as envy, malice, hatred, subtlety, &c., &c.; all these words we know have strangely different meanings in an English dictionary, to those in which *we* of this exalted race apply them; but were we to have gone on, in what many well-intentioned but stupid people call the ways of truth, uprightness, integrity, and so forth, *we* should not have made the figure in the world we ever have—absolutely we should not have had even a beginning.

In the first volumes of the work will be found a lengthy philological essay upon the derivation of the ancient cognomen *Humbug*, which will be traced through the Saxon, Teutonic, Syriac, Sanscrit, &c., to the Hebrew language, which is proved by the best Cambrian authorities to be that spoken in Eden.

The Diversions of Purley will be thought a dull book when compared with our learned disquisition. There is no other noble name which has been transmuted into so many useful parts of speech, or which has become idiomatic in the English tongue. A *Duke* of Wellington has given his name to a pair of boots, an *Earl* of Sandwich to a Vauxhall slice of beef or ham placed between two similar portions of bread and butter; a *Lord* Stanhope has had the *honour* to name a gig; a *Mr* Macintosh has the *profit* of selling every body an upper-coat designated by his appellation—but these are poor distinctions. Look at the word *humbug*—there is at once the noun; to *humbug* is become a perfect verb, regular, irregular, and compound; *humbugging* an excellent participle; *humbug!* a positive interjection. Moreover, there is a "sweet confectionary plum," which, in our youthful days, we remember by the melting name of *humbug*.

In this short prospectus of our design we are obliged to pass over in haste the Egyptians, who had the advantage of possessing a priesthood, every member of which was a sworn brother of *our* house. Much new information will be presented to the public upon the Greeks, their elegant mythology having a strong claim upon our notice; and singularly interesting matter will be unfolded to the scholar and divine in those pages which relate more particularly to the virtuous mothers of the gods worshipped in the *Morea*,—the amiable characters of Jupiter and Juno,—the power of Cupid—the deeds of Bacchus.

The modern Greeks may have changed their faith in some points, and, instead of the images of Apollo and Minerva, may have those of St George and St Agatha; but we are pleased to know they hold the principles of *our* family as firmly as their more celebrated progenitors; and, if not quite so distinguished now as in the olden time, we really think they are just as worthy.

The Romans began, according to the precepts of *our* universal code, by propagating the pleasant story of Romulus and Remus; this answered so well, that Numa and Egeria soon became a circulating marvel to exact obedience to strong rulers and new laws, and the rude people, being gathered into a nation, subdued all around them. Their conquests went on for ages, until they triumphed over the world. This was no easy matter, and cost much loss of life and limb; but one set of hardy warriors arose as the other fell until at last Rome appeared in all her pomp and pride. "They who possess the highway to the East have the treasures of the globe," and such the Romans found it to be. Palaces and temples, columns and arches, graced the imperial city on every side, and never were men or statues lodged in grander abodes. *That* was the moment for *our* illustrious family to arise and enjoy the wealth and power which others had so dearly earned. We do not deny to Julius Cæsar the glory of fighting and conquering, and passing the Rubicon; yet, if his genius had not been warmly tintured by the privilege of *our* alliance, he could not have been the greatest of the Roman name. Alas! that such a man should have fallen by the dag-

ger of a conspirator, who was too envious of *our* increasing influence to endure the presence of the laurelled chief. We consider the scene of Nero fiddling when Rome was burning, and afterwards throwing the blame of his own bonfire upon his Christian subjects, as a beautiful specimen of the power of *our* principles to overcome all vulgar ideas of justice or pity.

When the Romans were fast losing their name, and their empire was daily vanishing, there arose in the East a mighty man, of whom we are justly proud, as he carried out the theory and practice of *our* family to the highest pitch of renown. Need we say this was Mahomet? His station and birth obscure—his inheritance nothing—his name unknown; yet, by following the intuitive instincts of a true-born Humbug, he advanced himself to the possession of kingdoms, he overthrew the idolatrous worship of many nations, and instituted a religion which is chiefly that of devotion to himself. If *born* in obscurity, he *died* the most distinguished individual of his time, and is, in consequence, ever to be esteemed as second to none but the great head from whence *we* sprung. His memory is held in profound veneration by Egyptians and Persians, Arabs and Turks; the last of these possess an invaluable relic, preserved as a sacred remembrance of the inspired prophet, and exhibited only on the most solemn and important occasions. As the English language has no fit term by which we can exactly translate the name of this palladium of the Ottoman empire, we must leave it amongst the "inexpressibles," and endeavour to make our readers better understand our meaning by using a Scotticism, and declaring the holy standard to be Mahomet's "green breeks."

We hasten on, taking little notice of the Crusades, which were carried on chiefly by the fostering care, and under the influence of *our* kindred. About that time arose a great accession to the dignity and grandeur of *our* house in the established dominion of the papacy over the *souls*, and, *therefore*, over the *bodies* of men. No potentates have ever been such firm allies and brethren of *our* social compact as their holinesses the popes of Rome. All honour and glory be to them, for they have ever been the firm defenders and supporters of the line and lineage of Hum-

bug. Alas! when all was going on happily—when they held in their even grasp the balance of power—when they could, by an excommunication, take a king from his throne, and place on it a minion of their own—when, by the simple expedient of a papal bull, they could dissolve the allegiance of a whole nation to their lawful sovereign—when they could persuade counts and knights to ravage many a fair province, for the kind purpose of exterminating, by the summary process of fire and sword, heretics, who were too dull to believe *impossibilities*—when, we repeat, all these delightful schemes for the advantage of the popedom, and, doubtless, of all Europe, were daily gathering more strength and daring, a fierce-minded German began to discover what he was pleased to call “imposition,” “fraud,” “scandalous abuses,” in the sale of indulgences, and caused a tremendous convulsion in the peaceful Catholic Church, which made a fearful breach in her bulwarks, and awoke her from her sweet slumber and repose. This Luther was not contented with interrupting the proceedings of Tetzels, and other tender-hearted vendors of these invaluable privileges to sin, but had the presumption to go on further, and rage against other ancient modes of faith and practice which had been adopted in what are erroneously called the dark ages, until he clamoured and wrote down many pleasing ways of obtaining heaven, such as purgatory, prayers for the dead, merits of saints, redeeming the soul by the payment of money to the priests, who transacted the important business for them, and who would in these mercantile days be called spiritual brokers. But “the unkindest cut of all” was unfolding the “mystery of iniquity,” known by the term “Transubstantiation.” Now, if all these ingenious inventions are not actually available for the end proposed in *another* world, they are remarkably agreeable and *profitable* in *this*, to each party concerned, and, therefore, why not let good alone? The novel fallacies of this *singular* monk obtained largely in England and Scotland; and it must be stated, as a singular fact, that wherever these opinions gain ground, our kith and kin are obliged to leave the soil and emigrate. However, we are thankful to say that to this time the true old popish creeds and ways hold fast their gripe in Ire-

land, Italy, Spain and Portugal, &c., &c., where their *edifying* ceremonies are performed with all pomp and circumstance, to their *enlightened, learned, sensible, thoughtful, followers*.

It is gratifying to the observant mind to perceive how adroitly the Church of Rome can escape by her subtlety through every difficulty. When Luther and his stupid disciples denounced image worship, as not only savouring of paganism, but as forbidden by what *he* called the second commandment, the Church, dear, kind mother of the *flock*, and likewise of the *fleece*, not only denied she worshipped wood and stone, but turned the commandment out more determinately than ever from her continental creed, with her usual affability and knowledge of the world she has permitted it to be resumed in the Decalogue amongst her British subjects. Surely *such* a Church has a right to know what she really does believe in, but arrogant Protestants, notwithstanding all the Scarlet Lady's asseverations as to these images and crosses, on altars and shrines and highways, being merely emblems or signs of faith, deny, impiously deny, the truth of her statements, and ask, with their wonted effrontery, how it happens that an old image of the Virgin at Loretto is still, and has been visited for ages, by pilgrims, as being a gracious and pitiful lady, when, without moving a hundred yards from home, these devotees might have presented their supplications to a fine fashionably dressed Madonna in their own parish church? They go on to say, “If you don't worship the *image*, why wont the sign or emblem do as well in one place as another; and why wont ‘your lady’ at Seville or Madrid, raise your mind to high-pressure devotion equal to that old fright at Loretto?” The Church, “wise as a serpent,” never replies to such impertinent questions. She declines argument, but insists upon obedience to *her* doctrines; and where she has the Law, the Gospel is not much regarded. This sagacious method is always adopted by her as shortest and best; and as the use of reason or truth is generally against her interest, *our family* always agree with the Pontiff in enforcing blind faith in her children. In proof of this, we would adduce the case of what we may call the Parallel Popes, each elected by a conclave,

each *infallible*, each anathematizing the other with wondrous power of cursing. Now, the people who are for common sense, and all such wearisome stuff, wish to know, "if both were *incapable* of doing or being wrong, how it could possibly happen two similarly inspired, gifted personages, should always disagree, and always embrace opposite factions?" The faith of the Papist *must* see no difficulty, and settles it (we forget how, as we never could discover the mystery) according to its prompt and decisive manner; and, if there should be the power of the "secular arm" on its side, they will put "the question" to you, and cavillers will find themselves *racked* through and through, till they are satisfied to give themselves no further trouble upon things which are beyond the comprehension of God or man.

Notwithstanding the grievous schism caused by the Lutheran party, much of the real leaven of the spirit of Popery has been disseminated by a singularly acute body of men known as Jesuits, Loyala, the founder of the order, was a master-mind; and the brotherhood have not disgraced the institution. Holy Ignatius! thou wert prompted by St Nicholas himself in the concoction of thy noble project. The doctrine of mental reservation is one worthy of the "old gentleman" in person, and has met with all the encouragement so *useful* a discovery merited from its own fostering church, and *our* honourable family. When we see the influence of Le Teller producing the revocation of the edict of Nantz, we are lost in admiration at the *depth* of the Jesuit, who, to advance the interests of his brethren (and therefore doubly ours), could give thousands of his fellow-creatures to sword and banishment. We pronounce it a noble sacrifice of love of country to party spleen.

As England will detain us rather long, we shall place our grievances there, as much as possible, in one mass, and must retrograde as to time in our narration.

During a period of profound repose to the *souls* of all Europe, when they who had the upper hand kept their place by the iron mace, and allowed no one to think but themselves, a king, named Alfred, ruled over that paltry spot called Albion. The people there

were always turbulent; and whoever reigned in that island, had to subdue, in the best way they could, the factious men, who were ever talking of their rights and privileges, and such nonsense; but this Alfred the Great instituted a strange thing—a trial by jury! where each criminal or accused person is brought before twelve of his own grade in society, and cannot be condemned nor punished until they are satisfied by evidence of his guilt. Now, this was undermining kingly power and feudal rights with a vengeance: and after a time in that country, a monarch could neither behead nor imprison a disgraced favourite, nor a lordly baron get rid of a neighbouring landholder, without being called to severe account for his conduct; until at length, in that contemptible kingdom, there is as much ado made about hanging a man, or shooting an inconvenient friend, as would have sufficed, in "good old times," to raise an insurrection. Thanks to the intricacy and number of the laws, many of *our* dear family contrive to raise themselves to wealth and greatness, otherwise this branch of *our* house must have been completely humbled by the straightforward proceedings of juries and evidence.

We believe that in every nation there are members of our mighty race, yet, like the Jews, we prosper in some more than others—perhaps England has fewer of the legitimate line of Humbug than any other civilized country: but we never despair; and since Stoneyhurst and several Jesuit colleges are flourishing, and a *via media* has been discovered, which may lead, by a safe and speedy route, to Rome, we expect by and bye *the family* may rise, even in this common-sense community, to hold the sway it has obtained elsewhere. Not that Britain does not afford some celebrated names to our genealogical table. St Dunstan was a host in himself!—but we cannot mention a truer heart than Thomas-a-Becket. We worship in spirit at his shrine, and view with ecstasy the otherwise dauntless Henry crouching before the lordly priest. Sad was the day which saw the prelate fall a martyr to the interests of that *pure* church, and *our* noble house, of which he will ever shine a resplendent ornament. As worthy of a place next *such* a saint comes Wolsey. His

character is doubly interesting as statesman and cardinal, all his care in the first department merging in the last; for he who wears a red hat may perchance unheave himself into a triple crown. How happy was England in having as her prime minister one whose heart was always fixed on raising *himself* by any means from being a subject of the *amiable* Harry, to setting himself first in the chair of St Peter, and then his foot on the necks of kings. By all the transactions which are recorded of the history of Europe at that precise period, we can pronounce with pride, and with no fear of denial, that Charles V., Francis I., the two or three popes, Henry VIII., and every other crowned head, were each scions of the regal house of Humbug. If you doubt our poor pen, read over every chronicle of the time, and then *parse* our name through every mood and tense. As a fit successor to the *mild virtues* of Henry VIII., came his daughter, vulgarly called "bloody Mary." Mr Waterton, in his late *meek* "Autobiography," designates her "the good." It is the first time we ever had the pleasure of seeing *that* adjective applied to her, save in connexion with other words, which together composed the very uncivil epithet of "good-for-nothing." But new readings of history are coming into fashion, under the patronage of the Humbugs. The ingenious Earl of Oxford restored to Richard, surnamed "Crookback," a fine shape and mien. Dr Lingard has favoured the public with so many "historic doubts" and *embellishments* in his History of England, that he has made it a new study. A writer in the French language has lately gratified the modesty of La belle France, by proving the battle of Toulouse was gained by Soult. We are in daily expectation of meeting with a similar statement as to Waterloo and Wellington.

In speaking of the revered Mary, we must not be so unjust as to pass over in silence her affectionate husband Philip, who can never be mentioned without feelings of deepest respect for his *fine* and *tender* disposition. Had his consort lived, they probably might have done the English the favour to introduce into the land the inquisition, which had been previously established by the priestly power of *our* family in Spain, Portu-

gal, &c., with so much real benefit to the inhabitants. We breathe in silent awe when we look back upon the palmy days of an institution, so well calculated to repress the cant known by the name of "free enquiry" and "private judgment." No such things were ever permitted where the power of the *holy* office was paramount; and how happily did *our* family flourish by the care of our *familiar* friends! Did time or space allow, we could tell of *gifts* laid on the shrines of smiling Madonnas—of offerings to the broken head of St Iago—of visions by nuns of *our* sacred kindred, which brought *much gain* to her convent. Had it not been for the *art* of our skilful party, would there ever have been an Escorial, an Alhambra, and other sacred fanes, where the most pious frauds were carried on upon *our* most approved principles? Oh, for that celestial quill which reposes in plumed sanctity in the quiet crypt of a convent in the Peninsula! Had we *that* feather, which dropped from the wing of the angel Gabriel (when and where the legends state not, for they do "not love to be precise"), how would we expatiate upon the treasures of the Romish Church! how would we tell of the legs and wings, the noses and eyes of saints—often miraculously multiplied for the good of the faithful! Oh, the silver images, bedecked with jewels and French fashions! Oh, the plate and cloth of gold! Oh, the revenues, the houses, and the land we possess! Oh, the merits of the saints, which can be turned into ready cash! and *by the mass*—there is no end of their power. All, all, is the reward of the talents and industry of *our* wonderful family. Without *our* aid, the Latin and Greek Churches would have been as poor, and therefore as humble, as the Scotch and Moravian—both of which are *beneath* *our* notice, as we value only wealth, power, and grandeur. These interesting topics are perpetually alluring us from the main course of our details, and we again return to England.

Much has been said of Oliver Cromwell, but no one can fathom him, and to this day he is not distinctly made out. Yet it is believed he was "one of us;" but as he was "Protector" of the realm, and a great man for the time being, we place his name on the roll of *our* pedigree.

We hold in high regard his merry successor, Charles II., who did himself and his country the honour to receive a yearly pension from Louis XIV., and who, when *dying*, professed the Popery he had not dared to own when *living*; probably he had travelled abroad more than enough, and did not wish again to leave his kingdom and crown. Be that as it may, his conduct was very *imposing*, and the recollection of himself, the beauties of his court, and the long-eared spaniels, are embalmed in our memories as all worthy of each other. Since that pleasant time, none of *our* family have sat on the British throne—alas, for the sad fact!

If there be one person in these modern times whom we have reason to abhor even more than Luther, it is Francis Lord Bacon. Before *he* wrote, every man published theories and vagaries according to his own taste or fancy, and his opinion was as good as another's, when neither could prove their positions; everybody wrote and said what they chose without gain-saying—which was a very agreeable plan. But since Bacon presumed to send forth his *Novum Organum*, the English expect from all who advance new opinions, or exhibit novel doctrines, the truth of their statements to be deduced from *facts*. Now, these are “stubborn things,” and cannot always be had. Indeed, there may be no evidence whatever for a plausible conjecture, or a vivid imagination; and yet these obstinate people disbelieve all who cannot show each point to be true—little considering that such has never been the practice of *our* old family, and they cannot now begin to learn. *We* do not profess to prove any thing; we prefer the established custom of saying what is likely to promote our advancement, and leaving it to work its subtle way. The Baconian method is abominable, and must not be tolerated. Unless some stop be put to “induction, examination, and proof,” the Humbugs may consider themselves as overthrown, root and branch. Yet, happily, this will take time to effect; and so long as human nature is human nature, and so long as money, power, and fame can be acquired by the devices we have adopted, we shall not quite despair; but, in the meanwhile, would

put all on their guard against opposite faction.

In France we have an immense circle of kindred. *Our* family have flourished in that kingdom, in every department, since the reign of Louis XI., with undisputed sway; but in this Prospectus we cannot even allude to the very greatest amongst them, they are so numerous, and cannot even give their names, much less their merits. We therefore, with the utmost reluctance, pass over a century or two, and stop at the splendid epoch of Louis the XIV., to admire for a moment the monarch who does our system so much credit. Would that we might descant at length upon the men of his camp, the women of his court—our star was then in the ascendant! And whilst we glance at the gorgeous scene, we sigh to think such a king, such beauties, such wits should ever die! How charming is the example they have left us of living for years in a round of dissipation, and then taking a week's prayers in a convent, by way of settling old sin accounts, and at once recommencing with ardour their former pursuits! We like that receipt for clearing the conscience from remorse for crime, or levity of conduct, and would recommend the pious practice be resumed. Peace to the ashes of the lovely Montespan, and the dissimulating Maintenon! The letters of the latter are edifying specimens of what Johnson called the “vanity of human wishes.”

In this brief notice of the general plan of our labours, necessity compels us to leap over large divisions of time, and, leaving the intermediate reigns, we must rest awhile upon the French Revolution. *This* was a very different affair to *that* which the English are pleased to call *their* “glorious Revolution,” not only in the mode by which it was carried on, but also in its results. As *our* power was much diminished by that change of men and measures, we leave the British people in their own fancied felicity, with much scorn and contempt for their conduct towards *us*. Not such is our feeling as to the French Revolution. How many Humbugs arose to wealth, power, and fame at that interesting period, which was cleverly brought about by the talented pens of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others at the head of *our* literary institutions; and, in con-

sequence, their memories are held in high esteem by all who value the truths they unfolded, as being the moving cause of the convulsions which deluged Europe with war and bloodshed for forty years.

These savans were *so honourable* in their public characters, *so virtuous* in their domestic circles, so free from *vanity* and *envy*, so fully imbued with the spirit of infidelity, that they must ever keep their place in the best affections of those who, like *ourselves*, understand *our own* interests, without much regard to that of *others*.

Thus, we look upon their most illustrious disciple, the late Emperor Napoleon, as one who pursued their plans, practised their morality, and understood their principles so thoroughly, as to have, by his steady adherence to their doctrines, reached the highest step on the pinnacle of fame. None in these days can be compared to the man who, by the force of his genius, aided by some millions of French soldiers, and perhaps other adventitious circumstances, raised upon the shattered empire of France his throne of immortal glory. "Peace to the soul of the hero!" for he was scarcely inferior to the founder and head of the mighty house of Humbug. Our pen lingers whilst we remember the proclamations of this second Attila, his style of writing being sublime as well as beautiful. What could be more imposing than the phrases, "My destiny," "The Sun of Ansterlitz," "Charlemagne," "The Great Nation," "France," "Those Leopards," and every other term by which he flattered himself, and the willing subjects of his power? We have ever admired the benign care he was pleased to take of the King and Queen of Spain, as a lovely illustration of the principles by which his government was distinguished, and as also showing in their true light the kind feelings of his heart towards those old *regalities*, and their sapient son, Ferdinand, by keeping them out of harm's way during the terrible war which devastated the Peninsula for years, *owing* to English interference with his affairs. All unprejudiced minds will allow it was quite right for Buonaparte to wish the subjection of Britain. So long as that nation was intermeddling with the Emperor's plan of aggrandisement, there was no repose for the

consolidation of his schemes, and, whilst with their gold they were assisting all his foes, or fighting on sea and land against him, it was merely lawful self-defence in him to war against them in every practicable manner. The Turks have a saying, that such and such a person is a "misfortune,"—in sad truth, Wellington may be designated by *that* very term—he had low ideas of the superiority of *our* family, and cared nothing for *our* mighty chief—he therefore went on in his own stupid way, helped by the riches of England, and the dogged courage of his troops, until he most unceremoniously, and, we must add, uncourtously, dispossessed Napoleon of the Peninsula, and ungenerously despoiled many marshals and generals of laurels, which have never bloomed since. Doubtless, the British public think this very fine, but they have not entered into the feelings of *our* family, or they would conclude very differently.

Wellington is a man whom every humbug detests; for he goes straight-forward—sword in hand—without any deference for finesse or scheming, and therefore we shy him, as one out of the pale of our communion. Just such another was Nelson—perhaps the worst of the two—he did not seem to have any idea of the value of a palaver, or a few fine words, but sailed about the ocean as if it were Britannia's own property. Here, storming a city which had not the advantage of being situated in the kingdom of Bohemia—there, taking a score of islands at a blow—then, shifting his sails, intercepting a French fleet, and hauling down their colours with as little regard to the naval interests of that state, as if he had been seizing so many fishing-boats. In our view, we consider these proceedings as very ungentlemanly, and we have no sympathy with such a set of men as British sailors. We cannot recall to our excellent memory, from the days of Drake and Froisher to those of Nelson and Exmouth, including admirals, captains, lieutenants, mids, and crews, one, in the whole number, who can boast or claim the slightest affinity to the illustrious House of Humbug. *This*, we fondly believe, is the reason why the officers in *that* service are so slow in rising in their profession, and why, upon the whole, they are ne-

glected, notwithstanding the absurd fact, that John Bull always pretends the utmost love for every body and every thing connected with the wooden walls of Old England.

We would state a fact which is generally believed, and which we record as a warning to these our enemies who aspire to follow the example of Nelson, that although he be dead, and his *body* be interred in St Paul's—yet he rests not in peace;—it is affirmed, by those who know the case to be beyond a doubt, that his *spirit* is ever in the midst of the British navy—that it is never at rest—neither commander nor subaltern ever forget *that* pale face and *that* last signal. We would humbly suggest to the Emperor of Russia and the President of the United States, the propriety of adopting the old and beneficial method of *exorcising* the English *men-of-war*; for, whilst they are *haunted* by such a vision of departed greatness, there is little chance for other nations enjoying more than an *idea* of maritime power.

We would therefore recommend that his Lordship's soul should be laid in that ancient burial-place, the Red Sea—if it did no other good, it might serve to perplex the Pacha of Egypt; and we know of none who would less complain of a *watery grave* than Nelson.

Our trusty and well-beloved brethren, the Yankees, have a very pleasant mode of winning a name for their infant navy. They send out a seventy-gun ship and call her a *frigate*; she meets with a little vessel similarly named, with probably but forty guns; as a British flag is flying at her mast-head, they attack her most manfully, and by weight of metal and superior numbers of men, the Union Jack is lowered to the Stars and Stripes. Then the whole of the United States sing laud and glory to themselves for their prowess, in having taken *such* a ship in *such* a contest. The real case is wisely kept back—it is trumpetted over the whole world that an American frigate has taken an English frigate—the *immaterial* circumstances of difference in size, weight, men, &c., are forgotten in the bulletin, and all who are not in the secret, believe the British power is declining on her *own* element. How charming is the "*sight to sair e'en*," to witness a young republic thus early understanding

and cleverly acting up to *our* principles!

We embrace this opportunity to compliment them upon their superior knowledge in an *art*, which apparently they possess by intuition. We believe the first settlers in those colonies (such as Penn. &c.) held none of *our* views, but their descendants actually out-*rival* the old countries in many departments. *Money-making* may be considered their chief elegant accomplishment—love of liberty, their professed characteristic—by which must be understood the *freedom* each citizen may enjoy in his own precious person, whilst at the same time he may keep a hundred black men in the vilest bondage—have a pet farm for raising Niggers, and turn the penny in his *own* family circle as he best can. The fine example of the late President Jefferson should not be overlooked, when touching upon the *virtues* of *this* transatlantic people, as he understood business so well, as to actually sell his own coloured children for slaves! How proud a nation must be of such a governor, and how such an *amiable* nation must laugh at the English, who have paid twenty millions of *pounds sterling* to redeem a set of blackamoors from slavery, just for the sake of following out some strange notions they hold respecting "brotherly kindness and Christian feeling," and such folly. The United States understand the value of money too well, to be lured by *such* reasons into giving liberty to their helots. Whilst we are writing upon this distinguished country, may we be permitted to congratulate "the powers that be" upon the exact discipline and order in which their provinces are kept, as we gather from official reports, that when a civil war is raging on the Canadian frontier, the neutral ally on the opposite bank of the dividing river, aid the rebels by sending ammunition, stores, and supplies of riff-raff, and, when reproached by the British Government, give, as an apology for their breach of faith, the creditable fact, "that they cannot repress the inhabitants," "the authority of Congress is not regarded," and so forth; all of which we believe to be true, and affords a fine proof of the light weight of the executive amongst such a very *free* people. The *treaties* of the Yankees with the Indians may serve as models for other

nations, as regards the *integrity* of their intentions, and the *fidelity* of their observance.

But we must return from our discursive wanderings to the plain path of our Prospectus, hoping that the warnings and the praise we have bestowed *en passant* may be duly appreciated.

We can scarcely forego the pleasure of writing page after page upon the subject of our family affairs in France, and our love for that country has perpetual cause for increased affection. We remember with rapture "the hundred days." How we regard with ecstasy the spectacle of the great men in Paris changing their oaths of fealty three times in about three months—it is a noble specimen of the power of the mind to adapt itself to our circumstances. With satisfaction do we ever return to the study of that *virtuous* man's character, who was long known and *felt* in the cabinets of Europe as "Talleyrand."

"We ne'er can see his like again."

We consider his talents of first-rate order, particularly the versatility of his genius in applying every public movement to his own peculiar advantage—witness his aptitude to change with every wind of popular opinion—his ability to perceive which spoke in the wheel of fortune would be uppermost when it came to a stand-still—and to comprehend at a glance, which was "the beginning of the end." There is not a brighter light on record, as a guide to point out the precise mode to obtain power, wealth, and fame, and his example is a valuable legacy to statesmen. May we be pardoned for changing a few words in a well-known epitaph, and appropriating the lines to the Prince Bishop—that, for aught we know to the contrary, "he is now gone to the place where, only, his deeds can be equalled or excelled."

We had purposed dedicating that part of our work which relates to state-craft, to Talleyrand, but, as his lamented death has occurred ere it was ready for the press, we have been necessitated to change our patron, and intend paying the compliment to Pozzo di Borgo, inferior to our dear departed cousin perhaps in *execution*, but certainly not in *intention*.

Ambassadors are by profession, as

well as birthright, of our parentage. This privileged order includes all the *corpes diplomatique*, from a minister plenipotentiary to an *attaché*. We believe the Russian Court occasionally sends twenty of these young Humbugs in the suite of an embassy.

It is impossible, in a mere prospectus of an important and universal history such as ours, to give more than an outline of subjects which will be amplified in the progress of the work, which is meant, not only to treat of the affairs of Europe, but of the known world.

Much information will be given as to the polity of the Chinese government in church and state—of the golden foot of Burma; but more especially of the subtlety of the Brahmins, who have wisely involved Hindostan in the chains of caste, and by this apparently light, simple expedient have bound the inhabitants, body, soul, and spirit, in the deepest abasement. In that land we have numerous relations, particularly a class of men called Fak-keers, who are one and all decided Humbugs. They perambulate the whole of India at their leisure, and travel in a style which would gratify those who admire mankind in "a state of nature;" and although we have not heard that, even in that gorgeous clime, "a pomp of winning graces on them wait," yet, from the best authority, we learn they live and die in the full "odour of sanctity," reminding us, by this and other circumstances, of *their* brethren and *our* devoted friends, the mendicant friars of Europe.

We have had most careful investigations into the mysteries of ancient oracles, and have been gratified to find every priestess of these shrines were faithful daughters of our mysterious house. True copies we give of the Sybilline Books and *Pastorini's Prophecies*, all of which are known to be composed, with the best intentions, by our writers.

The volumes upon literature and literary characters will be of a most interesting and startling nature. The English, as is their usual wont, put forth their claim to superiority in an intellectual and moral point of view, even more than in arts and sciences, ships and colonies. In our splendid history we shall show them in their true light, and then leave mankind to judge between us. For instance, these

people always hold up Newton as the connecting link between men and angels, as to intellect, humility, and temper. They say more than enough upon the first and second qualities, and as a proof of the latter, worry us with a dog. Ah! Diamond, Diamond! we shall portray many a *philosophe* who displayed a very different temper to thy master!

As to Shakespeare—there is no end of their presumption respecting him—an absolute A—1 in their list. If he were not a humbug, he understood our merits, and has given a striking instance of the family influence, even in the bosom of *Richard the Third*, in a scene with the Lady Anne, which is unrivalled as setting forth the elegant insinuating power of our style. Milton is placed by his countrymen as one of the three poets of the world: be that as it may, neither he nor the former mentioned persons will have any notice in our memoirs. They were none of us, as they do not seem to have any *understanding* beyond nature and truth.

However, we claim as legitimate offspring in the true line, all writers of epitaphs, advertisements, and dedications, likewise poet-laureates (excepting Southey). What is called pastoral poetry is peculiarly our own, although we occasionally launch out into *blank verse*. Most poets have a family likeness to the Humbugs, either in youth or old age. Our volumes upon this elegant subject, together with the lives of the poets, written in a manner totally unlike that of Johnson, will be dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. Robert Montgomery.

Novels having become of late years a considerable branch of literature, we shall oblige our readers with many octavos upon the early French writers in that line, who stand quite alone in the inimitable precision of their details. Richardson in England bears away the palm for similarly happy prosing. In these days, one Sir Walter Scott has carried all before him in this field, and that he should be approved and read, is an evidence of the change of taste which has now obtained universally.

We always considered the old romances were all that could be wished, and our family does not profit by the alteration; indeed, this Scott was accustomed to treat every Humbug with

such extraordinary disrespect, that we shall not suffer his name to appear in any biographical sketches which we may prepare upon the writers of the nineteenth century.

We have been kindly permitted by Edward Lytton Bulwer to grace this part of our work with the fine Cicero-like-looking portrait of himself, which appears in the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*.

Of the writers of "Memoirs," we can scarcely say sufficient; happily they are so obliging as to speak for themselves at full length. Many of them take a high position in our annals; and, with all courtesy and gallantry, we kiss the fair hands, and subscribe ourselves the devoted admirers of Madame de Genlis, and the Duchess d'Abrantes, and Lady Morgan.

There are now so many travellers by land and water, air and steam, that it is next to impossible to keep up with them. We have a fifty horse power engine daily at work, which keeps a-going ten thousand pens (after the manner of Mr Babbage's calculating machine), and yet we seem to be as far off the end as ever. As we meet with many *heavy* writers, we purpose selling this part of our history by weight.

To suit the prevailing taste, we not only give the birth, parentage, and education, of every "monkey who has seen the world," but an epitome of their travels; all will allow this is a tedious composition. As we generally find a tour is composed first of a little sea-sickness, then a bill of fare of the dinner which was afterwards discussed, the kind informant forthwith notes down every place at which he ate, drank, or slept, and oft-times what sort of weather he enjoyed during a week here, or a day there; occasionally the whole is enlivened by the description of a sunset, or the shadows on the mountains; sometimes a fog envelopes the unwary wanderer, and he is lost,—and so are we. All this interspersed with remembrances of home or friends, which, being of much importance to the writer, is supposed to be of equal value to others. We assure our readers it is no small difficulty to concentrate the essence of such publications, and we are perpetually reminded, in the course of our labours, of Tom Moor's cousin, our dear but too modest friend, Mr Fudge, who, having a supply of pens, ink,

and paper, found he had all the requisites for making a book save "the ideas." In early days, Marco Polo stood alone as a traveller; no one at that time thinking of setting out purely for the sake of sight-seeing. Now, ship-loads and coach-loads are always on the move. The heat of the tropics, or the cold of the poles, is of no importance to a locomotive individual. Some years since, our lively relative, Baron Munchausen, gave to Europe a pleasant narrative of his travels, which is now looked upon as a standard work, and his style and manner have become a model for others. Mr Waterton may be considered as the nearest approach to his witty details and veracious adventures; but it is invidious to name any, where there are so many equal candidates for fame. Yet he must wear the meed who deserves it best, and we therefore inscribe, with pleasure, these bulky tomes to our most faithful servant and ally, the Prince Puckler Muskau.

Considerable progress is made in the history of distinguished lawyers, *this* honoured body having, from time immemorial, been the devoted kindred and allies of our house. This part of our labours is under the immediate patronage of Lord Brougham.

Of the medical profession, we can boast of numbers, "neither few nor small." All quack doctors are *our own*, beyond any gainsaying.

The volumes which describe the merits of a large class of practitioners, we beg to lay at the feet of those gentlemen in France who first brought the subject of animal magnetism into fashion, and pray them to share the honour with those M.D.'s in London who have lately taken so much pains to substantiate the truth of experiments played off in the hospital by the Mademoiselle Humbugs.

The science of homoeopathy we regard with unbounded respect.

The politics of modern Europe will alone fill a hundred folios, and will contain important information, collected from facts and documents in our possession. We are proud to say there is rarely a statesman to be met with who is not descended from our great parent, and brought up in our schools. In England, we are occasionally turned out of office. Lord Chatham and Mr Pitt would hold no

communication with us, and used the family very ill; *therefore*, in the time of the former, the United States were lost, and, by the latter, a large national debt was accumulated. In our poor view of the case, had Pitt been "one of us," he would have coalesced with Buonaparte, and, by playing their game of war together, they might have ended it by dividing the world between the two nations. But this is a bygone and lost chance, upon which it is fruitless to speculate. We turn from it to what we consider a dawn of hope for ourselves, and beg to fraternize with the select-learned-refined-sensible patriotic "gentlemen" called RADICALS. This party have such enlarged views of government, drawn from the best days of the French Revolution, that, if we mistake not, these, our dear brethren, purpose, by and bye, to have "the people" sovereign, and, by their means, rule over the King (or Queen, as may happen). Lords, and monied interest, at their pleasure, and we humbly trust to their profit. We have, in previous volumes, given a lengthy statement of the happiness which the French enjoyed for upwards of forty years by trying a similar experiment as to universal suffrage, equal rights, &c., which began by the guillotine, and ended in: conscription, by way of clearing off a redundant population. We recommend the good folks to commence the scheme without delay. The "demonstrations" of the Radicals are very interesting to the juvenile members of the community, causing holidays from work or school, besides the privilege of shouting and bawling *ad libitum*. (In the most delicate way imaginable, we would advise that the cap of liberty should not be carried in these popular processions, as it is generally believed to be a fool's cap, intended for the especial use of the chairmen on the occasion). We attend all these meetings, for the gratification of seeing so many Humbugs on the hustings humbugging the victims around them. We cannot here give the praise we would to Feargus O'Connor, Rev. Mr Stephens, Mr Reebuck, Mr Fielden, Sir William Melbourne, and other valuable members of our order (each and all of them equal in eloquence, and purity of expression, to Cicero); but we trust they will sometime meet the public justice they de-

serve, and "leave their country for their country's good." Last, though not least, in this galaxy of talent and patriotism, we pronounce to be the greatest most thorough-going Humbug of the whole—Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

Alas! it is vain for us to even pretend to allude to the different ranks and conditions of *our* kindred in every part of the globe. We hasten to a close; and merely notice our intention of giving a compendious history of free-masonry, from the time of Adam to the last festival of the order—also elaborate disquisitions upon the South Sea Bubble—Law's French Scheme—valuable information upon foreign loans and joint-stock companies—the Cock-lane Ghost—and the Quack Bottle-conjuror.

Volume 666—"The number of the Beast"—in the courtly and elegant language of a celebrated divine (not the *judicious* Hooker)—this mysterious symbol is at length pronounced to be "a pig with its face unwashed." It is strange this subject should have been in doubt so long; as, now the fact is announced, we perceive much collateral evidence to prove its truth, and it at once accounts for the circumstance, that, in every emergency, the Papal see contrives, if possible, to "save its bacon." By a closer inspection of *Dens*, there may probably be discovered much respecting the purity and habits of the animal. Until now, we could never understand the ancient romaunt of "The Ladye and Swine," which, we believe, is an old "mysterie." "Hear the Church," as she sings—

"And thou shalt have a *silver* shrine,
Honey, if thou'lt be love of mine;

Munk, quoth he!"

From the *sweet* word in the second line of the distich, we are led to imagine the "relique" is one of *Irish*

composition, and may serve to show that the national custom of keeping a pig in each *pisan's* dwelling is a purely religious observance.

The whole history will be adorned with the finest engravings, chiefly from pictures painted expressly for this work.

Splendid likenesses of Semiramis, Cleopatra, Christina of Sweden; numerous portraits of emperors and kings; also of all the popes, omitting only such as can be proved to be either *Pius* or *Innocent*.

There will be many beautifully grouped pairs of individuals, who, though divided in life, are joined in our pages—such as Talleyrand and the Vicar of Bray—the Grand Lama of Thibet and Johanna Southcote—Tom Paine and Rousseau—St Dunstan and Ignatius Loyala—also Voltaire receiving the Holy Communion—Prince Leopold abjuring the Protestant Faith—a praying windmill—a walking dervish—Catherine viewing Potemkin's cities in the distance, &c. &c.

The whole to conclude with the finely emblazoned coat-of-arms of the House of Humbug, with an account of the achievements for which every device was granted.

The shield is painted invisible green, studded with gold and silver coins—a belt of twisted snakes—a masked battery—a dove with the tongue of an asp—a monk's hood—a net—a snare—a gudgeon—a shark.

The supporters are a laughing hyena and a wolf in sheep's clothing.

The crest, a fox holding a fire-brand, and a friar's cowl on its head.

Suspended from the shield is a crocodile with a pocket handkerchief in its claws.

The family motto is—

Ilka ane for himsel, and the dell for a'.

LEAVING LONDON.

ST MARTIN'S is striking ten; and, while the last stroke yet vibrates through Trafalgar Square, the crack equipage that is to carry us off winds round Adelaide Street and pulls up. In an instant the attendant porter jerks up the carpet-bags to the guard, who stands in front of the boot (the lion's mouth for all light baggage), precipitating these, and half of himself, down its open oesophagus. "Now, gentlemen, if you please," already sounds painfully in your ear; yes! the moment for the last good-bye, the last wring of the hand, and the first wring of the heart, is come; the moment when stifled emotion has hard work of it, when a sigh will find a voice, and the unmanly tear an exit; when friendship is expected to be heroism, and love to compress itself into self-denying calmness! Oh! Paley, is it so happy a world "after all?"

The friend that *would* come with us is gone, or lies *perdu* within the gateway, or is reading with unusual interest the names of the proprietors on the coach panel, or—"sit hard, gentlemen, all right,"—would we could say, "amen!"—but the coach is already half down Parliament Street, and the curious have set their watches (a very ancient absurdity, with which no *true* Cockney is ever known to dispense) by the *Horse Guards*; presently the summit of Westminster Bridge affords its unequalled view up and down the river, and then down we go at the rate of twelve miles an hour to the Marsh Gate. Good bye, Astley's (dearer to our youthful recollection than can ever be the theatre of Herodes Atticus); and heaven protect you, Mr Van Amburgh, in your den of lions!—may we not, after your remarkable conquest of ferocious natures, have to read of a melancholy inquest, some month or two hence, on all that the tiger has left! Wide swings the open toll-bar; coaches bows protectively to the man of tickets and white apron; awe-struck cart-folk, as they approach the gate, take special care to keep clear of the attraction of the Dover "Magnet!" Now, then, for Bethlehem Hospital and its unreclaimed territory of stagnant puddle, withered herbage, dust heaps, and

half sunk brick-bats, recalling its former site in Moorfields, and affording a neutral ground for cat-killing and carpet-beating; and next the lamp-post which we call *obelisk*; and then, dashing on amidst Greenwich, Blackheath, and Deptford coaches, and gigs, and "busses," and rattling taxicarts, and hotley boys in blue frocks, bearing huge baskets, and carried away at speed on large lean horses, and sundry urchins nearly rode over, and catching the lash for their encouragement, that well-known hostelry, the Elephant and Castle, the last place of open penknives and the morning paper, compels us to pull up. "Any body for Dover?"—four minutes more and the Bricklayers' Arms, "that last goal of short stages and divaricating roads—that Ultima Thule" of coach stands, is also left behind. And now the coachman slackens his speed, and the team treading the ground with a more uniform rhythm, as if conscious of impediments surmounted, gives time for more discriminative valedictions to well-known objects on the road. Ye paragons and crescents, rejoicing in unambitious patronymics—ye Arabella Rows and Cleveland Terraces, farewell!

Ye "seminaries" sown by the wayside—commercial, or classical, or both, or neither, and for whatever sex provided—if you only flourish like your sign-boards, into what a palmy state will you have grown, ere we return to place little girls and boys yet unborn under your fostering care! Statuaries (so I read your title)—carpenters in stone—lithographists of epitaphs to suit everybody—whose yards are full of the most engaging ready-made churchyard furniture, sprawling sculpture, and rhymes of which the efficacy is undeniable—in sixteen seconds the screech of your *stone saw* will be all your own! As for the proprietor of that one solitary gem, that green-glass globe over his hall door, which illuminates the else dark *Row*, like a single glow-worm in a hedge—(him of the threefold epithet)—I suppose to wish him many *labours* with few *pains* will be the most appropriate of vows. *Et vos valete*, prohibitors of suburban riot, black-belted, grey-coated,

hat-glazed, slow-walking policemen—Peel's *terriers*—this is your proper region—you are revolting impertinences in Pall-Mall! Here comes a better man!—that jolly brewer, trudging along the road by the side of his team, or carolling as he sits on the shaft, with a pair of immense *gastrocnemii* cased in white stockings, and a two-inch bit of pipe-clay in his mouth—him whom sundry turnpike tickets adorn as to the band of his slouched hat.—Oh! when shall I taste porter again, or see a bright pewter mug of anybody's "entire?" Second-hand book-stalls—which have so often afforded me a motive for a walk on the Surrey side—ye are already far behind! Bird shops, whose slender wires are all alive with twitter and chirrup, are seen no more; and as we approach the *fields*, where money is not wanted, or where there is less improvidence and fewer artificial wants, the *last pawnbroker*—the *primum vivens* and *ultimum moriens* of all traffickers beyond the Bridges—no

longer suspends the temptation of his three balls to the thirsty and the thoughtless! "Arms" of departed warriors, with your "*long rooms*," that hold out no delusive promises of a *hundred table-spoons and napkins (cent couverts)*, I see you still; and strangers though ye be to "*nosces et festius*," may no *sour Dissenter* abridge your number, or disappoint your well-conducted visitors of their *London Sunday*! And, ye still more multiplied Victoria tea-gardens, although your shadeless bowers have been untried by me, they are meant for most harmless enjoyment, and so may your cockle-shell and periwinkle grottoes continue to overflow, in *secula seculorum*, with sober-minded young linen-draper sipping bohea, with pretty sempstresses to put in the sugar for them! But we are now, I see, ascending Greenwich Hill, and are at last fairly out of *London*, and in for ten hours' fatigue, and no want of ten grains of Dover's powder to make us sleep to-night.

DOVER.—THE REVEILLEE.

No pleasant thing, I ween, after dreaming Clarence's dream with variations all night, to hear the approaching tramp of thick-soled shoes, which suddenly cease before your particular cell, followed anon by three premonitory thumps, duly delivered on the sounding pannels—to perceive the first coruscation of ante-matinal lanthorn, and be certified that the yawning commissioner is bodily beside you—to see him light your sputtering and ill-smelling candle at five on a November morning—to hear the sea-gulls screaming in their flight, with a *basso* accompaniment of baggage-carts, proceeding in all the mystery of darkness from their different hotels to the place of departure—but to endure all this, and all that is to follow, for *nothing*!—Well, it was your own fault. You must have heard the angry gust getting wilder and wilder as the night waxed on, and rising to a climax as the hour for being called drew near. Shrill pipings of the winds were also heard along the corridor, of which suitable portions were blown through your key-hole, like so many hisses from the head of *Megæra*. And were such intimations

to be disregarded? Had not the convulsed window-frame been agitated in all its loose *compages*? Had not the external shutter slapped against the casement, and banged back again upon the crumbling brick-work, fifty times before the London mail came in? Did not out-of-door bells, hung in the yard below, ring unbidden? And was not your chimney full of *Æolian* music, sent to warn you that there could be no leaving the pier on that inauspicious morning? What a fool, then, you were to expose yourself to the condolence of the fellow that called you, and be obliged to hear, into the bargain, of the fine passages of all the last week! Nay, in the very act of routing you out, the caittiff muttered a something about *wind*, as he placed the greasy brass candlestick, with its two inches of tallow, on your dingy toilet, and went along the passage croaking the same raven-like notes at each of the condemned cells. Ah, the smell of morning candle! Out upon the fringe and festooning of the white dimity *hearse* of your English bed! Ha! what ghastly vision is that in the glass, with a razor in its hand?

Why, your very wife would be afraid of you! What accident may not befall the shaver who contends with beard in such a penury of light as the blustering morning without, and the unanuffed *dip* within, contribute to afford? Shaving at Dover, at best, is only trying to shave, for futile is the attempt to coax hard white soap by help of harder water into a proper *crass*. And now, dressed in Guy Faux fashion, and gone forth to explore, behold all your misgivings of the weather confirmed! Two incorruptible weathercocks give you your doom, SW. or SSW. to the *letter*. Think not, O, Cockney! to sap the judgment of some veteran pilot (who laughs at your ignorance), into the faintest expectation of better things; nor set yourself to bawl, holding your hat with both hands, to the imperturbable skipper on board, whose reply, if he vouchsafe any to such a pale-looking miserable devil, cannot possibly reach you, but is borne away to Deal and the Downs. No, no; you are in for it for at least twenty-four hours, during nine or ten of which you may stare through the hazy horizon along the denuded country, or make a desperate sortie in the interval of squalls to yonder cliffs, to the west, and listen to the noisy seabird working up against the gale, or pore upon the uplifted and prone descending mass of turbid waters; but it is too early for these out-of-door pleasures. The first meal of the day and the newspapers (which, however, you read yesterday in London), would at present be more acceptable, and help to cheat you of at least one of the hours before you; in obedience to which instinctive feeling you make

the best of your way back to your inn, and find—a clean fire and a hissing kettle? No, an empty, fireless coffee-room, every element of discomfort and incentive to ill-humour. To the still silent streets, therefore, you must necessarily betake yourself, and there, amidst the sadness of unclosing shops, abide the resuscitation of hotel life. Yonder (let me be your *cicerone*) is the gaunt figure of Mr *Mammery*, at the door of his slop-shop, in Snargate Street; those ely harbingers of the day (like the Hours in Guido's *Rospiglion*), are Messrs Levi and Moses, of whom the one is arranging his "museum," and the other getting his "temple of fancy" ready for the stray visitor of Cocalgne. Still more certain signals of commencing day are soon afforded in the mopping and slopping of door-steps, the friction of brass-plates and knockers, and the war of the scrubbing-brush and sand upon much-enduring door-steps. I think that we *may* now venture back to the hotel, and call at least for breakfast—not that it will come, for the water does not boil, the rolls are not arrived, the bread has to be toasted, and the milk-pail is late. The coffee-room, however, which was empty, is now occupied, and the occupants are of a class of individuals whom the waiters and chambermaids designate by the name of "*gents*."

With these companions, then—fellow-creatures, no doubt, but not interesting, natural, or informed ones—we are to pass this blessed 10th of November, amidst fresh arrivals of wet umbrellas and drenched coats from mud-bespattered coaches. But the heaviest day wends on! The waiter's proposal of one of three eter-

* A *gent* is an individual of that genus for whose particular eyes cheap stocks and flash garments, at alarmingly low prices, are ticketed all round Charing Cross—as shooting-jackets for parties who don't know one end of a gun from the other, pilot-coats for street-going *swells*, who *would*, indeed, be pleasant people in a gale of wind, &c. A *gent* is he to whom the assiduous *Boots* proffers a pair of dirty slippers, and in which, nothing revolted, the party sits at ease at his tea, or brandy and water, exchanging facetiousness with, or extracting conversation from the waiter. A *gent* is the person whom the coachman does not even turn to look at, as he says, "Chuck down that *gent's* carpet-bag, *Bill*!—Come now, be alive!"—imparting an added dose of the principle of vitality to the galvanized *William* in a very surprising manner—the person, whose offered cigar the discerning conductor of the four bag probably declines, while he accepts the pinch from a gentleman's civility. There is a *tournaise* about a *gent* which there is no mistaking—the superior *case* of a gentleman is not the criterion, for a *gent* is consummately *at his case* in all positions, though some of them are not happily chosen.

nal and loathed alternatives, veal *cutlets*, beef *steaks*, or mutton *chops*, with relays of bad potatoes between them, is to be listened to; and then for the brass candlestick once more, amidst the hopes and fears of the morrow, and a last attempt to extort comfortable assurances from the subordi-

nates, who know and care nothing about it. Mean-while, the mate of the Britannia, it is certain, does *not* make his *entrée*, to beat up for passengers, nor is he seen lounging about the door—and this looks ill. O, Dover! Dover!

DOVER.—THE DETENU.

Eight o'clock, A.M.—And here, accordingly, we *are* for a second day, the weather fine enough to go out, but not fine enough to go over. Let us cut the coffee-room, walk till we can walk no longer, and think a little where we are, and why.

What unnumbered thousands, their hearts overcharged with various fortune and emotion, have, since the *peace*, approached that inconsiderable jetty, or seen that shingly beach disappear beneath the lofty cliff and the batteries on high! To what innumerable feet, and sped on what a variety of errands, have those sea-washed pebbles yielded a noisy pathway! Under what strangely altered views and unanticipated changes do many of our countrymen gaze once more on those "marine terraces"—those *many-windowed rows*! Surely no spot on earth has drunk so many tears, or heard so many sighs commingling with the sea-spray, and whirled on in the passing gust. Verily, if but a few specimens of the last twenty years' suffering enacted on this small arena could be in evidence, soon would the gay fancies of youth, and the smiling uncertainties of a first trip, be quelled! Figure to yourself whole thousands of already hectic forms (never so dear as when that cruel cast of expatriation befell them) sent from this tiny port to occupy some far-off tomb, or

received into it the shadows of the shades they were, and to die in the arms of friends and kinsfolk;—the only son of his mother, and she a widow—the cherished daughter, and the *last*!—the lately blooming wife, the lustre of whose bridal garment is scarcely tarnished,—or, sadder yet, if sadder can be, she that but for this parting was to have become such. These are *familiar* things to the hotels of Dover, both great and small. All, however, who hurry down to the packet do not die consumptive; nor is health the only object for which men go abroad. Science and curiosity, listlessness and debt, a reputation that requires nursing and will be the better for repose, economy and education, politics and pleasure, urge their respective votaries. The Bourse, the Boulevard, the Institute, the Ballet—are not all these at Paris?

"Please, sir, are you for Boulogne?" "Why?" "Because the captain says he intends to *try it*, as the wind is falling." Will he?—then I'm at his service;"—back in a twinkling—port-manteau in the passage—bill called for—waiter assiduous—the last English shillings disbursed,—in an hour we were on *our backs* in sight of Shakespeare's Cliff, with an assurance that the passage would be tedious, and a painful experience that its quality was to be of a piece with its duration.

CONCERNING PARROTS—AND OUR PARROT.

"Quis expedit psittaco suum *χαιρέ*?"—*Pans.*

Although, on some extraordinary occasions, *genius*, whether in man or psittacus, will make its way even in the sorriest *coat*; and though the bird of humbler plumage sometimes rises from the ranks by merit alone, yet you may take it as a general rule that a handsome *Amazon* swears,

sings, and whistles more cleverly, and with more variety of emphasis than any bird of her inches, and consequently brings the highest price in the parrot market. Your *grey parrot* comes next; "ornatur lauro collega *secundo*"—and don't despise him—he always attends to his lesson, and a

really good oath is seldom thrown away upon him.

The real *Amazon* is rather smaller than the full-sized *grey parrot*, and brings, on an average, when yet under tuition, about 90 francs; but when her voice has attained its full volume, and she is understood to be well-grounded in the use of her tongue, she asks 200 francs for a *permanent engagement*, and won't go out for less. The *grey parrot*, if you buy him in his childhood, fetches 70 francs; but you should always take counsel of phrenology, or, which is better, take a connoisseur in parrots with you, who, amidst the discordant din of a hundred cages (and nothing out of bedlam can equal it) will put his finger on the right bird—the bird of *promise* for companionship—for of course there is, as in matrimony, a lottery in these affairs. In the Lorry or false *Amazon*, you have a bird of 60 francs, who rounds her periods cleverly enough—but she screams so on the approach of rain. Then there is the common green parrot, who, though the subject of the “*Vert, Vert*,” as if unconscious of all the pretty things of Gresset in that charming little poem, is content with an humble position in the tradesman's shop, and is constituted the playmate of the children and the *garçon cordonnier* in every sunless back street of many-parrotted *Havre*. There are, besides these, two kinds of the light-green *perruche*, one of which comes from Senegal, and whistles, as parrots whistle, now and then; the other does not whistle, far less talk, at all, but screeches perpetually. These are the kinds chiefly found in the shops, and the object of purchase to the parrot-fancier. Now, all parrots, be it known, are instructed on the Bell and Lancaster system; in these *ecoles primaires* the same word is proposed to the whole community, who repeat it much as we used to do the names of places in our geographical lessons at Yverdon; only rewards and punishments, which are against our system, are meted out to the birds, and an emulation excited which is completely anti-Pestalozzian. A short treatise on the art of instructing parrots faithfully (though the *great hint* is in our motto from Persius), must be considered as still wanting to our literature; their education, poor things, is deplorably defective, and no

wonder if they sometimes turn out *mauvais sujets*! They begin European life in bad society, among sailors, who demoralize and teach them bad language, and are then put to a French school on their arrival, without any reference to their various talents or capabilities. Suppose you ask the instructor (who is the dealer) what this or that of his *élèves* can do? He will tell you, perhaps, that as yet he only whistles “*Qu'il commence à siffler* ;” buy him, and the whistle turns out a portentous scream. “There is nothing but roguery in villainous man.” Of that very *silent* bird he will tell you that great things may be expected, but he is but just beginning his orthoepy; the next cage to him, however, can already say, “*Toutes sortes de choses*.” Now, as you cannot want a parrot who can say “all sorts of things,” I recommend you to bargain for his neighbour there, who has merely learnt “*Son petit déjeuner* ;” hear him—“*As-tu déjeuné, mon petit Cocot? Rot—rot—rot—rot de mouton?*” and, accordingly, “*Petit Cocot, rot de mouton*,” responds the bird. “*Chantez donc, quand je bois du vin claire—tout tourne, tout tourne au cabaret* ;” and “*Tout tourne, tout tourne, au cabaret*,” says the accomplished Cocot. “*N'ayez pas peur, Monsieur, il parle à volonté celui là* ;”—his *volonté* at present plainly being to *mew* like a cat while you are speaking about his price.

The parrot is, generally speaking, (for a prisoner) a happy bird, though mine has eloped twice—I'll tell you about that afterwards—he has reason to be happy, for he is fed, cleansed, caressed, and much made of, and scolds and swears, *ad libitum*, not only with impunity, but even with applause. Let grain be scarce, what is Mark-Lane to him? He is hung in the sunny window, and sits before a well-replenished drawer and a cistern of pure water: not that he is always happy—watch him for a week, and you will soon discover that he has his cares—(le *Doge a ses chagrins* ; les *gondoliers ont les leurs*)—as if he were an eagle. Moments of heaviness, of sulkiness, and ennui like your own, has he. Bad weather he detests. Glasgow would be to him a penal settlement; even at Paris, on a rainy day, he will mope for hours, one leg tucked up under his belly, dreamily opening, and

for a moment only, the eye next the light, the membrane *nictitans* lying collapsed over the other, now and then rolling out his black tongue, or snatching a side sip from his fountain, or, haply, giving himself a good *secousse* to put his feathers to rights, or in resistance to some physiological torpor not yet investigated; but, be his spirits good or bad, he never fails to return your "*bon jour*" whenever you salute him, and often assumes, like larger people, an air of easy indifference, at the very time that he is jealous of your divided attention, and would gladly keep one all day long at his side. Like some specimens of the genus *homo*, he will scratch his head after long abstraction, perhaps to intimate that he has been thinking to little purpose; and, surely, that unprovoked and unpremeditated scream should show that there are fitful and uneasy fancies in his *encephalon* that we wot not of. Whole mornings there are when he sulks, decidedly sulks; others when he not only refuses his provender, but scatters and kicks it about like a naughty child quarrelling with his bread and butter; and, though you must allow him a *polyglot* vocabulary, alas! when he takes to scold in imitation of human infirmity, he is also very apt to do it in imitation of human organization, and in all the cacophony of Billingsgate. What vituperative shrillness! What determination to have the last word! Now, Cocot, if I should part with thee, who wouldst thou get to understand thee half so well, or talk to thee half so long, or appreciate thy little coaxing ways, or let thy horny bill approach his lips with such entire security?—Bite? Thou hast not the least idea of the outrage. I would trust my baby's finger, if I had one, to thy discretion. Sugar? There it is. Where didst thou learn to bend thy neck in that winning sidelong fashion, or throw up thy head, and exhibit the eider down of thy breast, all purring and tremu-

lous with satisfaction? Shall I let thee out? There—but don't tear my gloves, or throw about my papers.

Yet blameless, Cocot, art thou not. Hadst thou been born in those Bastille days of 1793, at the other end of the Boulevard, thy prison-breaking propensities might have been *en regle*; but, to take leave of thy confiding master, and, blind to the advantages of thine own window by the Madeleine, fall in love with liberty under Louis Philippe, and, after the most ambitious style of scissar-clipt Psittacus, exhibit thyself to the whole Rue de la Paix, far above the Place Vendome and its matchless columns; to give me, who am short of breath, a run of a mile or two in the month of May; and make me, who am short of money, a perfect contemner of coin—for well thou knowest that I threw away half a pocket full of francs to quicken and multiply auxiliaries for thy recovery—was neither virtuous nor wise. Nor may I quite spare thee the reproachful reminiscence of that second escapade, when in revenge, I suppose, for not being taken with us to Baden, thou didst take thyself to Passy; and, having found agreeable quarters within a certain bower, in a bachelor's garden, didst wail like an exposed baby for two whole summer nights, to the unspeakable scandal of his household, especially of his handmaiden, who obstinately, and would not have been believed innocent but for thy seasonable detection. All this, Cocot, requires a long period of penitence and good behaviour. We are all friends *now*, but beware lest a third act of infidelity tempt me seriously to look out for something in petticoats, and take refuge in a wife. Oh! tunes and tympanums, what a screech!—for music's sake let us make it up, and without a moment's delay—"nec tecum possumus vivere" when in the *screaming vein*; "nec sine te" when in the *caressing*.

CHEAP FRENCH DINNERS.

Ungrateful that we are, and uninformed too, when we take upon us to abuse English; and celebrate French repasts indiscriminately; to convey tacit reproach at the tables of kind and hospitable friends at home, by even naming unknown dishes, in which, after all, our own science is no great

matter; for we never master even the *syntax*, let alone the *prosody* and the ulterior refinements of French cookery. Let those who still think a dinner cooked in France is therefore excellent, unfold their *serviette*, and sit down with me in imagination to three francs a-head worth of all that is abo-

minable! That which I intend is not the repast *a la carte* (a navigation on which no Englishman should venture—such are its hazards—without taking a *French pilot* on board), but a *table d'hôte*, one rather of pretension, meant to seduce you and me, and the rest of us, who know no better, or will pay no more, into the *idea that we have dined*. The guests seated, the signal issued, off fly the covers of two portentous elliptical vessels of earthenware, and the baling out of a turbid bilge water called *potage* forthwith commences. Now, there are things that one does not venture even to taste; and a little of the stained warm water in question had accordingly to travel a great way before it found customers. It was succeeded by a huge dish of fried whiting, with many gashes to represent crimping, an operation which had humanely been delayed for several days (the French being a very tender-hearted people) after they were caught. The *ramollissement* of the fibre had, however, been to a certain degree counteracted by *chlorine*, with which, or some of its combinations, no fishmonger's stall in Paris is unprovided. To make all sure, the dish was (like Pyrrha's sweetheart) *liquidis perfusus odoribus*, provided with an *antiseptic* sauce of a very complex character. Now, that some of the science-association-gentlemen *taste mummy* I know, and daresay it is *relishing*; but *hot mummy—mummy à la maître d'hôtel*—could only be properly appreciated at *Canopus*. When these refectations had been discussed, these foundations for the *restoration* of nature duly laid, three lean and nearly incinerated ducks, plumped out by chewed or otherwise comminuted chesnuts (a *post-mortem* stuffing, which might have contributed considerably to their *edification* had they been administered to the *living fowl*), were opposed to three of their web-footed and wilder *cousins*, called *widgeon*—bad affairs at best, and presenting irresistibly the similitude of exactly the same number of Day and Martin's blacking bottles rescued from the dust-hole, with their necks knocked off. Four stale and sapless sweetbreads, cushioned in greasy spinach, might haply have escaped discovery, but for the angular projection of some obtrusive hard substances, well known to the anatomist, which plainly told where they came from. Of no *pancreatic* origin, assuredly, were these spoils of

deceased quadrupeds! We had eaten *frog* at *Tivoli* and *Brussels*, and had tasted *cat* (en patis série) at *Antibes*; but the *cricoid* and *thycooid* cartilages of horse or donkey, till this blessed day, did we never meet with as an *hors d'œuvre*. Next came their *beans*, those detestable *white haricots* (on a "*charger*" as big as that of the daughter of Herodias in the pictures of all the schools). We never set our eyes on these enormities without concurring with the *Samsian*, "*qui ventri indulsit non omne legumen*." *Fèces de marais*! why, it is mere *fodder*—a thing to be *neighed* for!—and poor Marius at Minturnæ, supported on this authentic diet of the prodigal son, seems more than ever to be pitied!

So that's what you call a *mayonnaise*! Away with it!—its milk and its mustard; its capers and its chopped anchovies; its white of egg, and its yolk of egg—away with it! "A bit of that roast bullock, if you please, that *pater armenti*, and add to it one of those yellow potatoes which have been *waxing cold* this half hour"—(I was weary of sitting either *stricto pane* or eating bread at discretion)—alas! a ration of the *sevenfold shield* of *Ajax* would have answered the same purpose, blunting the *knife* and not the *appetite*; in short, it would have been clear gain to have retired, in place of waiting three quarters of an hour longer for six apples fried on fat toast! Some cream, manufactured in the apothecary's mortar, out of snails and blanched almonds, redolent of prussic acid, and confined in a sponge-cake embankment; a plate of chewed slices of doe-skin sprinkled with sugar (of which, I forgot the technical name); a sixpenny omelette; some baked pears, all brown sugar and cloves, at which a Spanish muleteer would have turned up his *aquiline* nose; a flabby salad, staid *gruyère*, and some pennyworth's of "*ladies' fingers*," stale macaroons and corrugated apples, with here and there a halfpennyworth of barley sugar drops, each wrapped in its paper with a stupid couplet.

Pleasant society, too, is *Tiberim defluxit Orontes*. The Thames is emptying itself into the Seine. How cleverly that "*gent*" (*vide supra*), balances his plate upon the point of his little finger without *spilling* a drop of the gravy! Yes, the *feast* is accomplished! and his familiar (*whose sen-*

sibility to debts of honour is apparent), is producing the ready shilling from his flowered silk waistcoat. That other *gent* near him, involved in much complicity of gilt chain, will surely find some difficulty in getting to his pocket to pay the reckoning—he looks as embarrassed and incatenated, as a galley slave escaped from the *bagne* of Toulon, with his rivetted darbies about him;—but “enough’s as good as a feast.”

Happy the man whose gastric care
Plain roast and boil’d discreetly bound;
Let Durham’s mustard flank the fare,
And bring the round!

Broil’d ham renounces sugar’d posse!
No nightmares haunt the modest ration
Of tender *steak*, that yields with ease
To mastication.

He dines unseathed, who dines alone,
Or shuns abroad those *corner* dishes,
No Roman garlices make him groan,
Or *maitelotte* fishes!

Let not *Vefour’s* pernicious skill,
Or *Verg’s* try thy peptic forces;—
One comes to swallow many a *pill*,
Where many a *course* is!

From stoves and steams that round
them play;
How many a tempting dish would
floor us,
Had Nature made no toll to pay,
At the *Pylosus*.

With *scollopp’d poisons* ceasest to strive!
Nor for that *truffled crime* enquire
Which nails the hapless goose^o alive
By Strasburg’s fire!

’Tis now that season when the vanquish’d year
Speaks loud of winter; all looks sad and sear!
Decaying leaves breathe unseen mischief round,
Toads, newts, and slugs, and cold, wet things abound.
Last night has fairly kill’d the dahlia’s bloom,
Those fresh fallen petals deck their sister’s tomb.
Siberia’s ruddy crab from sapless stalk
Diverced, lies rotting on the sloppy walk.
Languid at leisure from his slimy hair,
The lengthy lobworm crawled abroad for air,
Soon gives his carcase to small birds of prey—
The foot-pad robin, or audacious jay.
Hark! from you shed resounds the swinging flail;
Your unseason’d peach hangs scentless, cold, and pale;
The stringy pod its latest pea hath shed;
The dabbled sparrow chirps, and hops for bread;
The hissing faggot sputters on the hearth;
Lo! the last apple, snail-nipp’d, falls to earth:
Yon unleaf’d branch by night wind disposess’d,
Reveals on high the rook’s defenceless nest;
Fresh spatter’d mould besmears the boxwood row,
Street paddles spread, and rain tube overflow;
The well-trod gravel can absorb no more,
But streams like sponge surcharg’d at every pore.

WET WEATHER IN PARIS.

In wet weather, Paris seems to have caught the ague; the circulation through her larger vessels has almost ceased; and in those narrow passages, the capillaries of her *aortic* system, is terribly congested, pressed, and too-trodden on the passage (which no longer can afford standing-room).

The loungee escapes into a shop for mere temporary relief, and illustrates the ancient doctrine of an *error loci*. The coffee-houses are too close to be respired, and a *stasis* (not, however, in the sense of revolt) is effected at every spot where shelter may be had, and the shoulders be saved a wetting;

* The *pate de foie gras*, is the diseased *angeline liver* stuffed with truffles, and the morbid state of the organ is said to be produced by confining the victim near a great fire, and cramming him every hour or two.

for when it rains here, it rains in earnest; the Boulevard, mean-while, which is synonymous with Paris itself, is lifeless and deserted, and but for those weather-beaten coach-stands, and that epichoriar industry which works in seasons like the present, all day long, and every day at daybreak, with bell and bucket, to prepare the nymph Lutetia for her toilette, there would be little to arrest a stranger's attention, or offer material for description; but who can fail to notice that long double line of colossal mud carts, harnessed as if with the ghosts of horses slain during the week by the knackers of Montfauçon! carts in the lowest state of decrepitude, of which the owners have solved the problem of the smallest number of *spokes* which may constitute a *wheel*. There they move, under the conduct of the official assigned to each, brandishing aloft his mud ladle of gigantic mould, or making you tremble at the chance of aspersion from his rampant besom! Yet all this line of Rosinante wretchedness has undeniably known better days. The sorriest jade amongst them, whose raw back is now bleeding under its plaister of mud, bearing the sting of the never-idle thong, was once the frolicsome colt that knew a dam's protection, and would shake the hills of Montmorency with his joyous neigh! Even when he was taken from her care, his extreme youth would protect him from hard labour; an husbandman's drudge when he had ceased to exhibit himself and his master in the *Bois de Boulogne*, he was still happy. If he brought greens to the Barrière, he had a whole cabbage to himself on prosperous market-days; bound subsequently apprentice to a light citadine (which is not above the moiety of a hackney-coach), though it was a great fall from his *primitive*, and no improvement of his *secondary* fortune; and though occasionally flogged in cold weather to give his master salutary exercise, yet in common circumstances, and when the fare was by *time*, he was allowed to have it very much his own way. It was not till the *red-eyed omnibus* (whose fiery *cornea* had marked his promising figure as she shot by him up or down the Boulevard) had determined to make him her own, that the measure of his woes was full! From the first hour that he was harnessed to the accursed *dragon*, his sufferings were

appalling and without remedy; he groaned, poor fellow! but the groans were profitless, as he was tied for the first time to the long-bodied monster behind him: perhaps he kicked—if so, so much the worse for him. Finding all efforts at liberation unavailing, he bore up against his cruel fate for a few summer months; at length, when his vital principle had been half-whipped out of his body, winter and the *scavenger's cart* offered him a comparative *euthanasia*, and there he is! How many hundreds of such poor beasts, of long shaggy fetlock, may be seen to-day champing a mouthful of half-and-half (*half hay and half straw*), or a *bit of loose harness* leather taken on the sly, by which to keep alive a little longer, and but a *little*—for their *hazy eyes* and dropping jaws too surely indicate that those pinched nostrils have already snuffed within a very few cubic inches of their full allotment of oxygen! Verily, the poor horse would have more right than our landlady to say, if he could speak, “*Oh les hommes, les hommes!*” I have just set my eye on another of these poor brutes attached to such a cart—the planks so nearly on the point of sending forth the avalanche of mud, that a sporting Englishman might bet whether the *organised* or the *wooden* carcass would drop first! and there's another, the third specimen of the spectral row! an articulated skeleton of sixteen hands and a half, whom you would call a *picture* of misery! What do you say to misery herself embodied in horse-skin? Mark how his straggling members, which he vainly endeavours to collect securely under him, sprawl like the divaricating legs of some old rickety table, seeking a more extended base for the huge carcass! To what a scraggy powerless lever of a neck it is still committed to crane up that hollow and nearly dissected head! With what distressing effort does he contrive to raise it a little above the level of that blue collar against which he must pull till he drops; and this he would have done long ago, but for an ally—that young donkey—whose undeveloped vigour has been yoked to his decrepitude, and who, at this moment, in order to escape the rain, has taken the opportunity of a short halt to seek shelter under his trunk, and carry him a little on his back! As to his neighbour, whose slit ears proclaim his military career, well may he

regret, in common with many other heroes, that he did not fall in the last charge at Waterloo! Every horse yonder, like every man every where, has had "his *inch* of mirth for *all* of moan." But other objects, elicited by the rainy day, challenge our attention. Behold those long files of *distressing* mendicinity in the mid-road; an interminable vista, spattering and bespattered, but moving in admirable rhythm, save when a headstrong omnibus, or volatile cab, insist on breaking the line, which as instantly closes upon the intruder. What a group of animated scarecrows is *reflected* on the surface of that black, half-consolidated mirror, age or sex alike problematical and uncertain, wild and marvellous in gesture, like creatures of another world; they take no notice of any thing—

mud, mud, mud! They have no organ for any thing else; how do they put their clothes on? or do they ever take them off?—of course they sleep on mud mattresses, and prop their weary heads on pillows of the same cheap material. I do assure you they have no resemblance to the functionaries of street-cleaning elsewhere. With what faultless accuracy does the long train of lustral besom fall on the rippling wave! What a black sea of clouted confectionary advances slowly at every stroke, till, reaching the rise of the Boulevard, and acquiring momentum, it facilitates the work of its own progression, and, spreading forth a pacific ocean of mud in front of that lofty arch, where vanquished Rhine, with a hundred cities, does homage to the Grand Monarque!

A DOG-DAY IN A DILIGENCE.

"To Strasbourg 67 *poetes*."
Livre des Postes.

The sun that was to fire us all day rose cloudless, and already the close stillness of that breathless morning, the unspecked blue of that whole firmament, too clearly indicated the future prospects of the road. There was that perfect and fixed inertia in the air, that rain, wind, or hail to disturb it seemed incompatible with the nature of things. The sun's chariot, anticipating our own, was just clearing the chimney, as we ran down the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs* to the bureau of the Nancy diligence, and found our equipage on the start—the horses in close conversation on the future sufferings of the road which they knew awaited them. The rose-fingered daughter of the dawn surely burnt her fingers with the key of the coach-house, as she proceeded with her duties for the day; and, though the colours of their *pelisses* are, of course, warranted to stand, the skins of those fair ladies, the *hours*, were in more than common jeopardy of freckles.

But hark to the horn! and behold the inexorable man, who, with register of live stock in hand, invites us to tumble in among the *blouses* and *casquettes* of six-insides! He runs his eye along our ranks, he pronounces us "*complets*!" The clock strikes, up clammers the *conducteur* to his lofty post—crack goes the whip—the horses fling up their heads—jingle, jingle, go

the bells, and the heavy Juggernaut is in motion! The first moments after starting, even in one of these unwieldy machines, are inspiring and gay enough:

—"When first the rough-shod feet
Of neighing steeds strike clattering down
the street,
Dragging with tightened cord, and unchecked force,
The mighty waggon on its venturesome
course."

We have now come to our second change, and with handkerchief already between head and hat. The heat is becoming more and more intolerable.

We alight for a tantalising moment; and, under the cover of a friendly gateway, survey the coach fore and aft, and find a change of position for the better hopeless. The victims under the hot leather awning of the *banquette* lie feebly writhing at their length like caterpillars. He that kissed the pretty girl, and swaggered in the yard before we started, leans with pallid, vacant countenance, on his two hands (like the old sailor on the raft, in Jericault's terrific shipwreck). A third, more enfeebled still, opens his mouth for air, like a sick chub in a water-bucket. Even the *Coupé*, to-day, will enjoy no privilege. The two ladies, their gentlemen, and the Italian greyhound, who occupy it, all seem equally

suffering and centralised. The gentleman may be a man of gallantry on the Boulevard, for the lady next him is pretty; but who can afford small talk, or any talk to-day? As for the *Retards*—how eloquent the silence there! Five females packed in together, and not a whisper through the open window!

Heat, heat alone the full confession wrings,
That mortals travelling, are but selfish things!

Stuffed once more into the blue woollen furnace, and scarcely adjusted to our place of torment—a sudden pull up! One of our horses has dropped dead. What must a poor brute suffer *before* he drops in harness! and how many men are obliged to die in harness! The next incident is a petty one—it is occasioned by a wasp, which, after buzzing about, stings the object of his preference, the *unstung* being far too much distressed with the heat to be at the fatigue of expressing much sympathy with the sufferer. Every one has soon fallen back into his place, when all of a sudden a *single* puff or gust of wind, like the simoom of the desert, has filled our nostrils with life (and our eyes, of course, with dust)—alas! it returns no more. We look out, and at what a scene! An open landscape, torrid, embrowned, lies smoking under this fiery sun, and dimly is it picturesque after its kind! Leagues of straight unrun road *before*, and leagues of road as inexorably straight behind, and neither hedge, avenue, or casual tree to afford a moment's relief, as you toil on in the white burning dust! Think of this before you take out your passport! The rivulets have run dry—you may just make out where they ought to be, and are not—brown earthy stripes of land, near or distant, and a few stone dykes to confine the road, constitute the whole. You seem to be looking rather at an *ébauche* on nature's canvass (sketched in bistre or umber, or what not) than a completed picture intended for *exhibition*. But the very desert will afford matter for observation to the student of nature; numerous tribes of wild-flowers to the right and to the left, with petals as thin as gauze paper, and stalks not bigger than a crow quill, are not in the least incommode by this *πυρρὰ σπορίφιλος*!—they lift their heads exultingly, and rejoice in the sun's rays! those rays which have utterly dried up and split the solid

earth in which they grow, and out of which they still contrive to draw their miraculous supplies. Though every drop of moisture is gone from every ditch, the progress of the fluids, through their delicate organism, is *going on*, and not one molecule of sap is diverted from its destiny! Is this the whole of my reflection on what I see? Far from it, I look around me again, and I see *another class* of created things, which equally defies those caloric rays under which we are half expiring, and all the brute creation is palpably distressed. The insects, like the plants, are *unmolested*—are in *joyous activity*! So now, ye that demonstrate their nervous system in microscopes, and constitute them *sensitive* and *intelligent*, by the exposition of what you call their *anatomy*, allow me merely to express *surprise*, that being what you say they are, modelled with a capacity of feeling (which all experience shows, at the least of it, yet most enormously over-rate), that when the grove is silent, the plain abandoned for cover, and the very *finest* motionless in the stream, they *alone* are busy on the wing!

Let me lead you to yonder pool; that predatory ruffian *the pike*, will not, on such a day as this, move from his black water for the finest roach ever spawned! The said roach turns away his nose from the *minnow*, and remains lock-jawed to all temptations; all other creatures are either silent, or reduced to a few notes which complain rather than rejoice. Dogs bark not—women scold not—the grunter in the sty is voiceless—if the sheep bleat, it is but to invite her progeny to the shelter which it has not *mother* art to find. The *lowing* herd will not bask till sun-set, and the hysterical bray of yonder half-baked donkey whom we have nearly run over, kicking in the dust, is scarcely an exception; for really he seems to express impatience rather than enjoyment. Yet the grasshopper chirrups blythely, the bee buzzes away, the wasp, the hornet, the common flies are quite unmolested (though far from unmolesting); in short, on this 12th day of July, the insects and the plants plainly have it all to themselves! You say, from some analogies of structure with higher beings, that insects do and suffer this, that and the other; I, from observation of their habits, arrive at very different conclusions, and cannot

but deem them far more like plants in their mode of being, and in the economy of their vital principle—a position which I have elsewhere* attempt-

ed to take, and to which I mean again and again to return till the heresy is destroyed.

SOUVENIRS OF BADEN.

The room was all lightness and brightness, and filled with the well-limbed aristocracy of Europe. Having breasted our way through the billows of well-dressed flirts and their cavaliers, we get at length a glimpse of the "Grande Duchesse,"—thinking of those Napoleon times in which she made no inconsiderable figure—and truly a more remarkable or interesting looking lady, we have seldom seen. She has all the fascinations possible to a very fine woman no longer young, but determined to please to the last. There sat she, with a smile for every body, (who had a claim to it) and a different one for each, assuming by turns every possible attitude of grace, and so happy in each, that they might have been taken as studies for the artist—a more beautifully finished and highly-wrought piece of mechanism than that countenance, was never worked by a soul and intelligence within! I see her even now before me! sitting so lightly, and with so little apparent pressure on the Ottoman at the head of that unequalled room, that you might fancy it away, without depriving the fine form of its artificial support. None could more look the goddess, or move the queen than she! Fixing the young men who had the privilege to address her, with a *Dido* look, half-queently, half-womanly, now animated and conversational; now dispensing the well-measured smile in silence, anon exercising a practised archness upon some timid maiden, whose day of conquests was beginning; surrendering herself with bewitching benignity to some tedious old countess, or turning half closed eyes in hazy complacency (with sufficient attention not to offend him) on some curiosity of the *ancien régime*, who, for sixty years, had traded in court compliments, and still claimed the privilege "*Dicere blanditias cano capite*." For readiness at repartee, few of the fair sex can compete with her. "I have something to confide to your

private ear," said a forward young coxcomb, pushing himself forward while she was engaged in conversation. "Something for my *private* ear! what can he mean?" "*Où! je le tiens maintenant! c'est ses pantalons blancs, qu'il veut me confier*"—(he had taken the liberty of coming to her party in morning trousers!)

But hark! the first bars of the *high* orchestra are struck, and the dancers are all on the start—already they swing by us with a velocity, which, when one is not an element of the vortex, is really alarming. Waltz is the railroad of dancing—the despair of turnpike. Let no awkward fellow attempt this fascinating *poetry of motion*—it is not till the two performers in the dance have got the perfect intelligence of each other's capabilities, that the gentleman ventures to plant his hand fairly on the lady's corset; from that moment of more intimate contact, they appear to have but one end and aim, one heart and one respiration! Every advantage of space is for a time conceded; the lookers on contract it by degrees; the centripetal force, however, soon overcomes the obstacle, and a fair stage for their evolutions is once more secured. Gods! what a milky-way of fair necks and bared shoulders is before us! and how knowingly provided are the *danses* for the perils of the evening's whirl. You shall not see a single loose scarf; the rigging is all taut from the mast-head downwards, and the petticoats *shot*, to prevent the result of that inevitable law of forces, which sagacious ladies, or their mammæ, know to await them. But who are these? The Prince ——— and the beautiful Madame ———. Vain as he is, he seems now unconscious of spectators, and to think only of his partner; the sardonic curl of his moustache softens down into a less contemptuous expression for his fellow-creatures; the full smile of undisguised satisfaction is breaking down all aris-

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1838.

toeratic barriers, and dissipating apace whatever was repelling in those superior features. It is Rinaldo still, but Rinaldo in the garden of *Armida*, forgetful of triumphs—all but *this*! That bold tender look—what mortal woman can withstand it?—nor does she affect to do so; for not less impressive or effective is that air of abandonment with which she resigns her *Torso* into his arms! But the affair is becoming too conspicuous, too warm—the modest *young ladies* toss their *chins*, and the old ladies' *fans* are going like so many *windmills*!

But what is that gawky, *growing* youth (too surely a compatriot) about? Look at his vacant face! He has but to turn her, and his partner is ready enough to be turned, and looks up to encourage him to do the deed, but all in vain. He cannot catch the time—his heavy eyes exhibit no soul!—his ear is sealed to every thing of music, but the sound—his feet are under the guidance of a will, but that will is plainly not under the guidance of harmony; as sure as he makes a start, it is a false one! See how he throws her out, just as she is beginning to spin off—again! a third time, and now they are at a dead stand still! She begins to *founce*—well she may! she has not answered his last question, and looks at him in a manner which her prayer-book would not justify. One more trial! one, two, three!—one, two! and off is he thrown at a tangent from the circle he would vainly enter. Besides, he has trodden on her corn—a smothered cry of pain escapes her; and here she comes, whilst her awkward beau follows, to proffer unwelcome assistance, and be scared away by the *sotto voce* condolence of her friend—“Was ever anything so cruel or preposterous, as for a young man to stand up to waltz who does not even know what it means? Why, you have literally had to hold him up as if he were a stumbling pony! It is indeed provoking, but why did you stand up with such a——” He hears no more, but we do. “Don’t talk any more about that *fright*!” says Emily, rising gaily to a *new* partner, who has already acquired, by dint of moustache, her good opinion—and she was right. One of those indefatigable dancers was he, who give spirit to a ball-room, who can keep the heaviest party afloat by the *legereté* of their own movements, and prevent

the whole “*equipage*” from being *swamped*, by the assiduity with which (a leak detected) they *can work their pumps*! Five times has he triumphantly carried his partner round the magic circle formerly interdicted to her tread. Through all the entangled and perplexing perils of the thickly sown floor, does he bring her without shock or collision. Whether in a scarcely progressing step, or taking advantage of some *break*, they launch out more boldly, or thread the increasing labyrinth, his vigilant eye and ductile joints are equal to the difficulty. All is as it should be—and speedily shall he obtain, as the reward of his pilotage, the full and unreserved guidance of that advantageous *taille*.

But yonder is a young lady evidently as much a novice as was our *Anglo-Saxon* in the twirling art. She seems—as they all do when first they *begin*—she seems to feel a waltz very much as if it were a sin; she looks—as if she were doing *wrong*—to her mother’s eye for countenance and support; but the old lady is at cards, and too intent on the game to notice her. Her partner obviously observes her confusion, and smiles encouragement. She trembles, thinks persons begin to look at her; he extends his hand—she falters; he touches her person—her neck is suffused. The initiation almost overpowers her; but “*ce n’est que le premier pas qui conte*”—out she steps, and they are off! In a few minutes he has danced away all her scruples, and has nothing more to do than receive her adroitly into his arms, hope that she is not fatigued, and wonder what *possible* objections some people can have to waltzing! To which opinion she is now a proselyte. Of our own partner we would willingly say something, but she is too fond of sheer dancing to give us much time to collect materials. Everybody declared her pretty—pretty she was in an eminent degree. On her *sweet* person all epithet-adjectives of grace, harmony, and good-humour, would sit without reproach or mistake. But she has taken our arm to *waltz*, and so here goes! and glibly and smoothly do we sail along. Oh! *lassie*, if you are always thus easy to *turn*, I would stipulate for longer partnership than the brief one we have contracted!

THE EUMENIDES OF ÆSCHYLUS.

TRANSLATED BY MR CHAPMAN.

PERSONS.

THE PYTHONESS.

APOLLO.

HERMES—a mute Person.

ATHENA.

Chorus of Furies.

Ghost of Clytemnestra.

ORESTES.

*Escort of Female Attendants.**Areopagites, &c.*

*The opening scene is laid at Delphi, in the Front Court of the
Pythian Temple.*

PROLOGUE.

The Pythoness. Earth, the first prophetess, I honour first
In these my prayers, and Themis next, who next,
Succeeding to her mother as by right,
Sat on the oracular seat, as rumour runs ;
By whose good-will unbiassed and unforced,
Another child of Earth sat here, the third,
Titanian Phœbe, who to Phœbus gave
This throne a birth-gift, and his name from hers.
He left behind the lake and Delian rock,
And at the naval shores of Pallas touched ;
Thence to this land and seats Parnassian came.
With reverential pomp Hephæstus' sons
Escorted him, way-cutting pioneers,
That let daylight into the salvage gloom.
The people and the ruler of the land,
King Delphus, on his coming worshipped him.
Zeus filled him with the power of prophecy,
And placed him, fourth, on this prophetic throne,
And Phœbus is the prophet of the Sire.

These gods I first invoke ; with reverence due
Pronæan Pallas next is named by me ;
And I adore the Nymphs, who dwell within
The vaulted womb of the Corycian rock,
The haunt of demons, and the home of birds.
But Bromius has the district—nor thereof
Am I unmindful—ever since he led
His troop of Mænads, scheming deadly doom
For Pentheus, as the huntsman for the hare.
The founts of Pleistus and Poseidon's might
Invoking, and the All-accomplisher,
The highest Zeus, I now resume my seat,
A prophetess—and may they grant me now
Better success than all my good before !

*[She enters the temple, but presently returns, supporting
herself by her hands against objects on either side
of her.*

Horrors to tell, and horrors to behold,
Have from the temple sent me forth again.
No strength is left me, nor can I support
My feeble steps ; with hands and not with feet,
Grasping at every stay, I hurry out.

A grayhead woman frightened from her wits
 Is nothing—yea ! a very child again.
 I step towards the fillet-crowned recess,
 And see a blood-stained suppliant sitting there,
 Ay ! at the very navel of the fane,
 Abomination to the sacred place.
 His hands with gore are dripping, and he holds
 A sword drawn newly, and an olive-branch,
 Chastely enwrapt with wool of whitest fleece.
 Thus far I plainly can express myself—
 Seated before him sleeps a wondrous troop
 Of women—gorgons, I should rather say—
 Nor yet to gorgons will I liken them.
 Once on a time I saw the winged ones,
 Drawn to the life, in act of snatching off
 The meal of Phineus—but no wings have these,
 That I can see at least ; hideously grim
 And black, they snore with snortings audible,
 And from their eyes a deadly dew distil,
 No due libation to a god of light ;
 Their garb, too, is unseemly, and unfit
 To bring before the images of Gods,
 Or under roofs of men. A sisterhood
 Like this, I have not seen, nor any land
 That boasts to rear such and not groan for it.
 But to the master of the temple be
 This a concernment—to great Loxias.
 He is a healing prophet and a seer,
 And for all else the cleanser of their homes.

[Exit PYTHONESS. *The Interior of the Temple is exhibited. ORESTES is seen surrounded by the sleeping FURIES, APOLLO standing beside him, and HERMES in the background.*

Apollo. I never will forsake thee ; to the end
 Thy present guardian, to thine enemies
 I never will be mild, though far away.
 Thou seest these frantic ones o'erta'en with sleep ;
 And heavily they sleep, foul grayhead crones,
 Hags, antique maids ! with whom nor god nor man
 Nor beast o' the field hath ever intercourse.
 For very mischief were they born—so dwell
 In darkness, Subterranean Tartarus,
 Abhorred of men, and of the Olympian Gods.
 Fly, notwithstanding, and be not devoid
 Of energy ; for they will chase thee o'er
 A weary continuity of land,
 Over much-trodden earth, beyond the sea,
 And countries that the surge doth flow around.
 Faint not before the time, nor think to soothe
 Thy toil with rest ; the city of Pallas seek ;
 There take thy seat, and cast thy arms around
 Her ancient image : there will we provide
 Appeasing words and judges for the nonce,
 And find out means for thy deliverance—
 For I persuaded thee to slay thy mother.

Orestes. Thou knowest, King Apollo, not to do
 Injustice ; knowing this, neglect it not :
 Thy might is able to redeem its pledge.

Apollo. Remember, let not fear subdue thy mind.
 Thou, my own brother by the father's side,
 My Hermes, guard him ; Guider rightly named,
 Conduct him as a shepherd doth his flock.

or Zeus respects thy rightful privilege,
 hat guides with prosperous issues mortal men.

[*Exit ORESTES, conducted by HERMES. CLYTEMNESTRA'S
 Ghost appears behind APOLLO.*

Clytemnestra's Ghost. Will ye then sleep? What need have I of sleepers?
 y you neglected, and amidst the dead
 eproached unceasingly because I slew him,
 i worst disgrace I wander to and fro;
 tell you plainly that I have from them
 he greatest blame. And I that was so used,
 'en by my nearest, dearest—for my sake
 one of the Gods, not one, is moved to wrath
 or me struck down by matricidal hands.
 hy conscious heart within thee sees these wounds:
 or the mind's eye looks clearly out from sleep,
 ut mortals have no foresight in the day.
 e many a time have tasted offerings
 made to soothe you, brewed with honey pure,
 Vineless libations; night-feasts at the hearth
 offered too, solemnized at an hour
 hen no God else receiveth sacrifice.
 ll this I see is trodden under foot.
 ut like a fawn he hath escaped away,
 nd lightly from the net hath bounded off,
 ith infinite derision mocking you.
 ear me, as ye would one that pleads for life,
 'en for his soul—for so I plead: oh hear,
 nd heed, ye subterranean goddesses.
 Clytemnestra, call you in a dream.

[*The Furies mutter in their sleep.*

y! mutter! for your man is fled afar:
 y foes have found help from their patron-gods.

[*They mutter again.*

leep is thy sleep: thou hast no ruth for me:
 nd now the matricide Orestes flees.

[*They cry out "oh!"*

lost cry out "oh?" dost sleep? wilt thou not up?
 What else but mischief hast thou ever done?

[*They cry out again.*

leep and fatigue, well-yoked conspirators,
 ave spoiled the strength of this fell dragoness.

[*They mutter more loudly. The following exclamations
 are uttered by the Conductress of the Chorus, and
 seven other voices in rapid succession.*

Chor. Give heed! seize him! seize him! seize him!
 eize him! seize him! seize him! seize him!

Ghost. The prey thou art pursuing in a dream,
 nd criest as a hound, that never quits
 'ought of the chase and its anxiety.
 What art about? arise! let not fatigue
 'ercome thee, nor, by sleep's soft influence
 ubdued, remain unconscious of thy loss.
 'hy liver with my just reproaches fret;
 'o the right-minded they are quickening goads.
 'way! pursue him with a second chase;
 'reathe after him a hot blast from thy lungs,
 nd with the bloody reek, the fiery steam,
 lang on his trail, o'ertake, waste, wither him.

[*The Ghost vanishes. The Conductress of the Chorus
 starts up from her seat.*

Leader of the Chorus.

Awake ! and wake thou her, as I wake thee.
 Dost sleep ? Arise ! shake sleep off ; let us see
 If of this prelude any part is vain.

[*The FURIES start up one after another from their seats, and range themselves upon the stage, right and left of their Leader.*]

CHORUS.

Ah, ah, ye gods ! we have endured—

(str. a.)

Toil and trouble all in vain—

A mischief hardly to be cured,

Hard, my sisters, to sustain.

The game has burst the net and fled away :

Subdued by sleep, I lost the prey,

Ah, son of Zeus ! thou art a thief :

(ant. a.)

Youngling ! thou hast trampled on

Gray goddesses, and given relief

To a mother-slaying son.

Him thou, a God, hast stolen from our sight ;

And who will say that this is right ?

A stern Reproach, in dreams drew near,

(str. b.)

And smote me like a charioteer,

With a goad that made me shiver.

Under both my heart and liver

I feel the chill the wretch deploras,

Whose back the public beadle scores.

Such things our young Gods do, by might

(ant. b.)

Prevailing ever over right :

One the tripod now may see

Dripping with gore entirely ;

Earth's navel-stone presents to view

Murder's abominable hue.

Thyself, a prophet too, the guilt incurring,

(str. c.)

Pollution to thy hearth hast brought,

Human respects to law of God's preferring,

Setting the ancient Fates at nought.

Apollo, stern to me, shall never save him,

(ant. c.)

Nor under earth shall he be free :

Another blood-avenger there shall have him,

And cling unto him after me.

Apollo. Out of my temple ! instantly be gone ;

Away ! quit the prophetic recess,

Lest thou receive a serpent winged and white,

Whizzing in fury from my golden string,

And from the pain thereof disgorge the foam

And clots of gore which thou hast sucked from men.

It is not fit thou shouldst approach this fane ;

But go, where eyes are gouged and throats are cut,

And heads chopt off ; increase cut off in man

By blotting out its fountains ; where they die

By stoning and piecemeal dismemberment,

And where are heard the lamentable sounds,

Half sobs, half screams, that burst from men impaled.

Hear why, enamoured of what festival,

Ye are abomination to the Gods.

But all the fashion of your visage shows

Your nature. It seemeth such as you

To make your habitation in the cave
Of the blood-lapping lion, not to haunt
This court of oracles, pollution foul
To all those near you. Hence! ye wandering goats,
That have no keeper; for of such a flock
No God can entertain a friendly thought.

Chor. Now hear me, King Apollo, in my turn.
Thou art not an accomplice in these deeds,
But art the head and front, sole cause of them.

Apollo. How, pray? Speak so far as to answer this.

Chor. Thy oracle commanded him to take—

Apollo. The retribution due his sire. Why not?

Chor. And pledged thee to receive the murderer.

Apollo. I charged him hither to betake himself.

Chor. And dost thou blame us, who escorted him?

Apollo. This holy temple is no place for you.

Chor. But this same charge has been imposed on us.

Apollo. What is this duty? make thy boast of it.

Chor. We hunt the mother-slayers from their homes.

Apollo. What's that? Shall not the husband-slayer come
Under the ban of shedding kindred blood?

The sanctions, then, of Hera, who presides

O'er marriage, and of Zeus are derogate,

Henceforth of none account: thy argument

Doth gentle Cytherea no less wrong,

From whom accrue to men their best delights.

The marriage-bed, the band of natural law

'Twixt man and wife, is greater than an oath,

When justice guards it. If, on some of those

Who slay their kin, thou dost not look in wrath,

Nor dost exact the pains and penalties,

I do deny that thou dost justly hunt

Orestes. For I see thee fierce with him,

But very quiet in the other case.

But Pallas shall take cognizance of this.

Chor. That man, however, I will never leave.

Apollo. Pursue him then, and add more toil to toil.

Chor. Disparage not my province in thy speech.

Apollo. I would not take thy province as a gift.

Chor. For thou art altogether great, they say,

Before the throne of Zeus: his mother's blood

Doth set me on, and justice cries out "aim!"

To my pursuit, and I will hunt him down.

Apollo. And I will aid him, and deliver him.

Among both gods and men the wrath is dread

For a neglected suppliant's injury,

If I should willingly abandon him.

[*The scene is shifted from Delphi to Athens, and the temple of Apollo transformed into the temple of ATHENA POLIAS. A considerable interval must be supposed to have elapsed.*]

Ores. By the command of Loxias am I come,
Royal Athena! piteously receive
One hunted by the avengers, it is true;
But no petitioner for cleansing rites
With unclean hands: the edge is taken off
Of my pollution, and its trace worn out
By travels among men and at their homes.
Obedient to the voice of oracles,
By Phœbus given, I've passed o'er land and sea,

And to thy house and image, goddess, come,
And for a final sentence here attend.

[Enter the Conductress of the Chorus, followed by the
Furies in double file: as they advance, they spread
themselves out towards both sides of the Orchestra.

Leader of the Chorus.

Well, here the trail is plain: but follow thou
The dumb Informer—'tis a certain guide.
For, as the hound doth track the wounded fawn,
We trace him by the blood and drops of gore.
But my flank pants with very weariness;
For I have ranged o'er every spot of earth,
And, without wings, have flown across the sea,
No slower than a ship, pursuing him:
And now the wretch is cowering hereabout.

CHORUS.

The smell of human blood doth cheer me,
Assurance that my game is near me.
Look ye here, and look ye there,
Here and there and every where,
Lest the mother-slayer flee,
And a while unpunished be.

(*Prelude.*)

Here he finds help again, and twining round
Athena's Image, wishes to submit
To trial for the murder done.

(*str.*)

No! no! his mother's blood is on the ground,
When that is shed, who can recover it?
The red dew on the ground is gone.

(*ant.*)

But thou must give thy living limbs to me,
To suck the marrow out—may I from thee
The odious draught as food receive.
Thee, while alive, I will bereave
Of all thy pith, and take thee downward hence;
This the retributory recompense
Thou art in thy person paying
For thy impious mother-slaying.
And thou shalt see if any other,
To god or stranger, sire or mother,
Hath done despicable wrong, how he
Must pay the penalty, like thee:
For Hades, underneath the ground,
A strict examiner is found;
And all the deeds of mortal kind
He sees, and writes them in his mind.

(*Epos.*)

Ores. Instructed in misfortunes, I have learned
Many lustrations, and I also know
Both where to speak and where to hold my tongue:
But in this matter I was taught to speak
By a wise teacher; for the blood now sleeps,
My mother's blood, that was upon my hand—
'Tis there no more—the stain, washed out, is gone.
While fresh, it was removed, at Phœbus' hearth,
By purifying blood of slaughtered swine.
'Twere long for me to tell from first to last
How many I have approached with intercourse
That harmed them not. Time, that grows old with them,
Wears all things out. Now with clean lips I call

Athena, of this land Queen paramount,
 To come my helper ; so shall she obtain,
 And without war, as firm allies for ever,
 Myself, my country, and the Argive race.
 Whether in Libya by her natal stream—
 The stream of Triton—combating on foot,
 Or in the battle car, she aids her friends,
 Or else, like a field-marshal, she surveys
 The old Phlegrean plain—though far away,
 By virtue of her godship, she doth hear—
 Oh! may she come to free me from these plagues!

Leader of the Chorus. Neither Apollo nor Athena's might
 Shall set thee free—they must abandon thee
 To perish, knowing not one thought of joy,
 Our food till thou hast no blood left—a shade.
 Thou dost not answer, but dost scorn our words,
 Thou victim reared and set apart for me!
 While living thou shalt feed me, nor be slain
 On any altar. Hear this binding hymn:—

CHORUS.

Come, let us join, and hand in hand
 Now chant the weird and mournful song!
 Recounting how our awful band
 Reforms what doth to us belong
 In our just dealings with mankind—
 Judges whom none can bend or bind.
 No wrath to him whose hands are clean
 From us proceeds—without a ban
 He goes through life ; but who has been
 A great offender, like this man,
 Yet strives his bloody hands to hide,
 Shall find us clinging to his side,
 True witnesses unto the dead,
 And for the blood that he hath shed
 Exactors, to the slayer's cost,
 Of vengeance to the uttermost.

Night! mother Night! from whom I had my being,
 Pain to the dead and those the daylight seeing,
 Hear me! Latona's imp hath ta'en away,
 With foul despite, from me my cowering prey,
 The victim vowed, who with his own
 Should for his mother's blood atone.
 O'er the victim chant the strain,
 Distraction, frenzy's feverous fire—
 Hymn that ne'er is sung in vain,
 And never sung to dainty lyre—
 With power to shrivel and to blind
 The spirit of the blasted mind.

(*str. a'.*)

For Fate, the all-pervading, spun of old
 This very lot for us to have and hold,
 That whosoever shall his hands imbrue
 In kindred blood, we must the wretch pursue
 Till he go down—dead though he be,
 He shall not find himself too free.
 O'er the victim chant the strain,
 Distraction, frenzy's feverous fire—
 Hymn that ne'er is sung in vain,
 And never sung to dainty lyre—

(*ant. a'.*)

With power to shrivel and to bind
The spirit of the blasted mind.

This lot to us at birth was ratified,
But to forbear Immortals. Side by side
No fellow-feaster sits with me ;
For I was framed that mine should be
To have no part in garments white.
For I made choice to be pursuing
Houses to their complete undoing ;
When Mars, grown tame to touch and sight
In social life, shall slay a friend,
Then we pursue him to the end,
And hunt him down, thought he be stout,
Nor leave him till we blot him out.

(str. 5.)

All others we from these our cares exclude,
Nor on our rights would have the gods intrude,
Nor question our accusing plea ;
For Zeus doth keep aloof, we see,
From this abominable race,
Continually down-dropping gore.
While I, in fact, leap evermore
Down on the wretches from my place,
And with a heavy-falling heel
I dash on them—to those who reel,
And drag their tripping limbs and slow,
Woe! woe! intolerable woe!

(ant. 5.)

The high renown of men, in life august,
Melts under ground, decaying in the dust,
And drops away as we advance,
In solemn black, with hostile dance.

(str. 7.)

He falls unconscious, from infatuation,
Such mist flits over him—abomination!
And through the house, with many groans,
A sad and misty Rumour moans.

(ant. 7.)

For we are skilful to devise,
And can, effect whate'er we plan ;
Of ill deeds awful Memories,
And hard to be appeased by man ;
Our office, heaped with scorn and slight,
From gods apart, by sunless light
We minister ; and rough we be
Alike to those who have their sight
And unto those who cannot see.

(str. 8.)

Is there a man that hears from me
This ordinance, by fate assigned
And by the gods, immutably,
That doth not in his inmost mind
My office and commission fear ?
To me my ancient lot is dear,
And certain honours mine I call,
Though in a sunless horror drear,
And under ground, my station fall.

(ant. 8.)

[ATHENA appears in a chariot, and alights.

Ath. Thy invocation I have heard from far,
E'en from Scamander, where I was engaged

Taking possession of the promised land,
 (And so forestalled usurping foreigners),—
 A choice part of the spoil which the prime men
 Of the Achæans did assign to me,
 A fief for ever for the sons of Theseus.
 Whence, with unwearied speed, and without wings,
 Making my ægis rustle, I have come,
 This chariot having yoked to vigorous steeds.
 But seeing in this place these visitants,
 I fear not, but I wonder at the sight.
 Who in the world are ye? I speak to all,
 And to the stranger who has placed himself
 Here at my statue; you I now address,
 Wild forms! resembling no begotten kind,
 Nor goddesses as they are seen by gods,
 Nor mortal shapes. But causelessly to find
 Fault with one's neighbours, is from justice far—
 The spirit of Themis doth revolt from it.

Chor. Daughter of Zeus! all shalt thou hear in brief:
 We are the daughters of the gloomy Night,
 Call'd *Aræ*, in our underground abodes.

Ath. I know your race, and name-shown attributes.

Chor. Thou soon shalt hear my office and its dues.

Ath. I'd learn, if one would give a plain account.

Chor. We from their homes hunt forth the murderers.

Ath. Where is the limit of their banishment?

Chor. Where joy is altogether thing unknown.

Ath. In such wise dost thou set thy hounds on *him*?

Chor. Yes! he thought right to shed his mother's blood.

Ath. Fearing no power that urged the deed on him?

Chor. Where is there such a goad to such a deed?

Ath. Two parties here—I've heard but one as yet.

Chor. He will not name, nor let us name, an oath.

Ath. Ye would be called just, not be truly so.

Chor. How, pray? Instruct us—wise thou surely art.

Ath. Injustice should not win by oaths, I say.

Chor. Then question him, and judge at once between us.

Ath. To my decision will ye leave the case?

Chor. Why not? we worship what is worshipful.

Ath. What wilt thou say in answer for thyself?

Speak, stranger; country, lineage, fortunes tell;

And then rebate this charge, if confident

In thy own cause as just, thou here dost sit,

Watching this statue, near my sacred hearth,

Ioion-like, a suppliant purified:

Answer distinctly to these several points.

Ores. First, Queen Athena, to the last I speak,

And all concern on that point will remove.

The blood-stain is no longer on my hands,

Nor is thy statue by their touch defiled—

Of this I'll give to thee sufficient proof:

Those under ban of their blood-guiltiness,

The law says must not speak 'till, sprinkled with

The blood of cleansing, they are purified.

Long since, near other temples, was I washed

In blood of victims, and in running streams.

This point is answered. With regard to kin,

I am an Argive, son—thou knowest my sire—

Of Agamemnon, glorious emperor

Of the great host, with whom thou didst expunge,

Destroying Troy, the city of Ilion.

Returning from the war, in his own house

He perished foully : in a fraudulent net
 My dark-souled mother snared, and murdered him ;
 The bathing-room was witness to the deed.
 And I, returning home from banishment,
 An exile all the intermediate time,
 Slew her who bore me—I deny it not—
 Exacting blood for blood, her's for my sire's.
 And Loxias was the mover of my act,
 Fore-warning me of woes, heart-piercing stings,
 Should I sit still, and leave the guilty free.
 The deed was done ; judge whether well or ill ;
 To thy decision I submit myself.

At. The matter is too great, if any man
 Thinks to adjudge it ; nor can I decide ;
 Themis forbids me in a case of blood.
 But I receive thee, both as one to whom
 I would, on other grounds, my favour show,
 And more especially, because thou hast
 Duly performed all expiatory rites,
 And art a blameless suppliant, cleansed from stain,
 And on my city bringing no reproach.
 These also may not lightly be dismissed ;
 And should they not obtain the victory,
 The venom dropping from them will become
 A plague intolerable to the land.
 Such ills may follow if they stay ;
 And to dismiss them is impossible :
 And thus my will is puzzled either way.
 But since this matter here has forced itself,
 Sworn judges will I choose to sit and try
 Cases of blood, and institute the Court
 An ordinance for all hereafter time.
 Summon your witnesses, collect your proofs,
 The means of coming to a just conclusion.
 But I will choose my worthiest citizens,
 And come with them, who shall decide this cause
 Truly on oath, whose awful sanctity
 They will not violate in thought or word.

[*ATHENA departs the opposite way to that she entered by.*

CHORUS.

Now for the overthrow of ancient laws,
 Should victory attend the scathe and cause
 Of this unhallowed matricide :
 By the facility with which 'tis done,
 This bloody deed shall spirit on the son—
 Ye, hapless parents ! must abide
 Hereafter many a bitter woe,
 And from your children feel the fatal blow.

(*str. a.*)

For from the Mænad Watchers there shall be
 No wrath for such outbreaks. I will free,
 And let loose death of every kind :
 Then shall be bruited round the savage woes,
 Whose heap from day to day prodigious grows,
 Wave upon wave ; and none shall find
 A remedy for pang or pain,
 But know the hope he fondly fostered vain.

(*ant. a.*)

Let none that reels to fortune's adverse stroke,
 With many a broken wail our power invoke :
 " Oh Justice ! oh throned Furies ! where are ye ?"
 Some mother thus, in her new agony,

(*str. B.*)

Or father will, perchance, be calling ;
They may—the house of Justice now is falling.

A watcher of the thought—an awful fear—
Will sometimes check it in its foul career : (ant. β.)
'Tis good when wisdom comes from sorrow's dart.
But who that feeds the fatness of his heart,
Checked by no fear from ill begun,
Or state, or man, will worship justice? None!

The life that owns no wholesome check,
Or that which to a master's beck (str. γ.)
Looks evermore, thou shalt not praise.
By God's decree the mean is best.
And different things in different ways
He still inspects: to truth confest
My word agrees—for Insolence
Is own child to Irreverence ;
And from the sound mind springs no less
All-loved, all-wished-for happiness.

By all means, furthermore I say, (ant. δ.)
Due reverence to justice pay ;
Nor trample with a godless foot
Her altar, with an eye to gain ;
For punishment shall come to boot—
The appointed end doth still remain.
Therefore let every man respect
The awe of parents, nor neglect
The sacred claims that draw their birth
From intercourse at friendly hearth.

The man without compulsion just, (str. ν.)
Who by these rules preserves his trust,
Unprosperous shall never be,
At least ne'er ruined utterly.
But the bold trafficker, that only cares
To stow his contraband promiscuous wares,
Shall lose himself and cargo, when the gales,
Fraught with his doom, shall overtake his sails.

But in the whirlpool, in his need, (ant. ξ.)
He calls on those who do not heed :
For God laughs at the insolent,
Who thought not such predicament
Awaited him—fate's doomed and harnessed slave,
Unable to surmount the seething wave :
Dashed on the rock of Justice, he goes down
With all his full-blown pride, unwept, unknown.

[*ATHENA makes her appearance at the head of the twelve
Areopagites, who take their seats in the orchestra.*

Ath. Make proclamation, herald ; keep in bounds
The people ; let the Tyrrhene trumpet speak,
Filled with man's breath, its air-pervading tones,
A blast to hush the assembled multitude :
For, while this solemn consistory sits,
Silence is needful, that the folk at large
May learn my Institution, and the cause
Be with attention tried, and rightly judged.

[*ARISTO appears on the stage.*

Chor. Deal, King Apollo, with thy own affairs ;
Pray tell me what hast thou to do with this ?

Apol. To give my testimony for my guest
And suppliant have I come ; for when he fled
An outcast, I washed out his stain of blood :
And I myself will be his advocate,
Since it was I that urged him to the deed.
But introduce the suit as president,
Athena, with the sanction of thy voice.

Ath. I introduce the suit : begin ye first :
The plaintiff, speaking first, shall put the court
Correctly in possession of the facts.

Chor. Though we are many, we will speak in brief :
Now answer in thy turn, and word for word :
Didst thou not take away thy mother's life ?

Ores. I did—I mean not to deny the fact.

Chor. Of the three falls here is already one.

Ores. Thou boastest over one not yet hurled down.

Chor. But thou must tell the manner of the deed.

Ores. I drew my sword, and pierced her in the neck.

Chor. By whom persuaded ? who suggested it ?

Ores. My witness here, this god, by oracles.

Chor. What ! did the prophet bid thee slay thy mother ?

Ores. Yes ! nor have I repented of the deed.

Chor. If thou art cast, thou soon wilt change thy tone.

Ores. I have no fear, for my dead father aids me.

Chor. Ay ! from the dead hope succour, matricide !

Ores. She was polluted with a double stain.

Chor. How, pray ? inform the judges how this was.

Ores. Slaying her husband she my father slew.

Chor. Thou livest : she atoned for blood by blood.

Ores. Why didst not hunt her, while she lived, from home ?

Chor. The man she slew was of no kin to her.

Ores. Am I, then, of her blood, akin to her ?

Chor. How else within her girdle fed she thee ?

Assassin ! dost renounce that dearest blood ?

Ores. Apollo ! be my witness, and explain

If what I did was justly done or not—

For I confess the fact—and give me reasons,

Which I may plead to justify myself.

Apollo. Athena's council, I will speak to you,

And being a prophet, truly : at no time,

Whether of man or woman, or a state,

Have I e'er uttered any oracle,

Which Zeus, the Olympian Sire, did not command.

Consider first his justice, and then bow

To the prerogative of Sovran Power :

An oath can ne'er transcend his influence.

Chor. Zeus, as thou sayest, gave this oracle,

To bid Orestes for his father's blood

Exact full vengeance, and in doing so

To disallow his mother's claims on him ?

Apollo. 'Tis not the same thing for a princely man,

One honoured with the staff of royalty,

Conferred by Zeus, to have his life cut short,

To die, and that too by a woman's hand ;

Not by a shaft from bow of Amazon,

But in the way that I shall tell you now.

When from his expedition he return'd,

With greater gains of honour and of spoil

Than his most loyal friends had ever hoped,

She welcomed him, and in the bathing-room
 Attended him, and over him she threw,
 As from the bath he stept, a brodered robe,
 A tent that had no doorway of escape,
 Wherein she fettered, smote, and murdered him.
 So fell the famous leader of the fleet ;
 Of her I so have spoken—such she was—
 To stir the indignation of the Court.

Chor. Zeus, as thy speech implies, the father's fate
 Doth make account of ; yet he put in bonds
 His own old father. Mark, ye judges, this ;
 Are not thy words at variance with his act ?

Apollo. Abominable monsters ! hate of gods !
 Bonds may be loosed—there is a remedy,
 And many a way of curing such a grief.
 But when the dust has once drunk up man's blood,
 There is not for the dead a second life.
 My father has devised no counter-charm
 For this necessity ; but all things else
 Disposes of, and turns them up and down,
 This way and that, unwearied in his might.

Chor. How thou dost stretch the point for his acquittal !
 Shall he, when he has spilled his mother's blood,
 In Argos, in his father's palace dwell ?
 What public altars shall he worship at ?
 The lustral water of what guild approach ?

Apollo. Mark how correctly I will speak to this.
 A mother is not generating cause,
 But the receiver of the child call'd hers.
 She, as a stranger, for a stranger keeps
 The germ as a deposit, and in time,
 When no blight falls on it, she brings it forth.
 In proof of this, a father there may be
 Without a mother ; we've a witness here :
 Athena, daughter of Olympian Zeus,
 Though such a shoot as never goddess bore,
 Nor shall hereafter bear, was never shut
 Nor nurtured in the darkness of the womb.
 Thy people, Pallas, in all other things
 I will make great, according as I can ;
 And I this suppliant to thy temple sent,
 That he and his posterity may be
 Faithful allies for ever, and may hold
 This contract with thy people, thro' all time,
 Religiously and no less lovingly.

Ath. According to your conscience give your votes,
 Ye judges—for enough has now been said.

Chor. My shafts have all been shot : but I remain
 To hear what is the judgment in this case.

Ath. What can I do, what disposition make,
 So as to be without blame at your hands ?

Chor. Ye've heard what ye have heard ; but truly fear
 Your oath, ye strangers, and so give your votes.

Ath. People of Athens, and ye judges sworn
 In the first cause of blood that has been tried,
 Hear what I say about this ordinance.
 This solemn council for all after time
 Unto the sons of Ægeus shall remain,
 And ever hold their sessions on Mars' hill,
 The station once of the bold Amazons,
 When they from enmity to Theseus came
 In dread array of war, and pitched their tents,

And built a tower against his citadel,
 And sacrificed to Mars, from whence this hill
 Is called Mars' hill. A due respect, henceforth,
 For this my institution, and a fear
 Allied to reverence, shall ever keep
 My citizens from wrong, if they abstain
 From making innovations on their laws.
 If one pollutes clear water with the filth
 Of mud, or any influx of foul stream,
 He shall not find therein what he can drink.
 Nor rule of despot, nor wild anarchy
 I recommend, but a sound government
 At a just distance from these bad extremes,
 And not to cast away a wholesome fear.
 What man, who nothing fears, is ever just?
 And if ye will but hold in fitting awe
 The majesty of Justice here enthroned,
 Ye shall possess a safeguard of the state,
 A bulwark of the country—such the realm
 Of Pelops owns not, nor the Scythian race,
 Nor any tribe of men. This Court august,
 Quick to just wrath and incorruptible,
 I institute a guardian of the land,
 To keep watch in behalf of those that sleep.
 Touching the future I've advised you all;
 But rise, ye judges, and decide the cause,
 Fearing the oath ye swear by. I have done.

[The first Areopagite rises, takes a ballot from the altar, and drops it into the urn: similarly the rest in succession. After the twelfth has dropt his ballot into the urn, ATHENA takes one from the altar, and holds it in her hand.]

Chor. And I advise you by no means to slight
 These visitants, lest they be bitter ones.

Apollo. I bid you to respect my oracles,
 Which are from Zeus, and not to make them vain.

Chor. Cases of blood belong not to thy lot;
 Here staying, thou wilt be no prophet pure.

Apollo. Erred Zeus, when he his suppliant purified,
 Ixion, from first stain of kindred blood?

Chor. Thou sayest: should I fail of justice here,
 I'll haunt this land in very bitterness.

Apollo. Unhonoured thou among the younger Gods,
 And elder: but I surely shall prevail.

Chor. Thus in the house of Pheres didst thou gull
 The Fates, and yet mere mortals made immortal.

Apollo. Is it not just to aid a worshipper,
 And most when in his need he prays for aid?

Chor. But thou didst trick those ancient goddesses,
 Deceive with wine, then laugh at them in scorn.

Apollo. Thou shalt, non-suited, presently pour forth
 Thy venom, uninjurious to thy foes.

Chor. Since thou, a youngling, dost insult me so,
 Me that am old, I wait to hear the sentence,
 As one in doubt, till that is fully known,
 If I shall pour my fury on the city.

Ath. It falls on me the judgment to pronounce:
 In favour of Orestes I reserve

My vote—for from no mother had I birth.
 Wholly my father's, on the father's side
 I wholly am, and do most heartily
 Prefer the male, save that I marry not.
 Nor of the woman will I take the part,

Who slew her husband, overseer of home.
Should he have equal votes, it follows then,
Orestes is absolved. What wait we for?
Tellers, to whom this task has been assigned,
Turn out at once the ballots from the urns.

Ores. Phœbus Apollo! What is the result?

Chor. Oh Night! dark mother! dost thou see these doings?

Ores. Now! now! for me to perish by the noose,
Or else to look upon the blessed light!

Chor. Now! now! for me to suffer worst eclipse,
Or henceforth hold my office unabridged.

[*The ballots are turned out and counted.*]

Apollo. Correctly, strangers, number out the votes,
And with impartial justice; for great harm
Doth often from the loss of one accrue;
One doth o'erthrow, or raise a family.

Ath. He is acquitted—for the votes are equal.

[*She gives her ballot in favour of ORESTES.*]

Ores. Oh Pallas! thou that hast preserved my house,
And me, sad outcast from my father-land,
Hast to my home restored. Some Greek will say,
He is again an Argive, and he dwells
Secure in his hereditary state,
By means of Pallas and of Loxias,
And the third Saviour, who doth sway all things—
He that respects the father's privilege,
And doth preserve me now, beholding these,
Appellants fell! my mother's advocates.
But to this country and thy citizens
I bind myself and my posterity,
By solemn oath, for all hereafter time,
That never chief, with well-appointed troops
Shall, from my land, with hostile aim, come here.
For I, myself, then being in the tomb,
Will bring repentance for their bootless toils
On those that violate my present oath,
Discouraging their inauspicious paths
With misadventures, and with omens dire
Their passage over streams. But if they act
With righteousness, and honour evermore
The city of Pallas, and are allies true,
I will regard them more benignantly.
Farewell, thou and thy people; may they bruise
Their foes with an inevitable fall,
And for themselves obtain deliverance,
And wished-for, honourable victory!

[*Exit ORESTES.*]

CHORUS.

Ye younger gods have trampled down
Old laws, and wrested them from me;
Amerced of office and renown,
I will, for this indignity,
Drop from my heart's wrath-bleeding wound
A blight—a plague-drop on the ground.
A lichen, fatal to the trees,
To children, shall invade the soil,
(Hear, Justice!) and inflict disease
On men—the blotch and deadly boil.
Ah! shall I groan? what shall I do?
What will become of me?
These citizens have made me rue
The worst indignity.

Daughters of Night! deep-injured, deep-resenting,
And for your degradation, deep-lamenting.

Atth. Let me prevail on you—take not this grief
Too much to heart; ye suffered not defeat.
The votes were equal, and the judgment fair,
Nor was to thy dishonour. E'en from Zeus
A clear convincing testimony came;
Who gave the oracle was witness too—
That this Orestes should incur no scathe
For what he did. Hurl not your bolts of wrath
Against this land, nor cause unfruitfulness,
By letting fall the drops of deities,
To blast the seed, a blight of rottenness.
For I do promise you most faithfully,
That ye at altars, having splendid seats,
Shall sit, and own in perpetuity
The secret places of this goodly land,
And be much honoured by these citizens.

CHORUS.

Ye younger gods have trampled down
Old laws, and wrested them from me;
Amereced of office and renown,
I will, for this indignity,
Drop from my heart's wrath-bleeding wound
A blight—a plague-drop on the ground.
A lichen, fatal to the trees,
To children, shall invade the soil,
(Hear, Justice!) and inflict disease
On men—the blotch and deadly boil.
Ah, shall I groan? what shall I do?
What will become of me?
These citizens have made me rue
The worst indignity.
Daughters of night! deep-injured, deep-resenting,
And, for your degradation, deep-lamenting.

Atth. Ye are not dishonour'd; with excess of wrath
Mar not man's earth with wounds incurable.
I too rely on Zeus, and of the Gods—
What need to say it? none but only I
Have knowledge of the keys of that dread vault,
Wherein sealed up he keeps his thunderbolt—
But there's no need of it. Be well advised,
Nor cast forth on the ground the rash tongue's fruit,
That, where it falls, is mildew of all good.
Lull the sharp gust of thy tempestuous wrath,
And be my honoured fellow resident;
Having the first-fruits of this spacious land,
And offerings for hopes of progeny,
And consummation of the marriage rites.
Thou shalt for ever praise this good advice.

CHORUS.

That I should suffer this! in age
Dishonoured, unavenged! oh rage—
I breathe it forth.
Oh earth! oh earth!
What pain is this that pricks my side?
Hear my sharp passion, mother Night!
From me, with many a guileful sleight,
These gods, who rob me and deride,

As though 'twere nothing, at their ease,
Have ta'en my public offices.

Ath. I put up with thy wrath ; thou wiser art
As older, than I am—yet unto me
Not scantily Zeus the boon of wisdom gave.
At other land, of other tribes arrived,
When 'tis too late, ye will be fond of this ;
Thereof I give you warning : time, that flows
Still onward, in his flowing stream, shall bring
Increase of honour for these citizens.
And near the palace of Erectheus, thou
Shalt here obtain an honourable seat,
And shalt such acceptable worship find
From troops of women, and from bands of men,
As no where else in all the world beside.
But cast not on this country bane of blood,
Exciting into rage youth's fiery mood,
Frantic with furious heats not raised by wine :
Nor vexing, as it were, the heart of cocks,
Stir 'mid my citizens intestine War,
That is against his neighbour over-bold.
Let there be foreign war. Ay ! let it come,
And welcome—that wherein a passionate love
Of glory shall be shown ; but for the fight
Of the domestic bird—I'll none of it.
Such choice is thine to make and to obtain,
Good doing, good receiving, to possess
A lot and part in this land loved of Gods.

CHORUS.

That I should suffer this ! in age,
Dishonoured, unavenged ! oh rage—
I breathe it forth.
Oh earth ! oh earth !
What pain is this that pricks my side ?
Hear my sharp passion, mother Night !
From me, with many a guileful sleight,
These gods, who rob me and deride,
As though 'twere nothing, at their ease,
Have ta'en my public offices.

Ath. I will not yet be weary of my tale
Of thy advantages—if thou wilt stay.
Thou shalt not say that thou, a goddess old,
By me, a younger, and these citizens
Wert driven from hence—inhospitalably driven.
If holy to thy apprehension seems
Persuasion, speaking softly by my voice,
Thou wilt remain ; if thou wilt not remain,
'Twill be unjust to bring upon this people
Thy wrathful fury, indignation, scathe.
'Tis in thy power, an honoured settler here,
To have due worship paid thee evermore.

Chor. What seat, pray, queen Athena, shall I have ?

Ath. One free from all affliction—take it thou.

Chor. Suppose I do, what honour shall be mine ?

Ath. That without thee not any house shall thrive.

Chor. Wilt thou effect that I shall have this power ?

Ath. I'll make all right for him who does thee right.

Chor. And wilt thou pledge thyself for all time hence ?

Ath. What I have promised, that I must perform.

Chor. I am nigh soothed, and stand apart from wrath.

Ath. Friends upon earth thou likewise shalt obtain.

Chor. What blessing shall I call upon thy people ?

Ath. Whatever has respect to victory,
That is not mischievous ; and this from earth,
And from the sea-dew, and the heavens above,
That the mild breathings of the winds may come,
While the bright sun shines clearly, o'er the land ;
That earth's fruit and increase of animals
May ever for my citizens abound
In due succession ; also that there be
No blight of the unborn of human kind.
But with all evil-doers be as fierce
As the case needs. For, like a husbandman,
My sole affection I reserve for those
That bear good fruit, so that the just may be
Exempt from sorrow. Let this be thy part.
It shall be mine to give them high renown—
I could not bear to have it otherwise—
In bold achievements and exploits of war.

CHORUS.

I will accept a dwelling-place
With Pallas, nor will I disgrace
With aught of ill a city, where
The mightiest Zeus and Mars appear,
As in a sacred bulwark dwelling,
The bulwark of the Grecian gods :
But I with power all spells excelling
A blessing call on these abodes.
Let the sun's clear-shining light
Make to spring from out the earth,
Bloom of gladness to the sight,
Every sort of happy birth.

Ath. With good will for my people, settling here
These mighty goddesses, of mood severe,
I soothed and reconciled them : theirs the charge
To exercise control o'er men at large.
Happy who feels them not, he nothing knows
Of life's worst bitterness and sharpest woes.
But from the sires, who grievously offend,
The curse of sin doth to their sons descend ;
When life and life's delights the fond man calls
His own, and boasts—the silent ruin falls.

CHORUS.

Let there be no blight of trees,
For the buds no scorching blast ;
Never by the black disease
Be the landmarks overpast.

Let the flocks increase in season,
And with twin-births ever go ;
And the people, as is reason,
Praise the gods who bless them so.

Ath. Hear ye what gifts she doth in fact dispense
For mighty is the mystic influence
Of dread Erinnyes, both within the portals
Of Hades, and among the blest Immortals.
She doth discharge her ministry assigned
With most effectual power among mankind ;
Some with a life of joyful song she cheers ;
To some she gives a life bedimmed with tears.

CHORUS.

I forbid untimely doom—
 Let the virgins in their bloom
 Be to fitting partners wed :
 Look to this, my sisters dread,
 Fates ! whom my own mother bore,
 Ye, who claim the lordship o'er
 Men's affairs in all their course,
 And from whom, as from their source,
 All their blessings ever flow,
 All the good the righteous know.

Ath. Hearing these friendly blessings I rejoice,
 And love Persuasion's eyes, who tuned my voice,
 Enabling me to turn their wrath aside,
 When they had fiercely my request denied.
 But Zeus prevails : the power of Mercy still
 Predominates—good doth o'er master ill.

CHORUS.

Here let Faction never roar,
 Which no mischiefs o'er can sate ;
 Let the dust not drink the gore
 Shed by fierce intestine hate :

Let them love as brethren should,
 And one hatred only know ;
 Let them love the common good,
 Let them hate the common foe.

Ath. Has she not now the way of blessing found ?
 Much good shall to my people hence redound.
 Pay ye these awful goddesses the meed
 Of honour due, and through your lives succeed :
 So shall they ever keep the just in sight,
 And crown with blessing those who do the right.

CHORUS.

Rejoice ye in your wealth profuse,
 And in the sheltering power of Zeus,
 All ye that sit his shadow near,
 Beloved of his Daughter dear ;
 For those she shelters with her wing,
 Find favour with the awful King.

[*ATHENA stations herself at the head of the Chorus in the orchestra, where they are joined by the Escort of Females with torches.*

Ath. Rejoice ye likewise : I your way must show :
 Now by the light of these attendants go ;
 And while the victims bleed, descend, descend !
 Bless ye my people, and from ill defend.
 Lead ye, my friends, these settlers to their seat ?
 And yours, my citizens, be good complete !

CHORUS.

All ye that in the city of Pallas dwell,
 Ye gods and mortals, once again, farewell !
 If with well-doing ye my place respect,
 I your well-being never will neglect.

Ath. Your blessings I approve ; and I will send
 These, who my altars faithfully attend,
 With light of blazing torches as your guides
 To those dark clefts where only gloom resides,
 And subterranean darkness. A bright band,
 The ornament and glory of the land,
 Old men and young, the matron and the maid,
 Shall issue forth in purple robes arrayed.
 Come forth, thou band of honour ! let the light
 Of torches gladly beam with flashes bright,
 In order that these visitants be known
 Hereafter for good-will to mortals shown.

ESCORT.

Daughters of Night, on whom we wait, (str. α'.)
 Depart ye home in solemn state ;
 August, and highly honoured, go
 Under the caves of earth below.
 And while they mildly pass from hence,
 Be there the hush of reverence.

Under earth's deep and ancient rifts, (ant. α'.)
 Honoured with sacrificial gifts,
 And worship which the people pay,
 Benignant virgins ! take your way.
 And let the people silent be
 During the whole solemnity.

Mild and benignant, go, (str. β'.)
 Pleased with the fervid glow
 Of torches giving light,
 And as ye pass from sight
 Your downward path along,
 Break into joyful song.

Let torches brightly glow, (ant. β'.)
 Libations freely flow
 At all your several homes.
 For Zeus, all-seeing, comes,
 And, Fate, to bless this throng.
 Break into joyful song.

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THE LATE POLITICAL EVENTS.

A SPACE of time of less than a week's duration, has recently presented us in this country with a succession of public events of absorbing interest and momentous importance. They have been said to involve, in a material point, the power and position of royalty itself: they unquestionably concern, in no ordinary degree, the government of the country, and the progress and prospects of the contending political parties or principles into which national opinion is divided; and they affect, in the nearest manner, the honour and character of the political men who have on either side been engaged in them. This last consideration may, indeed, be of less weight than the rest; but it is yet a matter of the utmost moment to us all, not on personal but on public grounds, that we should thoroughly know whether the men who are to carry on the great business of government on the one hand, or of the control over government on the other, are animated by principles of patriotism and integrity, or are prompted to action only by reckless ambition or sordid interest.

The singular and important events to which we refer, have passed before us with such rapidity, that, as a preliminary to any remarks on the late changes of administration, it may be well to prefix a short outline of the facts in the order of their occurrence, confining ourselves to matters which cannot be disputed.

On the 7th of May, the Administration of Lord Melbourne, which had

plainly been maintaining, for some time past, but a lingering existence, voluntarily resigned, placing their resignation on the ground that the result of the division upon the Jamaica Bill showed that they did not possess the confidence of the House of Commons, and consequently could not continue the management of public affairs with advantage to the country. In the Upper House, Lord Melbourne admitted that the vote of the previous evening was "not only necessarily fatal to the ultimate success of that great measure, but that it also does, with sufficient clearness and distinctness, indicate such a want of confidence on the part of a great proportion of that House of Parliament, as to render it impossible that we should continue to administer the affairs of her Majesty's Government in a manner that can be beneficial to the country." In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell's statement, to the same effect, was made in these terms:—"In continuing in the administration of affairs, not having, as we think we have not, a sufficient degree of confidence and support to carry on those affairs efficiently in this House, we should be exposing to jeopardy the colonial empire of this country, many of whose colonies are, I will not say in a state of hazard; but in which questions of considerable importance are pending. Hitherto her Majesty's Ministers have thought themselves justified in continuing in the administration of affairs, supported as we were by the confidence of the

Crown, and by the confidence of the House of Commons. But, sir, after the vote of last night, *I do not think we are entitled to say, that upon very great and important affairs, upon which Government was obliged to come to a decision, we have had such support and such confidence in this House as would enable us sufficiently to carry on the public affairs.*"

On this admitted want of confidence and inability to conduct public affairs, the Ministry resigned.

The Queen having sent for Lord Melbourne, that nobleman, "on Wednesday morning last, tendered to her Majesty advice as to whom she ought to apply to, and the course which her Majesty ought to take." In other words, feeling that the formation of a Conservative administration was the only advisable or practicable step in the existing state of the country, he advised her to apply to the Duke of Wellington, who again suggested to the Queen that Sir Robert Peel was the person best qualified to undertake the task of forming an administration, the main difficulties of which would lie in the House of Commons. At that interview, we have the assurance of the Duke of Wellington that nothing passed inconsistent with the principle, that the person intrusted with the formation of a new administration should be untrammelled in all points, either in regard to the conduct to be pursued in the formation of an administration, or in respect to the principles which ought to be adhered to as to the mode in which the royal household ought to be managed.

At the interview which took place between her Majesty and Sir Robert Peel on Wednesday morning, when he undertook the task of forming a new administration, the Queen, while she expressed her regret at parting with the Administration which had quitted office, interposed no obstacle of any kind to the execution of the task thus committed to Sir Robert Peel. This important commission was intrusted to him on the usual "constitutional principles," without any limitation being then proposed as to the appointments connected with the household.

In the communications which took place in the course of Wednesday between Sir Robert Peel and some of those confidential friends whom he

proposed to select as members of his Administration, the subject of the household arrangements at the palace naturally came under discussion. The appointments to the offices of the Queen's household had taken place under the late administration, and the chief places were held by ladies connected more closely than usual with the administration that appointed them. One lady, for instance, was the wife of the late Colonial Secretary and former Viceroy of Ireland; two others were sisters of another Cabinet minister; others were nearly connected by relationship with different individuals of the Ministry which Sir Robert Peel was about to succeed. The delicacy and a sense of propriety would have dictated the retirement of those ladies, thus closely connected with the former Government, was so obvious, that it did not occur to Sir Robert Peel that any question as to their dismissal would arise. It is important, however, to observe that, before introducing the subject to the Queen's notice, he announced to his friends on Wednesday night, at his own house, the exact course which he meant to propose for her Majesty's approbation:—

"I said to those who were intended to be my future colleagues, with respect to all the subordinate appointments—meaning every appointment below the rank of a lady of the bedchamber—I said to them I should submit to her Majesty no change whatever with respect to those. With respect to the superior class, I stated to them that those ladies who held such offices, and who were in immediate connexion with our political opponents, would probably relieve us from any difficulty by relinquishing their offices. But I stated at the same time that I did think it of great importance, as conveying an indication of her Majesty's entire support and confidence, that certain offices in the household of the higher rank should be subject to some change. I did expressly, with respect to the higher offices, namely, the ladies of the bedchamber, state, that there were some instances in which, from the absence of any strong party or political connexion, I thought it would be wholly unnecessary to propose such a change."

In the correctness of this statement, Sir Robert Peel appealed to the recollections of Sir James Graham, Mr

Joulburn, Lord Stanley, and Sir Henry Hardinge, in whose presence he thus re-announced his intentions.

When Sir Robert Peel proceeded on Thursday to submit to her Majesty the names of certain persons who were to form part of his proposed Administration, an obstacle unexpectedly occurred on the very point as to which, from his erroneously attributing to others his own delicacy of feeling, he had not anticipated that any difficulty could arise. The *impressions* of Sir Robert Peel as to the nature of the proposal made by him to the Queen, with regard to the formation of the household, are conveyed in his letter of 10th May, addressed to her Majesty, resigning into her hands the commission to form a government, in which he recapitulates his view of what had taken place on Thursday. The substance of that letter will be afterwards quoted. In the mean time, it may be noticed merely, that Sir Robert Peel disclaims having proposed, or thought of proposing, the removal from any offices under the rank of ladies of the bedchamber; while even as to these, following out the view which he had already announced, that it was only in the case of those ladies who were closely related to his political opponents that any change would be necessary, he did not propose a general removal, but only that "some changes" should be made in that department.

The impression on the mind of her Majesty is stated to have been different from that of Sir Robert Peel. From the explanation of Lord John Russell, it is not easy to gather what her Majesty understood to be the nature of Sir Robert's proposal; whether it embraced a total or only a partial change in the appointments of the ladies of the bedchamber. From the later explanations, however, of Lord Melbourne, which were evidently intended as supplementary to those of Lord John Russell, and as filling up any deficiencies in the statement of his colleague in the House of Commons, we are informed that, being summoned by the Queen on Thursday, he was given to understand by her Majesty, that, at the close of the audience of that day, "the Right Honourable Baronet made a proposal that he should have the power of dismissing the ladies of her

Majesty's household, not stating to what extent he would exercise that power—not stating how many, or whom, it was his intention to propose to remove—but asking the power of dismissing the ladies of the household, and leaving unquestionably upon her Majesty's mind a *very strong impression* that it was intended to employ that *power to a very great extent*—to such an extent, certainly, as to remove *all the ladies of the bedchamber, as well as some of those filling an inferior situation in the household.*" That the impression thus formed by her Majesty was an erroneous one, and that Sir Robert Peel never did propose, or mean to propose, the dismissal of *all* the ladies of the bedchamber, and far less of any of those filling inferior offices, which is otherwise plain from the announcement of his intentions on Wednesday night to his intended colleagues, is distinctly admitted by Lord Melbourne; for he proceeds:—"Such, my Lords, was the impression on her Majesty's mind—an impression which, *from what has since transpired, is evidently erroneous. No doubt such an impression was a mistaken one.* The Right Honourable Baronet has distinctly stated that he had no such intention, and there cannot be *the slightest doubt upon the point.*" Upon this impression, however, thus communicated by her Majesty, and now admitted to be erroneous, Lord Melbourne proceeded to act. Conceiving, as he says, the question to be one too important for himself alone to decide, he immediately summoned his colleagues; and the result of their consultation was, that they "advised her Majesty to return to the Right Honourable Baronet the following letter:—"

"Buckingham Palace, May 10, 1839.

"The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the ladies of her bedchamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings."

In answer to this communication, Sir Robert Peel respectfully resigned into her Majesty's hands the authority to form a ministry. In his letter he thus explains what he had meant to propose, and what he conceived he had proposed to her Majesty the day before:—

"In the interview with which your Ma-

jeſty honoured Sir Robert Peel yesterday morning, after he had ſubmitted to your Maſteſty the names of thoſe whom he propoſed to recommend to your Maſteſty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Maſteſty his earneſt wiſh to be enabled, with your Maſteſty's ſanction, ſo to conſtitute your Maſteſty's household, that your Maſteſty's confidential ſervants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Maſteſty's full ſupport and confidence; and that at the ſame time, as far as poſſible conſiſtently with that demonſtration, *each individual appointment in the household ſhould be entirely acceptable to your Maſteſty's perſonal feelings.*

"On your Maſteſty's expreſſing a deſire that the Earl of Liverpool ſhould hold an office in the household, Sir Robert Peel requeſted your Maſteſty's permiſſion at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

"Sir Robert Peel then obſerved, that he ſhould have every wiſh to apply a ſimilar principle to the chief appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Maſteſty's household; upon which your Maſteſty was pleaſed to remark, that you muſt reſerve the whole of theſe appointments, and that it was your Maſteſty's pleaſure that the whole ſhould continue as at preſent, without any change.

"The Duke of Wellington, in the interview to which your Maſteſty ſubſequently admitted him, underſtood alſo that this was your Maſteſty's determination, and concurred with Sir Robert Peel in opinion that, conſidering the great difficulties of the preſent criſis, and the expediency of making every effort in the firſt inſtance to conduct the public buſineſs of the country with the aid of the preſent Parliament, it was eſſential to the ſucceſs of the commiſſion with which your Maſteſty had honoured Sir Robert Peel, that he ſhould have that public proof of your Maſteſty's entire ſupport and confidence, which would be afforded by the permiſſion to *make ſome changes in that part of your Maſteſty's household, which your Maſteſty reſolved on maintaining without any change.*"

Thus, on Friday, all doubt as to the extent of the demand made by Sir Robert Peel was at an end. It could no longer be pretended that he ſtipulated for a general removal of all the ladies of the bedchamber. His meaning, as explained by himſelf, was evident: He aſked only the removal of thoſe, who, from their cloſe connection with the diſplaced Miniſtry, he had expected voluntarily to reſign their offices. This was, accordingly, the meaning put upon his letter by the

preſent Miniſtry; for the poſition av taken by them, and the advice tendered by them to her Maſteſty, was, *even as thus limited, her Maſteſty ought not to concede the point, and that no change of any kind in the female appointments connected with the household, could reaſonably have been demanded by Sir Robert Peel.* Her Maſteſty's confidential ſervants among whom, be it obſerved, were Lord Normanby and Lord Morpeth—the wife of the one and the ſiſters of the other being the three ladies againſt whoſe continuance in the household the propoſition of Sir R. Peel was probably directed—after conſidering Sir Robert Peel's letter of the 10th at a meeting of the Cabinet, came to the concluſion which they have recorded in a minute, that while the great offices of court and ſituations of the household ſhould be included in the political arrangements conſequent upon a change of adminiſtration, "they are not of opinion that a ſimilar principle ſhould be applied or extended to the offices held by ladies in her Maſteſty's household." And this principle was held broadly, and in reference equally to the ſlighteſt change as to a total one, appears ſtill more diſtinctly from the obſervation of Lord Melbourne: "We ſo entirely agree with her Maſteſty that it is inexpedient to apply the principle that the ladies of her Maſteſty's household ſhould be removed, *that all or any part of them ſhould be removed, in conſequence of changes in the adminiſtration, that we have come to the determination to ſupport her Maſteſty on the preſent occaſion.*"

Such then is the footing on which the adminiſtration have reſumed office; the approbation of the principle that no change of any kind among the ladies of her Maſteſty's household, however cloſely connected with the members of the former Adminiſtration, was to be permitted. They have made this principle their own, and have taken on themſelves, as Lord John Ruſſell expreſſes it, the conſtitutional reſponſibility of adviſing the Queen to act upon it. They reſume office admittedly on no ground of a reſtoration of public confidence, but on the ground that an unuſual and improper demand was made by Sir Robert Peel, with which they, the parties who were to benefit by that reſiſtance,

advised her Majesty not to comply. For this resolution to resume the conduct of affairs, which they have admitted they were incapable of conducting with advantage to the country, they claim the credit of the highest gallantry. It is represented by the noble Premier almost as an act of heroic devotion on the part of himself and his colleagues :—

“ I will not use the harsh expression that I resigned my office because I was abandoned by my supporters ; but because there had, as I conceived, arisen amongst my supporters that amount of difference in opinion which led me to suppose that *I could no longer with honour to myself, or advantage to the country, conduct the affairs of government* ; and I now, my Lords, frankly declare that I resume office unequivocally and solely for this reason—that I will not abandon my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, and especially when a demand is made upon her Majesty with which I think she ought not to comply.”

But while the Melbourne Ministry profess to support the Queen's resolution, or rather to justify their own advice, that no change whatever should be permitted to be made in the offices held by ladies in the household, it deserves observation, that even after the letter of Sir Robert Peel of Friday, explaining the limited nature of his own expectations, the followers of the Melbourne Ministry throughout the country raised a universal cry that Sir Robert Peel had demanded an entire removal of the whole ladies connected with the Court, without reference to their political position, and without regard to the personal predilections and early friendships of her Majesty. The utmost violence of the public press, or of private agitators, has been directed against Sir Robert Peel, on the footing that he had so acted—a supposition which must have been countenanced by the Ministry, or at least was never contradicted by them ; although, whatever might have been their original impressions, as to which we are extremely sceptical, they must have been perfectly aware, from the letter of Friday, that no such proposition had been made, and that the question at issue must be debated on very different and much more disputable ground.

Before offering any comments of

our own upon these transactions, or on the constitutional principle involved in them, let us listen for a few minutes to the footing on which Sir Robert Peel, in his explanation to the House of Commons, has rested the vindication of his conduct in declining, in such circumstances, to proceed with the commission intrusted to him. Let any man divest himself ever so little of political prejudice, and ask his own understanding, whether the appeal thus made to it can possibly be resisted :—

“ Sir, I did decline to undertake the duty of forming an administration on the understanding that the whole of these appointments should, without exception, be continued. But I did so on public principles, and from a sincere belief that it was impossible for me to encounter the difficulties by which I was encompassed in attempting to conduct public affairs, unless I had the fullest and most unequivocal proof that I possessed the confidence of her Majesty. It appeared to me that there never was a period when the demonstration of that entire confidence was more absolutely necessary for a minister. The duties of the office of a prime minister are, I conceive, the most arduous and the most important that any human being can be called on to discharge. It is the greatest trust, almost without exception, in the civilized world, which can be devolved upon any individual. Sir, I was ready to undertake the performance of those duties ; but could I look around me at the present condition of public affairs—could I look around me, and not see that it was *my absolute duty to this country, and above all to her Majesty*, to require that every aid that could be given me should be given ? What were the questions which would immediately press for my consideration ? The state of India—the state of Jamaica—the state of Canada—would all require my immediate consideration ; and with respect to some of them, perhaps, the proposal of legislative measures. Sir, I considered the internal state of this country—I saw insurrection in the provinces—I saw the letter of the noble lord opposite (Lord John Russell) inviting the respectable part of the population of this country to form themselves into armed societies for resisting outrage. In addition to the

ordinary duties devolving upon a prime minister, there are therefore circumstances which render that position at the present moment peculiarly onerous and arduous. Sir, I had a strong impression that it was my duty to make every effort to conduct public affairs through the intervention of the present Parliament. I did not think it was desirable to follow the course taken in 1834, and commence the government by a dissolution. After the frequent dissolutions that have taken place, and the balanced state of parties, it was my deep conviction that it was my duty to make every effort in the first instance to conduct public affairs through the intervention of the present Parliament. But what is my condition in the present Parliament? I should begin the government in a minority. I did not shrink from the consciousness of such a state of things. But, if I were insensible to the importance of the crisis—to the difficulties that I or any minister must have to contend with—could I overlook this important fact, that in the House of Commons I should not commence commanding a majority? Sir, if then I began the administration of public affairs without the confidence of the House of Commons, could I ask for less than that I should have the demonstration of the entire and unqualified confidence of my sovereign? Her Majesty's ministers retired on the question of Jamaica, being in a majority of five. I should have had to undertake the settlement of the Jamaica question being in a minority of five, and that minority consisting of ten gentlemen on whose support I could not calculate probably on any other question which I should have occasion to bring before the House. The first conflict I should have to fight would have been on the election of a Speaker. On the very first day that I took my seat as minister of this great country and member of the House of Commons, I should have to risk, perhaps, the fate of government, or the question of dissolution, upon the choice of a Speaker. Sir, I say that all these considerations impressed me with the clearest conviction that it would be a public duty on my part—an indispensable public duty which I owe to the Queen—to seek for every possible demonstration that I possessed her Majesty's entire confidence. And I do

confess to you, without reserve and without hesitation, that it appeared to me that if the chief offices of the Queen's household were to be held by the immediate relatives of those ministers whom I displaced—the relatives of my rivals for political power—it did appear to me that I never could impress the country with the conviction that I, as a minister, was possessed of the entire confidence of my Sovereign. Sir, let me take that particular question on which my chief difficulty would arise. Who can conceal from himself that my difficulties were not Canada—that my difficulties were not Jamaica—that my difficulties were Ireland? I admit it, sir, fully. But what were the facts? I, undertaking to be a minister of the crown, and wishing to carry on public affairs through the intervention of the present House of Commons, in order that I might exempt the country from the agitation and possibly the peril of a dissolution—I, upon that very question of Ireland, should have begun in a minority of upwards of twenty. A majority of twenty-two had decided in favour of the policy of the Irish government. The chief members of the Irish government, whose policy was so approved of, were the Marquis of Normanby, and the noble lord opposite the member for Yorkshire. The two chief offices in the household are held by the sister of the noble lord, and by the wife of the noble marquis. Let me not for a moment be supposed to say a word not fraught with respect towards those two ladies, who cast a lustre on the society in which they move, less by their rank than by their virtues; but still they stand in the situation of the nearest relatives of two members of the government whose policy was approved by this House. Now, I ask any man in the House whether it is possible that I could safely undertake the conduct of an administration and the management of the Irish affairs in this house, consenting previously that the whole of the ladies now forming the household of her Majesty should continue in those situations? Sir, the policy of these things depends not upon precedent—not upon what has been done in former times; it mainly depends upon a consideration of the present crisis. *The household has now assumed a*

political character, and that on account of the nature of the appointments which have been made by her Majesty's present Government. I do not complain of it: it may have been a wise policy to place in the chief offices of the household, ladies closely connected with the members of the Administration; but observe that this change does seriously tend to the public embarrassment of the successors of Ministers, if these ladies continue in their present situations. I do not say that there would be the slightest use made of unfair means; I might be confident that these ladies would confine themselves to the duties of their proper situations; but observe, that is not the question. That remark will apply equally to the lords of the bedchamber; for the presumption is, that they do not interfere with public duties. But the question is, would it be considered by the public that a minister had the confidence of the crown when the relatives of his immediate political opponents held the highest offices about the person of the sovereign? My impression decidedly was, that I should not appear in that situation to the country, and upon that impression I acted. Who were my political opponents? Why, of the two I have named, one, the Marquis of Normanby, was publicly stated to be a candidate for the very same office which it was proposed I should fill. The noble lord has been designated as the leader of the House of Peers; I know not why his talents might not justify his appointment in case of the retirement of his predecessor. But this was the fact; and I ask you to go back to other times—take Pitt, or Fox, or any other minister—and answer for yourselves this question: shall you, entering on so grave a contest—shall you be minister—but shall the wife of your political opponent hold an office which will place her in immediate connexion with the sovereign? I felt it was impossible that I could contend successfully with the difficulties that encircled me, unless I had that proof of the entire confidence of her Majesty. As I stated before, I began without the certainty of commanding a majority of the House of Commons. I began, having only to rely upon an appeal to their good sense, upon an appeal to their forbearance—to their political forbearance—for the

hope of support in the present House of Commons; being perfectly prepared, on the failure of my attempt in the present House of Commons to govern, to advise her Majesty to resort to the only alternative which might present itself to enable me to maintain my post. But if the agreement, if the understanding, upon which I was to enter upon office was, that I should encounter all those difficulties—that the ladies of those who preceded me, of those with whom I was to be in daily conflict, were to be in immediate contact with the Queen; and, considering the political character given to the household, that I was to acquiesce in that selection—there was *something stranger than personal considerations* which urged me to decline the honour thus tendered to me. Though the public would lose nothing by my abandonment—though the public would, perhaps, lose nothing by my eternal seclusion from power—yet the public would lose, and I should be abandoning my duty to myself, to the country, and, above all, to the Queen, if I consented to hold power, permitting, as an understanding on my acceptance of office, that the ladies connected with my warmest political opponents should continue to retain household offices. There was something that told me that I must not undertake the office of minister of this great country on such a condition. Sir, I have attempted to give this explanation in as fair and unexceptionable a manner as I can; and I owe it to truth to state, that intervening reflection has only confirmed my previous impression."

No man, we are convinced, whatever may be his political creed, can read the address which we have now quoted, without the highest admiration and sympathy for the honourable and high-minded principles of conduct which it expresses—no man, at least, in whose breast the poison of envy does not convert his rising admiration into rancorous hatred.

The speech of Sir Robert Peel is all that it ought to be: it contains a plain statement of facts, and a clear exposition of his feelings, leaving it to the minds of his audience to form their own judgment on his conduct. It was not for him, in the position in which he stood, to enter on an argumentative controversy, or to lay down dogmas of government, or to admit

nister to his opponents the rebuke which they might be thought to deserve, for the advice they had given and the course they had pursued. But there *was* a man whose position in these transactions made it a matter of less delicacy to speak his mind with freedom, and whose age, experience, and estimation with the country, demanded that his opinions should be fully declared. The Duke of Wellington, the greatest man of his time and nation, and one of the greatest men of any time or nation, had been a witness and a party to these events in their progress, but so that no suspicion could exist of the slightest bias in his noble, and candid, and disinterested mind, to warp his feelings or throw a doubt upon his statements. The speech of that great man on this important subject, is so full of that wisdom and dignity which spring from high moral principle, that we shall not impair its effect by mutilation, but shall embody it entire at the close of this article, as a lesson of political truth which cannot be too carefully preserved, or too frequently consulted by those to whom national interests are a subject of concern. A reference to that valuable document might almost enable us to dispense with any observations of our own on the question to which it relates. But we are anxious to discuss that question in all its bearings, convinced that the more it is examined, the more manifest will be the conclusions to which it inevitably leads.

It is impossible to contemplate the events which we have above detailed, without feeling that they are fraught with the most important consequences, for good or for evil, to the future destinies of the nation. We shall endeavour, with as much calmness and candour as we can command, to follow out the reflections which they naturally suggest.

In the outset, it is most satisfactory to think that in no degree are we even tempted in this case to deviate from that devotion and respect towards the Sovereign, which, in the most trying circumstances, it is the bounden duty of all loyal subjects, and more pre-eminently of the Conservative party, to maintain undiminished. It is true that the Queen's voice has been the immediate instrument which has for a time prevented the accomplishment of

an object, deeply interesting to our own hearts, and, as we firmly believe, essentially interwoven with the prosperity of our country. But not only theoretically are we enabled to transfer to others the legal responsibility for that result; the actual and admitted facts of the case demonstrate the plain and practical truth, the Melbourne Cabinet are the parties whose direct advice and influence the views adopted by her Majesty were either originally raised, or, at least, ultimately insisted in. We have no reason to believe that, but for their interference, the feelings of the Sovereign would have formed any obstacle to the formation of a new ministry.

Having thus dismissed a question on which we should with grief and reluctance have seen any inducement to adopt a different opinion, we proceed to consider the question at issue in its relation, 1st, To the conduct of Sir Robert Peel; 2d, To the conduct of the Melbourne Cabinet; 3d, To the prospects of the country and the Conservative cause.

I. Of the conduct of Sir Robert Peel we most firmly believe, that every mind capable of understanding the simplest statement of facts, and weighing the clearest case of evidence, or of feeling the plainest principles of honesty or honour, only one opinion can by possibility be entertained. The office of Prime Minister of England has not been sought by that eminent man through any factious course of public policy, or any insidious and private intrigue. On a great constitutional question he asserted, in the House of Commons, the privilege of maintaining against ministers his own conscientious opinion, and he prevailed on all but a bare majority of the national representatives to adopt his view. The ministry thought proper to consider the result of that discussion as a decisive proof that they were not possessed of the confidence of the House of Commons. They did more—they acknowledged it as a proof that they were not possessed of the confidence of the country. They avoided a resort to the proper and only means by which the nation might be appealed to against the determination of its representatives. *They resigned, and their resignations were accepted*—a proceeding which unequivocally indicated that they were unable long

to conduct the government with advantage, either to the country or the crown. It is needless to say that every such resignation must be assumed to be a necessary step; and that no ministry can, without folly or guilt, resign without necessity the trust which they have undertaken, more particularly on a sudden notice, and in a critical condition of public affairs. The demise of the Melbourne Cabinet became in this manner necessary, and in this manner took place; when, of course, it lay with her Majesty to entrust the formation of a new cabinet to such person as she might think deserving of the confidence due to a first minister. For whom did she send—for whom was she advised to send by Lord Melbourne himself? For the Duke of Wellington, the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. By that illustrious person she was advised to send for Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the same party in the House of Commons; and the advice so given was accepted. Sir Robert Peel was sent for and intrusted with the task; a task at all times important, and at the present time peculiarly arduous and responsible. If Sir Robert Peel was to accept the trust devolved upon him, it was his duty, not to his own personal feelings, but to the country which he was to govern, to the Crown which he was to serve, to make his ministry as powerful and efficient as the constitution would permit him. We have seen enough of the mischiefs and miseries of weakness and vacillation, to teach us that what the country wanted was a stable and steady government; and no statesman was bound or entitled (for in this matter right and obligation go together) to omit any legitimate precaution to ascertain and to demonstrate that he was possessed of as much of the royal confidence, and secure of as much of the royal support, as would enable him, without doubt or difficulty on that head, to make a trial of his principles and plans.

Let us see, then, what arrangements, beyond those of the Cabinet itself, a minister in Sir Robert Peel's situation would naturally contemplate. At first sight, it seems to have occurred to all, that, in reference to the ladies of the household, every thing would adjust itself as a matter of course,

and nothing but sad experience could have convinced us that a difficulty was possible, such as that which has arisen. On the one hand, no man who could ever be supposed worthy of the situation of minister, would trouble his head about mere maids of honour, or think of interfering as to mere personal friends. On the other hand, no one of honourable feelings, or with a sense of common decency, could dream that such persons as Lady Normanby or the Duchess of Sutherland would either be expected to remain, or would submit to do so, if they were requested. There never was an instance in which the questions that could arise as to the household were likely *a priori* to create so little dispute. One part of the case was so clear, and the other so trivial, that nothing but the most perverse ingenuity, or the most desperate intrigue, could excite the slightest difference of opinion on the subject.

Take the instance of Lady Normanby as a test of the principle: will any human being on the outer side of a lunatic asylum pretend to entertain a doubt that Sir Robert Peel's expectation of her removal was not only reasonable and just, but that a permission for her to remain under his administration would have been an act either of the merest folly or the basest meanness? The wife of the ex-Colonial Secretary, whose Jamaica scheme had been the occasion of the change!—the wife of the ex-ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whose government had been the object of an alleged attack but a fortnight before, and was still the subject of a searching scrutiny!—the wife of a rival aspirant to the very office of prime minister!—this lady to seek or to consent to remain a real or suspected spy on the proceedings of a hostile administration, was scarcely credible; but if such want of delicacy, such utter degradation on her part, or rather, let us say in justice to her, on the part of her husband, was a possible thing, it was an additional reason why it should not be suffered to take place. Almost the same thing may be said of the sisters of Lord Morpeth. The very idea of such ladies continuing about court, not as friends or visitors, but as official persons, in privileged, and indeed compulsory attendance on the Queen's person, was utterly absurd, and essen-

tially incompatible with the formation of a ministry formed on the very displacement of the political party to whom those ladies were so closely allied, and by whom, be it observed, they had been appointed to their situations.

Can any man say that Sir Robert Peel was not entitled to expect that those ladies would cease to hold office if he was to be prime minister? He was entitled to expect it as a test of confidence; he was entitled to demand it as a source of strength. It was not, perhaps, necessary that the Queen should confide at all in Sir Robert Peel. It was not, perhaps, necessary that she should call in the aid of the Conservative party. But it was impossible, if she had not been badly and basely advised, that she should confide in him to the effect of making him her minister, without confiding in him to the full extent which that character reasonably required; it was impossible that she should continue to appeal to the Conservative party to form a government, unless she was resolved to give them fair play against their self-displaced opponents. The continuance of such appointments in the household was a manifest contradiction to the course which her Majesty was, by Lord Melbourne's advice, pursuing at the time. If Ladies Normanby, Sutherland, and Burlington, were, at all hazards, to remain about court, no new minister ought to have been selected, to whom their continuance would be reasonably objectionable. If a person of Sir Robert Peel's party, and in his position, was to be chosen as minister, the removal of those ladies was implied as a *sine qua non*.

The proposition that we have now been maintaining is so self-evident, that any direct contradiction to it has scarcely been hazarded by the ministerial party in the late discussion. The proposition must be considered on abstract principles, and as involving a general rule. It cannot be decided in one way for a Whig administration, and in another for a Tory one. It cannot be one thing at one time, and another thing at another. It involves two questions,—one of fact, and another of principle, both of them, luckily, of very easy decision. 1st, Is it possible, in point of fact, that the character of the female officials in attendance on the person of a Queen-

regnant, may become a source of weakness and embarrassment to the administration intrusted with the government of the country? 2d, If so, is a minister entitled to expect, and entitled to decline office if he does not receive, that degree of control over the household which will remove the sources of weakness and embarrassment thence arising? We believe there is no one so blind as not to see that the first of these questions must be answered in the affirmative; and if this be done, the same must follow by necessary inference as to the second. We believe we might go further, and say that every minister is responsible for the whole officers that he either appoints or allows to remain about the sovereign's court. We cannot entertain a doubt that the minister who would either place or permit improper persons to remain about the Queen-regnant, especially when that Queen is young and inexperienced, would be directly responsible for his conduct. It is not necessary to argue the case here on that footing; but the supposition brings out the principle, and the existence of a responsibility, in any such cases, implies a right of control in all.

Let it not be supposed that we are in the slightest degree disputing the power of the Queen to nominate her ministers. So far from doing so, we admit it in its fullest extent, and place our argument on that very basis. It is perfectly in the Sovereign's power to give or withhold her confidence as she pleases. She may appoint to office whatever minister she prefers, and may, if so advised, make the appointment depend on the voices or views of her female attendants, or on any other criterion that is most agreeable to her. It lies, indeed, with the people to say whether they will ratify the choice; and between the Sovereign's prerogative to appoint on the one hand, and the subject's privilege to disapprove on the other, the question will adjust itself in the most advantageous and satisfactory manner. But what we contend for is this principle, that the Sovereign, if she does determine to appoint an individual as minister, must give him all the powers which are necessary for his acting without embarrassment or disadvantage, in so far as her court is concerned. If she is to repose confidence, she must not do it by halves, but must be prepared to

follow it out to the full and legitimate extent to which, in reason and fairness, it can be urged. If that confidence is not to be fully given, it ought not be offered at all.

The truth of this principle is, indeed, so manifest to common sense, that the Whig party have found it wholly impossible to confine their defence to such untenable ground as its direct and downright denial. They have tried to rouse the country to take their part upon a totally different footing—on the allegation that Sir Robert Peel insisted that the whole ladies of the household should be removed. It is true that this defence of the ministerial advice has been, in appearance, relinquished by the ministerial leaders, and admitted to rest on an erroneous impression; but it is not yet abandoned by the main body of their underlings or followers, and it becomes necessary for us, therefore, not to accept as a concession, but to demonstrate as a proved fact, that it is, and ever was, wholly false and groundless.

The grave allegation to which we refer, rests exclusively on the authority of the Melbourne Cabinet. It is contradicted or rendered incredible by the following important articles of evidence:—

1. It is contradicted by the express declaration of Sir Robert Peel, that he never contemplated any sweeping change in the female part of the household, or any other control over it, than such as might relieve him from the embarrassment and humiliation of retaining about the Queen the immediate connexions of the ex-ministers. Sir R. Peel's declaration of his intention in this respect, is confirmed by the concurrence of every one of his political friends to whom it was communicated.

2. It is contradicted by the whole probabilities of the case. It is most unlikely that any minister, in the infancy of his power, and even while it was scarcely in embryo, would run counter to his sovereign's wishes, by making a demand so sweeping, so unusual, and so unnecessary. It is impossible, indeed, that her Majesty could ever have entertained an impression of that nature, unless she had been induced to adopt it, both by the strongest present persuasions and the grossest previous calumnies against the Conservative leaders on the part of those about her.

3. It is contradicted by the whole conduct of the parties. A demand by Sir R. Peel of the nature alleged, would have been harsh and extreme, according to any view of the question. According to the Whig view, according to the tone of all their organs and dependents, it would have been insulting and despotic. If such an insulting and despotic demand had been made, what would have been, what perhaps ought to have been, the answer? "The proposition thus insisted in is so unwarrantable and unbecoming, as to make it impossible for her Majesty to hold further communication with the individual who made it." But this is not done. The proposition, whatever it was, was so far entertained as to become the subject of consultation and deliberation with the Cabinet; and an answer was returned by the Queen, upon advice given to her, not breaking off the negotiation, but merely adhering to her own view, and leaving Sir Robert Peel to proceed with the task committed to him, if he chose to do so, under the restraint so imposed.

Further, if Sir Robert Peel had made an excessive demand, but was still to be intrusted with the formation of a ministry, the proper answer to be returned to him was, not an absolute refusal of all that he was supposed to have asked, but a refusal only of that part of it which was inadmissible, and a concession of the remainder. It should have been said:—"You have asked the dismissal of the whole household; that is unreasonable, and will not be granted. But, if you are to be minister, you are entitled to the removal of the late ministers' near relatives; that is reasonable, and you shall have it." This was not done; and therefore it must be held that no part even of Sir Robert Peel's alleged demand, or supposed demand, was deemed admissible. The objection was not to the extent of the demand, but to any demand whatever that touched the female part of the household, even in its most obviously objectionable parts.

But, finally, the question of fact now at issue, is set at rest by the written evidence on the subject. On the one hand, the letter of the Queen, though worded by her advisers in vague and somewhat general terms, is a complete proof that Sir Robert Peel's proposal was not understood to go beyond the *ladies of the bedchamber*. On the other hand, the letter of Sir Robert

Peel to the Queen, on resigning his commission, professes to contain a precise account of the negotiations that had passed, and the points on which the treaty had been broken off. It places the matter of the household appointments on this explicit footing—that, while Sir Robert Peel required merely the removal of *SOME* of the ladies, the Queen was advised to retain them *ALL*. Nothing can be more clear than this explanation of the point of difference given in that letter—nothing was more important than this part of the statement as affecting the relative position of the parties. Nothing could more imperatively call for contradiction if it was untrue—nothing could be more conclusive if it remained uncontradicted. It is one of the plainest principles of evidence, that with reference to oral communications, to which there are no witnesses, the record of what has passed, stated in correspondence by one party, and uncontroverted by the other, must be held as, in all material points, fixing the facts. It is needless to add, that even if there had been a previous misapprehension, this statement by Sir Robert Peel must be held to have cleared it up, and to have placed the question on its true basis.

According, then, both to the real and the written evidence on the subject, the question in dispute was, whether, in respect to a household consisting partly of the nominees and near relatives of the retiring ministry, it was right and reasonable in Sir Robert Peel to expect that, when he was called to the administration, *SOME* of the ladies in office should be removed; and whether he was justified in declining to proceed further in his task when the Queen was advised to declare that she would not part with *ANY ONE OF THEM*.

When the question is thus fairly stated, its merits are so self-evident, that it would be an insult to common sense to discuss it further. The conduct of Sir Robert Peel was that which every honourable, wise, and prudent man would have adopted in the same circumstances. It is so perfectly and palpably right, and the contrary would have been so manifestly wrong, that we think he would be scarcely entitled to any praise for what he did, if in these days the simple and straightforward discharge of a plain duty in public life did not deserve eulogium from its very rarity.

What else, indeed, should Sir Robert

Peel have done? The Radicals have suggested one course, and the Whigs another. A leading organ of the independent Radical party has hinted that he should have postponed his demand as to the household until he had secured a large majority in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell has said, that whatever embarrassment the denial of his proposition might occasion to Sir Robert Peel's government, he ought to have submitted to that evil, and have trusted to the ultimate generosity of the Queen.

Tory truth and principle are as different things as possible from either Radical trickery or Whig truckling. Whatever Sir Robert Peel was at any time to demand on this point, he was bound to demand at first: whatever he had a right to expect from the Queen's justice in support of her new administration, he was not entitled to leave to her generosity. He deserves, therefore, and he will receive from all upright, independent, and intelligent men, the approbation that is due to one who has honestly adhered to a public duty, where other men would have betrayed it: who has maintained the interests of the empire, and the honour of himself and his party, at the sacrifice of immediate power, and at the hazard of even offending his Sovereign. By no one, however, we believe, will his conduct be so fully appreciated as by that Sovereign herself, when a little time and reflection shall have broken the spell that evil influences have, for a while, cast around her.

II. The same case that fully vindicates Sir Robert Peel, contains the heavy condemnation of the Melbourne Cabinet. Let us only point out some special considerations that affect the proceedings which it has adopted.

1. After declaring itself defunct, and professing to make way for the appointment of a new ministry on whom the government of the country was to devolve in a peculiar and difficult crisis, the Melbourne Cabinet interposed an insurmountable obstacle to the very arrangements which they had rendered necessary, by advising her Majesty to insist in an unreasonable demand, and to retain about her person individuals whose continuance in office was incompatible with either the reality or the appearance of that confidence, without which no minister ought to receive or to accept of office.

2. The Melbourne Ministers stand

in the peculiarly delicate and novel situation of having tendered an advice to the Crown to this effect, that while they were themselves to retire, their own wives and sisters were to retain place and pay, and were to continue as channels of intrigue, calculated from the beginning to embarrass, and in the end to supplant, the administration to which, in the mean-time, they were forced to give way.

3. The leaders of the Melbourne party have been guilty of no ordinary culpability in endeavouring to fasten upon Sir Robert Peel a charge of usurpation and injustice, which they have now indeed been forced to acknowledge as groundless, but of which the true nature was as apparent after the receipt of Sir Robert Peel's letter to the Queen, as after the explanation which he gave in Parliament. The Duke of Wellington has well said that they ought at the first to have ascertained the facts as to which they were to advise before they gave their advice. It was plainly, indeed, their duty to the Queen and the country to see in writing what Sir Robert Peel's demand truly was, before they recommended its rejection. At all events, the letter of Sir Robert Peel ought to have undeceived them, and to have prevented all the misrepresentation in which they afterwards chose to indulge. But as on the receipt of that letter they gave no sign of surprise, and advised no statement in answer, the presumption is, that from the very first they knew the precise state of the fact as there set forth.

The proceedings of the Hon. William Cowper are an apt illustration of the course which the Whigs have pursued. That gentleman, the nephew and private secretary of Lord Melbourne, having vacated his seat for Hertford by accepting the office of Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, offered himself again to his constituents in an address dated on Monday the 13th May, containing the following choice morsel of rhetorical artifice:—

"Every dictate of feeling and honour, of loyalty and justice, impel me at all hazards to support our Queen in her noble resistance to the *cruel* attempt so *unworthily* made to wrest from her Majesty a prerogative hitherto unquestioned; and to usurp the power of dismissing, at the minister's will, those ladies of her court, whom,

from their sympathy and devotion, and from long acquaintance, her Majesty could look upon as friends."

On what grounds, we ask, was this violent attack made upon Sir Robert Peel, the party principally implicated in these proceedings? In the position in which Mr Cowper stood, we cannot suppose that he had not information from Lord Melbourne as to the facts; and either his information must have been false, or Mr Cowper must have known of Sir Robert Peel's letter of Friday, in which the same explanation of his views is given as that which he verbally submitted to Parliament. If Mr Cowper knew of that letter, his opinion of the transactions that passed could not afterwards be materially changed. But let us hear how he expresses himself, after he has heard in debate the same statements which he must have previously seen in writing, when he denounced the conduct of the Tory leader in the terms we have quoted. On Wednesday the 15th May he again addresses his constituents, informing them of the favourable progress of his canvass, and thus expresses himself as to the events of which he had previously spoken:—

"The explanations which have taken place in Parliament since my first address, and *which certainly remove ALL grounds for ascribing ANY BUT PROPER AND LOYAL MOTIVES to the leaders of the Tory party* in their late negotiations, assure us of the re-establishment of the Whig Administration, whose career of sound and practical reform, if duly supported by the people of this country, will not suffer from this momentary interruption"!!! The logic of this precious paragraph is quite unique; it runs in substance thus:—
 "The disclosures which have been made, and which prove that the leaders of the Tory party have been grossly calumniated, will have naturally prepared you for the official restoration of their calumniators, who are thus happily re-established on the strength of their own detected calumnies." A consummation more consistent with reason or justice cannot well be conceived. We know not to what considerations of prudence or compulsion we owe this change of tone; but it affords a pretty satisfactory answer to the outcry of the Whig press. Most people, however, we believe, will be of opinion, that the baseness of the original attack is only

equalled by the abjectness of the recantation.

Notwithstanding, however, the explanations that have been given, and the direct and authoritative admissions which have been made, that those explanations have removed all ground for impeaching the honour and loyalty of Sir Robert Peel and his friends—of this we are firmly assured, and daily experience corroborates our opinion, that the same system of falsehood which was at first adopted by the Whig party against their opponents as to these transactions, will continue, according to custom, to be pursued to the last, and that the calumny will only be the more vehemently reiterated, the more thoroughly it is refuted.

4. The Melbourne Cabinet present the dignified and decorous appearance of a ministry first resigning office from their not possessing the confidence of the Commons and the country, and now resuming office in a week's time, without one circumstance having occurred to alter their position in that particular, or afford them a prospect of carrying their measures in the least degree more encouraging than before. They are in office, by their own confession, without the confidence of the House of Lords, without the confidence of the House of Commons, without the confidence of the nation at large. The confidence of the Queen they can be said to possess in no other sense than in so far as they have advised and persuaded her Majesty to prefer the attendance of their own female relatives to the formation of a ministry able and willing to assume the government, and affording the only refuge from the imbecilities and vacillations to which we have hitherto been subjected. This is indeed a proud position for any party: it is peculiarly honourable for one which professes its pre-eminent attachment to popular and independent principles.

But the position of the Ministry is not merely despicable—it is ridiculous. Never was the hacknied quotation more laughably realized—

“The times have been

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.”

It may be thought, indeed, that the brains of this ministry were out long

ago; but here the breath as well as the brains had departed, and yet, lo and behold! we have a wretched resurrection of the same dry and marrowless bones that, but a week before, we saw consigned to the grave that had long been yawning to receive them.

“Still round and round the ghosts of office glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.”

If, indeed, which is possible, the whole affair was a trick, we can remember no apter type of their conduct than the experiment of the old gentleman, who put his death into the newspapers to see whether he would be generally lamented. The result of the contrivance in that case, we believe, was pretty much the same with what the Whigs experienced in the state of public feeling during the few days in which they were believed to be *bonâ fide* extinct.

But, ridiculous as the present position of the Whig administration is, it is singular to find Lord Melbourne so insensible to the true nature of the case against him, that, while professing the most philosophical indifference to those accusations to which he is most obnoxious, he directs his whole efforts to the refutation of a charge by which he never has been, and never will be assailed, that of “running away from his post,” to which, on the contrary, the public admits that he has always adhered with the most determined tenacity, and to which, after a momentary and reluctant separation, he has since with such alacrity returned.

It is possible, however, and we say this seriously, that an explanation of Lord Melbourne's conduct may exist, less unworthy of one who has been so highly honoured by his Sovereign's confidence, and has been permitted by his country to hold the office of first Minister of the Crown. It is conceivable that, with all his faults, Lord Melbourne, who is admitted to have recommended the Conservative party as his successors—from his conviction, we presume, that in no other hands could the destinies of Great Britain be safely—has consented to resume office for a time, in order to shield the country from the curse of a Normanby or a Durham administration.

III. With regard to the effect of all these proceedings upon the fate of the country and the success of the Conservative party, we do not entertain the

shadow of a doubt. We are not of those who think that they will tend to shake the authority of the Crown. The people of Great Britain will retain as firmly as ever their devotion to the throne, and their respect and attachment to its present occupant. But they will more than ever hate and despise the evil advisers who have hazarded the welfare of the nation by a pitiful intrigue about the retention in place of a few bedchamber women, the members of their own immediate families. The Whigs have, indeed, contrived by this last affair to do what could scarcely have been thought possible—to sink themselves in universal estimation still lower than they were before.

If the Conservative party was not otherwise in a condition to govern the country, it is as well that it should be prevented by this impediment from assuming office, as that it should have been expelled from power after once attaining it. The disappointment it has sustained, is less of a disgrace and less of a defeat. If the country is not yet tired of change and agitation; if its eyes are not yet opened to the delusions of Whig liber-

ality; if it is still content with theoretical seelists and practical blunders, the Conservative party have no right to expect, and we have no desire that they should obtain, office. But if the time for them is at last come; if the great mass of the people are disgusted with the present state of things, where no one is safe and no one is satisfied—where the advocates of Reform find none of the benefits of reformation, and the lovers of stability feel all the mischiefs of revolution; if the deliberate and decided preference of an able and honest Administration to the present rotten and rickety Cabinet has become a prevailing feeling, then the success of the Conservative party is but postponed for a moment, and its late difficulties will only the more ensure and confirm its ultimate triumph and ascendancy. The date of that desirable consummation is, we firmly believe, not far distant; but, at all events, the great leaders of our party have for us and themselves maintained the high moral and constitutional position which becomes us, and which is all the more conspicuous from the abject degradation of our opponents.

The Duke of Wellington spoke as follows:—"In addressing you, my Lords, on the present occasion, I shall endeavour to imitate the moderation of a part of what the noble viscount has said; and, in doing so, I think that I shall pursue the course which is most becoming to my own situation, most suitable to the subject I have to discuss, and most agreeable to the feelings of your Lordships; and, my Lords, in order that I may sustain the same tone of moderation with which I commence, I will take the liberty of laying out of the question those reports to which the noble viscount has referred, and which, in my opinion, have nothing to do with the subject now before your Lordships. Probably, if I were inclined to enter into a discussion of those reports, I could find a little to say upon them likewise; and, in referring to them, I might be induced, as the noble viscount has been induced, to depart from that tone of moderation to which it is my firm intention to adhere throughout the whole of the address which I am now about to make to your Lordships. I

must however say, that I have one advantage over the noble viscount in respect to reports. I have served the sovereigns and the public of this country for fifty years, and throughout the whole of that period I have been exposed to evil report and to good report, and I have still continued to serve on through all report, both good and evil, and thus I confess myself to be completely indifferent to the nature of reports. It does, however, surprise me to find that, in the course of the last few days, I have been traduced as having ill-treated my most gracious Sovereign—I, who was about to enter into her service, and to be responsible for her government—for no other reason that I know of, save that I was going at my time of life to take upon myself the trouble of sharing in the government. Having been so treated all my life, I have gained the advantage of being able to preserve my temper under it, and this advantage I have over the noble viscount, who seems strangely sensitive about certain reports circulated respecting him, with as little foundation as the

reports about myself, which I have just mentioned to your Lordships. The noble viscount commenced the observations which he addressed to your Lordships, by stating that he expected that I should have commenced the discussion of these subjects, and not himself. I am much obliged to the noble viscount for the compliment he thus offered me; but, unless a question had been put to me pointedly, I do not know that I should have had any occasion to give any explanation respecting them. I certainly should not have thought it necessary to give any explanation to-day, had I not been called upon by what has just been stated by the noble viscount; for I have heard that a most full, a most distinct, and a most satisfactory explanation of these transactions, was given by my right honourable friend the member for Tamworth last night in another place. However, my Lords, I admit that you have reason to expect, when a member of your body has been engaged in such negotiations as these, that he should explain to you what has passed, especially when he is called upon to explain by one of his brother peers. My Lords, it is perfectly well known that I have long entertained the opinion that the Prime Minister of this country, under existing circumstances, ought to have a seat in the other house of Parliament, and that he would have great advantages in carrying on the business of the Sovereign by being there. Entertaining such an opinion, it was only to be expected that I, who on a former occasion had acted upon it, should, if again called upon by my Sovereign, recommend her to select a member of the House of Commons to conduct the affairs of her government. When the noble viscount announced in this House on Tuesday last that he had resigned his office, the probable consequences of that annunciation occurred to my mind, and I turned my attention in consequence to the state of the government at the present moment—to the state of the royal authority—to the composition of the royal household—and to all those circumstances which were likely to come under my consideration, in case I were called upon to assist in advising the composition of another administration. I confess that it appeared to me impossible that any set of men should take charge of her Majesty's government

without having the usual influence and control over the establishment of the royal household—that influence and control which their immediate predecessors in office had exercised before them. As the royal household was formed by their predecessors in office, the possession of that influence and that control over it appears to me to be especially necessary, to let the public see that the Ministers who were about to enter upon office had, and possessed, the entire confidence of her Majesty. I considered well the nature of the formation of the royal household under the Civil List Act passed at the commencement of her Majesty's reign. I considered well the difference between the household of a Queen-consort, and the household of a Queen-regnant. The Queen-consort not being a political person in the same light as a Queen-regnant, I considered the construction of her Majesty's household—I considered who filled offices in it—I considered all the circumstances attendant upon the influence of the household, and the degree of confidence which it might be necessary for the government to repose in the members of it. I was sensible of the serious and anxious nature of the charge which the minister in possession of that control and influence over her Majesty's household would have laid upon him. I was sensible that in every thing which he did, and that in every step which he took as to the household, he ought to consult not only the honour of her Majesty's crown, and her royal state and dignity, but also her social condition, her ease, her convenience, her comfort—in short, every thing which tended to the solace and happiness of her life. I reflected on all these considerations as particularly incumbent on the ministers who should take charge of the affairs of this country. I reflected on the age, the sex, the situation, and the comparative inexperience of the Sovereign on the throne; and I must say that, if I had been, or if I was to be, the first person to be consulted with respect to the exercise of the influence and control in question, I would suffer any inconvenience whatever rather than take any step as to the royal household which was not compatible with her Majesty's comforts. There was another subject which I took into consideration—I mean the possibility of

making any conditions or stipulations in respect to the exercise of this influence and control over the household. It appeared to me that the person about to undertake the direction of the affairs of this country, who should make such stipulations or conditions, would do neither more nor less than this—stipulate that he would not perform his duty, that he would not advise the Crown in a case in which he thought it his duty to advise the Crown, in order that he might obtain place. I thought that no man could make such a stipulation, and consider himself worthy of her Majesty's confidence, or entitled to conduct the affairs of the country. I thought it impossible that such a stipulation should be made. Nor did I think it possible that the Sovereign could propose such a stipulation or condition to any one whom her Majesty considered worthy of her confidence. First of all, the Sovereign making or proposing such a stipulation, must suppose that her minister was unworthy of the confidence of the Crown; but suppose him to be worthy of confidence, and to break off all communication in consequence of the proposal of such stipulations, why I really thought that the Sovereign would be placed in a very disagreeable and awkward position—a position into which, I am thoroughly convinced from what I have seen of the Sovereign now on the throne, she never will be thrown. With respect, my Lords, to the share I took in these negotiations, I have to state to your Lordships that I waited by command on her Majesty on Wednesday last. I am not authorized to state what passed in conversation between her Majesty and me upon that occasion, not having felt it necessary to request her Majesty's permission to do so. What I will state to your Lordships is this—that nothing there passed inconsistent with the opinions and principles which I have just explained, either with respect to myself personally, and my own conduct as to the formation of the government, or with respect to the principles on which the patronage of the household should be managed, and its conduct, control, and influence, supposing her Majesty should think proper to intrust me with the administration of affairs. Her Majesty acted on the advice which I humbly tendered to her, and

sent for a right honourable baronet, a friend of mine, in another place. In proposing to her Majesty to send for Sir Robert Peel, I ventured to assure her Majesty that I was perfectly ready to serve her, in office or out of office: I preferred serving her out of office. I was willing to undertake to conduct the affairs of the government in this House not in office; but, if her Majesty and her ministers preferred it, I was ready to conduct the duties of any office; to do, in short, whatever would be most convenient to her Majesty and to her ministers, being disposed to lend all my assistance in every possible way to serve her Majesty, in whatever manner it might be thought most desirable that I should do so. After I had this interview, my right honourable friend also waited by command upon her Majesty. He certainly did consult me, and take the opinion of others, as has been stated, on the important point of the construction of her Majesty's household. I may add, my lords, that all who were present upon that occasion, my noble and learned friend behind (Lord Lyndhurst), and several others, gave an opinion exactly in conformity to what my right honourable friend has stated in his letter; and he waited upon her Majesty the following day, with the view of submitting such propositions as he should think proper, according to what he had stated to his intended colleagues. In the course of the conversation which Sir Robert Peel had with her Majesty on Thursday, a difference of opinion arose with respect to the ladies of the household. My right honourable friend, I believe, suggested that I should be sent for, in order that her Majesty might have my opinion on the subject. The right honourable baronet came up to my house and informed me of what had occurred; the discussion which had taken place on the subject, and what he had proposed, entirely in conformity with the principles which I have stated to your lordships. I returned with him to Buckingham Palace, and after a short time I was introduced to her Majesty's presence. It is not necessary, and indeed I have not permission, to go into the details of the conversation which passed between her Majesty and me on that occasion. All that I shall say on the subject is, that nothing passed on my part incon-

sistent with the principles I have already laid down, which I maintain are the correct principles to govern a case like the present, and most particularly that part of the subject which related to the administration of the influence and control of the royal household, supposing her Majesty should think proper to call me to her government. My right honourable friend has stated correctly that part of the conversation which related to the interpretation and decision to which her Majesty had come,—‘that the whole should continue as at present, without any change.’ This was her Majesty’s determination; and accordingly I did, as stated in the paper, immediately communicate to Sir Robert Peel, who was in the next room, the decision of her Majesty to that effect. I do not know, my Lords, that it is necessary for me to go any further into this matter: we afterwards had a communication with other noble lords and right honourable gentlemen, and we found it impossible for us to undertake the conduct of her Majesty’s government unless this point was set right. The noble viscount has stated that he gave her Majesty advice upon the subject—to write a letter on a statement which he admits was erroneous. I don’t mean to draw any conclusion from this, except that possibly it might have been better if the noble viscount had taken some means to ascertain what the right statement was, before he gave the advice. Whether the statement was erroneous or not, the noble viscount had a right, if he chose, to act on the principle that our advice was erroneous; that our demands were such that they ought not to have been made; but it will be well for noble lords not to be in so great a hurry in future as to give their opinion and advice upon such important matters, without assuring themselves that they have a really correct statement before them. My Lords, I cannot but think that the principles on which we proposed to act with respect to the ladies of the bedchamber, in the case of a Queen-regnant, were the correct

principles. The public will not believe that the Queen holds no political conversations with these ladies, and that political influence is not exercised by them, particularly considering who they are who fill such offices. I believe the history of this country affords a number of instances in which secret and improper influence has been exercised by means of similar conversations. I have, my Lords, a somewhat strong opinion on this subject. I have unworthily filled the office which the noble viscount now so worthily holds; and I must say, I have felt the inconvenience of an anomalous influence, not exercised, perhaps, by ladies, but an anomalous influence, undoubtedly, of this description, and exerted simply in conversations; and I will tell the noble viscount, that the country is at this moment suffering some inconvenience from the exercise of that very secret influence. My Lords, I believe I have gone further into principles upon this subject than may, perhaps, suit the taste of the noble viscount; but this I must say, that at the same time we claimed the control of the royal household, and would not have proposed to her Majesty to make any arrangements which would have been disagreeable to her, I felt it was absolutely impossible for me, under the circumstances of the present moment, to undertake any share of the government of the country without that proof of her Majesty’s confidence. And now, my Lords, in concluding this subject, I hope with a little more moderation than the noble viscount, I have only to add the expression of my gratitude to her Majesty for the gracious condescendence and consideration with which she was pleased to listen to the counsel which it was my duty to offer; and I must say, I quitted her presence not only impressed with the feeling of gratitude for her condescendence and consideration, but likewise with deep respect for the frankness, the intelligence, the decision, and firmness, which characterised her Majesty’s demeanour throughout the proceedings.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

It is a very remarkable fact in natural history, that when a married couple have collected about them a family of children, and begin to think it time that such of those children as are boys should acquire some means of providing themselves with future food and raiment, they almost invariably put them to professions or to business, without any regard whatever to the fitness of the little individuals, either in mind, in manner, or in education, to the occupations to which it is their fate to be put, and by which they are to provide for themselves, and those dependant upon them, through life; and perhaps it is an equally remarkable fact in natural history, that so perverse is human nature, that if a lad had the luck to be apprenticed to an angel, he would, as he grew up, think (and perhaps correctly too) that it was a business for which he had no *penchant*, and for which his peculiar genius was not in anywise adapted.

I will not stay to investigate this matter, but proceed to the tale of my first client; first explaining to the reader how it happened that I came to be in the way of having a client at all.

I was one of the younger scions of a somewhat numerous family, and very early in life both my worthy parents imbibed an idea that it was a duty which they, in an especial manner, owed to me, to impress upon my mind, on each and every occasion, the positive necessity that existed for my concluding upon a business by which I could earn my future bread.

Solemnly and seriously did my father, twice every week, tell me to keep my eyes open, and if I saw any business of which I approved to make him acquainted with the important discovery; and solemnly and seriously did my worthy mother, on each of those occasions, give me an admonition to choose a healthy business, and a money-making business, and a clean business, and a gentlemanly business, and I know not what all besides—but such a sing-song as I suppose has been rung in the ears of every young

brat by his anxious mother, from the time when children first began to learn a business to the present time.

My father and mother commenced the forcing operation upon me when I was about six years old, and carried it on until I made two or three attempts to choose a business for myself, in pursuance of their advice; but I was so unfortunate in my choice, that the matter was taken up by those who thought themselves more competent than I showed myself to be to decide in so momentous an affair.

But, anxious as were my father and mother that I should be satisfied with the business by which I was to obtain my living, and desirous as they were that I should make the choice myself; yet, like many other good and simple-minded people in similar circumstances, they never once thought of giving me any instructions in the choice of a business, or any directions for obtaining any knowledge or insight into the mode of carrying it on—its requisite capital—its probable profits—its *agremens* or *dis-agremens*—and the thousand other things which give, in the minds of growing men and men of information, a preference of one business over another. No; I was put in my first breeches, and with them I, as a matter of course, put on all the knowledge necessary to enable me to form a sound and rational judgment.

I had received something like two hundred admonitions from my father to make choice of a business, and had been asked, I know not how many times, by my most anxious mother, whether I had yet concluded upon anything; in other words, I was arrived at something like the sapient age of eight or nine years old, when the usual question being asked by my mother, whether I had yet concluded on any thing, I determined to end the matter by making a choice at once.

My mother, in her schemes of economy for the management of a large family, frequently employed a Miss Jones to carry on the mystery of mantua-making in our house, thus making the new, and furnishing up the old

dresses of my mother and sisters at something like half-cost; and during her sojourn in the house, the younger branches of the family, of whom I was one, had a sort of saturnalia—revelling in all the luxury of dolls and doll rags—and thread and needles—and stitching and ripping—and making up and pulling to pieces, with more good-will, and ten times the avidity, of Miss Jones herself; and, by dint of great practice, I became a very expert assistant to my senior sister in doll-dressing.

I frequently heard my mother, in her confidential conversations with my father, tell him that Miss Jones was very industrious, and had got into a very good business; and made a great deal of money; and one day it occurred to me, when my mother put her old question, that being a good business and getting a deal of money were very likely requisites for me, and I gaily answered my mother's enquiry by saying I would be an apprentice to Miss Jones.

Instead of giving my mother great pleasure, as I thought I should do, by the announcement, she called me a silly lad, and told me to choose something more manly, as mantua-making was only the business of women.

A few days afterwards I was taken by a servant, with the rest of my young brothers and sisters, to see the performance of a mountebank, who paid a stray visit to the little town in which we resided. I never saw such a performance before, and I shall never see any thing again that will give me such an idea as that did of splendour and magnificence.

The first part of the performance was dancing on the slack-rope; and we children were standing in a row in breathless expectation, wondering in our hearts what dancing on a slack-rope meant, when all at once there stepped before us a man in a velvet jacket, all slashed and adorned with satin and ribbons, and covered with gold lace, and spangles, and bugles, glittering so that we scarce could look at him; and on his head was a beautiful hat, from which ostrich feathers were gracefully waving, and in front was a shining button; and he had a splendid sash round his waist, and his continuations and his terminations, *vulgo* shoes, were white as snow. The sight was electrical! We all stood

and stared, and audibly wished the father and mother were there to see the man, he was so fine.

He bowed to the spectators, waving his plumes, and displaying all his finery, and then, ascending the rope, he capered about with such an air, and twirled and twisted himself in all directions, so that my faculties of astonishment and delight were stretched to their very utmost extent; and my little sister Laura, who stood by my side, and was some two years my junior, appeared to be equally spell-bound with myself. She pulled my sleeve to engage my attention, and whispered in my ear—"It is the king—I am sure it is; for nobody but a king could be dressed so fine, or do such things as he does;" and indeed I was very much of my sister Laura's notion.

I gazed at him with all my might, scarcely allowing my eyes to close in the act of winking, so fearful was I of missing the slightest motion of the wonderful man; and when he descended from the rope, I anxiously enquired from the servant what he would do next.

My attention was very soon attracted to sundry yards of fine flaming coloured printed cotton, which were held up to the gaze of the spectators, and to a display of fine shining ware, such as tea and coffee-pots and trays, which I, in my innocence, looked upon as silver.

I enquired from the servant if the king intended to give those fine things away; and I was then informed, in reply, that the gentleman whose appearance and performance had so much astonished me was not the king, but a mountebank, whose business it was to make money, and that he would sell the things he displayed to the spectators for a great deal more money than they had cost him;—all which interesting information I communicated, in a whisper, to my little sister Laura.

I paid due attention to the proceedings, and saw the gentleman in the velvet jacket going round offering little bits of paper to the people, in exchange for which he received real silver shillings, in such numbers that he could scarcely manage to collect them as fast as they were offered.

My little sister Laura and myself

ad been intrusted with a sixpence each, more to look at than with any intention that we should spend them; but, with the approbation, or rather with the tacit permission of our guardian the servant, we put them together, and saw them handed to the gentleman in spangles, in return for which one of those mysterious bits of paper was handed to me.

The servant directed me to keep the paper until it was asked for, which was not long; and I was at length requested to surrender it in exchange for a little black tray, about the size of my hand, with a flower painted upon it, and which the servant informed me was a tobacco dish; and worth about a halfpenny.

I had sense enough to know that our two sixpences were worth more than that, but in vain asked for something else; and, on finding that nothing more was to be had, it occurred to me that the business of the mountebank certainly met one of the requisitions of my worthy mother, inasmuch as it was evidently a money-making business; and I forthwith started off home, as quick as my legs would carry me, with my tobacco dish in my hand.

I went direct to my mother, and, holding up the dish, told her I had met with a man who sold those things for a shilling a-piece, and had plenty of custom; that he was a mountebank, and dressed much finer than my father, and that I would be an apprentice to him.

At first my mother only laughed at what she thought my nonsense; but finding on enquiry that the sixpences with which myself and my sister Laura had been intrusted, were really and *bona fide* bartered away for the little dirty-looking tobacco dish that I held in my hand, her amusement was changed to vexation, and she boxed my ears for what she called my folly. God help me! how often do children of eight years old get boxed, and kicked, and cuffed, for not being as wise as their parents of eight-and-forty!

I afterwards made several other attempts to select a business answering the multifarious description given by my worthy mother; but, as all my attempts were singular failures, the matter was at length fairly taken out of my hands, and after three weeks'

serious cogitation betwixt my father and my mother, the former informed me that it was concluded I should be an attorney.

Now, what was meant by being an attorney I was greatly at a loss to know; for whether it meant that I was to grind scissors on a wheel, like a man whom I had frequently seen in the street; and whose performances I much admired; or that I was to go as a missionary to some uninhabited island like Robinson Crusoe, I had no more idea than the man in the moon; and serious, indeed, were the ponderings of myself and my sister Laura on the subject, for I called her wisdom to my assistance on the occasion.

At length, a little light began to dawn upon me, for I was measured for a new suit of clothes, and I was told that I was to go to a new school, and I was desired to pay particular attention to learning Latin, that I might be qualified for an attorney; and from that day forth I concluded that an attorney and a schoolmaster meant the same thing.

I went to the school, and I paid attention to Latin, and in due time I was articled to an attorney; and after serving the usual time, and learning that to be an attorney was not exactly the same thing as to be a schoolmaster, I was duly admitted; and prepared to set up business.

I was very soon made the proprietor of an office in my native town, consisting of two rooms, one occupied by a dirty little lad (whom I dignified with the name of clerk), a desk, a desk-stool, and a chair for a waiting client, if any such there should happen to be; and the other occupied by myself, a desk, three chairs, three or four law books, an almanac, a diary, a quire or two of writing paper, a bundle of quills, and an ink-stand; and thus was I equipped for all that might occur in the shape of legal warfare.

But I must pause to explain what then appeared, and still appears to me, to be a serious obstacle to my successful practice of the law:

It pleased my godfathers and godmothers, with (I am bound to presume) the consent and approbation of my father and mother, to give me the name of Gideon, a name that I am particular in mentioning, because I have a very strong notion that the name should be adapted to the busi-

ness ; and that, before parents bestow upon a child a name which they cannot afterwards very well alter, they should duly consider to what profession or business the child is to be devoted ; so that there should be, if I may so term it, a moral fitness betwixt the name and the occupation ; and there should also be a proper and suitable adaptation and fitness of the christian to the surname.

In both those particulars I have been unfortunate. I derived from my ancestors the name of Thropall ; and, as I said before, my godfathers and godmothers, with the consent and approbation of my father and mother, bestowed upon me the name of Gideon—by the by, it was the only thing they ever gave me—Gideon Thropall !

Now, a man possessed of such a name as that of Gideon Thropall might have flourished very well as a respectable brazier, or ironmonger, or a timber-merchant, or a farmer ; and I am not quite aware, that even the dead weight of such a name would absolutely have prevented a manufacturer from making a fortune ; but, to a professional man, the very sound was like an extinguisher. However, I was placed in my office, with the privilege of subscribing myself Gideon Thropall, attorney-at-law, to any legal document that might be submitted to such an operation—a name and description that I felt conscious was quite enough to scare away the most litigious client that ever dirtied the steps of an attorney's office.

I trudged to my place of business every morning with the punctuality of the town-clock ; and, after waiting there all day to little purpose, trudged home again at night, to prepare for the following day's repetition of the same routine. I wrote Gideon Thropall, attorney-at-law, five hundred and forty odd times over. I wrote the names of my father and mother, my sisters and brothers, and all my relations, male and female, married and single, times without number. I wrote the name and address of the gentleman whom I had named as my London agent, as regularly as the day came, as if I was in daily correspondence with that gentleman, though that sort of reminiscence was all that he had from me during the first two years I practised as an attorney. I wrote the names of

all my acquaintances, male and female, with their particular titles and places of address. I wrote, in short, until I had covered every bit of my paper ; and I cut and slashed my quills until I reduced my stock to two decent-looking pens, and a very small remnant of a third. I had read my little stock of law-books until I knew their contents by heart ; and I had paid my little dirty blackguard in the other chamber of the office, some ten pence or thereabouts, in dribbles of 2s. 6d. a-week ; and still no client came !

I was almost in despair, and deliberated whether I ought not to strangle the clerk when his next two-and-sixpence became due, by way of lessening the outgoings, when, to my surprise, the postman came to my door with a letter—the first I had received since I became an attorney—and lo ! I had a client ! I was so unprepared for the circumstance, that it was at least five minutes, and not until after a very diligent search through all my pockets, that I was enabled to count out the necessary ninepence for the postage of the letter.

My father had an elderly friend of the name of Lee, who, some two or three-and-twenty years previous to my commencing practice, had retired into private life on the disbanding of a regiment of local militia, of which he had been the commander, carrying nothing with him into his retirement from his military career, but a pig-tail, and the title of colonel ; both of which he had borne for so many years, that he would have felt the loss of either as a real privation.

He was a man of property and of a kind disposition ; and, during my clerkship, he had often promised me his patronage, when the time should arrive that I could undertake business on my own account. It was, therefore, with no surprise that I saw, on glancing my eye over the letter, that I was indebted for my client to the recommendation of Colonel Lee, though I was somewhat surprised to find that the letter related to business connected with the local militia, from the command of which the worthy colonel had retired so many years previously.

It was a letter from a person named Buckley, who, it appeared, had written to me respecting a drum belonging to the regiment. But his letter shall speak for itself, for I have carefully

preserved the original document, on account of its being the first letter I ever received on business :—

“SIR,—I am commanded by my kornall—Kornall Lee—the kornall of the Condate local militia, to put the case in your hands in respect of the regimentle drum. And, sir, my kornall commands me to request that you will instantly, upon the receipt of this, write a very savage lawyer's letter to Mrs Revett, and to all others whom it may concern, commanding her to deliver up the said drum, with the sticks and the ticking-case, to me forthwith, upon pain of all that will follow; for, sir, my kornall is determined to have it back, cost what it may. And, sir, the said drum was lent by me to John Revett, the husband of the said Mrs Revett, and by the consent of the kornall, and she has parted with it to somebody else; and you will please to rummage up her consarns, and threaten her with fire and brimstone if the said drum is not delivered to me without delay; and she lives in Glover's Court, in the Horsemarket, on the left-hand side in the Horsemarket in Warnton; and so you will please to write instantly on the receipt of this, according to the command of my kornall,—and I am, sir, your friend and well-wisher,

THOMAS BUCKLEY,
Late drum-major, Condate
local militia.

“N.B.—Sir, I live at No. 2 in Tib Lane in Manchester, and since I left of the drum-majoring line, I carry on the tailoring department.

“To Mr Gibbin Thropple,
Attorney-at-law.”

I wrote a long letter in due form to Mrs Revett, threatening her with as much fire and brimstone as I could conveniently put in the compass of a sheet of paper; but I suppose she was too old a soldier to be terrified by such a flash in the pan as a lawyer's letter, for she treated both me and my client, the drum-major, with silent contempt, and took not the smallest notice of my fierce application.

It was about ten days after I had spoiled my first sheet of paper in the way of business, that I was standing in the street, talking to a farmer who had got into a dispute about a sack of

meal, and whom I was doing my very best to convert into a client, when a stout bulky man of middle age, or somewhat more, but of very erect figure and respectable bearing, walked towards us, and stopped, and by an insinuating and beseeching sort of look, gave me to understand that he wished to speak to me.

I had done my very utmost in the way of recommending myself to the too complacent farmer, and had for some time perceived that my attempt was a forlorn hope, and I consequently without delay answered the intelligible telegraph of the stout bulky man, and turned from the farmer to him; and this I did the more readily, as it afforded me an opportunity of showing the easy agriculturist that, if he would not bite, another would.

“I am come, sir,” said the stout bulky man, “about the regimentle drum; the kornall can't rest about it, and I am come, sir, to see if you have got it.”

Here, then, was the ex-drum-major himself, and, as I had him fast, an avowed and proper client in person, I determined to make the most of him. I desired him to accompany me to my office, to which place I took care to lead my fat friend in procession all round the town, that the world in general, and the inhabitants of my native town in particular, might see that I really and truly had a client.

Arrived at the office, I led the worthy drum-major to my own room, to the particular amazement of my little sooty-faced clerk of all work, who, never having seen a client during his practice, had a very indifferent notion of what such a thing might be, and was quite prepared to believe that it meant either a man or a fish, as he might be instructed.

For the first time in my life, a *bona fide* client sat in a chair in my office; and I explained to him, in answer to his enquiries, the sort of application I had made to Mrs Revett, and the result, which, in the language of an excise-man, was “nil.”

“Well!” said the ex-drum-major, his countenance colouring like a turkey-cock with rage—“Well! that Mrs Revett is the greatest old she-dragon that ever was born! But she always was the same when her husband John Revett was in the regiment—and he had no more music in

him than a cuckoo—whenever she said the word. Only to think that she has received that beautiful savage letter of yours, and yet has the impudence to keep the drum! That woman, sir, has no thought of a hereafter, and as she has stole the regimental drum, it's plain she'd steal the triple crown from the Pope himself, if she had the opportunity. Eh! she's an abandoned bit of brimstone! But do, sir, try her once more—give her a reg'lar broadside—threaten to excommunicate her—or imprison her—or sell her up—or, what's a fiery Facias?—I've heard of that—threaten her with that, and put some thundering big words in your letter; and if she stands that, why, sir, you must bring an action, and kill her in earnest!"

I occupied a very considerable time talking to my client; and, ultimately, it was arranged betwixt us that I should make another application of a very serious description to the obstinately disposed Mrs Revett, and that we should wait the result of that application, before we concluded upon the more awful proceeding of an action at law.

Accordingly I penned a very formidable letter to Mrs Revett, pointing out, in very strong language, the enormity and illegality of her proceeding in the detention of the drum, and threatening upon her devoted head all the evils that could be poured from a court of law, if the drum was not forthwith delivered to my client, the worthy ex-drum-major, together with the sticks and the ticking-case to the drum belonging.

That formidable epistle was read several times over by the drum-major, and being corrected in various places at his suggestion, where he thought the language might be rendered more fierce, was copied, and forwarded to the unsuspecting Mrs Revett; and, after a further consultation with my client, he wended his way from the office, taking with him a promise from me to communicate any thing I might hear from Mrs Revett.

I was greatly surprised, on the following morning, to be greeted by almost all my friends, as I went down the street, and congratulated on my rising prospects.—"Very glad to hear of your success," said one.—"Very glad to find that the old colonel is lending you a helping hand," said

another.—"Ah, my good friend! capital thing you'll make of the regimental drum—good business that!" said a third; and so I went on, running the gauntlet through all my friends and acquaintances, until at length I began secretly to wish the regimental drum at the devil, and to wonder seriously what had occasioned all my friends to be running wild at the subject.

I made very minute enquiry, and ascertained that my friend the ex-drum-major, after leaving my office, had adjourned to a house in the town, which, as its sign indicated, afforded entertainment for man and horse; and he there had beefed and beered, and smoked and grogged himself into a small fever; and being a loquacious man, and in his own estimation an important one withal—and knowing no one, and having no subject to connect him with the town or any body in it but the all-important one of the regimental drum, he had availed himself of that to its utmost extent.

He had told a long yarn to every body that he could induce to listen to him, how his kornall had sent for him, and commanded him to get the regimental drum;—how the drum had been lent to John Revett, whose widow—an unsoldierlike bitch as she was—had given it up to her son-in-law;—how the kornall had said there was only one man in England that could get it back, and that was Mr Throble, and, therefore, he had come over by the kornall's command to state the case to me;—and how I had written the most magnificent letter that ever was penned to Mrs Revett; and how I was going to make her do penance within a month from that day, by walking in the day time from one end to the other of the town, dressed in a white sheet, and with a wax candle in her hand; whilst he, the veracious drum-major, was to march before her, playing the rogue's march upon the very drum which she had so scandalously disposed of, contrary to the articles of war; and, finally, how that my fortune was decidedly made by the business.

I was somewhat amused at the account, and certainly, after hearing it was not at all surprised at the gratulations of my friends.

Another ten days passed over, and no news from Mrs Revett; and, as an almost necessary consequence, my

friend, the ex-drum-major, was not in the receipt of any news from me.

There was a young lady in the town, one Miss Juliana Gawkrödger by name, with whom I had been acquainted from my infancy, and to whom I had lately paid assiduous attention; with the secret design of ultimately making her Mrs Thropall. Having a considerable number of spare hours every day at almost any body's service, I was frequently to be seen in the street dangling by the side of Miss Juliana Gawkrödger, endeavouring to possess her with an idea that I was a very amiable creature, and performing all those antics which young men go through in their attempts to make themselves agreeable to the fair sex.

I went out in the street one morning, and, by a preconcerted arrangement with Miss Juliana Gawkrödger, I accidentally met with that lady and her two sisters, and agreed to accompany them in a walk. We were proceeding along the street, and I was performing all the pantomime for love to Miss Juliana Gawkrödger, and keeping up a noisy conversation with her two companions, and we were all very lively and gay, when a sudden stop was put to our proceedings by a voice calling out—"Mr Throddle, I wish to say a few words to you about the regimental drum." I turned round, and saw before me the stout bulky person of the drum-major; and I could not help wishing that he and his drum were at that moment five hundred miles from the spot.

I took hasty leave of the ladies, and returned with my client to my office, and reported to him that the letter which I had written and dispatched under his able superintendence, had been productive of no more beneficial result than the one I had previously dispatched without the advantage of his inspection; and that, consequently, I was led to believe that Mrs Revett was one of those very hard-headed old women upon whom anything that is written is totally thrown away, inasmuch as they cannot read writing themselves, and either cannot understand, or do not heed whatever is read to them by others.

"Well!" said the drum-major, "if that woman dies a natural death, I should wonder—only to think that she should still keep possession of the regimental drum, after being ordered

by the kornall to give it up, and after receiving those two beautiful letters from you. What will the world come to?—a detestable old Jezebel!—Sir, there is nothing left for it but an action; and you must forthwith bring one in the kornall's name."

I asked him a great variety of questions respecting the transaction, and wormed from him with much labour—for, notwithstanding his loquacity, it was difficult to get any connected account from him—that the drum had been lent upwards of twenty years ago, when the regiment was broken up, and had remained in the possession of Revett or his family from that time.

Upon receiving that information, I reasoned with the worthy drum-major upon the difficulty that existed in recovering the drum, in consequence of the lapse of time; but he appeared to be only half convinced. "The drum," he said, "belonged to his kornall, and I must get it." It was in vain to explain that length of possession took away the legal right: his answer was, "the drum belonged to his kornall, and I must get it."

I then took him on the other tack, and talked of the expense; and there I found him a little more vulnerable. I showed him clearly that Mrs Revett could have little, if any property, and consequently the costs of a lawsuit would in all probability fall upon the colonel; and as those costs might eventually far exceed the value of the regimental drum, it was prudent to pause and consider before they were incurred.

That was a puzzler to the drum-major: he was loth to relinquish the drum, and hinted that Mrs Revett might be put in prison; but that, I told him, would not discharge the colonel from the costs; and, after a hard struggle, he confessed that it would be well to try every other means before having recourse to an action at law.

We then took sweet counsel together, and ultimately came to the conclusion that, inasmuch as I had tried what threatening would do; and no good effect had been produced, I should now try a contrary course, and endeavour to wheedle from her the drum which threats could not wrest from her grasp.

Accordingly, I sketched out the blindest letter that ever dribbled from the point of an attorney's pen—I dilated on the friendship which Colonel

Lee had always entertained for honest John Revett—pointed out the example of others who had given up the musical instruments of the regiment—told her of her own well-known character for honesty—and concluded by taking for granted that she would, as an honest upright woman, having a due respect and regard for the colonel, and the regiment, and her own future welfare, give up the drum forthwith.

The letter, having received the sanction and approbation of the drum-major, was dispatched to Mrs Revett, and my client went away in the firm faith, that although she had shown herself insensible to threats, she would comply with the kind and conciliatory requisition now addressed to her.

Another ten days or upwards passed away, but still no news from Mrs Revett, and consequently I had nothing to communicate to the drum-major.

I was sitting in my office one morning, giving an opinion to myself upon an imaginary case—for, God knows, I had no real case to give an opinion upon—when my little dirty clerk came to inform me that the postman had called with a double letter, and I forthwith handed out one-and-sixpence as the postage.

I opened it in haste, but was exceedingly mortified to find that it was a letter from my client, the drum-major, which the blockhead had enclosed in an envelope, and thereby made it double.

He wrote like a man in a passion; but his letter will explain better than I can—so here it is:—

“ My dear sir,—About the regimental drum, I have been to see the kornall, and he is very ill with the gout in his boot, and is very much put out of the way with the vile conduct of that wicked woman, Mrs Revett. He swears worse nor a dragoon, and talks of having her tried by court-martial for purloining the regimental stores.

“ Sir, the kornall says I must have the drum; and, sir, it is a brass drum, and worth a deal of money; and I was nothing else but a goose ever to lend it to John Revett, for he never could play on it in his life.

“ Sir, you must tackle to that old viper, Mrs Revett, and bring her down on her marrow-bones; and you must make her deliver it to me, with the

sticks and the ticking-case; and, sir, I will have it, mind that, or I'll know the reason why; and I'll not allow the Condote regiment of local militia, to which I had the honour to belong, to be bamboozled by an ugly old sarpiant like Mrs Revett; and so you must beat up her quarters, and conquer her for my sake, and for the sake of the kornall and the regiment; and all the other instruments are delivered up but the drum; and the old varmint has kept it for a very many years, only she delivered it to her son-in-law some years ago—and, sir, let me know when you want to see me, and I will come over and explain the whole case, and take my affidavit about the drum and all belonging to it, from its birth to this time; and I am yours affectionately,

“ THOMAS BUCKLEY,
“ Late drum-major, Condote
Local Militia.

“ N. B.—Sir, the kornall cannot sleep night nor day, and is very vehement—he has an attachment for the regimental drum, and swears he will have it; and is obligated to take laudnam, because he cannot sleep.

“ To Mr Gib Throttle,
“ Attorney-at-Law.”

I answered my client's letter in terms as mild as I could use, explaining to him the difficulties that lay in the way of any proceeding at law, and, as I thought, laying down so very clearly the utter impossibility of succeeding in any action, that there must be an end of the matter, and I should hear no more of it—indeed, the drum began to be a very sore subject.

The town in which I live began at that time to partake of the political ferment of the period, and various meetings were held, and we determined to grapple with some of the great questions of the day; but we wavered about for a length of time before we could conclude what question we would rally round. At length, after much considering *pro* and *con*, we came to the resolution of adopting the Belgian question—Belgium being a place with which the people of our town had nothing on earth to do; and the question being one of which no mortal in the place knew anything!—No matter for that, it showed our independence, and our impartiality, and our philanthropy, and all the other

fine things which make men proud—so the Belgian question was selected for our adoption.

Having made choice of a grievance, our next step was to have a public demonstration, and to that end a public meeting was agreed to be held.

My friends were exceedingly anxious that I should avail myself of the occasion, to make a display and come out as an orator, and by that means acquire a notoriety that might be useful to me in a professional point of view; and spirited by them to the task, and having perhaps a spice of latent vanity in my composition, I agreed to make a speech. I the more readily consented to do so, in consequence of its being represented to me that a friend of the family would be in the chair, who having a particularly fat unmeaning face, I should not feel terrified when looking at him, though clothed with the majesty of chairman; whilst his good feeling towards me would induce him to cover any little imperfection that might appear, either in the matter of my oration, or in the manner of its delivery.

Having concluded upon making my *debut* as a speaker, I proceeded to qualify myself for the occasion, and to read myself up to the subject. I dipped into two or three guide-books through the Netherlands—skimmed Mrs Trollope's book on Belgium—hastily ran over the last hand-book for travellers on the Continent, and took a glance at every thing else that I could lay my hands on that treated of Belgium, from the commencement of the Belgic Revolution to that time; and I stored up such a mass of heterogeneous and undigested information in my head, that it would have taken some months, and a much sounder discrimination than mine, to separate the wheat from the chaff, and arrange it in any thing like method or useful order. I overread myself; and the consequence was, that the information so collected, even had it been sound, would have been of no use to me.

My next step was to write a speech, which occupied me several days. I got it off by heart, and I spoke and acted it before a large looking-glass in my father's house, five times every day, up to and including the morning of the important meeting. I had a tolerable memory, and I had rendered

myself so perfect, that I could hardly by any possibility fail in the delivery.

I went to the meeting, accompanied by a number of kind and anxious friends, and was placed in a most favourable position for being seen, and seeing all that passed. The room in which the meeting was held was crammed, and many ladies were there, and, amongst the rest, Miss Juliana Gawkrödger and one of her sisters; and, as it had got whispered about the town that I intended to speak on the subject of the meeting, it was a source of great gratification to me to observe sundry nods and winks, and looks of kindness and encouragement, cast upon me from all parts of the room. It appeared evident to me that I was the lion of the meeting.

The proceedings were opened in due form, our family friend with the fat face being in the chair; and two or three dull prosy speeches were made, in so stammering and hesitating a manner as to give me considerable confidence in myself; when, at the end of one of those tedious orations, my ears were greeted with the welcome and cheering call from all parts of the room of "Mr Thropall! Mr Thropall!" and when I stepped on the platform prepared for the speakers, and made a low and graceful bow to the assemblage in acknowledgment of the call, the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, and the stampings, the shoutings, and huzzaisings of the gentlemen, were really almost sufficient to overwhelm a modest man like me.

When silence was obtained, I commenced my speech, slowly and deliberately, and speaking with great distinctness. I took a rapid view of events in Belgium preceding the Revolution, and my memory served me so well, that no one word of my written speech, and no one action that I had studied, was forgotten. I appeared to be perfectly master of the subject on which I spoke, and my friends and the audience in general were in raptures. Loud and frequent were the "bravoes"—the "hear, hears," and the other signals of encouragement and approbation from the gentlemen, and almost perpetual was the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs of the ladies; and I thought I saw a tear of gratified de-

light trickle from the eye of Miss Juliana Gawkrödger!

Every sentence I uttered was applauded to the skies; and I was so elated, that I felt myself equal to any thing, and thought it impossible to err. In the intoxication of the moment, I took it into my head to improvise a part of my speech, and to depart from that which I had written. I talked fustian about the opposition of the Church to the liberties of the people—quoted Hudibras, and lugged in, head and shoulders,

"When the great drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."

"But," said I, by way of concluding paragraph, before I got back to my written speech—"But," said I, "the brave Belges heard the roll of the spirit-stirring drum—they heard that drum, which heretofore had only sent forth its martial sounds at the command of a tyrant—that drum, I say, they now heard calling them to liberty!"

"Well done, Mister Throddle!" shouted a stentorian voice from the crowd—"lay it on thick about the regimental drum."

I looked to the place from whence the sound proceeded, and there I saw the abominable drum-major himself, standing in all his erect bulkiness, the most conspicuous object in the room; and, as I caught sight of him, he nodded his head, and familiarly winked his eye at me.

The whole of my speech vanished from my memory as though it never had been. I blundered on a few words further, but all was over. My throat was parched, I gasped for breath, and I could see nobody but the drum-major. Preserving my consciousness, I appeared to lose all command over myself—I made faces at the drum-major, and, raising my arm, I shook my fist at him; and after several attempts to proceed, which terminated in hysterical jibberings, I descended from the platform on which I was elevated, and so my speech ended in the middle.

I made my way quietly, but with great expedition, out of the room, and then ran as fast as I could to my office, where I shut myself up, and locked the door. I was in a perfect agony, and walked about at the rate of some ten miles an hour, stamping my feet, and thumping my head with my hands, and cursing from the very bot-

tom of my soul every regimental drum that ever was made, and every drum-major that ever walked at the head of a regimental band.

At length, so violent was my vexation, that I burst into tears and wept like a child, from which I experienced considerable relief. Whilst I was striding across the room with the frenzied energy of something mad, weeping one minute and cursing the next, I heard a knock at the door, and, on enquiry, was informed that my evil genius, the drum-major, was waiting to see me.

The announcement rendered me, if possible, more frantic than I was before, and I knew not at the moment whether to go down and make an end of my tormentor by committing murder, or to throw myself out of the window, and terminate the business by an act of self-immolation—to offer to the world, in fact, the glorious spectacle of an attorney becoming a martyr to the cause of an officious client.

Before I had determined which of the two courses to adopt, I was aroused by another tap at the door, followed by a request from the drum-major, saying, "Mr Throddle, may I come in?" I refused with all the might of my lungs, at the same time giving vent to a whole ocean of curses against the drum-major, and all his family and connexions, and commanding him peremptorily to be gone from my door. But he would not go, and found something to say on his own behalf. He said he did not like to be denied through a door, and wished to be admitted, that he might face the matter out like a man and a soldier. He parleyed for upwards of an hour, but I was inexorable, and every petition for admission was met by a volley of curses and imprecations, enough to annihilate any body but a drum-major, and by an announcement that I would see or write to the Colonel; and that with him, the accused representative of his class, I would most assuredly hold no further communication.

The drum-major at length was wearied out, and raised the siege, and I was at liberty to depart from my prison-house whenever I pleased; but my shocking break-down at the meeting pressed so heavily upon my sensibility, that I kept close in my office until the shades of evening rendered it probable that I might pass along the street without being recognised.

I kept close house for two or three days, at the end of which I was compelled to appear in public, and to enter the greetings, the compliments, and the banterings in disguise, of all my friends and acquaintance. Some complimented me on my eloquent display—others affected to enquire what made me conclude so abruptly—and others pretended to console with me on the awkward interruption I received from the drum-major, while I saw a laughing devil in their eye, as they asked if he was the client recommended to me by Colonel Lee. Never man suffered so seriously from a drum and a drum-major as I did; and the only thing like consolation that I received in the midst of my distress, was from Miss Juliana Gawkrödger, who kindly and feelingly applauded my exertions, and assured me that every body attributed the sudden and somewhat awkward termination of my speech to the evil eye of that bloated drum-major; whilst her giddy sister almost spoiled Miss Juliana's kindness, by asking if the accursed drum-major was a relative of mine, he appeared to be so much interested in my behalf.

A few days restored things to their usual channel, and I in some measure got over the chagrin. I rode over to Colonel Lee, and explained the law of the case as applicable to the drum, and he promised to see the drum-major upon it; so that I flattered myself I had got rid of that abominable affair, which had been productive of so much trouble and annoyance.

About three weeks afterwards, I was bouncing out of my office rather in haste and unguardedly, when I ran against a person whom I almost overturned. It was the postman, who said he was calling on me with a double letter, and producing it as he gave me the information, I saw the address was in the detestable scrawl of that everlasting drum-major.

The blockhead had again inclosed his letter in an envelope which occasioned double postage; and though I would freely have given a sovereign to put the letter, and the writer, and the regimental drum also, into the crater of Mount Etna, yet I felt obliged to pay the postage and take the letter, lest it should be opened at the dead letter-office, and I should become the subject of ridicule. I therefore

paid the postage and retired into my office to read the epistle, which was as follows:—

"Sir,—I saw Kornall Lee this day, the 18th instant, and he sends his love to you—I informed him that you had wrote three times according to his directions, and had no answer concerning the brass drum. He desired me to inform you to commence an action at law forthwith in his name for the recovery of the drum, it belonging to him as Kornall of the Condate local militia.

"Sir,—As I was the only person master of the band at that time, and know where the drum was paid from, it is requested I should lay the case open to you, that you may act according as your judgment may lead you. The drum cost £13, 13s. in London, with sticks, buff carriage, ticking-case, and packing-case, with carriage down. It was placed in John Revett's hands by me, lent him by his giving me a most solemn engagement to return it in two days' notice any time the Kornall might think proper to call for it. The drum was properly painted along with all the drums of the regiment. I paid Darlington of Middlewick for it. He thought proper to get it painted over again without acquainting any one, and afterwards made application for £1 for painting it, which undoubtedly was refused. He died about sixteen years back. Five years back I applied for the drum, and repeatedly since, up to the time you took the case in hand. Never got any answer, but privately heard it would not be given up until that money was paid. I threatened the widow with an action, and, on her seeing all other instruments given up, she sends the drum to Warnton to her son-in-law, and followed herself soon after. His executors, also; they told me when I called they would not give it up. As I knew neither one nor the other had any claim to it, I thought to get a search-warrant and take it where I found it, and take them up for concealing it; but I after thought I would take the Kornall's advice upon it, and he sent me to you.

"Sir,—If you wish me to attend you at any time and place, I am any time at your command; but I don't like to be d——d through a door. The widow's name is Barbara, and the exo-

cutor's name Wilson, beer-seller, and the drum a brass drum.—So no more at present, from yours, and so forth,

“THOMAS BUCKLEY,

“Late drum-major, Condote
“local militia.

“N.B.—Sir, the kornall is determined to have the drum, and the delay makes him very unhappy considering he has the gout.

“To Mr Giddy Throbbles,

“Atturuey-at-law.”

Though I was mortified at receiving the letter, and anticipated nothing but vexation from its contents, yet I felt a glow of satisfaction on getting to the end of it, for a vista opened before me, and I saw a prospect of putting a total end to this, to me, most troublesome business. The name of a drum was poison to me, and the name drum-major was almost enough to bring on hysterics. I forthwith rode over to Colonel Lee on this important business; for to me it was become important to get rid of it, inasmuch as it was very evident that I should never have any peace as long as I had any thing to do with it.

I explained to the colonel, ~~ve~~ fully and very clearly, the difficulty that lay in the way of his recovering the drum by any proceeding at law; pointed out the certainty of some cost being incurred, and the probability of that cost being considerable—~~much~~ more than the value of the drum—whilst the chance of recovery was at least problematical. I then told him that the drum would be given up on payment of the pound claimed for painting, and that it would be good policy to pay that pound and obtain possession of the drum, rather than incur the hazard of paying the costs of an action, and not recover the drum in the end.

The colonel was of the same opinion, and authorized me to pay the pound and obtain the drum. I rode on to Warnton without delay—I paid the pound and obtained the drum, with the sticks and ticking-case, and packed the whole off to the abominable drum-major, by whom they were duly received, and by that means I got rid of my exceedingly troublesome first client.

MÉRIMÉE ON OIL-PAINTING, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY W. B. S. TAYLOR.

THIS little volume makes its appearance under no common auspices. M. I. F. L. Mérimée was secretary of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Paris. The manuscript work is submitted to a committee by the Royal Institute of France, whose chairman, M. Quatremère de Quincy, in the name of the commission, draws up an entirely laudatory report. We select the conclusion :—

“Intrusted with the duty of rendering a faithful account of this work, the Commission are of opinion that they have carefully pointed out the great utility and advantages that must result to the art of painting from its publication. The Academy approves of the opinions contained in the Report, and have directed that a copy of it be laid before the Minister of the Home Department.”

Mr Taylor dedicates his translation of M. Mérimée's work to the president and members of the Royal Academy in this country, under permission and sanction. He was urged to this task by the most distinguished artists, members of the Royal Academy; Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, Sir David Wilkie, Mr Etty, Mr Mulready, Mr Hilton, Mr Phillips, and Mr Cooper. But he is further permitted to dedicate it to the members of the Royal Academy in “their public and collective capacity.” This volume, then, has the stamp of the highest authority, and must be considered by far the most important work that has yet appeared upon the subject; and yet, though we believe it to contain very valuable information, we are inclined to doubt if it will be found to merit the *entire* confidence of artists and amateurs, which the very great authorities, under whose sanction and adoption it comes forth, would seem to claim for it. We say this with some hesitation, and would only guard against a hasty reliance upon recipes said to be the result of experiments upon pictures of the old masters, without having laid before us the exact processes from which certain deductions have been made. We want facts first, and such detail of facts as chemistry is able to afford. We speak not here of any other than such as can be proved from

the old pictures; for, assuming that M. Mérimée has established his case as to the use of varnishes, it may be fairly allowed that his experiments upon the making them are amply detailed. What we would have is the chemical analyses of the pictures of the best time, with every particular, incidental or otherwise, of working them out. Without this we may be rightly directed, but we are not sufficiently assured that we are so. The Report of the Institute of France thus describes the object of the author :—

“That of bringing to light the primitive processes of painting. For this purpose he has consulted the earlier works on this art, and has examined, with the greatest care, many of the pictures which have most successfully resisted the effects of time and exposure; and he is decidedly of opinion that these works owe their preservation to particular modes of combining, in a liquid state, resinous substances, by the use of which the colours were defended from the action of causes that have injured or destroyed pictures of much more modern dates.” It would indeed be a most valuable discovery, could we ascertain that medium which will secure the permanency of both the brilliancy and texture of colours. But here we come to the fact, well known to all artists, that very many, perhaps most modern, painters, have, for at least this half century, mixed oil and varnish together; and what has been the result? The colours have not only not retained their brilliancy, but in very many cases have most desperately separated, never have become *really hard* substances, though *hardness* is the peculiar quality of the old paint. “M. Mérimée,” continues the Report, “has closely examined, and analysed with great care, paintings of the earliest dates, and has consulted many of the ablest restorers of pictures; and hence he is strongly of opinion, *from the hardness of the ground*, and the brightness of the pictures, that the colours have not only been incorporated with oil, but also with varnishes, even of that sort called ‘hard varnish.’” Now, the hardness of the old paint, and the

hardness of the hardest of hard varnishes, are quite different things. We believe that no varnishes are thoroughly hard, unless there be something beside the oil incorporated with them. But what substances, or rather what mixture of substances, does M. Mérimée propose? He lays much stress upon an "Italian varnish," prepared, as he says, in Italy from a very remote period: the ingredients are nut oil, *wax*, and *mastic*. To say nothing of the wax, we conceive the mastic to be one of the worst substances that can be mixed with paint, and that it never becomes really hard, and that it is subject to continual changes; and to the use of mastic do we ascribe that separation of the paint, which will perhaps pretty clearly distinguish the era of the work. Nothing can be more true than that the paint of the old masters is like iron, it is so hard; the cracks in it, which we believe to be mainly owing to the grounds, are like spider-lines, perfectly fine, as if the surface had been bent and broken; and though M. Mérimée mentions, as a thing of rare occurrence, "cracks or gashes" in a picture of Titian's, we have ourselves never seen such cracks or gashes in any old pictures, *excepting in such parts* as have been repainted. We do not think this treatise throws any light upon the origin of painting in oil, although the Report states that the "author commences his first chapter by setting it down as an *incontrovertible fact*, that the brothers Van Eyck were the inventors of painting in oil, and refutes the assertions of Theophilus and Cennino Cennini on that question." Now, who were Theophilus and Cennino Cennini, and what do they actually say? The former was a monk, and wrote a treatise, *De Arte Pingendi*, towards the close of the tenth, or commencement of the eleventh century. The latter finished his treatise in 1437; but as then Van Eyck had already painted in oil more than ten years, nothing conclusive can be collected from him. Theophilus, however, does positively mention the painting in oil, and describes a method of making linseed-oil, as well as varnish. But M. Mérimée says, it is house-painting only that he speaks of. Were that the case, we cannot help thinking that the discovery of house-painting in oil is, in fact, the discovery of other painting, for surely the attempt so to

apply it must have been immediate. But great stress is laid upon the directions given by Theophilus to house-painters, not to lay on a second couch of colour until the first is completely dry; and it is said that he nowhere gives advice to apply oil-painting to pictures, but adds, to the above-mentioned directions, "this remarkable passage—that *such a method would be too slow and too laborious for painting pictures*." It is somewhat singular that he should have mentioned "painting pictures" at all; for he must either speak of an existing, but inconvenient practice, or he must have conceived the attempt. But does Theophilus actually say that it "*would be*" too slow? &c. The translation certainly makes him say so; but he says no such thing. He says "it is;" as if he should say—in house-painting it is better not to put on a second couch of colour before the first is dry; a practice, indeed, not followed by painters of pictures, because to them it would be too slow and tedious. And such we take to be the meaning of his text—"Quod in imaginibus diuturnum et tædiosum nimium est." Mr Taylor, in his appended "Observations on the English School of Painting," seems to contradict, or at least to doubt, the strong assertion of his original, for he quotes Walpole upon this subject, and the more recent discoveries in St Stephen's Chapel; and quotes, from *Smith's Antiquities of Westminster*, the positive opinion of Mr Smith, and the examination of the apartments of the ancient palace, twenty years ago, by the late Sir John Soane, and Mr J. N. Cottingham. But, as we prefer facts to opinions, we venture to add what Mr Taylor has omitted, the actual experiments, in a letter to Mr Smith. It is of St Stephen's Chapel, fourth year of Edward the Third. "In order to examine the colours, I was obliged, after having carefully scraped them from the stone, to employ a quantity of impure ether to dissolve the varnish which had been laid over them, and also to separate the oil with which the colours had been prepared. By this method I was enabled to procure the colours in a state of purity, after they had subsided to the bottom of the phial. The supernatant liquor, when decanted and mixed with water, became immediately turbid, and an oleaginous matter swam on the surface." The

items of expenditure are likewise curious:—

"Thirty peacocks' and swans' feathers, and squirrels' tails, for the painters' pencils.

"Two flagons of oleo for the same.

"Nineteen gallons of *painters' oil* for painting of the chapel, at 3s. 4d. per flagon.

"One pound and half of hogs' bristles for the brushes of painters."

It is remarkable that here a distinction is made between pencils and brushes—the pencils made of peacocks' and swans' feathers, and peacocks' tails, were doubtless for the nicer work of picture-painting. Is not, then, the "incontrovertible fact" of the Report, after all the authorities through which it has passed, no fact at all?

If, therefore, the brothers Van Eyck invented any thing—and there is no reason to doubt that they did—it must have been a *new* method of painting in oil. And to this *new* method, and nearest to its invention, M. Mérimée ascribes the most astonishing effects in the preservation of the brilliancy of the colours, and the hardness given to the paint. As has been shown, he attributes its perfection to the admixture of varnish with the oils. We are very doubtful if such admixture have any such power, more especially if the varnish be mastic. As, however, M. Mérimée has formed his opinion from his own observation of ancient pictures, and sought a corroboration of it from the works of different authors who have written upon the subject, it may be worth while to examine these authorities. He candidly confesses that he has been disappointed in his search. Leonardo da Vinci makes no mention of the use of varnish, "except in cases where the acetate of copper (verdigris) is used." There is an anecdote that Pope Julius II., led by curiosity, entered Leonardo's painting room, expecting to see the designs for his work, but discovered only chemical apparatus, which he understood to be for making varnish, and that he remarked, "this artist begins his work where others finish." M. Mérimée himself combats the conclusion that has been drawn from this anecdote, that Leonardo painted with varnish. There is, undoubtedly, a fair ground of reason for his opinion, in the extract given from *Armenini da Faenza*, who lived towards the middle of the sixteenth century; and yet we think

the passage does not go the whole length of asserting a mixture of varnish with the colours in the general painting, but only in the glazing, and used equally over the whole—that is, a coloured varnish. And it is somewhat remarkable that the first application of it mentioned by Armenini, is to verdigris, as recommended by Leonardo, though here differing in the manner of application. It may, therefore, be worth while to refer to Leonardo, and we shall find this use is to remedy a defect in that particular pigment. Leonardo says, "The green colour made of copper rust, commonly called verdigris, though ground in oil, will not fail to evaporate in smoke and lose its beauty, unless you cover it with a thin skin of varnish, immediately after laying it on: but this is not all; for, if you wipe it with a sponge dipped in clear water, it will rise from the bottom of the painting, and peel off like a water colour. This is particularly observable in moist weather, and seems to be owing to this, that verdigris, being a kind of salt, is easily dissolved in moist air, and especially if softened with the additional wetness of a sponge." And, after all, *this varnish may have been nothing but nut oil*; for Leonardo, speaking of a peculiar process, adds, "after which you may varnish it with nut oil and amber, or barely with nut oil, taking care that it be well purified, and thickened in the sun." And what says Armenini? "In operating upon a green drapery, the process we have hinted at (*predetto*) is managed in this way: After having laid on the dead colour with green, black, and white (*verde, negro, e bianco*), in a full, firm manner (*che sia alquanto crudetto*), some common varnish is then incorporated with yellow, lake, and verdigris (*si giunge poi con berderame un poco di vernice commune di giallo santo*). With this mixture, the parts prepared are glazed with a large tool. The same process is used for crimson, yellow, or other drapery, only mixing the appropriate colours with the varnish." (*ma se sarà de lacca, si tien con quello il medesimo stile mettendovi dextro della predetta vernice; acosi si de fare d'ogni altro quando sie per velarh*). We have, in part, quoted the Italian which is given in the notes, because we think the translation careless, and not faithful, and, therefore, asserting more than the Italian justifies.

But Leonardo's *varnish* for this particular pigment, may have been nothing more than another pigment, to which the old masters were partial, "*aloes cavallino*," horse aloes, and that either ground by itself in oil, or mixed with the *verdigris*, just as Armenini describes it; so that we do not see that Armenini's recipe necessarily differs from Leonardo's, whose authority M. Mérimée rejects. Leonardo says—"Some aloes *cavallino*, mixed with your *verdigris*, will make it much more beautiful than it was before; and it would become still more so by the admixture of a little saffron, could it be prevented from evaporating. The goodness of your aloes will be found in its dissolving in hot aqua-vitæ, which dissolves it much better than cold; and if, after using any of the *verdigris*, you go slightly over it with some of this liquified aloes, you will find the colour become incomparably beautiful. Further, this aloes may be ground in oil, either by itself or with *verdigris*, or with any other colour that you please." We suspect that Armenini's recipe is but a repetition of Leonardo's, and are surprised these passages from Leonardo escaped the notice of the author. M. Mérimée then refers to Gerard de Lairesse. "The uses of varnish are likewise pointed out by G. de Lairesse, in his *Treatise on Painting*. He describes how to paint upon the dead colour of a picture. He tells us that the part intended for repainting, should be first moistened slightly by a couch of *mastic* varnish, mixed with thick oil, clarified in the sun." Is this, again, an instance of bad translation? Our edition of G. de Lairesse is 1778, translated by John Frederick Fritsch, painter. In this there is no mention whatever of *mastic* in the passage quoted. It runs thus: "To do well, rub your piece (or so much as you think you can paint of it at one time, and before the varnish grow dry) with a good *thin* picture varnish, mixed with some fat white oil, then work on this wet ground," &c. There is, however, here no mixture with the paint. But is the treatise under the name of G. de Lairesse any authority at all? In the first place, it is not the work of G. de Lairesse, but a collection from his observations by the Society of Artists, and not published till after his death, which took place so late as

1711. This Treatise, therefore, may be considered to have incorporated with the observations of Lairesse the notions of the Society, and to have appeared at a time when the really good medium, whatever it may have been, may be considered as lost. Nor can we attach very much value to recipes, the examples of whose excellence is to be found in the works of G. de Lairesse. That painter was a whimsical theorist, if the treatise really represents him. His commencement of a picture was by fiddling; he sought the harmony of colour and composition through the harmony of music, and seems to have taken literally the precept of Horace, with the pun *didicisse fidelester arte*. If we are to judge of the materials, and the manner of using them, from the works of the painters, we doubt if we can safely look for examples beyond the close of the seventeenth century.

The author, in his preface, if he alludes to his own processes, speaks very boldly. "When a pupil of the French school has attained that degree of experience which gives him a fair chance of gaining the first prize in the class of painting, there can be no doubt of his capability to make a copy from any picture of his master. Let him then be directed to copy a first-rate picture of the Flemish or Venetian schools, and I am quite sure he will encounter difficulties which he will be unable to surmount, should he not have been made acquainted with the process used by the colourist whom he wishes to imitate; but, if these processes have been shown to him, and if he have been taught the process for increasing the brilliancy and transparency of his colour, and how to preserve those fine qualities, or to recover them after he may have lost them, a practical knowledge of those methods may soon be acquired by a young painter, whose eye and hand have already attained to a high degree of correctness and facility. With such instruction, he may then set about to copy a picture of Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, and Vandyke, without experiencing any greater difficulties than he would find in copying a work of his own master." This is perfectly true, if the real processes could be shown to him—but can they? How many attempts have we seen by the admixture of varnishes, and what are they but so many failures? They

either look flimsy at the time, or become leathery in texture, and altogether lack the *purity* of the originals—the illumination, in which we lose all idea of oil and varnish, as if the oil which we know was used had undergone some chemical change, which, without destroying its richness, had taken from it every possible impurity. Did any one ever see, satisfactory in texture, a modern copy of Corregio, or of Titian—such as his *Peter Martyr*—and, of the Flemish school, is there a single copy of Teniers that is not offensive to the eye, which, under the name of the master, naturally looks for what it can never find? And yet, probably, the recipes of M. Mérimée have been, under various modifications not very material to their utility, long in practice. Certainly in this country, from the time of Sir Joshua to the present, very similar vehicles have been, and are still used: but are they safe?—do they preserve the brilliancy and hardness of the colours? We should decidedly say no; that in time they crack, and in a manner the works of the old masters never did; and that they very soon lose their first texture. M. Mérimée pays great deference to the chemical knowledge of M. Tingry, professor of chemistry at Geneva, whose work, in two volumes, entitled *The Painter's and Varnisher's Guide*, published in 1803, is of great value. In it will be found nearly all that has since then been published which is of any use. "This work," says M. Mérimée, "would have been the best that could have been produced at that time, if he had united to the information he possessed that knowledge which practice can bestow. But at all times, the work of Tingry upon the preparation and use of colours and varnishes, is one of those that may be consulted with the greatest advantage." Did the following passage from Tingry's work escape the notice of M. Mérimée? He is speaking of preserving the colours in newly-painted pictures before they are *varnished*, by covering them with white of egg, and adds—"Some of the English painters, too anxious to receive the fruits of their composition, neglect these precautions. Several artists even paint in varnish, and *apply it with the colours*. This precipitate method gives brilliancy to their compositions at the very moment of their being finished; but their lustre is temporary,

and of short duration. It renders it impossible for them to clean their paintings, which are, besides, liable to crack, and to lose their colour. In a word, it is not uncommon to see an artist survive his works, and to have nothing to expect from posterity." Now, without practical experience in the mechanical operation of painting, it may fairly be admitted that Tingry is of great authority with regard to chemical effects; and, judging from his knowledge of these effects, he pronounces that an admixture of varnish with the paint does *not* preserve the colour, nor give durability to the paint; while the great object of M. Mérimée's work is to prove that it does both. But lest it be urged that Tingry's work is rather addressed to painters of another description than painters of pictures, we venture to add his observations immediately following the above quotation. "Nothing that relates to the house-painter is foreign to the artist of a higher order, who paints compositions; in like manner, the precepts admitted by the celebrated painters deserve the attention of the varnisher, to whom the painter intrusts his greatest interests. The observations contained in this note, are the brief result of some instructive conversations I had with Saintours, a celebrated painter, my friend and relation."

The varnish, the manufacture of which is minutely described by Theophilus, is the oldest recipe known; if we may say known, for the chief ingredient is at best doubtful. M. Mérimée thinks it is copal—in the original it is "gummi quod vocatur *formis*:" and again, "gummi *formis* quod *Romana glassa* vocatur"—Roman glass, not, as it is translated, "*called by the Romans glassa*." There does not appear any sufficient grounds for deciding upon this to be copal; and M. Mérimée admits the varnish as described, if it were copal, would be unusable, as it could not then have been thinned with distilled or essential oils, which had not then been discovered.

It is extremely probable, that in the transition from distemper to oil painting, much of the former method, and many of the substances were employed in the new art. The union of the two may still have its advantages. This seems to be the opinion of M. Mérimée. Titian and P. Veronese laid in their pictures with solid colour, and

very often painted on cloth primed in distemper: but, in the latter case, they laid their sketches on with water colours. This very expeditious process, which ought to lead from distemper to oil-painting, is described by Leonardo da Vinci. "I have seen several pictures produced in this manner, which evidently belong to the period when painting in distemper had in some degree been given up. I am astonished that no person of our school has ever tried this method." He then proceeds to describe the manner in which Rubens sketched in his pictures on distemper grounds; and asserts the impossibility of so working with colours prepared as ours are. "The colour would glide over a surface too fine to retain it." He unquestionably did not use colours prepared as ours are; and here we may be allowed to remark upon our absurd practice of using bladder colours, which are ground in oil of one character and quality, while we use as our vehicle oil of another character, and perhaps varnishes too; so that we have in fact unequal and discordant mixtures over the whole surface of the picture, enough to make the colours change and paint separate. But to return to the distemper method. "I have had occasion to analyse a portion of the ground of a picture by Titian, painted on wood. This ground was composed of plaster of Paris, with starch and paste, but no glue or size, flour paste being used instead of gelatine." Afterwards, in page 224, he recommends—"The dead colour is to be laid on with water colour, and a little size, to which may be added a small portion of oil, or the emulsion of nuts or poppy-seeds." Why, then, may we not suppose that Titian and P. Veronese painted in the pictures mentioned, in the very same manner and with the same substance as they made these grounds? In fact, plaster, or any earth or colour, and starch, and a very small quantity of oil, will make a very strong ground—distemper ground; and the same starch, with very little oil, make a very good vehicle for getting in the subject, indeed for painting it completely over, and even much glazing may be done with it. It is surprising how small a quantity of oil will suffice, and how firm what is so painted, is upon the canvass. It is true, if with very little oil it will dry dead, but it will be

equally so; and when the whole is varnished out, the picture will be very brilliant. The colours, of course, must not be in bladder, but mixed up with the starch and oil, as for making the ground. We were not aware, until we had read this account of starch in the ground of a picture of Titian's in M. Mérimée's book, that starch had been ever so used; but we had (as amateurs) practically seen its use. We tried first a ground with it, wishing to avoid animal glue, which we are persuaded, by chemical processes, changes the colours, and goes through them. Having made such a ground, the use of the same vehicle in painting in the subject suggested itself. This was about four years ago; and we have, within this week, and for the first time, varnished a picture so painted, and it came out in all respects better than any we had ever painted in any other method. The rapidity with which it enables one to work is a great advantage; and we believe such colours as Prussian blue, and others, which are much affected by oils, may be thus used with safety; and we may venture to assert, that pictures so painted will become exceedingly hard; for, let any one try a mass of pigment, starch, and oil, and expose it to the air, and he will find it in a short time a perfect stone. Perhaps it would be an excellent cement, and a good substance in which to mould ornaments, &c. I have washed and scrubbed with much force the surface of pictures so painted, not many days after the work, with warm and cold water, and adding common kitchen yellow sand, and have not found the paint move. Starch is, in fact, one of the most indestructible things in nature.

It may be thought strange, that the exact medium used by the old masters should not have reached us, but many other arts have shared the same fate; we believe painting on glass, is rather a revival than continuation of the art as it was. Certain it is that there is no work that throws any light upon the subject. "Rubens is said to have written an essay in the Latin language, entitled *De Lumine et Colore*. This manuscript was, it appears, about fifty years ago in the library of M. Von Parys, a canon of Antwerp, who was a descendant of that great painter." We know not what information that

treatise may contain—surely the publication of it may yet be obtained. "It seems to be the fate of the arts," says M. Mérimée, "that their decadence begins immediately after they have attained near to perfection. This destiny had been already in great part accomplished in Italy, when the chief founder of the French school, Simon Vouet, went thither to study the great masters. Even the traditionary accounts of their processes had either been lost, or had been so corrupted, that the practitioners, who had constantly before their eyes the *chef-d'œuvres* of Titian, of Raffaele, and Correggio, were prodigal of their applause to Joseph Arpino." Yet Simon Vouet died in 1641. If, therefore, our author is here speaking of the *processes* of painting, they surely had not then been lost; for Claude and Poussin (Gaspar) were then showing proofs of a pure vehicle for their colours—singular enough that the two greatest landscape painters, and each in a different way, were born the same year, 1600. That the process, however, has been lost or corrupted, we think is certain, as is proved by chemical experiment, by the general acknowledgement of the experienced eye of taste, and by the universal, though sometimes secret and unacknowledged endeavours of artists to remedy the evident defects of modern methods.

We fear, and Professor Tingry has given authority to the caution, that varnishes will only secure a temporary brilliancy—we do not say they should not be used; but something else, we are persuaded, is wanted, wherewith to temper or charge our oils, before varnishes can be with safety used. Something is required which shall destroy that quality in oil, which makes it too often in time acquire a horny appearance. We have seen pictures that have looked well for a year or two, acquire a look, as if they had been painted with old stable lanthorns oiled. M. Mérimée, indeed, says that varnish does not necessarily make the pictures crack, but it is because it is carelessly mixed, or improperly used: if that were the case, there must have been some careless persons and bad varnishes occasionally before a certain date, but we never see before that date the effects we daily witness now. It would be most desirable that experiments should be made upon un-

important parts of old pictures, that the paint should be subjected to every possible chemical test. Do not tell us of experiments and observations, without minute detail. "We learn," says M. Mérimée, "from these researches, that the colour of those pictures which belong to the first epoch of oil-painting, are mostly of a harder body than those of a later date; that they resist dissolvents much better, and that, if rubbed with a file, they show underneath a shining appearance, resembling that of a picture painted in varnish." Now, could not this paint with a shining appearance be subjected to better test than the file? We will now detail what we saw ourselves, first prefacing the account thus:—A valued friend, now unhappily no more, of ample fortune, leisure, research, and unlimited accuracy and patience, with great chemical knowledge, for many years devoted himself to the subject in question. He had himself a fine collection of pictures by the old masters. His investigation was patient in the extreme. We deeply regret that his papers are not forthcoming. We know it was his intention to have published the result of his enquiry and his experiments. We were in constant communication with him many years, and have still many of his colours, and his vehicles for using them, which he sent to us. He simplified them more and more, and thought himself that he had rediscovered the medium, "*Veterem revocavit artem.*" We know that to speak confidently upon such a subject, is only to insure derision; we will not therefore do so—indeed we do not know *certainly* what his discovery, if it be one, was; but we will give it, as we have had it analysed, and every artist may try for himself. But it is now time to say, what we ourselves saw. Some paint was scraped off an old picture, laid on some platina and subjected to the blowpipe. The oil went off with a slight explosion, and the result was, that the paint was vitrified. It was positive glass. Before he tried the experiment he assured us it would be so, and that the paint of *all* the old masters was the same. This led him to use glass of different sorts, and he assured me, the effects on some of the colours which would not stand without it was very striking. At first his vehicle was not faelle, but he at last

simplified it that it became perfectly so. We once said to him, "it is supposed the Venetian masters used water; if this medium, therefore, be substantially the same as theirs, you may dip your pencil in water as well as in oil." He thought a moment and replied, "I think you might;" upon which we tried the experiment, and found we could with facility dip the brush in oil or water as we pleased, and paint with either. We painted rather a large picture with it, and using water; after a few months, wishing to paint over the canvass, we tried to rub down the surface with pumice-stone—it would not touch it, and with a razor—we might as well have scraped a stone wall. In this state, a friend coming in, saw the picture (an artist), and thought it was an old picture destroyed by cleaners. We have now some of the *last* medium he sent us; we know not if it be the same we painted the picture as above with, but we suspect it is. This we have had analysed, and are told it is borax. We rather suspect it had, in very small proportion, something else with it, at least, so we are told; and our friend offered once to supply us with two substances which we were to have made up by a chemist; but he changed his mind and supplied us himself. We therefore invite artists and scientific persons who take an interest in the subject, to try borax in every way they may please. But the following method was given us by our friend:—Equal quantity by weight to measure of oil of the impalpably pounded powder borax, having been first made into glass. This mixture will have the richness of varnish, be very pleasant to use, and will, if so required, by being made thicker, stand up on the palette. We have mended an old picture or two with it, with perfect success. To those who may reject this without trying, or those who trying may abandon it, and consider their labour lost, we have only to say, that we had rather the one should indulge his prejudice, and the other suffer the inconvenience of a little loss of time, than that we should withhold a knowledge of any thing which might by possibility be beneficial to art. And let the fact be tested, if the paint of the old masters does vitrify—if it does, it is no wonder if, under the file, it presents a shining appearance, and may

be the "Glassa Romana." It is not at all improbable that the "*Arte Vetraria*," known so long before painting in oil, may have supplied Van Eyck with his discovery; and it is remarkable that the most celebrated places for the manufacture of glass, are the most celebrated for painting in oil—Holland and Venice. And the Chemical Dictionary informs us (not having any idea of a medium for painting), that in Holland and Venice the art of purifying borax was kept a secret.

Though we have expressed our doubts as to the correctness of M. Mérimée's conclusions, we would by no means speak positively against his varnishes, provided they be hard; but we do think that varnishes alone will not have that good effect upon the oil, which is required to give that pure jewellery to the pigments. The book should be in every artist's hands. It is a very useful little volume, and contains, concentrated, a great deal of practical as well as entertaining information. The theory of colours, the French and English chromatic scales, may be with great advantage practically applied. The best colourist will be the first to see their value. We had been acquainted with the scale of Moses Hays from Mr Phillips' valuable lectures. The theories, French and English, in this little volume, are very clearly explained. Mr Taylor's historical sketch of the English school, though capable of advantageous enlargement, is very well done, and perhaps, as it is, is best suited to the work. Tintory's work is invaluable; every artist should have it. Nor should the curious treatise of Leonardo da Vinci be unread—though unconnected, the information is great, and probably, on examination, the scientific and philosophical views may be found generally correct. His account of his palette is provokingly broken off by that great marplot, Good Intention. The whole passage is so curious that we are tempted to extract it. "Though the mixture of colours one with another do almost admit of an infinite variety, yet must it not be passed over without a few transient remarks. Accordingly, in the first place, I shall lay down a certain number of simple colours as a foundation; with each of these mixing each of the rest, one by one, afterwards two by two, and three by three, proceeding thus to an entire mixture

of all the colours together; afterwards I shall begin to mingle these colours over again, two by two, then three by three, four by four, and so to the end. Upon those two colours shall be laid three, and to those three shall be added three more, afterwards six, and so on, continuing this mixture through all the proportions. Now, by simple colours, I mean such as cannot be made or supplied out of the mixture of any other colours. White and black I do not reckon among colours—the one representing darkness and the other light; that is, the one being a mere privation of light, the other, mere light itself—either original or reflected. I shall not omit to speak of these however, their use being of the last importance in painting, which is nothing in effect but a composition of lights and shadows, that is of bright and obscure. After white and black come green and yellow, then azure after tanned or ochre, then violet and lastly red—these eight being all the simple colours in nature. I now proceed to speak of their mixture. In the first place, mix black and white together, then black and yellow, and black and red, afterwards yellow and

black, yellow and red, &c. But because paper begins here to fail me, I shall treat at large of the mixture of colours in a work by itself." This may furnish some useful hints, but we know not what arm could hold a palette, to hold the mixtures. He should be a Briareus in the art who would attempt it, with no inconsiderable sized palette on every thumb. There are painters of the English school, to whose serious attention we would recommend the following admirable advice, particularly such as convert parrots and macaws into miraculous landscapes. As the advice is not ours, but Leonardo da Vinci's, it may not be scorned.

"That which is beautiful is not always good; this is intended for certain painters, who are so taken with the beauty of their colours, that they can find no room for shadows, never using any but what are slight and almost insensible. These people have no regard to that force and *relievo* which figures receive from a bold shadow, and are somewhat like your fine talkers, who use abundance of good words, but without any meaning."—That we may not be in that predicament, "*Verbum non amplius.*"

THE LEGEND OF THE LIDO.

1.

He stood before the Signori
With a truthful look and bold;
A look of calm simplicity,
That Fisherman poor and old:
Though every face, with a gathering frown
And a searching glance, look'd darkly down
While his wonderful tale he told:

2.

And, though a voice from—he knew not where—
(For none beside him stood),
Breathed in his very ear "*Beware!*"
In a tone might have froze his blood;
He but cross'd himself as he glanced around,
But falter'd neither for sight nor sound,
For he knew that his cause was good.

3.

"I tell the truth—I tell no lie,"
Old Gian Battista said;
"But hear me out, and patiently,
Signori wise and dread;
And, if I fail sure proof to bring
How I came by this golden ring,

(He held it high, that all might see),
There are the cells and the Piombi—
Or—off with this old grey head.

4.

" Ye know—all know—what fearful work
The winds and waves have driven
These three days past. That darkness much
So shrouded earth and heaven,
We scarce could tell if sun or moon
Look'd down on island or lagune,
Or if 'twere midnight or high noon ;
And yells and shrieks were in the air,
As if with spirits in despair
The very fiends had striven.

5.

" And busy, sure enough, were they,
As soon ye'll understand ;
Many believed the doomful day
Of Venice was at hand :
For high o'er every level known,
The rising flood came crushing on,
Till not a sea-mark old was seen,
Nor of the triplet islets green
A speck of hard, dry sand.

6.

" Well, Gian and his old boat, quoth I,
' Together must sink or swim.
They've both seen service out wellnigh,
Half foundered, plank and limb ;
But good San Marco, if he will,
Can save his own fair city still.
I put my trust in him.

7.

" So—for the night was closing o'er—
San Marco's Riva by,
I thought my little boat to moor,
And lie down patiently
To sleep, or watch, as best I might,
Telling my beads till morning light—
I scarce could see to make all tight,
Night fell so suddenly.

8.

" While I still fumbled (stooping low),
A voice hail'd close at hand.
I started to my feet, and lo !
Hard by, upon the strand,
Stood one in close-cowl'd garments white,
Who seem'd by that uncertain light,
Methought, an holy Carmelite,
Slow beckoning with the hand.

9.

" Before, in answer to the call,
I'd clear'd my husky throat,
Down leapt that stately form and tall
Into my crazy boat—

A weight to crush it through. But no,
He came down light as feather'd snow,
As soundless ; and, composedly
Taking his seat, ' My son,' said he,
' Unmoor and get afloat.'

10.

" ' Corpo di Bacco ! get afloat
In such a storm !' quoth I,
' Just as I'm mooring my old boat
Here snug all night to lie.
And, Padre, might I make so free,
What service would you have of me ?'
' First to San Giorgio,' answer'd he,
' Row swift and steadily ;

11.

" ' And fear thou not ; for a strong arm
Will be with thee,' he said,
' And not a hair shall come to harm,
This night, of thy grey head.
And guerdon great shall be thy meed,
If faithful thou art found at need.'
' Well, good San Marco be my guide,'
Quoth I, and, my old boat untied ;
' I've little cause for dread ;

12.

" ' Nothing to lose but my old life,—
So for San Giorgio !—hey !—
Never again so mad a strife
Unto my dying day
Shall I e'er wage with wind and sea ;
And yet we danced on merrily :
Now cleaving deep the briny grave,
Now breasting high the foamy wave,
Like waterfowl at play.

13.

" ' How we spun on !—'Tis true I plied
That night a lusty oar ;
But such a wind, and such a tide
Down full upon us bore !
And yet—in marv'llous little space
We reach'd San Giorgio's landing-place.
' Well, so far,' said my ghostly fare,
And bidding me await him there,
Rose up, and sprang ashore.

14.

" ' And in a moment he was gone,
Lost in the dark profound ;
Nor, as my oars I lay upon,
Heard I a footfall sound
Going or coming ; and yet twain
Stood there, when the voice hail'd again,
And, starting, I look'd round.

15.

" ' Down stept they both into the boat—
' And now, my son !' said he
Whom first I took—' once more afloat—
Row fast and fearlessly.

And for San Nicolo make straight.'
 'Nay, nay,' quoth I—'tis tempting fate'—
 But he o'erruled me, as of late,
 And—splash!—away went we.

16.

"Away, away—thro' foam and flood!—
 'Rare work this same!' thought I,
 'Yet, faith, right merrily we scud!
 A stouter oar I ply,
 Methinks, than thirty years ago.
 The Carmelite keeps faith, I trow—
 Hurra, then, for San Nicolo!
 We're a holy crew surely!'

17.

"Thus half in jest, half seriously,
 Unto myself I said,
 Looking askance at my company.
 But our second trip was sped;
 And there, on the marge of the sea-wash'd strand,
 Did another ghostly figure stand;
 And down into the boat stept he.—
 I cross'd myself right fervently,
 With a sense of creeping dread.

18.

"But the Carmelite (I call him so,
 As he seemed at first to me),
 Said—'Now, my son! for the Castles row,
 Great things thou soon shalt see.'
 Without a word, at his bidding now
 For the Lido Strait I turn'd my prow,
 And took to my oar with a thoughtful brow,
 And pull'd on silently.

19.

"When to the Lido pass we came,
 Cospetto! what a sight—
 Air, sky, and sea seem'd all on flame,
 And by that lurid light
 I saw a ship come sailing in
 Like a ship of hell; and a fiendish din
 From the fiendish crew on her deck rose high,
 And 'Ho! ho! ho!' was the cursed cry—
 'Venice is doom'd to-night!'

20.

"Then in my little boat, the three,
 With each a stretch'd-out hand,
 Stood up;—and that sign, made silently,
 Was one of high command.
 For in a moment, over all,
 Thick darkness dropt, as 'twere a pall;
 And the winds and waves sank down to sleep,
 Though the mutt'ring thunder, low and deep,
 Ran round, from strand to strand.

21.

"As it died away, the murky veil,
 Like a curtain, aside was drawn;
 And lo! on the sea lay the moonlight pale,
 And the dæmon-ship was gone.

The moonlight lay on the glassy sea,
And the bright stars twinkled merrily,
Where the rippling tide roll'd on.

22.

" ' Well done, well done, so far, my son !'
Said the first of the ghostly three.
' Thy good night's work is wellnigh done,
And the rich reward to be :
Put back—and, as we homeward row,
Land these my brethren dear ; whom know
For San Giorgio and San Nicolo—
Thou shalt afterwards know me.'

23.

" ' And doubtless,' to myself I said,
' For the greatest of the three :'
But I spoke not ; only bow'd my head,
Obeying reverently :
And pulling back, with heart elate,
Landed as bidden my saintly freight.
—That ever, old boat, it should be thy fate,
To have held such company !

24.

" The voyage was done ; the Riva won,
From whence we put to sea.
' And now, my son !' said the mighty one,
' Once more attend to me ;
Present thee with the coming day
Before the Signori, and say,
That I, San Marco, sent thee there,
The great deliverance to declare,
This night wrought gloriously.

25.

" ' What thou hast heard and seen this night,
With fearless speech unfold :
And thy good service to requite,
It will to thee be told
Five hundred ducats !' ' Holy saint !'
I meekly ask'd, with due restraint ;
' Will they believe what I shall say,
And count, on his bare word, such pay
To the fisherman poor and old ?'

26.

" ' This token give to them,' said he,—
And from his finger drew
The ring, most noble Signori,
I here present to you.
' Let search in my treasury be made,
' Twill be found missing there,' he said.
So—vanish'd from my view !"

27.

There ran a whisp'ring murmur round,
As Gian closed his tale ;
And some still unbelieving, frown'd,
And some with awe grew pale.
Then all, as with one voice, cried out,
" Why sit we here in aimless doubt,

The means, and place of proof so nigh?
 One glance at the holy treasury
 All words will countervail."

28.

Led by the Doge Gradenigo,
 Set forth the solemn train,
 Through arch and column winding slow
 Till the great church door they gain.
 With them the fisherman was led,
 Guarded by two; but his old head
 He held up high:—"For sure," said he,
 "San Marco will keep faith with me,
 And prove his own words plain."

29.

The Proveditore stepped on first
 With high authority;
 And at his word, wide open burst
 The saintly treasury;
 And holy monks, with signs devout,
 Held high the blessed relics out:
 And gifts of emperors and kings
 (Priceless, inestimable things!)
 Display'd triumphantly.

30.

Familiar as their beads to them
 (So oft recounted o'er
 Each history) was relic, gem,
 And all the sacred store.
 But now, "What know ye of this thing?"
 The Doge said, holding forth the ring,
 "Have ye seen its like before?"

31.

Short scrutiny sufficed. "Fall well
 That ring we know," said they.
 "But if taken hence by miracle,
 Or how, we cannot say.
 'Tis the same this blessed image wore,
 San Marco's self." All doubt was o'er.
 "Viva San Marco evermore!"
 Was the deafening roar that day.

32.

What throat than Gian's louder strain'd
 The exulting sound to swell?
 And when the ducats, fairly gain'd,
 Into his cap they tell,
 With promise for San Marco's sake
 Like sum a yearly dole to make:
 "Viva San Marco!" shouted he;
 "Who would not row in such company
 Against all the fiends in hell?"

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. BY THE IRISH OYSTER-EATER.

FASCICULUS THE THIRTEENTH.

"From the vacant riband they went on to talk over this man's pension and the other man's job, and considered who was to get such and such a place when such and such a person should resign, or succeed to something better. Then all the miserable mysteries of ministerial craft were unfolded to Vivian's eyes. He had read, he had heard, he had believed that public affairs were conducted in this manner, but he had never till now actually seen it, he was really novice enough still to feel surprise at finding that, after all the fine professions made on both sides, the main, the only object of these politicians was, to keep their own or get into the places of others. Vivian felt, every moment, his disgust and his melancholy increase. And is it with these people I have consented to act? And am I to be hurried along by this stream of corruption to infamy and oblivion?"—*Mrs. EDGEMORTH.*

I HAD been married to Sophia more than fifteen years, and had successively essayed the various toils which await the gentleman of the press—rising by gradation and seniority, according as my superiors on the paper were carried off to Elysium, the Fleet, or Botany Bay (as the case might be), by the several steps of penny-a-liner, paragraph-compounder, and "dreadful-accident"-maker, up to supernumerary theatrical critic, and occasional reporter. Thence I ascended into "the Gallery," and became a permanent parliamentary reporter, in which capacity, as the inevitable consequence of my situation, I imbibed that propensity to exterminate oysters for which you are indebted to the honour of my acquaintance, and also a corresponding and equally extravagant disposition towards drink. Man is the child of circumstances. Wordsworth says, the child is father of the man—that's poetry; I say, circumstances are the fathers and mothers of men—that's fact; and, in the circumstances in which a coal-whipper or parliamentary reporter must necessarily be placed, I defy either the one or the other to avoid a propensity to malt-liquors. Fancy yourself, my good sir, instead of reclining at your ease as you are now, luxuriating over this Magazine, or, what is better still, having some fair girl to read it you—fancy yourself, I say, perched sky-high in a dirty hole of a gallery, whereunto ascendeth clouds of dust, smoke of lamps, and smells of all unsavoury things, with your hat full of "slips," and your pockets full of quill-pens and writing-fluid, inhaling the tallow-smelling atmosphere, deafened with noise and blinded with dust, cocking your ear to catch the faintest echo of the vapid platitudes of that poor creature the Home-Secretary, the monthings of Hobhouse, the faded flippancy of that

battered-out debauchee Lord Cupid, for hours together—receiver of stolen nonsense, a recorder of lies, a chronicler of small beer; fancy this, not once or twice, but for a lifetime—not your diversion, but your trade—I say, fancy this, and thank God that you only know the sort of life it is through the medium of your imagination!

Between the life of the coal-whipper and that of the parliamentary reporter I see no manner of difference. Both are Irishmen—both shamefully worked and shamefully paid—both imbibing an atmosphere that makes tipping essential to existence—both pass the prime of life and the period of human enjoyment in an unintermitting struggle to obtain the mere necessities of existence—and both, when the season of age and infirmity arrives, are pushed from their stools by more active labourers, and, lonely and deserted, pass the twilight of existence in poverty and pinches, and finally escape the workhouse in the grave!

I emerged from "the Gallery" as soon as I could, you may be sure, and was appointed a sort of sub-editor, at which I became so expert, that I could do any thing but write the leading-articles, which were furnished by a gentleman of the bar, hired for that purpose at three guineas per week.

In this sub-editorial capacity I happened to be employed in paying one of our penny-a-liners for two "mysterious occurrences," five "shocking accidents," and an "extraordinary circumstance," which he had concocted (to order) out of his own head, for that day's paper, when, taking a newspaper from his pocket, the penny-a-liner, who happened to be a Galway man, directed my attention to the following announcement, headed "Affair of honour." "We (the *Castlebar Blazer*) have the pleasure to announce

that an affair of honour was decided near the Cross-Guns, on Sunday morning (after last mass), between Mr Bodkin of Bodkin Bog, in this county, and Major Derrydown of the North Mayo militia, in which the former gentleman met with an *accident*. We understand the slight difference arose about a cover hack, warranted sound by Mr Bodkin to the Major, but which the latter discovered to have been afflicted with a bloodspavin; whereupon the Major demanded instant satisfaction, which, after some delay (owing to the Major's bill for the mare having been protested), was acceded to by Mr Bodkin.

"At the third fire, Mr Bodkin fell, shot through the occiput in a workmanlike manner, the Major having received his adversary's ball through both whiskers, cheeks included; whereupon the delighted spectators peaceably dispersed to witness another fight ten miles off. The parties were attended to the ground by Count O'Gilligan of the Holy Roman Empire, and Patrick Taafe, Esq. of Hovel-Taafe, who together published a manifesto, declaring that their principals, surviving and deceased, proved themselves close shots and perfect gentlemen!

"We have the further pleasure to announce, that another affair is expected to come off on Sunday next, at the same hour, between the gentlemen above mentioned, Count O'Gilligan and Patrick Taafe, Esq., who are well-known as not likely to leave the ground without showing 'pepper.' We understand this difference arises out of a bowl of mutton-broth, and trust the weather may be auspicious."

In another part of the paper, there is an expression of the editor's strong suspicion that some evil-minded persons have it in contemplation to institute a prosecution in the Bodkin affair, and he (the editor) warns the grand jury, that, if they attempt to find a bill, they may expect nothing less than to be individually "riddled;" and further takes the liberty to assure the going judge of assize, that, if he countenances any such low and ungentlemanly proceeding, he may depend upon the editor of the *Blazer*, that there will be "wigs on the green!"

The intelligence of Mr Bodkin's little "accident" did not in the least

surprise me; indeed the wonder is that he had not met with it twenty years before, which postponement of his inevitable fate I can only account for by supposing that Mr Snake Bodkin's previous antagonists were not such close shots as Major Derrydown of the North Mayo militia. I went on with my professional avocations, thinking little about the matter, and caring less, when a letter in mourning arrived from Pat Connor, the attorney of Ballinasloe, to inform me that Bodkin had deposited with him a testamentary deed, and duly sealed, signed, and delivered, bearing date the day before the date of the duel, and constituting me tenant in life of the demeane of Bodkin Bog, with all the lands, messuages, and tenements thereunto appertaining, for the term of my natural life; and begging me, if I was alive, to come over at once to take possession; and, if I was dead, to let him know by return of post. I forgot to state that there were two conditions described in Pat Connor's letter, as essential to my legal enjoyment of the estate—the first, that I should make a handsome apology to Major Derrydown on behalf of the deceased; and the second, that I should take the name and arms of Bodkin, in preference to my own. After communicating the joyful intelligence to Sophia, I wrote to Pat Connor, to inform him that I was alive and kicking; that I would make the required apology promptly to Major Derrydown; and that I would not only call myself Bodkin, but change my patronymic to Knitting-needle for half the money! Soon after, Sophia packed up our little all, and we found ourselves on our way to the Emerald Isle, happy in anticipated happiness—happy in each other—happy in ourselves! Our amusement on the journey home consisted in building castles in the air, and pulling them down to build castles in the air anew. Sophia was full of little plans of domestic enjoyment, while I meditated no less than the purchase of the *Castlebar Blazer*, and, instead of hiring a bar-rister to write the leading articles, commencing Jupiter Tonans on my own account.

"I'll astonish their weak minds, never fear!" said I, "when I get hold of the *Castlebar Blazer*."

"I must have a dairy," observed Sophia.

"Hang me, if I don't let them know what fine writing is!"

"And a dear delightful donkey."

"A what, Sophy?" enquired I, suspecting something personal.

"A donkey, dear," replied my wife, innocently.

"Well, my love, you shall have a donkey.—But when I get the *Blazer* into my own hands, I don't the least doubt to make it equal to trumps. Let me see—Monday, a leader on the poor law; Tuesday, a slashing-cut-and-thrust, double-barrelled article on tithes; Wednesday, a fire-and-fury letter on the pig trade."

"What sort of house is Bodkin House?" enquired Sophy.

"The tumble-down order of architecture, sweet," said I.

"It must be rebuilt, of course?"

"Of course, my dear; how *can* you ask such a question?—Thursday, a"—

"We will have it in the Elizabethan style."

"Italian, if you please, my dear.—Thursday, a"—

"But I do not please any such thing, my dear."

"Very well, duck."

"Don't duck me, sir, if you please; and it is not very well. Am I to be always crossed in my taste about everything? I say again, I will have the house with a bay window in every scullery, attic, and cellar; four principal fronts, with two principal gables to every front."

"Very well, madam."

"Yes, sir—with chimneys as long, strong, and thick as asparagus in the cheap season, growing in bundles out of the roof."

"As you please, Mrs B.—Thursday, a statistical account of Timbuctoo, with the natural history of the red herring."

If no man does any thing for the first time without regret, neither does any man approach a change in his condition, or open a new vista in his prospects of life, without a sensation pleasurable, if it be not indeed pleasure in the purest sense. "Anticipation forward points the view," and novelty lends a freshness and piquancy to the anticipation; the love of change natural to man, the colouring that inexperience gives to hope, the delusive self-complacency with which we enhance the pleasures we expect to enjoy, while we put away out of our sight all the drawbacks to those pleasures

that are inseparable from every condition of our chequered existence,—all together mingling confusedly with our thoughts, produce a sort of mental intoxication as delightful as it is transitory. But far higher even than this, pleasurable as it is, are the sensations of a man who, like myself, after struggling in the sea of life, scarce able to keep afloat, without hope or expectation beyond the moment that passes over his head, finds himself suddenly dashed by a friendly wave upon a hospitable shore, where, in sheltered repose, he hears the storm still rage, and in security beholds the wreck of fortunes less happy than his own! It was this that gave such a pleasurable turn at this period to the complexion of my mind: relieved from the pressure of present, or the dread of future want, I busied myself in contriving schemes of ideal felicity. Already I had flocks and herds pasturing by the banks of rivers, whose names I did not know; already I saw hills, that had no material altitude, clothed with groves planted by my imaginative hand; already the gables and chimneys of Sophy's intended Elizabethan mansion rose upon the view; already I had surrounded myself with troops of friends; already I devised plans for the welfare of my children; already all the delights of learned leisure and cultivated retirement I had made my own!

Alas! that we should find our happiness only in deceiving ourselves—that all that is blissful should be baseless—and that the realities of life and its sorrows should be the same!

Our arrival at Bodkin Bog dissipated in a twinkling all our high-wrought anticipations, and the only pleasure we had left was in the delicious remembrance of our dreams. Bodkin Bog was a dreary, sterile tract, in a wild, treeless, humid country, covered with mosses expanding to the limits of the visible horizon, and blotched over with sedgy, black-looking lakes, that appeared like the craters of volcanoes, which the Fire Brigade had succeeded in putting out. It was with no little difficulty I persuaded Sophia that the mud hovels, scarcely raised above the earth that formed them, were the cottages of my tenantry; and that the subdued, squalid, heart-broken looking wretches who issued from them could possibly be the "finest peasantry in the universe."

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in a pair of breeches, he is like to go mad with rage and vexation; but if, by an unlucky chance, he happens to get wind of the killing of Corney Callaghan's pig, and discovers that the spare ribs and offal, instead of being sold (with the carcase), were devoured by the family, he denounces eternal vengeance against the whole clan Callaghan, rushes home like a lunatic, turns Mrs Middleman out of doors, thrashes young Master Middleman (who is intended for the bar), and kicks his top-boot through Miss Middleman's semi-grand piano!

"I never thought it would come to this," said Sophia, sorrowfully looking out on the brown bog and plashy lake that formed our drawing-room prospect in the tumble-down mansion of the Bodkins of Bodkin Bog—"I never thought it would come to this."

I saw a fine opportunity of making an observation on Elizabethan architecture, and bundles of asparagus chimneys, but checked myself in time, and only observed in reply—

"I never thought *I* would come to this."

"To what—*mon ami*?" enquired Sophy.

"To be a middleman," replied I; "to subsist upon the starvation of my fellow-creatures—to suck their blood—to find their competence my ruin, their misery my gain—to watch every morsel they put into their children's mouths, and see so much deducted from my rent."

"'Tis terrible indeed," observed Sophia; "who can bear the spectacle of so much misery, who has a heart to feel, but not the power to relieve!"

"To eject, distrain, and auction off—to bully, threaten, and cajole," continued I.

"To see their wives ragged and squalid, their children naked and hungry."

"Yes—and themselves, with hearts past hope, and, as a natural consequence, faces past shame."

"We had better return to London," concluded Sophia, with a deep sigh.

In this dilemma, Pat Connor was sent for; and that functionary, Sophy, and myself, held a council of war—or I should, with more strictness, call it a committee of ways and means. Sophia was sure the Earl of Claugallah would reduce our head-rent; but Pat Connor assured Sophia that the Earl was a pauper, and paupers never reduce anybody's rent. Sophia then,

in the generosity of her heart, declared that it was our duty to God and man to reduce our rent whether or not; but Pat Connor demonstrated, to his own blundering satisfaction, that Bodkin had mortgaged his interest in the territory to such an extent, that the profit-stock, after paying interest of borrowed money, and the other liabilities, would leave little more than a nominal balance, and that we should not be able to live, much less reduce the rent, unless we stayed upon the land, and managed our own affairs.

"Well, I do not wish to stay here," said Sophia, "when my means to do good cannot keep pace with my inclination; and sooner than live upon the produce of such misery, I would prefer to return to London, and support myself by the labour of my own hands."

Generous, kind-hearted soul! If ever I discover the philosopher's stone, you shall be mistress of an Elizabethan edifice, as magnificent as Hatfield, with bundles of asparagus chimneys, piercing the seventh heaven!

To make a long story short, we stayed three weeks at Bodkin Bog, by which time Sophia had reduced herself to her last flannel petticoat, and I was left without any other clothes than those on my back. I gave a power of attorney to Pat Connor to act as my agent, on the condition of reducing the tenants' rents five-and-twenty per cent, paying the interest of the incumbrances, saving me harmless, and remunerating himself reasonably for his time and trouble. Pat Connor had no head, but nature had compensated for the loss by giving him a little heart; he was poor, and on that account I gave him credit for being honest.

"You know, Mr Connor," remarked Sophia, "that for ourselves we expect nothing from this miserable place, except the pleasure of knowing that those who depend upon us shall not be completely wretched."

"They're used to it, ma'am, quite used to it, I assure you," was the cool response of Mr Pat Connor.

"They may, sir," said my wife warmly, "but *we* are not—we have been accustomed to see men housed like men, fed like men, clothed like men—not housed like wolves, fed like dogs, and clothed like scarecrows! I am astonished to hear such an observation, Mr Connor."

Pat Connor was a married man himself—so he quaked in his shoes!

"We leave these poor people," said Sophia, with tears in her eyes, "to your generosity—to your justice."

Pat Connor laughed in his sleeve—justice and generosity expected from an attorney of Ballinasloe, was so devilish good, as well as new!

"Would to God," exclaimed Sophia, with vehemence, "that they who have the power I want, had the will I possess—and that Irishmen, instead of treating lightly the distresses of their countrymen, would respect their miseries, and lend their lives to relieve them!"

Pat Connor scrutinized the floor, blushed, and looked rather ashamed of himself.

"Pardon me, Mr Connor, if I have said too much, or rather, if my feelings have been expressed as warmly as I feel," continued Sophia. "I know that you can do little for our poor people—the distresses that press upon us press with accumulated weight upon them—the embarrassment of the landlord is the misery of the tenant; but there is one thing you can still afford—your sympathy in their distresses; there is a shelter you can always provide—your protection from oppression!"

Pat Connor started up, declared that if he should lose his commission altogether he would not be severe on the Bodkin Bog tenantry—that there was no resisting a lady of such noble sentiments—and that, if he could not leave Bodkin Bog better, declared, upon the honour of an attorney, which may be considered equivalent to another gentleman's oath, that he would leave it no worse!

Before we finally left that part of the country, we waited upon our landlord, the Earl of Clangallagher, informing his lordship of the disappointment in our territorial expectations, of the arrangements we had made to return again to London, and our desire to be the bearers of his lordship's commands. With Lord Clangallagher I had some slight previous acquaintance, reporting his speeches in Parliament in a superior style, and occasionally troubling him for a frank; he had got wind, too, of Sophia's character in the country, which was exaggerated upon the Irish principle of a thousand pounds' worth of praise for three penny worth of civility, so that

he received us very graciously, and us stay dinner, and commanded us peremptorily to remain the next day. In the countries beyond the Shannon, remaining the next day is an equivalent term for remaining as long as you like, or rather as long as you *must*. Accordingly we staid a fortnight with the old earl, and enjoyed a brace of the pleasantest weeks I ever killed in my life. The Earl of Clangallagher was, as I have said, a pauper; he was, moreover, a finished old Irish gentleman—the finest specimen of that noble animal—and may I never eat another Carlingford oyster if I wouldn't rather dine off a dish of flummery with a nut of his stamp, than wash down turtle with turtle punch, at the board of a city alderman or East India director.

Before leaving, the earl called me aside, and after some expressions complimentary to my wife and myself, regretted that, in the circumstances in which his estates were, it was utterly impossible for him to do any thing towards the augmentation of our pecuniary interest in Bodkin Bog; but observed that, if a situation in Dublin would lie in my way, he had written a pressing letter to his relative Viscount Cremona, who, in addition to other government offices, was one of the Commissioners of National Navigation, and had vast power and patronage at his disposal. "Accordingly," the earl continued, "I wished to know whether you would do me the favour to present this letter to Lord Cremona—I say do me the favour, because I am satisfied his lordship will feel obliged to me for having recommended to his notice a person so well entitled in every way to notice as yourself."

The unexpectedness of this favour on the part of his lordship—his bland and considerate manner, and the ingenuous turn he gave to his intention of providing for me for life, which none but a nobleman of two centuries' standing can give—laying an obligation so gracefully on your shoulders that you cannot feel its weight, or rather transferring the weight altogether from your shoulders to his own, so overwhelmed me, that if I had previously known what afterwards turned out, that the patronage of his lordship would have been the most unfortunate accident of my life, I would nevertheless have done as I did—accepted the favour with a warmth and readiness

that showed I knew the kindness that prompted it, and was grateful for it.

Ireland is the land of job. From the highest to the lowest, every person in the remotest degree connected with the public service is a jobber by trade. The lords lieutenant job with the supporters of their government, or rather of the government whereof they are the Polichinellos—the lords chancellor job with the swarm of seedy, needy, greedy, clamorous gentlemen of the bar, except in the case of Chancellor Hannibal, who jobs only with the fruit of his own loins—the secretary of state, his under-secretary, and the under-secretary's private secretary—as also the under-secretary's private secretary's under-secretary, job with every living soul that will job with them. As my friend Isaacs, the slop-seller of Houndsditch, observes of his congenial avocation, "I will buy you, by Gosh, and by Gosh I will sell you all de same." The only difference between old Isaacs and the slop-sellers of Dublin Castle is, that whereas the latter traffic upon the public capital, the Jew, more honest, carries on business upon capital of his own.

There is no appointment in the gift of these official jobbers which you may not hope to attain, provided you have no real or substantial qualification. There is nothing for which you may not confidently apply, providing you can prove to their satisfaction that you have not the shadow of a claim. There is no degree of social familiarity to which you may not aspire, provided you have the required number of extra joints in your back-bone.

Under one vice-regal reign a civet-scented coxcomb, a clerical scamp, or a captain with a turn for intrigue, will be provided for in preference to all others. One bumpkin of a secretary of state provides for a fellow who played skittles at Oxford, and another puts his bastard son into a splendid snuggery for life; but in all cases, and under all circumstances, it is expected that to gain an appointment in Ireland you must be a native of England. The better to succeed in official duties among the people, you are required to know nothing of them, and only to entertain for them the highest contempt; and the more effectually to serve the country, you are to take all you can get, and cut out of it as fast as you possibly can. From the lord lieutenant down to the bloated

state-porter at the lord lieutenant's door, in the whole hive of officials—if hive that can be called which is devoid of industry and produces nothing—there is not an insect in the slightest degree identified with the people of Ireland—with their benefit in any way, past, present, and to come. They swarm round the viceroy, spectators of a pitiable puppet-show, take their salaries quarterly, and their very names are unknown save in the almanac that chronicles their places.

To assist the bumpkin statesmen in the proper distribution of this patronage, each secretary of state is earwigged by a knot of sturdy beggars from the moment he arrives on the "sod," who cling to him like horse-leeches, sucking through him the public money, and only dropping off to fasten upon the next bumpkin statesman in succession. You will see these fellows in the lord lieutenant's anti-room besieging his excellency; in the secretary of state's anti-room blockading the secretary of state; in the under-secretary's cooling-room, dancing attendance on the under-secretary, lying in ambuscade under the Castle stairs, and uncovering to every flunky who wears the vice-regal livery. No matter whether the thing to be given away be a peerage or a policeman's place, it is all the same, the vermin are instantly in motion, and the scratching incontinently begins. Such more than oriental prostration, such lick-spitting, such a congregation of rascally running dustmen you never saw in your life! If you were to enquire what public services these virtual dispensers of the patronage of Ireland had ever performed, to entitle them to select the office-holders of the nation—if you demanded whether their energies had ever been directed to noble aims or praiseworthy pursuits—if they, or any of them, were known in the remotest degree in literature or science, arms or arts, you must receive a reply in the negative—place-hunting is their trade, and prowling about the Castle of Dublin, the business of their lives; nor are you ever informed of their existence save in some scurvy rag of a newspaper that mentions their names for hire, or at the tail of some humbugging report to some humbugging commission. For the use and benefit of these men are commissions organized in perpetual succession, with the usual

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with which you have received him is a tribute less to your friendship for the introducer, than to his own intrinsic power to please; the belief in his own power to please gives him pleasure, and the object you had in view in leading him to the belief, and its attendant gratification, is the constant object the man of the world and accomplished gentleman has in view—to please.

When the gentleman leaves, take up your letter, peruse it, and if you find every thing as it should be, the first day you have a few more than ordinarily agreeable people, send your new friend an invitation to dinner.

The Viscount Cremona took his friend's letter exactly as a she-cook seizes with her tongue a stray cat who has been clandestinely brought to bed of an illegitimate kitten; and having scowled at, rather than regarded me from head to foot, turned the letter over, examined the seal, to make sure that the missive was not a forgery, and keeping me standing where I was, commenced reading the epistle introductory, as you might peruse an intended footman's three months' character.

"Hum—ha—just so—exactly so—so I thought—yes—what do you want?" enquired the viscount, flinging Lord Clangallaher's letter contemptuously upon the study table, in a style that convinced me his lordship, though a nobleman, was no gentleman—not in the remotest degree.

"I understand, my lord," said I, "your lordship is one of the Commissioners of National Navigation."

"Hum—ha—so I thought—just so—exactly so—ha—hum!"

"And I was led to believe, by the Earl of Clangallaher, that, on his account, your lordship might be disposed to take into your favourable consideration my application to be appointed one of the inspectors under the board at which your lordship so ably presides."

"Hum—ha—take a seat for a minute, will ye? though—hum—I am rather engaged this morning—exactly so—just so—hum—ha—ha—hum!"

"I hope, my lord," continued I, "that if I should be so fortunate as to obtain the situation through the generous interference of your lordship, I shall discharge my duty with zeal, fidelity, and"—

"Pooh!—hum—ha—just so—so I

thought. Have you—hum—any other interest?—Eh!—ha—hum!"

"No interest at all, my lord, unless I succeed in having the advantage of securing success, in securing that of your lordship."

"Hum—ha—you see, mister—eh—ah—oh, yes!—mister—hum—very well—you know—we don't do these things on personal—hum—grounds. Now, my Lord Clangallaher—you see—hum—ha—though personally I have a great—hum—respect for—hum—him—cannot, you see, do us any good; and we, you see—I mean, you know—hum—that is, you understand—ha, hum—give these—hum—places—in exchange for—hum—support of another—hum—sort. If you—hum—could do us—you see, any good—we, you see—it would, I mean, be another sort of a—hum—I mean—of a thing; but without parliamentary—hum—I mean interest, I can give you no reasonable—hum—that is, hopes of a—a—any—that is—(Here his lordship rose, motioning me to the door with his hand, and bowing very low). A—a—good maw—ning—mister, a—a—(here his lordship touched the bell)—good maw—ning. Eh!—ah!—ha!—hum!"

"Heavens!" said I to myself, as the porter closed the hall door after me, "was nature blind, d'ye think, or drunk, or in her apprenticeship, when she manufactured such a human article as that!"

From the Viscount Cremona I proceeded to the domicile of the Right Honourable Anthony Lumpkin Snake, who lived some miles out of town, whither I took my way on foot, pondering on the wisdom of Providence (which fools call the caprices of fortune) in placing an animal like Lord Cremona in a sphere of life, that, by precluding him from the necessity of earning his own bread, saved him from dying of starvation in a ditch. When I reached the gate of Mr Snake, a starved-looking woman reconnoitered me through the wicket, and after a series of inquiries, was at last induced, on my assurance that I had pressing business with her master, to admit me. I walked up the avenue, observing by the way, that no smoke issued from the chimneys, and concluded that I had my walk for my pains, when, to my surprise, a footman of a cadaverous aspect issued from the front door and anticipating my pull at the bell,

replied in the affirmative to my enquiry whether his master was at home. With my card the cadaverous footman proceeded to his master, while I was invited to remain in the hall; and the cadaverous footman, observing that I had walked to the house, desired me with a sneer to stand upon the mat—for in Ireland as in England you must have observed that flunkies have a terrible hatred to mad dogs, and to people who visit their masters' houses on foot. I presume the cadaverous flunky duly presented the card to his master, who, after observing, loud enough for me to hear, "I don't know him at all," desired the cadaverous flunky in a loud tone to "ask him what he wants," upon replying to which polite interrogatory, I was, with much demur, finally admitted.

"What may your business be with me?" enquired the Right Honourable Anthony Lumpkin Snake, in that tone of vulgar insolence in which he is accustomed to address his inferiors, as a sort of set-off for the lick-spitting subserviency with which he approaches every one above him.

"I took the liberty, sir, of waiting on you to say that I have been recommended by Lord Clangallaher as a proper person to fill the situation of Inspector of National Navigation, and with many apologies for the intrusion, venture to solicit your kind interference on my behalf, at the forthcoming election."

"Lord Clangallaher! Pray, sir, have you any claim on me?"

"None, sir, whatever."

"Then, I have only to say, I am astonished at your effrontery in coming to my house to trouble me. I know little of the Earl of Clangallaher, and care less; and as for you, sir, what do I know of you?"

I bowed, and remained silent. I felt that I had degraded myself in soliciting a favour from a scoundrel—he might have brained me at that moment with his lady's fan!

"The Reverend Jim Crow," said I to myself, "is a Christian clergyman, and a Christian clergyman is ever a gentleman. He may not feel inclined to give me his interest, perhaps, but doubtless he will not insult me."

With this rather premature reflection I took my way to the residence of the Reverend Jim Crow.

The Reverend Jim Crow entered the room as he enters the presence-

chamber of every *pis aller* lord lieutenant, on every levee day (and if you wish to get thoroughly sea-sick—it may do you good—I recommend you to go to a levee to look at him), wriggling and contorting his body in various evolutions, rubbing his hands one upon the other, sniggling and simpering, abasement clerically personified.

I told him, in a few words, the object I had in view in troubling him; upon which, with many contortions of his India-rubber back, he sniggled out an answer as follows:—

"My dear sir—do you know I feel acutely the great value of the recommendation of Lord Clangallaher, or any other nobleman of his rank and station, and I declare from my heart (laying his hand on the place usually occupied by that organ), that I believe his lordship, when he says, what is so very plain to be seen, that you are a gentleman of great attainments. (Here I bowed very low.) But you know, sir, my dear sir, that I have a duty to discharge, to God (pointing upwards with his fore-finger), and to my country—(laying his hand once more on his cardiac region), and I do assure you that I have opposed my own relatives who hold situations at that board, and that I mean to prevent my own friends, as far as I can, from getting situations—merit, my dear sir—you will excuse me—but merit is with me—for I know my duty—the sole con-si-de-ra-ti-on: therefore, with great regret, the deepest regret, I have to inform you that my duty to God, and my country—I say my duty—not my inclination (with a Satanic leer), precludeme, very much against my will, from giving you the slightest hope (here his Reverence heaved a sigh, and turned up the whites of his eyes like a duck in thunder), the slightest hope of obtaining this situation. Good morning, my dear sir, God bless you!"

With this, the Reverend Jim Crow bowed me out, and I returned to my dear Sophia, who wept bitter tears, less for the disappointment I had experienced, than the insolence I had endured from wretches, the loftiest of whom, I will say, and what is more, if God spares me, I will prove, is unworthy to lick the dirt from my shoes!

I dismissed from my mind all recollection of these vermin, and made arrangements for returning to labour and to London with my dearest Sophia, the parent of my pleasures, and

the soother of my cares, to whose bosom I turn in my sorrow and in my joy—in whose sweet companionship I find the only luxury of life, and on

whose breast, where I have deposited all my cares, I hope, when the weary world brings me to an end, to breathe contentedly my latest sigh!

FASCICULUS THE FOURTEENTH.

" Bless every man possessed of ought to give,
Long may Long Tilney, Long Pole, Wellesley live;
And if in time to come Old Nick should revel
England's Prime Minister—then bless the devil!"

Rejected Address.

I was not a little surprised to receive, on the morning preceding the day that was to have witnessed our embarkation for England, a neat envelope, with a card of invitation to dinner, from the Viscount Cremona, which had hardly arrived, when another missive was received, enclosing a card for an evening party, from the Reverend Jim and Mrs. Crow.

As these scoundrels do not usually exhibit their insolence after this fashion, I concluded the affair was a hoax, and could make neither head nor tail of it, until Sophia, who usually looked at the morning papers for me, observed, on perusing the paper of this eventful morning, that the murder was out.

"What do you mean, my love?" enquired I.

"We are enabled to state, upon unquestionable authority, that the Earl of Alderney is selected to replace Lord Foozleleas as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that his Excellency has been pleased to appoint the Honourable George Gallaher, second son of the Earl of Clangallaher, to be private secretary to his Excellency,"—read, Sophia.

"The murder is out, indeed," exclaimed I—"the spaniels!"

"Pardon me, love," interrupted Sophy, "you have no right to libel spaniels—they have at least the virtue of fidelity."

"Very true, Sophy; I beg the spaniels' pardon."

In the course of the day, the cadaverous flunky, appertaining to Mr Lumpkin Snake, arrived with a message from the right honourable rascal, his master, to the effect that Mr Snake would be happy to know if it would be convenient for me to favour him with an interview, and where; and to express his regret that the indisposition of Mrs Lumpkin Snake rendered it impossible for him at present to gratify the wish nearest to his heart, of having me on a visit at Lumpkin

Lodge. By the persuasion of Sophia, my guide, philosopher, and friend, I abandoned my original intention of kicking the cadaverous flunky down stairs, and consented, dreadfully against the grain, to say that I would be happy (God forgive me) to see Mr Snake whenever he pleased to favour me with a call—went to dinner to Viscount Cremona, for which I was sufficiently punished, in being obliged to *affect* to listen to his lordship's murderous performance on the violoncello of a fantasia of Lindley—and after that adjourned to the mansion of the Reverend Jim Crow, where I drank, of pure malice, three bottles of champagne, the receipt whereof I hereby acknowledge.

In short, until the day of the election for an Inspector of National Navigation arrived, my life was one continued round of feasting and fiddling. I did not, indeed, visit Lumpkin Lodge, but I thought nothing of that, as I was told that the indisposition of Mrs Lumpkin Snake was of a chronic nature, and that in her disease the smell of a kitchen fire would be fatal! If I had been the Earl of Alderney, or the Honourable George Gallaher himself, I could not have been treated with more distinction. Not only was I invited to parties, but parties were actually made on my account—carriages were perpetually driving to the door of our obscure lodging in Denzille Street, and Sophia was wearied with importunities to visit people of viceregal consequence, whose names she had never heard before. I will honestly confess that I was swindled out of my sound senses, by the exhibition of this hollow-hearted rascality. I actually believed that it was to *me*, not to the Honourable George Gallaher and his venerable father, that all this adoration was paid; and believing myself possessed of some hitherto undiscovered merit, plumed myself on my success, and fell into the trap!

If I live a thousand years, I never

will forget the day of my election as the Inspector of National Navigation.

I went up to the board-room, knowing that I was already elected, and the reverend and right honourable rascals composing the Board, went up to the board-room, well knowing in their hearts that they *had* elected me, and that if I were blind, deaf, or paralytic, they had not, with the fear of the Lord (Lieutenant) before their eyes, dared to do otherwise. However, the farce must be solemnly performed, and solemnly performed it accordingly was. Although the vacancy about to be filled up was studiously concealed, lest the public should get wind of it and bestow it on some eminent civil engineer, or other qualified person, there were six-and-fifty candidates; and, may I never see Malahide, if I didn't pity the poor deluded devils, many of them from distant parts of the country, then and there assembled, to be immolated at the shrine of the solemn humbug of an already decided election. They were all snobs, and I have a natural aversion to that frequent variety of the human animal. By the way, they were not all snobs: there was one so palpably a gentleman—I knew him by that first and surest criterion of his class, *repose*—that I cottoned to him in a moment; for, thank God, although poverty precluded me through life from emulating the gentlemanly dress and deportment, it cannot deprive one of the right to admire gentlemanly sentiments and habits. I entered into conversation with this gentleman, a fine intelligent young fellow—frank, not familiar—manly, not *brusque*—serious, not solemn—gay, not trifling. But, in short, you read this Magazine, and, as a gentleman, you must know what he was. His father, he told me, had been a field-officer in the British army—I forget the corps, but I think it was the 18th light dragoons. After long and honourable service, he was seduced by some swindler in colonization matters (such as are now not only protected, but encouraged by the present government, in every sort of extortion, oppression, and deceit), and having sold out of the army, purchased a territory from the colonization crimp, where, having laid out his little all in the necessary expenses, and the transport of his family, he discovered that all of his estate that did not consist of *lakes* / was one dense forest and

impassable swamp. He returned to his native country a beggar, and died soon after of a broken heart.

"In a very few years," said his son, with tears in his eyes, "my father must have been a Major-general, when I could have been ensured a commission in the service."

"Perhaps, sir," said I, "your father's services might, if properly represented, still entitle you to the notice of the Horse-Guards."

"I fear not," replied the young gentleman; "we have made application repeatedly, and my mother and sisters, by a sacrifice of their little patrimony, have actually lodged the money for a commission, but we have been uniformly answered from the Horse-Guards that no hope can be afforded me of an entry into the service. I heard of this situation," continued he; "and being desirous to relieve myself of the horrid consciousness that I have contributed to the poverty, if not to the misery, of my family, I have applied for it. Oh! how happy it would make *them* if I should succeed!"

I felt almost ashamed of myself, for I knew he would not succeed, and I knew that *I* was to preclude his hopes of success. I thought of his mother and sisters—I thought of my Sophia; and I will say for Sophia that this was the only moment of my life when I wished I had never married.

The surly porter of the Commissioners of National Navigation entered the apartment, and having called out my name in an authoritative voice, I left the room and ascended the state staircase after the fellow, who bowed very low at every step, as if he knew that it was all settled, and that I was *already* the Inspector; for the vermin about public offices have a sort of instinct in discovering the proper objects of their future subservience. The secretary—a gentleman and scholar—received me very politely at the door of the board-room, and the Commissioners, when I entered, desired me to take a chair.

"Hum—ha—just so—exactly so—excuse us, mister—ah!—you know—hum—ha—that it is a part of our—hum—duty—to—ah! ah! enquire—into the—hum—qualifications—hum—of candidates—at this—hum—election—ha—hum," observed Viscount Cremorna, condescendingly.

"A mere matter of form!" said the

Right Honourable Anthony Lumpkin Snake.

"A mere matter of form!" echoed the Reverend Jim Crow.

"A mere matter of form!" chorussed all the other Commissioners of National Navigation.

"Hum—ha—just so—exactly so—excuse us, mister—but we must—hum—ask you for your—hum—what are your pretensions to—hum—this situation?—ha—hum," enquired the Viscount, bowing.

"The Earl of Clangallaher, my lord," I replied, with ludicrous gravity.

"What are your qualifications," enquired Snake, who could be sycophantic, but not civil, nature having made him a rascal, but not a gentleman.

"The Earl of Clangallaher, sir," repeated I, with another bow.

"'Tis a mere matter of form—but you'll excuse me, my dear sir. May I presume to ask whether you have any other qualification?" observed the Reverend Jim Crow.

"Only the Earl of Clangallaher," I repeated, for the third time.

"Hum—ha—have you—may I ask, any—hum—I mean any testimonials?" again interrogated the Viscount Cremona?

"Certainly, my lord," said I, "one from the Earl of Clangallaher."

"Have you any other testimonials?" enquired Mr Lumpkin Snake.

"Oh yes! sir," I replied; "two from the Earl of Clangallaher!!"

"Have you any other testimonials?" re-echoed the Rev. Jim Crow.

"By all means, sir, three from the Earl of Clangallaher!!!"

The Commissioners of National Navigation paused, and looked solemnly at one another.

"Hum—ha—I think," observed the Viscount Cremona, looking round the table, "the testimonials (!) and qualifications (!!) of this gentleman, are—hum—quite satisfactory."

"Oh! quite satisfactory," replied the Right Honourable Anthony Lumpkin Snake.

"Oh! perfectly satisfactory," said the Reverend Jim Crow.

"Oh! perfectly satisfactory," echoed all the other Commissioners of National Navigation.

"Mr Secretary, the gentleman may retire," observed the Viscount Cremona, and Mr Secretary bowed me out with ludicrous gravity, accordingly.

When I descended into the wait-

ing-room, all eyes were fixed upon me, and the snobs sidled up, one after another, to get a hint of the nature of my examination.

"Did they ask you the relative strengths of timber and iron?" enquired snob the first.

"Yes."

"Did you answer it?"

"No."

"I know that—I know that—I know that!" exclaimed several snobs in a breath.

"May I ask if they examined you on the construction of locks in canals?" enquired snob the second.

"Yes."

"Did you know it?"

"No."

"I know that—I know that—I know that!" chorussed several snobs at once.

"Did they examine you on submarine architecture?" enquired snob the third.

"Yes."

"Did you know it?"

"No."

"I know that—I know that—I know that!" exclaimed the snobs altogether.

The door of the waiting-room opened, and the eyes of all the snobs were concentrated that way, in the expectation of the entrance of the burly porter, when a very different species of apparition presented itself. The door opened, and while all the eyes of all the snobs were directed upon it, a graceful girl entered the apartment. She had not made more than three paces advance into the room, when, modestly looking round, her eyes encountering the vulgar stare of all the snobs, she made a full stop, colouring deeply, and in her embarrassment dropped a packet from her bosom.

I hastened to pick it up, and presenting it to the lady, had just observed on the envelope the words "ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE," when the young gentleman, whose conversation with me I have elsewhere detailed, turning from the window, caught a glimpse of his sister, and, exclaiming "Charlotte," flew instantly to her arms. He led the young lady into a window rather more removed from the gaze of the snobs, and having conversed with her for a moment, approached me in evident emotion, with a request that I would do him the favour to read a letter which he had not sufficient com-

posure to peruse himself. I followed accordingly into the recess, and breaking open the letter, in a low tone, so as not to be overheard by the snobs, communicated the contents as follow :

" Horse Guards, May —, 18—.

" Sir,—I am directed by his Lordship the General Commanding-in-Chief to acquaint you, that upon a representation made to him of the long and distinguished services of your late father, his lordship has been pleased to recommend you for a commission in the eighteenth light dragoons, *without purchase*, to which in a few days you will be gazetted accordingly. You are hereby indulged with two months' leave of absence, when you will be expected without delay to join your regiment, now stationed in Dublin, and report yourself to the commanding officer for duty.—I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient humble servant, ———.

" To ———, Esq.
———, Dublin."

I folded up the letter, handed it to the young gentleman, who pressed my hand warmly, without uttering a word, then, taking his sister, who had drawn her veil closely over her face, but not before some tears dropped from her eyes on his arm, bowed me an adieu, and hastily left the apartment. I went to the window, and saw the young soldier and his sister walk hurriedly down the street, arm in arm. I threw it open, and leaning out, followed them as far as I could with my eyes, but I did not follow them far, for my eyes, somehow or other, became dim.

I forgot the snobs, the commissioners, and the election—it is not every day a man is permitted to enjoy the luxury of beholding a deserving family made happy !

. When the four-and-fifty remaining snobs had been examined upon the relative strengths of iron and timber, the construction of locks on canals, and sub-marine architecture, we were all invited by the Secretary to the board-room, where the Viscount Cremona addressed the poor deluded wretches in manner and form following :

" Hum—ha—just so—exactly so—so I thought—hum—the Commissioners of National—hum—Navigation, have carefully examined—ha—into the qualifications of every—hum—candidate—and have resolved that Mister—ah—ah—(pointing to me), is by pre-

vious—hum—education, habits—and great—hum—general acquirements, the fittest—hum—to be the—hum—Inspector of National—hum—ch—ha—hum ! "

" I may as well tell you all," observed Snake, " that the Commissioners have come to this decision unanimously.

" Unanimously," echoed the Reverend Jim Crow, with emphasis—

" Unanimously," chorussed the rest of the Commissioners.

The Secretary bowed us all out, the Commissioners of National Navigation went home in their several carriages to write letters of congratulation to the Earl of Clangallaher (of which I have three now in my pocket), the discomfited snobs sneaked off, wondering how a man came to be elected who knew nothing of the relative strengths of iron and timber, the construction of locks on canals, or sub-marine architecture, and I went home to acquaint Sophia of my success, and to dress for an evening party at the town-mansion of Viscount Cremona.

It is not my purpose here to examine the other appointments of the Commissioners of National Navigation, (and their name is Legion), but this I will solemnly and truly assert, that as far as I could ascertain, not one appointment they ever made, not one person they ever promoted, was promoted or appointed by them upon any other grounds, or for any other reasons than the reasons and the grounds that governed my own appointment.

The Earl of Alderney had not resigned the government of Ireland more than two months, when I received a *mandamus* from the Commissioners, ordering my attendance upon the next board-day, when I attended accordingly.

On entering the board-room, I was met by a scowl from the Right Hon. Anthony Lumpkin Snake, precisely similar to that with which he greeted me upon my first interview with him at Lumpkin Lodge, and which convinced me that it would not be long before a hole would be picked in my coat by that functionary. The Viscount Cremona, in his usual hesitating manner, which I will not fatigue the reader by further translating, informed me that the Board had been made aware of the fact, that I was able to do something more than write my own name—and that I had actually committed the

crime of writing a pamphlet, which nobody had sold, which nobody had bought, and of which not a solitary copy, save one, which I had the misfortune to present to Dr Viper—a *protégé* of the Reverend Jim Crow—which was presented by that small animal to the Reverend rascal his master, who forthwith (for he had no longer the fear of the Earl of Clangallaher before his eyes,) laid the production thus received, with all the circumstances of aggravation he could imagine, before his brother Commissioners. After an acknowledgment of the authorship, which Mr Lumpkin Snake, who is a Jesuit, invited me to deny, under pretence that he wished me to save my situation by telling a falsehood, the Commissioners called on me for my defence. My defence was, that I had written pamphlets before, and that the Commissioners not only permitted, but encouraged me to write them; praised them when written, and had lick-spittled me for writing them; and, moreover, had thanked the Earl of Clangallaher for recommending to their notice a man capable of writing so well.

This staggered them a little, but they were too old to be put off their game by such an answer as that; and accordingly they repeated the charge over and over again, informing me, in reply to all my supplications, that they had no occasion, unless they pleased, to give me any reason for my dismissal, that they were determined to dismiss me, and that they only gave me this reason for doing so as a satisfaction to my mind, and as a matter of favour. I offered, both in words and writing—for I thought of my wife and children—to make them every satisfaction for my unintentional offence. I implored them, with tears in my eyes, not to bring me and my family to ruin; but I implored in vain. Whether it was that my election was a job of so shameful a nature, that they wished to drive away at once the recollection of it and the object—or whether it was that I was zealous and inflexible in the discharge of my duty—or whether it was that I knew more than all my masters, put them all together—or, what would contrast more forcibly with them, even than talent perhaps, because I was straightforward, manly and independent; certain it is, from the moment that the Earl of Alderney turned his back, when they knew they

dare do it, they settled my dismissal and dismissed me accordingly. Not only did they dismiss me, but they carried their spite beyond their own power—they refused me a certificate to enable me to gain employment elsewhere—they got up in their places in Parliament, and although, thank God, they could not even get a fact against me, hinted a fault, and hesitated dislike. They gathered together the hirelings who depended upon them for present bread and future promotion, to testify to what they pleased to allege against me, on pain of being subjected to my penalty.

But why do I suppose motives for conduct where motives are so plain—why invent hypotheses to explain that which more than sufficiently explains itself? The fact was, the Honourable Tom Shuffleton had just sold out of the army, where he had distinguished himself everywhere but in the field, and wanted a situation. Now, there was unfortunately no situations vacant at the time the Honourable Tom Shuffleton expressed, through his uncle, the Earl of Fishgall, who *patronized* the new Lord Lieutenant, his intention to *take* a situation; and as the Honourable Tom couldn't wait, the next best thing the Commissioners of National Navigation could do for him was to *make* a vacancy, which, after some consultation as to whose situation would make the vacancy most quickly, was accordingly done—and the privilege of being ejected, was very politely conferred on me.

I was dismissed, as I told you before, and received a very polite intimation from the secretary (which I have also in my pocket), informing me that there had been an election for an inspector *vice* your humble servant cashiered, that the number of candidates was forty-six, and that the Honourable Tom Shuffleton was unanimously elected.

The recital of this little incident in my eventful life is not of a personal interest alone, for, if it were personal only to myself, it would be a matter of no interest at all. It is, on the contrary, of the deepest public interest, and carries with it, as I may say, a political moral. It is proper that the public should know that these Commissioners of National Navigation are of that political faction whose existence began by a denial of the exercise of that very prerogative

of power, by the partial exercise of which they are alone enabled, for one single moment, to subsist. It is right the public should know, that to enable this faction to retain its place, commissioners such as these are needlessly created upon the most trivial pretences; and, as the Persian leader was said to have offered a reward to any man who could invent a new pleasure, so does the Whig leader offer a snug birth to any sycophant who can invent a new commission. The Commissioners of National Navigation have already squandered hundreds of thousands of pounds of public money, of which the merest fraction has found its way into the country for the purposes for which it was nominally granted by Parliament, the great remainder being altogether absorbed in the qualification of the disinterested supporters of this disinterested faction. But this is a topic of a higher interest than the recital of the life of an oyster-eater, and demands graver consideration from a graver pen.

With the fellows individually I have no quarrel. Their election of me was, like all their elections, a scandalous job, and their dismissal of me was only another scandalous job—the one may be permitted to neutralize the other. The Viscount Cremona is too low for hatred, and too undignified for revenge—he is a poor creature, and it is not my intention to make game of such small deer. I leave him to scour out his ditch, and to imitate the braying of a donkey on his big fiddle. There was one, indeed, the loftiest of his name and the proudest of his lineage, who had nobler aspirations for his country than to see her governed by the pitchforked fag of a talentless and profligate faction, and higher views for himself than dangling in the ante-room of a subaltern secretary of state

—a man whose misfortune it was to be leagued with cowards and to trust to traitors—a man who looked the nobleman, lived the soldier, and died the hero!

Of the Reverend Jim Crow I have had ample revenge. He has been dismissed, after clinging to the door-posts of the National Navigation office, and offering to live in the porter's lodge sooner than not be quartered on the public. He has been dismissed, and has only not been disgraced, because honest men came by their own, when—you can find the other end of the proverb yourself. He has been generously received back into—but hold—he is a Christian clergyman—I extend to him that mercy he extended not to me—I spare him for his Master's sake!

Of that scoundrel Snake I can take no revenge. The man, if he had the heart to feel, would have had the heart to spare—if nothing that I urged to save myself and family from ruin could move him to pity, nothing that I urge to show him up as he deserves will nerve him to rage. He is one of those cold-blooded animals in whom the circulation is carried on without a heart—a disciple of the Hannibal school, with whom *number one* is not alone the first, but the *only* law of nature. Besides, the man is childless—he has no son, who, if I had authority and power, I could fling into dismission and disgrace—he has no father, whose grey hairs, instead of being honoured in the well-doing of his child, go down with sorrow to the grave, in sympathy with his misfortunes—no fire warms his desolate hearth—no friend takes a place at his inhospitable board—such a man as he lives unfriended—dies unregretted—and, ere the clod rattles on his coffin, the name and memory of him have faded from the face of the earth!

FASCICULUS THE FIFTEENTH AND LAST.

"We know him well; and, though we admit at once that he is no beauty, and that his manners are at the best bluff, and at the worst repulsive, yet, in those who choose to cultivate his acquaintance, his character continues so to mellow and ameliorate itself, that they come at last, if not to love, to like him, and even to prefer his company to that of other more brilliant visitors.

"So true is it, both with months and men, that it requires only to know the most unpleasant of them, and to see them during a favourable phasis, in order to regard them with that Christian complacency which a good heart sheds over all its habits."—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

* The Oyster-Eater is no more. He died on Wednesday last. It was re-

marked that, as the oyster season drew to a close, his spirits became more and

* For this account of the death of our crustaceous correspondent, and for the notices of his writings, we are indebted to the kindness of Doctor Snoaker.

more depressed; and, when it was communicated to him that Mr O'Hara declined allowing him to go any longer upon *sick*, he was observed to put his hand on his heart, and to declare that he was afraid his *main-spring* was broke. The ruling passion, however, exhibited itself strong in decay, and almost in dissolution: the day before he finally took to his bed, from which he never rose, having deputed, for a trifling wager (see *Bell's Life in London*), a couple of hundreds of full-sized Malahides, six score to the hundred, in nineteen minutes and thirty-five seconds, with ease, getting through his fish, as was remarked by the bystanders, in a style equal if not superior to the performances of Dando himself. I mention this fact merely as another instance, in addition to the many we already possess, of the consistency of action and singleness of purpose observable in the characters of great men, which it is the duty of an impartial historian faithfully to record, and, whether false or true, to stick up to manfully, for the honour and glory of his hero.

This, however, was fated to be the last of the Oyster-Eater's fields; so that the tremendous match which was to have come off between him and the immortal Dando, for the championship of England, and which excited as much attention in the oyster, as the match between Spring and Langan did in the pugilistic world, being looked forward to, not merely with a crustaceous but national interest, is now for ever, as far as the Irish Oyster-Eater is concerned, at an end, and the immortal Dando reigns supreme.

It has been confided to me, although unworthy, as the medical attendant of the deceased, and, as I may say, his literary executor, to attempt to gratify that curiosity, as natural as it is laudable, that stimulates the little to pry into the habits, modes of life, and even the conversations of the truly great; to measure the exact angle at which they were in the habit of turning out their illustrious toes, and to record whether they sniftered or sneezed when their erudite noses took snuff! Biographers have a settled order of procedure in these matters, from which it is not for an author, all inexperienced as I am, to presume to vary, even to the variation of a hair. There are ten thousand published

precedents to guide me, and twenty thousand more sweating in the press;—from statesmen and heroes down to court physicians and vice-regal dancing masters, and the devil is in it if I cannot pick out of some one of them a hint of the way in which it becomes a biographer to go!

In the first place, then, I have to apologize to the reader for the absence of the mezzotinto engraving, from a picture by Martin Cregan, P.R.H.A., of the Oyster-Eater, which should have illustrated this portion of my narrative, or rather have preceded it. I need not say a mezzotint engraving is the regular thing to begin with, and that no respectable biographer would put his name to a title without it. However, it is unluckily not ready, and I am, therefore, compelled to substitute in this place, for the mezzotint engraving, a slight pen-and-ink sketch of the illustrious subject of my biographical labours, trusting that the generous reader will excuse the want of the engraving until next month, when, to recompense his indulgence, *two* will be given—that being also the regular thing in illustrated publications, where lithographs and letterpress share divided laurels. It is a curious fact, nor do I know how to account for it; but in every biographical work I ever saw, the hero is either above the middle size or below it—none that I have ever heard of being of the middle size to a nicety. The Oyster-Eater was rather above the middle size, and I would have given his exact height if I could have ascertained what height the middle size is, in feet and inches. Let it suffice, then, that he was not below the middle size, like the one-half of the world's great men, but resembled the other half in being above it. His nose—we begin with the nose, being that which George Robins calls the leading feature—was a variegated proboscis, aquiline in the beginning of its career, but, as it got on in the world, becoming a perfect murphy, turning up its cartilage in evident contempt for noses less erudite than itself.

His eyes—but why proceed with a catalogue of the individual articles of his physiognomy?—he had the usual number of eyes, with a corresponding pair of eyebrows to match—a very good head of hair, and a couple of whiskers whose growth he encouraged with paternal solicitude, until at last

he looked more like an owl in an ivy bush, than a rational human creature. His figure was modelled on the plan of a broomstick, or rather after the fashion of a scullery door, and his appearance, take him altogether, was that of a disbanded life-guardsmen, or one of the new police off duty. His dress, for some years before his death, was of that particular material and cut known in Dublin as the Plunkett Street style,—his hat a gossamer, that some years ago had taken it into its head to change its name from black to brown—his shoes high-lows, to which were strapped down tightly a pair of “never-mention-’ems,” evidently made for the wearer when he was a foot or two shorter than he subsequently grew. His coat, winter and summer, was tightly buttoned up, and further secured closely at the throat with a large corking-pin, so that I cannot gratify the natural curiosity of the inquisitive reader as to the cut of the Oyster-Eater’s waistcoat, or the colour of his shirts, or indeed, for the matter of that, whether he might not have altogether dispensed with the superfluities of both shirt and waistcoat. To finish the matter, the dress of the Oyster-Eater, taken altogether, was seedy, and his whole turn-out an unsophisticated specimen of the shabby-genteel.

The next point to which I think it my biographical duty to direct the attention of the patient reader, is to the progress and probable cause of that extraordinary mania for oyster-eating which has gained for him a niche in the temple of fame, and will hand him down to posterity with Apicius, Dando, Sir George Warrender, and the Editor of the *Almanac des Gourmands*. It was to his dismissal by the Commissioners of National Navigation that he owed his devotion to oyster-taverns, and the extraordinary facility for the development of his peculiar turn of humour which such places afford.

He has, in his own account of himself, said nothing of this, nor do I suppose that, had he lived to complete his work, would he have alluded to it; being anxious to drown, in continual dissipation, not only the present consciousness of that he was, but also the more bitter retrospect of that he might have been. It is certain that, up to the time of his dismissal by the Com-

missioners, whose conduct forms the subject of his last chapter, he was a good father, tender husband, a sober and steady man, and was giving every reasonable hope of becoming a bright and useful member of society. From the day of his being dismissed, however, misery and misfortune crowded fast upon him—the Commissioners’ refusal to grant him a certificate, which he might have relied on, deprived him effectually of obtaining elsewhere another employment—the influence they exercised with the officials of every successive government to prevent him having his case taken into consideration—and their personal malignity, silently exercised by a shrug, a wink, or a shake of the head, weighed altogether too heavily upon his prospects, and crushed him and them together. As he himself has finely observed, “the hopes upon which he fed for years had died within him, and their epitaphs might be read legibly on his brow.” It was often and often suggested by those who wished him well, that the Commissioners being sycophants by profession, the aspect of erect independence was personally offensive to them—that the subserviency with which they approached their superiors, they exacted from their inferiors in turn, just as when in the *Rivale*, Captain Absolute kicks his valet, Mister Fag, and Mr Fag in his turn kicks the little dirty boy who recalls him to wait upon his master. It was observed by Sophia, that, as sycophancy was their current coin, it was very unlikely they would consent to be paid in any other. But the Oyster-Eater was not naturally constituted to stoop to conquer, particularly when he would have been obliged to stoop to men who crawled habitually on their bellies in the worship of Mammon. He replied to all the arguments used to induce him to consent to such a prostration as would perhaps satisfy the Commissioners, that he would do it for the sake of his wife and family if he could, but that he found his back refuse its degrading office; he said he had never in his life taken off his hat save to virtue, independence, or a woman, and it was too late in life to begin now.

As the consciousness of his situation opened upon him, and the fate that awaited his family became more and more imminent, he appeared more

and more to lose that energy and spirit that in more hopeful circumstances characterised him. He shunned the society of his wife and children, and was almost exclusively to be found at O'Hara's, where, so far from supposing that his heart was breaking, and his constitution gone, the casual visitor, who witnessed the flashes of his broad and original humour, would have supposed him a man without a care.

He became, by acclamation, a sort of permanent chairman of the evening convivial meetings, and, as he was usually treated with oysters and grog by some or other of the more wealthy guests, he gained vast popularity, and thunders of applause; for he was a man who would rather shine in a pot-house than shine not at all, and lost nothing but his self-respect, his time, and his constitution.

The affection of his wife he still retained, probably because she saw that his faults were as much the offspring of his misfortunes as the result of a vicious inclination to dissipation, and made allowances for her husband's frailties accordingly.

Having thus endeavoured shortly to account for the prevailing propensity of my deceased friend, a short notice of his writings—being also the regular thing—will not, I trust be altogether unacceptable.

The *Crustaceous Tour*, which introduced him to the literary world, as it was the first, so, like other maiden efforts of other great pens, was the best, of all the works he afterwards gave to a discerning public. Whether it was designed as a satirical burlesque of the grave and solemn style of tours in general, or simply a journey undertaken with a view to a more intimate acquaintance with what the author enthusiastically describes as the "gelatinous objects of his affections," it is impossible to conceive any thing more racy, more full of piquant and original humour, from the opening paragraph to the close. But what is perhaps the highest authority I could adduce in its favour, is the fact which I can myself attest, that the Oyster-Eaters in Dublin—no mean judges of literary merit—have actually extracted the favourite passages of the work, and suspended them over the doors of their several shops and cellars, "worthily emblazoned in letters of gold." To the *Account of Himself*, I regret that

I cannot afford the same full measure of approbation. It appears to be a story inartificially constructed, badly connected, and unequally sustained, beginning in the shape of a very dull dialogue, which is metamorphosed, for no reason that we can discern, into a narrative equally dull. The characters are introduced apparently with no fixed purpose or settled design, are conducted any how, through a chapter pedantically called by the author a fasciculus, and, without contributing in the least degree to the main action or progress of the narrative, are finally dismissed. Nor is the narrative itself consistent in its several parts. A chapter of personal narrative is interrupted by a long digression, and digression makes way again for personal narrative. As it is the province of the critic to lay hold of some trifling anachronism or violation of arbitrary rules which genius spurns and contemns, I think it my duty to observe that the Oyster-Eater, in one of his fasciculi, travels through the Midland Counties in company with a factory-boy towards London, while the next fasciculus exhibits them at Warrington, north of the Midland Counties, so that they must have journeyed towards London *backwards*—a style of ambulation peculiarly crustaceous! In another place, Sophia is made to address her lover as "Horatio," while in the dialogue between the Oyster-Eater and the horse-jockey, the latter is made to address the former by the sponsorial appellation "Pat." This, however, may be considered as a poetical license, and, as there is a lady in the case, I will not be ungallant enough to press the objection further.

Not only is the matter of the Oyster-Eater's *Account of Himself* not interesting, but his humour is not original—perhaps, indeed, it might have been original when he wrote it, but it certainly is not original now. It is a sort of miscellaneous humour, compounded of the humour, or rather of an imitation of the humour, of Swift, of Goldsmith, of Sterne, of Washington Irving, and, although I never read him and know nothing about him, of the humour of Rabelais. Accordingly, not being original, it is bad; for, I presume, nobody will have the hardihood to assert that in these days any thing (except port wine) can be good that is not new!

At the same time, I am free to confess that the thoughts of my late friend, if not original, have a savour of originality, and that there is a quaintness in his turns of expression, in these days of fine-spun dulness and long-drawn platitudes, peculiarly refreshing. The characters too, who bear him company, although too often unadvisedly introduced and abruptly dismissed, have a distinct individuality and complete *vraisemblance* with nature.

The horse-jockey, faithful to the death to his master, and a rogue to all the world beside, is a true picture of character, and the factory-boy's account of himself, is too good to be the offspring of the imagination alone—it is a photogenic drawing of a natural object by natural means—it is full of poetry and pathos, worth, not to rate it too highly, a wilderness of Trollopes.

Of the state and prospects of the Oyster-Eater's family, it is essential that I should say something—that being also the regular thing.

The widowed Sophia resides with her daughter, a sweet girl of twelve years old, in an empty house in an obscure court off Mecklenburgh Street, which she is permitted to occupy until let, without paying rent, on the sole condition of keeping it clean, and exhibiting it to probable tenants. Her household furniture consists of a few broken chairs, a paralytic table, an old piano-forte, and a bit of carpet on the floor—here this admirable woman, worthy of a better fate, spends her days and nights with her daughter, in unintermitting toil, to procure clothing and food by preparing little articles of female skill for sale at the various bazaars and charitable repositories of this charitable metropolis.

Here, of an evening, the curate of the parish himself does not disdain to look in on the desolate woman, to comfort her on her misfortune (for such she strangely enough considers the loss of a husband all unworthy of her), to tell the gossip of the day, and to observe the progress of her little labours—here, of an evening, one or two respectable decayed women like herself, assemble, and combine from their slender resources the womanly luxury, a cup of tea—here Sophia, laying aside for the moment her needle and her thimble, charms her friends with her sweet voice—and here I often look in myself, to witness, in this

poor family, poverty made respectable by virtue!

One evening, in particular, when a cheerful little party (for virtuous poverty is ever cheerful) was, in the usual way, assembled, the curate produced a bottle of sherry from his pocket, begged permission of Sophia to treat the ladies with a glass of wine (the curate is poor, but very generous), which being promptly granted, glasses were subscribed for from the lodgings of the decayed ladies (each having one at home, as it happened), and the frugal glass being duly honoured, Sophia was requested by the curate to favour the company with a song. My deceased friend's wife is not a woman to spoil our appetite for her singing by unmannerly delay; laying aside her work, therefore, she seated herself gracefully at her piano, and with an apology that the tone of her mind would not permit her to sing anything lively, entreated the indulgence of the little party for some verses of her own, which she had attempted to set to music.

SONG—BY SOPHIA.

1.

'Tis ever thus! when youth and joy
Make life an infant's new-found toy;
The happy moments fall as fast
As leaves on an autumnal day;
And still, ere half enjoy'd, are past—
A moment blissful—and away.

'Tis ever thus!

2.

'Tis ever thus! when care draws nigh,
With the sad brow and frequent sigh,
And our light-heartedness is gone—
The tedious hours, prolong'd and slow,
Vex life with their continued stay,
And dreary come and dreary go.

'Tis ever thus!

3.

'Tis ever thus! when to be blest
Is but to dream ourselves possess'd
Of friendship and of love. The heart,
O'ermastering the less ardent mind,
Gives all in love—will all impart
"To make that heaven it cannot find."

'Tis ever thus!

4.

'Tis ever thus, when friendship's gay
Delusive dreams have pass'd away,

And love to younger arms has flown—
When trusting oft, and oft deceived,
Our slumbers broke—our vision gone,
We weep—remembering we be-
lieved.

'Tis ever thus!

Sophia ceased—the decayed ladies, who seemed to have caught cold, betaking themselves to their pocket-handkerchiefs. The curate went to the window, opened it, and, looking out, observed that it rained, then returned to his seat. I looked out of the window, and saw that it did *not* rain, but observing some drops on the window-sill, where the curate had been looking out, I concluded it was going to rain.

I had almost forgot to state that the Oyster-Eater's only son, a fine youth of fourteen, very like his late father, is employed as one of the under waiters in the Emporium of O'Hara, who has been excessively kind to the family of the deceased, and in whose service the young lad, I am happy to be enabled to state, is giving every satisfaction. It may seem strange that the Oyster-Eater should have permitted his son to occupy this humble position in society; but having entertained a salutary dread that the young man, if permitted to learn reading or writing, would pine away his life behind a brass plate as a fellow of the College of Physicians, or starve in a garret in the Temple, under pretence of being a briefless barrister (starvation being the only certain prospect held out by that honourable degree), steadily refused to permit the boy to become possessor of such dangerous and fatal accomplishments.

Accordingly, the youth being not educated above his hopes, is satisfied with his situation; and, instead of being a burden to his surviving parent, will, by being put in the way of an honest living, be probably enabled, in time, to afford some little comfort to her declining years.

There lurks a moral under the Oyster-Eater's account of himself; and I

must confess that I would as soon read a temperance tract as one of those moral tales, where the wisdom floats like the scum of a broth-pot at top, and which the reader is expected to stand by with his ladle and skim off. I say again there *is* a moral in the story of this unfortunate man, which I leave you to find out for yourself; if you have not penetration to find it, you will not have fortitude to profit by it. His observations on the folly and vanity of parents, and the misery that vanity and folly entail upon their unhappy offspring, will, if he had never written another line, command the gratitude of every man who has had experience (as I have) of the vast addition made from this source to the sum of human misery. It is not my wont to use my own language when there is better ready out and dry to my hand, and therefore I take the liberty to borrow the concluding sentence of the life of the unfortunate Savage, by his gigantic friend Johnson, to illustrate the position so applicable to the case of my gifted but ill-fated friend, where it is wisely and greatly laid down, "*that nothing can compensate for the want of prudence, without which knowledge is useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.*"

The Oyster-Eater is gone; but I do not ask you to drop a tear to his memory—it will be better reserved in pity to those he has left helplessly behind. He is no more—nor need I direct you to his lowly and unhonoured grave.

Let me only entreat the humane and courteous reader, who has borne with him so long—who has been beguiled of the sorrow of an hour by his eccentricities of thought or of expression—or who has detected in his writings a spark of genius so lamentably misapplied—that whenever he visits the Emporium of O'Hara, to eat oysters in, or lobsters out of the season, he will suffer himself to be attended by the Oyster-Eater's son, and

"Pray, remember the waiter!"

DII MINORUM GENTIUM.

No. I.

CAREW AND HERRICK.

THE names which we prefix to this article have been often united together, as the representatives of kindred as well as contemporary genius, and the objects of similar and nearly equal commendation. The poets to whom they belong, have indeed several points of mutual resemblance in their history and character. Both of them must be ranked in the class of minor poets, as well for the number and compass of their several compositions, as for the elevation of excellence to which they aspired. Both contributed in no inconsiderable degree to smooth the versification and polish the language of English poetry; and both descended to dishonour the muse, and degrade their own fair fame, by sullyng the purity of their style with impurity of sentiment. The civil commotions and fanatical severities which overtook or followed closely after the periods in which they lived, had the effect of alike consigning both of them to contempt or forgetfulness: and neither regained his just position in literary estimation till long after the cessation of those causes that originally operated to deprive them of celebrity. But with these features of strong similarity, we can discover also many striking marks of diversity between them, and we conceive that a very different measure of praise is due to the one and the other, whether we regard the objects at which they respectively aimed, or the degree of success which attended their attempts. In point of manliness of thought, tenderness of feeling, dignity of manner, and soundness of taste, we consider Carew to be very greatly superior to his competitor. We propose now to give some analysis of the best productions of each, with the view of illustrating both their separate and their comparative merits.

Carew may be considered first in order, as the earlier in point of time, having been born, it is believed, in 1589, and having died at the age of fifty, in 1639, while the dates of Herrick's birth and death appear to be 1591, and about 1674. A gentleman by birth,

and a courtier by his sovereign's favour, Carew seems naturally to have turned his poetical talents chiefly to those lighter subjects that would be most acceptable to the immediate circle in which he was placed; yet so that the attainments of the scholar, and the observation of the man of travel, gave at once solidity and finish to his compositions. Love was, perhaps, his principal and most prominent theme; and that not always of the purest or most poetical kind. Yet, although we may be shocked by his occasional violations of virtue and propriety, and may wonder at the incongruities which we find linked together in his verses, we are bound to say that, unless many of his offensive compositions have been suppressed, the proportion which they bear to his whole works is smaller than might have been expected from a man of pleasure, in an age where virtue itself was not always accompanied with delicacy. The omission of half a dozen pieces, and of a few lines in half a dozen more, would render Carew's volume as inoffensive as it is delightful. The licentiousness of Carew is not the rule, but the exception: he has for the most part written worthily of women and of love: and there are many true and touching exhortations to mental dignity and virtue, which should more than compensate or correct his occasional errors.

What shall we say of that style of gallantry and compliment with which women were wont to be addressed as beings of a superior and almost sacred order? We do not ridicule, but approve and delight in it, believing that it flowed from a right source, and fulfilled a salutary purpose. It has ever been the mark of a noble spirit to treat the softer portion of humanity not only with tenderness, but with homage and reverence. Our German ancestors believed that a *sacrum aliquod* resided in the female breast, and in form of the same feeling has diffused among their best descendants that devotion and fidelity of attachment which gives to life its dearest enjoyments, and

to society its surest solidity. Bacon has pointed out to us the generosity that inspires the inferior creation when they find themselves maintained by the countenance of man, who, to them, is instead of a god or *melior natura*. So, not to speak it profanely, woman is to us as a *melior natura*, in whom the image of the heavenly character is less defaced, and from whose presence we derive or renew those kinder and purer feelings, which the toil and travel of business and the world would otherwise exclude. Cruel and callous should many of us indeed be, if we did not ever and anon seek, with reverential docility, in the converse of meek-hearted women and innocent children, that softening of the soul without which we should lose our human feelings, and be converted each of us into something worse than the fox or wolf. In a rude or a sensual age, this influence is peculiarly necessary to purify and elevate the passions; but even in a period

like the present, of false liberality and cold calculation, when, as we think, the mere intellectual part of the female mind is unduly advanced over the heart and imagination, a return to the loving worship of that moral grace, that simple rectitude, and that pure affection, of which woman is to us the earthly impersonation, would be a strong remedy against the evils we suffer. We rejoice, therefore, to recur to those tributes of tender and submissive admiration, which taught the poets of the school of romantic love to represent the fair forms of their mistresses, and the gentle minds which animated them, as something more nearly allied to divinity than we that are of coarser clay.

Carew contains many elegant verses of this class, from which we shall make a selection. Our fair readers will turn over their albums a good while, before they light upon any compliment so pretty as the following :—

LIPS AND EYES.

“ In Celia’s face a question did arise
Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes :
‘ We,’ said the Eyes, ‘ send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.’
‘ From us,’ replied the Lips, ‘ proceed those blisses
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.’
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a shower :
Whereat the Lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlock’d their pearly treasure,
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia’s face.”

What we next select is no fiction or flattery, but a true type of the balmy influence of woman’s spirit upon the moral world, in converting its thorny and rugged wilderness into a blissful paradise.

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

“ Go, thou gentle, whispering wind,
Bear this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy breast :
So, inflamed by my desire,
It may set her heart on fire.
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain
Will reward thee for thy pain.—
There perfume thyself, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing;
As thou return’st, change by thy power
Every weed into a flower ;
Turn each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble egplantine ;
For so rich a booty made,
Do but this and I am paid.”

In our next extract, any approach to hyperbole is sweetly tempered by the wholesome counsel added in the close.

THE COMPARISON.

“ Dearest, thy tresses are not threads of gold,

Thy eyes of diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy lips for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
Fresh roses, or thy teeth of ivory :
Thy skin that doth thy dainty body sheathe
Not alabaster is, nor dost thou breathe
Arabian odours; those the earth brings forth,
Compare with which would but impair thy worth.

Such may be others’ mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy tresses are those rays that do arise
Not from one sun, but two—such are thy eyes;

Thy lips congeal’d nectar are, and such
As, but a deity, there’s none dare touch ;
The perfect crimson that thy cheek doth clothe

(But only that it far exceeds them both)

Aurora's blush resembles, or that red
That Iris struts in when her mantle's
spread;

Thy teeth in white do Leda's swan exceed,
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortal weed;
And when thou breathest, the winds are
ready straight

To flitch it from thee; and do therefore
wait

Close at thy lips, and snatching it from
thence

Bear it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frank-
incense.

Fair goddess, since thy feature makes thee
one,

Yet be not such for these respects alone!
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true."

What we are about to quote is more familiarly known; its insertion in Percy's *Relics* having been among the first things that revived the admiration for Carew. We give, as Percy did, only two verses of the song as now printed; but, in doing so, we believe we are only restoring it to its condition as originally published and set to music. It is true and beautiful after its kind, and what more can be sought for in poetry? What more can be sought for in life, than the treasures so sweetly described in the second verse as the fit object of affection,—a smooth and steadfast mind, "gentle thoughts and calm desires," when to these are added the crowning gift of "hearts with mutual love combined." Percy has given to it a title of his own, which we shall borrow as more appropriate to the poem in its shortened state, than that of "Disdain Returned," adopted by Carew when he added the inferior lines which we are omitting.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes."

The following stanzas, though composed as part of a dramatic fiction, have much of the power of indignant

truth, and might well paint the sympathy of an honest mind for sufferings such as we have witnessed in our own day, inflicted on a spotless spirit by the calumnies of those who themselves have no other conception of virtue than as the skill to escape detection.

FEMININE HONOUR.

"In what esteem did the gods hold
Fair Innocence, and the chaste bed,
When scandal'd virtue might be bold,
Barefoot upon sharp coulters spread,
O'er burning coals to march, yet feel
Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steel!

"Why, when the hard-edged iron did
turn
Soft as a bed of roses blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
Their chaste pure limbs, should men
alone

'Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire!

"O hapless sex! unequal sway
Of partial honour! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and fame fix high repute
On the close shameless prostitute!

"Vain honour, thou art but disguise,
A cheating voice, a juggling art;
No judge of virtue, whose pure eyes
Court her own image in the heart,
More pleased with her true figure there
Than her false echo in the ear."

We like the manner in which Carew handles the ten-syllable couplet. Without denying that the noblest examples of that admirable and truly English form of versification are to be found in Dryden and Pope, and without advocating a different standard from what their practice has set up, we can read with pleasure the laxer verses of the older school, where the sentiment is less exposed to that Procrustean operation which a correspondence with the completed rhyme so commonly involves, and which nothing but a masterly genius can wholly avoid or conceal. Carew's lines run on with almost the freedom of blank verse. But they please our ear, and the recurrence of the full close, after a temporary suspension of the regular movement, produces in us something like what we feel in music

from the melting of passing discords into perfect harmony. Take the following example, which, abating some little meannesses of expression, appears to us a beautiful and cheerful

picture of the reviving year, chequered, not unpleasingly, by a lingering April cloud of love's coyness, but which it seems as if the progress of the kindly season were sure to dispel.

THE SPRING.

"Now that the winter's gone, the earth has lost
Her snow-white robes : and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream :
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring :
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile—only my love doth lour :
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields ; and love no more is made
By the fireside : but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season—only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January."

Carew's love thoughts do not, perhaps, display the same fancy, and are in a similar degree exempt from the same profusion of conceits, which characterise some other poets of his time,—Donne who preceded, or Cowley who followed him. Yet we meet in him both faults and beauties of this description. There is a prettiness in the following lines, which conveys a pleasing image, and is no unnatural effort of fancy in a lover longing for the presence of one beloved. They are from a song entitled "To his Mistress confined," but in what circumstances of durance the lady was placed we are not informed.

"O, think not Phoebe, 'cause a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightness shroud,
My wandering eye
Can stoop to common beauties of the sky ;
Rather be kind, and this eclipse
Shall hinder neither eye nor lips ;
For we shall meet
With our hearts, and kiss, and none shall
see't.

"Nor canst thou in thy prison be
Without some living sign of me :
When thou dost spy
A sunbeam peep into the room, 'tis I :

For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see
In what a martyrdom I burn for thee."

There is dignity as well as aptness in the following illustration of the misery of one who becomes a stranger and an exile from a heart once fondly thought to be for ever his own.

"Hard fate ! to have been once possess'd
As victor, of a heart
Achieved with labour and unrest,
And then forced to depart,
If the stout foe will not resign
When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine :
But he that is cast down
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe
Only depos'd kings can know."

Next to the love verses of Carew, we would place some of his compositions in the department of epitaph and elegy. Poetry of this kind requires a happy union of fancy and feeling, ingenuity and simplicity. It will be dull if it is not pointed : it will be flippant if the point is not sheathed and softened by tenderness and dignity. Take the following specimens of

Carew's powers in epitaph. The first example has been often praised, but scarcely, we think, beyond its merits. It is simple almost as the plainest prose, yet graceful and melodious. It gently engages our interest for the untimely fate of one whose name and condition seem to bespeak the nobleness of her nature, and the wide-spread affliction occasioned by her loss; and there is, we think, great skill and beauty in the conclusion of the epitaph, which, passing over all others as if they had no part in the story, confines its appeal to those who themselves have children, and who alone, in a fearful sense of the brittle tenure of their own blessedness, are sure to understand the sufferings of bereaved parents.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.

"The Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone: with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem
As dear to thee, as this to them—
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case;
For thou, perhaps, at thy return,
Mayst find thy darling in an urn."

ANOTHER.

"This little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb.
The dawning beam that 'gan to clear
Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here.
—'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again;
A budding star that might have grown
Into a sun when it had blown."

Overlook some few quaintnesses in the next, on Lady Mary Wentworth, and it will deserve no mean commendation:—

"And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

"Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the gutward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

"In height, it soar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

"Before, a pious duty shined
To parents, courtesy behind,
On either side an equal mind.

"Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

"So, though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justified
A chaste polygamy, and died.

"Learn from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust."

The elegies are of a more mixed merit, and are less adapted for quotation. They are often tedious and strained, but they are as often sensible, elegant, and pathetic. We give the beginning of one entitled "Obsequies to the Lady Ann Hay."

"I heard the virgin's sigh; I saw the sleek
And polish'd courtier channel his fresh
cheek

With real tears; the new-betrothed maid
Smiled not that day; the graver senate laid
Their business by; of all the courtly throng
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the
tongue.

I, that ne'er more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistress
drew,

And for the public woe, had my dull sense
So sear'd with ever adverse influence,
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,
Pierced my dead bosom, yet began to melt;
Grief's strong instinct did to my blood sug-
gest,

In the unknown loss peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlyle's gem,
The fairest branch of Denny's ancient stem,
Was from that casket stolen, from that trunk
torn,

I found just cause why they, why I, should
mourn."

Here, now, are some extracts from another elegy, "To the Countess of Anglesey, upon the immoderately-by-her-lamented death of her husband."

"Madam, men say you keep with dropping
eyes

Your sorrows fresh, watering the rose that
lies,

Fallen from your cheeks upon your dear
lord's hearse.

Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
His cold pale nostril, nor the crimson dye
Present a graceful blush to his dark eye.

Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
The virtue fabled of old Æson's bath?

You may your beauties and your youth con-
sume

Over his urn, and with your sighs perfume

The solitary vault, which, as you groan,
 In hollow echoes shall repeat your moan :
 There you may wither, and an autumn bring
 Upon yourself, but not call back his spring.
 Forbear your fruitless grief, then ; and let
 those
 Whose love was doubted, gain belief with
 shows

To their suspected faith ; you, whose whole
 life
 In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
 May spare the practice of that vulgar trade
 Which superstitious custom only made :
 Rather, a widow now, of wisdom prove
 The pattern, as a wife you were of love."

The description of the mourner's husband is that of a generous and gallant man, well deserving a wife's affection or a widow's tears.

" Within this curious palace dwelt a soul
 Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole :
 This dress'd his face in comely smiles ; and so
 From comely gestures sweeter manners flow.
 This courage join'd to strength ; so the hand, bent,
 Was Valour's ; opened, Bounty's instrument ;
 Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
 Knew how to brandish steel and scatter gold.—
 He chose not in the active stream to swim,
 Nor hunted Honour, which yet hunted him :
 But, like a quiet eddy that hath found
 Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
 And in continual circles dances, free
 From the impetuous torrent ; so did he
 Give others leave to turn the wheel of state
 (Whose steerless motion spins the subjects' fate),
 Whilst he, retired from the tumultuous noise
 Of court, and suitors' press, apart enjoys
 Freedom, and mirth, himself, his time, and friends,
 And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.
 I could remember how his noble heart
 First kindled at your beauties ; with what art
 He chased his game through all opposing fears,
 When I his sighs to you, and back your tears
 Convey'd to him ; how loyal then, and how
 Constant he proved since to his marriage-vow,
 So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in
 One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin ;
 But that I fear such mention rather may
 Kindle new grief than blow the old away."

We proceed to give one or two specimens of Carew's miscellaneous poems, in which, we think, his sound sense, right feeling, and vigorous expression, will still appear conspicuous. The first is *apropos* of a subject which Maga has lately been handling with her accustomed success,—the merits of an illustrious dramatist, second in our literature to Shakspeare alone, if any can be called second to him, who is not merely first, but sole and single in his exalted and unapproachable sphere. Let us hear how Carew addresses Ben Jonson, at a melancholy period of the old man's life, when age, sickness, and poverty, combined to make him feel too severely the free opinions of the public on one of his latest and least successful productions. Let us remark the candid, yet kindly criticism

of a frank and manly spirit, telling the poet of his declining powers, yet telling it in a tone of warm and admiring friendship, and by the mixture of plain truth and delicate flattery, reconciling him at once to the world and to himself ; and then let us imagine, if we can, the fulsome and flippant style in which our friend Barry would have performed the same task. The lines we are to quote must have been written about 1629, but the familiarity between Carew and Jonson continued, we know, while Jonson lived, and Howell leaves us a record of having been with Carew in 1636, the year before Jonson's death, at a solemn supper given by Father Ben, where "there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome."

TO BEN JONSON,

UPON OCCASION OF HIS ODE OF DEFIANCE ANNEXED TO HIS PLAY OF "THE NEW INV."

" 'Tis true, dear Ben, thy just chastising hand
 Hath fix'd upon the sotted age a brand,
 To their swollen pride and empty scribbling due:
 It can nor judge, nor write; and yet, 'tis true,
 Thy comic Muse, from the exalted line
 Touch'd by the Alchymist, doth since decline
 From that her zenith, and foretels a red
 And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
 Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
 With which all stars shall gild the following night.
 Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may
 Endure the sunny trial) if we say
 This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
 Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since all are thine.
 Who hath his flock of cackling geese compared
 With thy tuned choir of swans? or else who dared
 To call thy births deform'd? But if thou bind,
 By city custom or by gavel-kind,
 In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
 We may distinguish of their sex and place;
 Though one hand form them, and though one brain strike
 Souls into all, they are not all alike.
 Why should the follies, then, of this dull age
 Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
 As seems to blast thy (else immortal) bays,
 When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
 Such thirst will argue drought. No; let be hurl'd.
 Upon thy works, by the detracting world,
 What malice can suggest; let the rout say,
 The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
 Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin frame,
 To swallow, when th' hast done, thy shipwreck'd name;
 Let them the dear expense of oil upbraid,
 Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, that hath betray'd
 To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
 Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt:
 Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
 That sleeps thy terser poems; nor is haste
 Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
 A knotty writer, bring the booty home;
 Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils, so torn
 From conquer'd authors, be as trophies worn.
 Let others glut on the extorted praise
 Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after-days:
 Thy labour'd works shall live, when time devours
 Th' abortive offspring of their hasty hours:
 Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies
 Within thine own verge; then let this suffice,
 The wiser world doth greater thee confess
 Than all men else, than thyself only less."

Our next example seems a sincere
 tribute of joy for the safe return of a
 long absent friend. It is pleasing and

classical, though we could have dis-
 pensed with the very indifferent jest
 with which it concludes.

UPON MR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE HIS RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

"Lead the black bull to slaughter with the boar
 And lamb; then purple with their mingled gore
 The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
 The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:

Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
 To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
 Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
 To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Mountague :
 Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
 In honour of their darling's safe return,
 The Muse's choir shall thus with voice and hand
 Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly breathing vernal air,
 That with kind warmth dost repair
 Winter's ruins ; from whose breast
 All the gums and spice of th' East
 Borrow their perfumes ; whose eye
 Gilds the morn, and clears the sky :
 Whose diavevall'd tresses shed
 Pearls upon the violet bed ;
 On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
 The balcyon sits and builds her nest ;
 Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
 Dwell upon thy rosy wing.
 Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
 Down whole forests when he blows,
 With a pregnant flow'ry birth
 Canst refresh the teaming earth :
 If he nip the early bud,
 If he blast what's fair or good,
 If he scatter our choice flowers,
 If he shake our hills, our bowers,
 If his rude breath threaten us ;
 Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
 And from him the grace obtain
 To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your friends,
 And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends
 This her embrace : thus we of Delphos greet ;
 As laymen clasp their hands, we join our feet."

But the best, we think, of Carew's efforts in this style, is to be found in his commendatory verses prefixed to the Translation of the Psalms, published in 1636, by a most pious and accomplished man, and no inconsiderable poet. Every one who feels the humility which conscious error inspires in an ingenuous mind—every one who has wept over early indiscretions, or that lingering listlessness of soul which such transgressions produce, and which remains after its first causes have ceased—will fully sympathize with the meek and modest devoutness which is here expressed, and will pray that in themselves also, though omitting to

devote the first fruits of life to virtue and piety, the exhaustion of passing and perishing objects of desire may lead the way at last to the only enduring object of love and satisfying source of enjoyment. Every one that reads the lines we are about to transcribe, will rejoice to know that, whatever were the irregularities of Carew's life, it was his greatest glory, as Lord Clarendon tells us, "that he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire." The date of Carew's death is about three years after that of the verses that follow.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER GEORGE SANDS, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

"I press not to the choir, nor dare I greet
 The holy place with my unhallow'd feet ;
 My unwash'd Muse pollutes not things divine,
 Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine :
 Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she
 stays,

And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
 So devout penitents of old were wont,
 Some without door, and some beneath the
 font,
 To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
 Yet not assist the solemn exercise :

Sufficeth her that she a lay-place gain,
 To trim thy vestments or but bear thy train :
 Though nor in tune nor wing she reach thy
 lark,
 Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.
 Who knows but that her wandering eyes,
 that run
 Now hunting glowworms, may adore the
 sun ;
 A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power
 Into her breast, the earthly flame devour.
 My eyes in penitential dew may steep
 That brine, which they for sensual love did
 weep.
 So, though 'gainst Nature's course, fire may
 be quench'd
 With fire, and water be with water drench'd.
 Perhaps my restless soul, tired with pursuit
 Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
 Contentment there, which hath not when
 enjoy'd
 Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfied though
 cloy'd,
 Weary of her vain search below, above
 In the first fair may find th' immortal love.
 Prompted by thy example, then, no more
 In moulds of clay will I my God adore :
 But tear those idols from my heart, and
 write
 What his blest Spir't, not fond love, shall
 indite :
 Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
 But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha :
 And rather strive to gain from thence one
 thorn
 Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureates
 worn."

As a parallel to one of the leading thoughts in these verses, we may extract a passage from the letter on Seraphic Love by the good and pious Robert Boyle, whose blameless life led him more to observe in others than to feel in himself what he has thus described :—

"And this truth, Lindamor, the very fickleness of lovers concurs to testify. For what men call and think inconstancy, is nothing but a chain of perfect beauties, which our love fruitlessly follows and seeks in several objects, because he finds it not entire in any one ; for creatures have but small and obscure fragments of it, which cannot fix nor satisfy an appetite born for, and though unwillingly, aspiring unto God, who is proclaimed the true and proper object of our love, as well by man's fickleness to women as the angels' constancy to him. Just as the trembling restlessness of the needle, in any but the north point of the compass, proceeds from and manifests its inclination to the pole ; its passion for which both its wavering and its rest

bear equal witness to. That unsatisfiedness with transitory fruitions that men deplore as the unhappiness of their nature, is, indeed, the privilege of it ; as it is the prerogative of men not to care for, or be capable of being pleased with whistles, hobby-horses, and such fond toys as children dote upon, and make the sole objects of their desires and joys. And by this you may, Lindamor, in some degree imagine the unimaginable savviness that the fixing of one's love on God is able to bless the soul with ; since, by so indulgent a father and competent judge as God himself, the decreed uncontentingness of all other goods is thought richly repaired by its being but an aptness to prove a rise to our love's settling there."

We ought not to close our notice of Carew, without adverting to his *Masque of the Cælum Britannicum*, which, by some critics, has been highly commended. We confess, however, we are not inclined to allow it very great merit, and suspect that the share which Inigo Jones had, along with Carew, in the invention of this *spectacle*, must have yielded more entertainment than that of his coadjutor. The poetry is chiefly in blank verse, and affords another proof that this form of versification, so admirably suited for the development of vigorous and pregnant poetical faculties, is destined, in inferior hands, to degenerate into that dulness and insipidity which Johnson seems to have thought were its natural characteristics. We shall give, as a fair specimen of the quality of the poem, the Answer of Mercury to the claim preferred by Pleasure to a seat on high, in room of the old constellations of Heaven, supposed to have been dispersed upon occasion of a general reformation of the celestial establishment, by which the vices of paganism were to be abolished, and the purity of the British court under Charles I., more immaculate, let us hope, than in some succeeding times, was to be transferred to the starry regions :—

"Bewitching syren ! gilded rottenness !
 Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
 Th' enamell'd outside, and the honied verge
 Of the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.
 Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round ;
 And, like a shell, pain circles thee without.
 Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
 Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their west
 decline,
 Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
 Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,

Greedy intense desire ; and the keen edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread ; but still the
terror

And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets ;
Yet thy Circean charms transform the
world.

Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy magic made effeminate ;
Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away :
Thou wert the author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods.
Canst thou, then, dream those powers, that
from Heaven

Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the
cause ?—

To thy voluptuous den fly, witch, from hence ;
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish
sense."

We have already said that we consider Herrick to be in many important points of poetical power inferior to Carew. We are ashamed to confess that we feel some prejudices against Herrick on principles of physiognomy, and sincerely wish that the portrait of him prefixed to his works had not been transmitted to us. We feel it almost impossible to look on the brawny conformation, and the gross and gloating expression which it represents, without believing that the owner of those features had less in him of the poet or the clergyman than of the clown and the sensualist. Yet much of this impression is doubtless erroneous. Herrick must have been a fair scholar, and cannot have been a very immoral man. Some of his tastes, indeed, and a great part of his writings, do him little credit as a man of correct feeling, and still less as a minister of the altar. But the age was a peculiar one—the example of classical literature had then on some minds an effect which has now been neutralized by better sense and better influence, and charity forbids us too harshly to condemn what in no point of view can we possibly comprehend. We confess, however, that, independently of his inclinations, Herrick exhibits in his poetry unequivocal symptoms of a certain degree of strange sensuality and want of refinement. No one of true self-respect, whatever might have been his practical errors, would have written as he did of himself, when he said—

" Herrick! thou art too coarse to love."

Then, even in his more serious descriptions of his supposed mistresses, instead of finding them elevated to the glories of a semi-divine nature, we have them sometimes lowered to the vulgar level of meat and drink. Thus, in an ode upon her recovery from sickness, we are told that

— " Health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled."

A pretty mess! Again, in compliment to some of the same lady's charms, he asks if we have

— " Ever mark'd the pretty beam
A strawberry shows half-drowned in
cream."

A simile which has since, with more propriety, been introduced and enlarged in the popular song of the "Boys of Kilkenny." But again, let us make allowances for the times, and let us acknowledge that outward laxity is often an inaccurate indication of inward vice. Herrick has himself thus asked forgiveness for his errors in his last request to Julia:—

" I have been wanton, and too bold, I fear,
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek, or
ear :

Beg for my pardon, Julia ; he doth win
Grace with the gods, who's sorry for
his sin."

He lived, we know, to a ripe old age, affording ample time for sincere repentance ; and we are informed that he left behind him the character of a sober, learned, and even pious man.

In the observations we have made, we must not be understood to deny that Herrick is possessed of very considerable merit as a writer, and we willingly acknowledge that he has some excellences peculiar to himself, which deserve notice and commendation. He displays considerable facility of simple diction, and considerable variety of lyrical versification. He is successful in imitating the sprightliness of Anacreontic gaiety, and the lucid neatness of the ancient anthologists. If not possessed of deep feeling, he has, at least, a ready flow of the commonplaces of pathos both in thought and expression. If deficient in those higher powers of imagination which are conversant with the exalted or the beautiful, he has yet a pleasing vein of fancy, which represents what may be called *the pretty*, in a bright and graphic point of view. Above all; he exhibits, if not a deep love, yet

a real liking for rural sights and scenes, and he has helped to confer on some of our English country customs a character of poetical and classical interest. We proceed to give some of the best specimens which we can select of the different styles in which he may be said to excel.

Let us begin with some love-verses, much commended by Dr Drake, but which will not, on examination, be found to contain very great depth of feeling or felicity of thought. They set out with an inauspicious conceit; but they are, on the whole, entitled to the praise, and we think that is all they are entitled to, of affectionate tenderness and of easy and natural expression.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

"Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

"A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

"Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
So shall it do for thee.

"Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

"Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee."

Our next is of a livelier character, and is described by Dr Nott as "perhaps the sweetest of our poet's lyric effusions." It is musical, and has been successfully set to music; but it seems to us not exempt from the impeachment of vulgarity.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

"The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting;

The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

"That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse; and worst
Times still succeed the former.

"Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry."

What follows, may be considered as one of the most lively and flowing of Herriek's compositions, in a style of versification which has become more common in recent times, but of which this early attempt must still be pronounced as a very favourable example. The lines exhibit a good deal of fancy and spirit, though they are not free from blemishes.

THE NIGHTPIECE. TO JULIA ON HER DEPARTURE.

"Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee!

"No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee!

"Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number!

"Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And, when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee!"

Our next extract is in a different style. It presents us with some pretty conceptions, neatly expressed, and producing an effect like that of the impression of a choicely cut seal, or the sight of a picture through a reversed telescope. Its value as a piece of poetry, or as the vehicle of thoughts that can touch or elevate the feelings, is quite a different matter.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

"About the sweet-bag of a bee
Two Cupids fell at odds;

And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vow'd to ask the gods.

"Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them;
And, taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

"Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd, and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them."

In something of the same miniature style, we find in Herrick a good many lighter lays of fairy mythology; but to compare them, as has been done, to Shakespeare's inventions in the same department, is to do them injustice by extravagant encomium.

The two following pieces may be taken as fair, and they are certainly creditable, specimens of our author's powers in the moral-pathetic. They are smooth and sweet, natural and animated.

TO DAFFODILS.

"Fair daffodile, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evensong:
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

"We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

TO BLOSSOMS.

"Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush, and gently smile,
And go at last.

"What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

"But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave."

Is there not, however, a slight flaw in the last of these pieces? If from the first the blossoms are considered not in themselves, and as ultimate forms of beauty, but only as the "pledges of a fruitful tree," why should we grieve so much when the pledge gives way to the real value that it represents, the shadow to the substance which it preceded and foreshowed?

But the most attractive and characteristic of Herrick's pieces is the "Morning Address to Corinna." Here, indeed, he seems to be at home, and in his proper and peculiar domain. It flows like the extemporaneous eloquence of a ready speaker, on the subject next his heart. It has the cheerfulness of the morning breeze, and the brightness of the morning dew. It combines at once the freshness and the luxuriance of the season that it celebrates. It aims not at high devotion or deep philosophy, but it is lively, popular, and pure; full of fancy and full of feeling, such as the scene and the occasion should inspire. Though it leaves room here and there for correction, there are few poems which have so successfully attained the precise object of their composition as the one to which we now refer.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

"Get up, get up for shame; the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree:
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in;
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in
May!

"Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time, fresh
and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:

Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you :
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls un-
 wept :

Come, and receive them, while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief
 in praying ;
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-
 Maying !

" Come, my Coriana, come ; and, coming,
 mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a
 park
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see
 how

Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May,
 And sin no more, as we have done, by
 staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying !

" There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May :
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with whitethorn laden home :
 Some have dispatch'd their cakes and
 cream,
 Before that we have left to dream,
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
 troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
 aloth :
 Many a green gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;

Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks pick'd ; yet we're not
 a-Maying !

" Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
 And take the harmless folly of the time :
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty :
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun :
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
 Then, while time serves, and we are but
 decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-May-
 ing !"

Of Herrick's sacred poetry we shall
 say nothing, except that it is in gene-
 ral very inferior in merit. There are
 some strong and solemn verses in his
 " Litany to the Holy Spirit," pre-
 served, we believe, by oral tradition :
 but the piece as a whole is unequal.

We have now, we hope, given suf-
 ficient samples, both in number and
 in selection, to enable our readers to
 appreciate the merits of these two
 poets, and to sit in judgment them-
 selves upon the criticisms which we
 have ventured to pronounce. Both of
 them, it is obvious, are deserving of
 no inconsiderable praise, and have
 done good service to the cause of
 poetry, whether in its intellectual or
 in its mechanical advancement. Ca-
 rew, we think, has contributed to this
 end chiefly by the soundness of his
 thoughts, the rectitude of his feelings,
 and the selection of his language :
 Herrick, more by the liveliness of his
 images, the facility of his style, and
 the variety of his numbers.

WHIG DECLINE AND DEGRADATION.

On the 5th of May, 1789, Louis XVI., with great pomp, opened the National Assembly of France, in which Neckar had previously, with the cordial concurrence of the crown, doubled the representation of the Tiers Etat, and all Europe was convulsed by the boundless anticipations of social regeneration and public felicity, which were then thought to be opening on the nation and mankind; on 8th August, 1789, Neckar, the author of that prodigious change, was driven from office, an exile from France, under the pressure of the passions which he had called forth; and, on the 31st of October, 1793, the whole leaders of the Girondists, the great promoters of the Revolution, illustrious for their talents but culpable for their rashness, were led out to execution, amidst the execration and triumphs of the mob, whom their suicidal hands had elevated to undeserved and fatal power.

On the 17th of July, 1832, the Reform Bill, urged on by the whole force of the Whig party, supported by the whole revolutionary energy of the people, received the royal assent in England, and the British empire was convulsed to its centre by the rejoicings of the nation at the sudden elevation of five hundred thousand new electors to political power. In July 1834, Lord Grey was overthrown by the "constant and active pressure from without," which, in his own words, he felt it impossible to resist; and, on the 7th May, 1839, Lord Melbourne's, the whole Reform Cabinet, resigned the helm, in consequence of having, as they themselves admitted, lost the confidence of both Houses of Parliament; and the party of the Whigs, who had looked forward to the Reform Bill as their charter to a continual enjoyment of power, sunk to the ground without any external force, from avowed internal weakness and general external contempt.

The Revolution of 1789, and the establishment of the National Assembly, was the triumph of the middle classes over the monarchy and old aristocracy who composed the form of government in France. The Revolution of the 10th of August, 1792, which

led immediately to the captivity of the King and all the royal family, was the triumph of the working classes over the constitutional monarchy and the middle ranks. The passing of the Reform Bill in this country was the forcible usurpation of power by the middling classes, effected, as Lord John Russell has told us, by a personal request made by the King to the Conservative Peers to withdraw from the Upper House. And already the symptoms of a similar discontent and dissatisfaction among the working classes are apparent in this country; a convention, daily inculcating treasonable and seditious doctrines, has sat, without meeting with the least obstacle, for four months in the metropolis; and open insurrection against the government of the Queen and the Reformed Parliament has broke out in almost all the manufacturing districts of England.

The whole power of the crown was exerted in France, in the earlier stages of the Revolution, to force on the great organic changes which were then called for by so large a portion of the nation; and the whole power of the crown has, on the two most momentous occasions of the English Revolution, been exerted to forward the same movement party;—once when King William, in April 1831, dissolved Parliament, in order to bring into immediate operation the great flood of liberal opinions which then inundated the country; and again in May 1839, when Queen Victoria, acting under the influence of a Papist and Radical junto, stopped Sir Robert Peel, on the pretext of her female attendants, in the formation of a Conservative cabinet.

On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis, in return for his unbounded concessions to the Reform party, was publicly executed in the principal square of his own capital, amidst the tears of the Royal, and the execration and derision of the Revolutionary party in France. On the 17th November, 1834, William IV., taught by dear-bought experience the insupportable weight of Whig oppression, and the ruinous consequences of Whig administration, threw himself in despera-

tion upon the Duke of Wellington, and appealed to the loyalty of the real friends of the constitution, against the tyranny of those who had excited the passions of the people only to mislead or to betray them. The hour of retribution to Queen Victoria, for the desperate effort she has unconsciously been advised to make to induce a Popish government upon the country, has not yet arrived; but if her efforts are successful, and such a domination is established, it will inevitably come. God grant that such a consummation may be averted by the opening intelligence of her royal mind to the real interests alike of her people and herself; and that, when the hour of trial approaches, the Conservatives may be the first to protect her from the consequences of her present infatuated and domineering advisers.

Who will assert, after these marvellous coincidences, that history is not philosophy teaching by examples; and that, in a careful observation of the past, is not to be found the means of an almost certain anticipation of the future?

Among all the prodigies with which the eventful domestic history of our times has been distinguished, there is none, perhaps, so remarkable as the universal contempt and obloquy into which, in so short a time, the Reform Bill has fallen. We all recollect the transports of 1832:—"The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," is still ringing in our ears; the crash of stones which broke the windows of all supposed to be hostile to Maxima Charta, is still rattling in our recollection; we yet see in vivid remembrance bands of music, mingled with tricolored flags, traversing the streets; the huge half-drunk crowds of ragged artisans who followed the colours, and the disgraceful spectacle of gentlemen of property and education heading a multitude rushing headlong and blindfold to their country's ruin. We have not forgotten the brickbat and the bludgeon, the frightful election mobs and the savage plebeian atrocity; we have not forgotten, nor will history forget, that to such a degree did the nation run mad under the excitement applied to it by government, that the Duke of Wellington, the saviour of England, was only rescued from murder on the streets of London, by the gallantry of the Lincoln's-Inn

students; and that the last hours of Sir Walter Scott, the glory of Scotland, were embittered by the hellish cry of "Burke Sir Walter!" which has stamped eternal disgrace on the Reformers of Roxburghshire.

Where are all these transports now? Where is the universal gratitude of the nation to the patriotic founders of its liberties and its rights?—where the eternal thankfulness of the people for the inestimable blessings of Maxima Charta? How marvellous a change to have come over the spirit of a nation in the short space of seven years! No one is now to be found who will defend the Reform Bill, either among its most enthusiastic supporters or among its most resolute opponents. The Whigs lament that it has by no means answered their expectations, and that that eternal dominion which they had fondly anticipated from its effects, is likely to be entirely frustrated by the increased Conservative tendencies of the middle classes whom it installed in power. The Radicals openly denounce it, as productive of a tyranny far worse than that of the old Tories. They execrate the experienced sway of the middle classes as infinitely more oppressive than that of the aristocracy and gentry who preceded them; they bewail the New Poor Law, which has been fixed about their necks by the selfish rapacity of these hard taskmasters; and fiercely contend for radical reform, universal suffrage, annual parliaments, and vote by ballot, as the only means of effecting the real regeneration of society, and permanently arresting the intolerable tyranny of property and intelligence. It was the boast of the authors of the Reform Bill that it would put the House of Commons in harmony with the sentiments of the people, and prevent that jarring between the acts of the legislature and the feelings of the commonalty which had been the great subject of complaint under the old constitution. Are matters any better in these respects now? Are the presenting of the petition of the National Convention, rolled into the House of Commons upon a wheel-barrow, bearing fifteen hundred thousand signatures—the open insurrection of the Chartists in so many quarters of England—the general arming of the middle classes in the manufacturing counties, for their own

defence, and the hideous spectacle of a civil war every where prepared, and in some places actually broken out, in the most populous and opulent counties of England, to be considered as the proofs which the Whigs have to offer of the inestimable effects of their darling Reform Bill, and of the admirable way by which it has brought the feelings of the working classes of the community into harmony with the representative part of the legislature?

Abused by its patrons and authors the Whigs, as not having done enough for their interest, execrated by the working classes, the object of vexation or indifference even to the middle classes, whom it has admitted to political power, the Reform Bill is now upheld merely by the Conservatives, who during its progress through Parliament gave it so noble and persevering a resistance. Why is it so upheld by them? Simply because, ruinous as it has proved to the best interests of the country, it is better to adhere to it, now that it is part of the Constitution, than to make any change upon it, in favour either of the aristocracy or democracy; because confidence and security are essential to the welfare of a commercial and manufacturing state; and because such security can never be obtained when men's minds are kept in a state of continual agitation, by organic changes in the institutions of the country. This has throughout been the principle of the Conservatives. It was maintained by them equally when the Reform Act gave the Whigs a majority of two hundred and fifty in Parliament, as now, when to all human appearance it will, on the next general election, give the Conservatives a majority over the once formidable, but now wasted and discredited Reform party.

Among the innumerable evils which the Reform Act has brought upon the empire, and perhaps the greatest, are the unreasonable and extravagant expectations which it excited in the minds both of the middle and working classes, as to the immense benefits which they were to derive from a participation in political power, and the magnitude of the evils which had been brought on by the alleged previous misgovernment of the Tory party. Of all the "enormous lying," to use the phrase of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, by which the Reform

Bill was carried, this was the most enormous. It was deliberately and *mala fide* put forth by the leaders of the Liberal party; for it is impossible to suppose that men of their standing in political life, and ability, could for a moment have been deluded by the popular cry, that the material interests of the people were to be improved by giving votes to the Ten Pounders. They may have thought in good faith, that a wider and more popular basis for representation was required, in order to calm the present discontents, or provide a security against future infringements upon the liberties of the people; but as to supposing that it was to confer upon them any present or sensible benefit, the thing was too ridiculous ever to be seriously entertained by men of any sense or knowledge. Notwithstanding this, however, the whole leaders of the Reform party, both in and out of Parliament, incessantly told the people that all their grievances were owing to the abuses of the Tories, and the abominable misrule of that long dominant faction; that, as soon as the Liberals were firmly established in power, taxes would be taken off, trade would revive, industry would be encouraged, wages would rise, provisions would fall, poverty and suffering would disappear, and all the blessings of the age of gold would return to a regenerated land.

This enormous lying answered its purpose for the time, but, like all other gross falsehoods, it has now come to recoil with fearful severity upon the heads of those who put it forth; and that is the real secret, both of the present wide-spread popular discontent, and of the abyss of degradation and contempt into which the once popular Whig party have every where fallen. The leaders of that party, indeed, were men of little ability, and by no means calculated, by their public appearances or private conduct, either to conciliate public esteem or satisfy the anxious cravings of the multitude, who looked forward for proofs of the substantial fruits of Reform. Truly, the spectacle of the Prime Minister, either dining out, or riding with the Queen, or both, every day, and the deplorable neglect of all our commercial and colonial interests by Lords Palmerston and Glenelg, were little calculated to satisfy the expectations

of an excited people, who expected that these great paladins of Reform were to be occupied night and day in the great work of political and social regeneration. But still, it was not the neglect of the national interests, nor the degradation of the national character, which has excited the widespread discontent of the working classes in England. These wretched results have excited the profound indignation of all men of intelligence, property, or education in the country; and the effect of this universal feeling is clearly seen in every contested election, apart from Popish tyranny, which occurs; but they are too remote, and bear too little on the senses, to excite the masses of mankind. It was the denial of the anticipated fruits of reform, the stoppage of the movement, and the proclamation of the principle of Finality, which occasioned the clamour.

The Whigs were caught in their own trap, and, like all persons who have set out on false pretences, they found them in the end to recoil with desperate force upon their own heads. After the struggle for the Reform Bill was over, and they were fairly seated, with an overwhelming majority, in power, they found it utterly impracticable to satisfy the wishes or expectations which they had themselves excited among the people, and thence their party gradually dwindled away, till at last it was reduced to the mere holders or expectants of office; while all the worth, education, and principle of the country, joined the Conservative ranks, and the great mass of the working classes drew off in sullen silence, or joined the treasonable ranks of the Chartists, who, after having exhausted all the efforts of oral sedition, have at length, like the Fifth Monarchy men, openly taken up arms, to effect a general spoliation of all the holders of property throughout the kingdom.

The universal contempt into which the Whigs have fallen, and their evident extinction as a party in the state, leaving the commonwealth to be contended for by the Conservatives and Radicals, is to be regarded as the inevitable consequence of the false principles with which they set out, and the false position in which they placed themselves in the guidance of public affairs; and we have entered the more

at large into these views, because they demonstrate that the ministerial crisis which has lately arisen, and the extraordinary obloquy and contempt into which the Whigs have every where fallen, is not to be considered as any extraordinary or unlooked-for event, or as the result merely of incapacity or imbecility, but as the effect rather of the false and pernicious principles by which they arrived at power, and which, in every instance recorded in history where such principles have been acted upon by government, have proved fatal either to the nation, or their authors, or both. The *Morning Chronicle* says, it was neither the Jamaica question nor the Canada question which compelled Lord Melbourne to resign, but that it was *finality* which deprived him of the confidence of the House of Commons and the country; while the *Times* asserts, that the Ministry, like the scorpion, having got into the fire, were stung to death by their own tail. Both are right; and these two seemingly contradictory expositions of the late dissolution of the Whig Cabinet, are in fact nothing but different modes of expressing a state of matters produced by the same cause. It is the first duty and essence of all good government, to keep things steady, and to resist change, unless obviously called for by tried experience or experienced necessity. Perpetual movement is not only inconsistent with any beneficial administration of public affairs, but is *destructive* of it, because it prevents the great object of government being accomplished—security and protection to persons and property. It is as impossible for a good government to be founded upon the basis of perpetual motion, as it is for a serviceable house to be constructed on a platform constantly rolled on wheels. A ministry which is wafted into power by the support of the movement party, is necessarily, after the first transports of victory are over, reduced to this alternative—either they must go on and destroy the country, or stand still and ruin themselves.

The main object of the Melbourne administration, ever since it was re-instated in office four years ago, has been to give as little to the movement party as was consistent with their own retention of office. They saw clearly, from the result of the general election

under Sir Robert Peel's short administration, that the reaction had steadily set in in the country, especially in the county constituencies; that the reform mania had sensibly cooled down, and that men's eyes were beginning to be generally opened to the ulterior and frightful objects which the revolutionists had at heart. The significant fact of three hundred members being returned in the interest of the Conservative party, within little more than two years and a half after the Reform Bill had passed, showed at once that the middle classes had no inclination to go on with the movement, till they themselves were thrown into the revolutionary furnace. This was rendered still more apparent in August 1837, when, upon the dissolution after the accession of the present Queen, the Conservative party in the Lower House was increased to 320, in spite of the whole weight of Government, the most unsparing use of the Queen's name, and the combined operation of mob violence, and general loyalty and attachment to a youthful sovereign. In presence of this formidable opposition, ministers could no longer pursue their revolutionary projects. Supported by such a phalanx in the Lower House, the Peers felt themselves both called upon and bound to stop all measures having a decidedly revolutionary character. Thence the general arrest of the movement policy, and the universal obloquy into which the Whigs have fallen, inasmuch, that it is hard to say now, whether they are most execrated by the Conservatives for the false and flagitious pretences by which they roused the country to madness eight years ago, or by the Radicals for the stoppage to the movement which they have since interposed, from a just sense of the imminent peril in which, as Lord John Russell has told us, any further advance would immediately involve the crown, the constitution, and the country.

That the Melbourne Ministry were right in this opinion, and that Lord John Russell's late finality manifesto is founded on just principles, and a true appreciation of the present state of the empire, can be doubted by no man whose judgment is not perverted by political ambition or private interest. The principles and proceedings of the Chartists, afford daily and

ocular demonstration of what the movement leads to; the Fifth Monarchy men of the days of Cromwell, the Jacobins of the days of Robespierre have already arisen in grim array in the manufacturing counties of England. Hardly a night has passed for the last four months, in which seditious speeches have not been uttered in the most inflammatory language, both in the National Convention and in the affiliated societies; scarcely a day has passed during the same period in which preparations have not been made by multitudes, in the most populous parts of the country, for overt acts of high treason. The burnings of farm-houses and rural disturbances, about which so much noise was made in November 1830, and which were held forth by the Whigs as decisive proof of the disastrous effects of Tory misrule, sink into insignificance, when compared with the wide-spread discontent and open preparations for insurrection which now pervade the manufacturing counties, in consequence of only seven years of Reform administration. Insurrection has actually broken out in many quarters, the troops and the yeomanry are in permanent requisition; disturbances and bloodshed have occurred, and the alarming posture of public affairs has compelled the Home Secretary, as the only means of general defence, to invite all the better classes of society to form associations for their mutual defence, and furnish them with arms from the Government stores. *This* is the fruit of Liberal government—this the consequence of that atrocious system, which, pandering in the outset to the worst passions of the people, for the purposes of selfish ambition, is in the end driven to the necessity of arming one part of the nation against another, and plunging the country into the horrors of plebeian insurrection and civil warfare.

What are the principles which these frantic incendiaries proclaim, and in support of which they are now prepared to drench England in blood? Annual parliaments—universal suffrage—vote by ballot—the abolition of primogeniture, and the new-modelling of the House of Commons on the principle of giving one member to every fifty thousand inhabitants. How long would the Monar-

chy stand against a House of Commons so elected? Not one week. How long would the Peerage stand, or the property of the country be safe from spoliation? How long would the Protestant religion maintain its ground against the deluge of two hundred members from Ireland? The veil, therefore, is now completely withdrawn; the ulterior objects of the Revolutionary party stand disclosed. The destruction of the Monarchy, of the House of Peers, of the Protestant religion; a general spoliation of property, stand revealed as the objects for which fifteen hundred thousand men are prepared to take up arms, and incur the penalties of high treason. Truly it is not surprising that the middle classes are petitioning Government for leave to arm themselves, and that the shopkeepers are every where forming associations for their mutual defence. They begin *now* to see what it is to let the revolutionary spirit loose upon mankind, and in what awful perils any further concessions to the democratic party will involve themselves and their children.

And what a woful picture does the present state of the country exhibit of the paralysis with which the measures of the Revolutionary Cabinet and Reform party have afflicted the once-powerful and energetic government of England. Early in the debates on the Reform Bill, the Duke of Wellington asked the celebrated question, "How, under the new constitution, the King's government was to be carried on." Truly, Lord Melbourne's administration has not furnished any solution to the difficulty. That the nation is now placed in an unparalleled state of difficulty; that the colonies are all in a state of smothered discontent or anticipated revolt; that the mutual passions of two populations must necessarily bring on a bloody national warfare on the banks of the St Lawrence; that the West Indies, burning with indignation at the universal and unprincipled spoliation of property with which they have been visited, may be tempted to throw themselves into the arms of the first hostile power which shall seriously menace the British flag; that a vast and costly war has already commenced on the banks of the Indus; that forty Russian ships of the line, manned by thirty thousand troops, are ready to

pour down upon the defenceless arsenals of Great Britain; that fifteen hundred thousand Chartist in England are prepared to deluge the country in blood, in pursuit of the vain chimeras of revolutionary passion; and that two millions of Precursors in Ireland, guided by a disciplined militia of three thousand priests, are ready, any day that O'Connell gives the word, to let slip the dogs of war, and renew, after the lapse of two centuries, the awful Protestant massacre of 1641;—all this is universally known and admitted. Government see these dangers—know them—acknowledge them; and they have given the most convincing proof of the terror with which they are inspired by them, by having, under the pressure of apprehension, relinquished office, and forgot even the ruling passion usually strong in death.

What, then, in such circumstances, and when surrounded by such dangers, has been the conduct of the Liberal Government? They have put *one* ship of the line in commission, which, after a struggle of four months, is hardly yet equipped with its full complement of seamen, and they have added *fifteen hundred men* to the regular army. Literally speaking, this is the whole that they have done, or ventured to do, to maintain the country from external enemies, when menaced by the whole power of America on the one side, and the whole force of Russia on the other; and to save the nation from internal bloodshed and ruin, when threatened alike by a revolutionary insurrection in Great Britain, and by the horrors of a Catholic massacre in Ireland. For dangers in reality less than these, she had, in the late war, six hundred thousand men in arms and a thousand vessels afloat; but Sir Charles Adam now assures us, that "we are perfectly secure against the united Russian and American navies, for that we have *three ships of the line and three guard-ships* to protect the shores of England." And Lord Melbourne deems himself quite safe from English madness, or Irish revenge, both inflamed to the highest point of exasperation, because he has added the amount of three weak battalions to the British army! And this is the state of weakness and decrepitude to which, in seven short years, a Liberal

administration and Reform principles have brought the country of Nelson and Wellington!

Numerous and formidable as are the dangers which on all sides menace the country, there is not one of them which may not be distinctly traced to the false policy pursued, or pernicious principles instilled into the country, by the Liberal Government. Look at external matters.

What has brought on the alarming crisis in Canada, produced two frightful insurrections in that country, and roused the frontier population of the United States to such a pitch of hostility, as may, ere long, bring on a costly and ruinous war with America? Clearly the monstrous conduct of the Liberal Government, who first, for years, spread doctrines and used language from the seat of authority in this country amply sufficient to set the most phlegmatic people in the world on fire, and then, when the flame had begun to spread among the French population on the banks of the St Lawrence, from the dread of offending their liberal allies in this country, dallied with and pampered treason to such a degree amongst the Canadian republicans, as at length brought on an open revolt, and, but for the extraordinary circumstance of the St Lawrence not being frozen up in the middle of December, would, eighteen months ago, probably have severed our whole North American colonies from the British empire. With their usual and characteristic blindness, they had, to meet this revolt, the result of their own weak and infatuated conduct, and which every man of sense in the kingdom had seen for years was approaching, just *three thousand men in Canada*; and the consequence was, that the revolt was so imperfectly suppressed, that it broke out a second time, led to a lamentable effusion of human blood, and has sown the seeds of indelible jealousy and discord on both sides of the American frontier.

Turn to the East Indies. What is it that has produced the present alarming crisis in that country, which has rendered necessary the march of nearly 30,000 British troops across the Indus, and involved the Indian government in a costly and distant enterprise in Central Asia, the success of which is uncertain, and the defeat of which would place in the utmost

peril our whole empire in Hindostan? Clearly the short-sighted policy of the Liberal Government in that country, which, from the miserable desire of gaining a temporary popularity, and rounding a few periods about economy and retrenchment before some democratic electors of Great Britain, brought about a ruinous reduction both in our European and native army in the East, and necessarily induced that weakness and timidity in the Indian administration, which, in an empire so situated, and founded entirely on opinion, is the invariable forerunner of dissolution.

We are far from blaming the expedition across the Indus, costly and hazardous as it was; on the contrary, at the time it was undertaken, we believe it to have been indispensable to stop the progress of Russian intrigues, and restore the tarnished glory and credit of the British name in the provinces of Central Asia. What we say is, that the enormous expense and imminent risk of this distant expedition was the necessary consequence of, and the only way of averting, the ruinous effects of the previous infatuated and short-sighted parsimony of the former Whig administrations in India, especially Lord William Bentinck's, which had reduced the British force so much, and discredited the British name so entirely, that it lost its whole influence among the powers of Central Asia, and was driven to this desperate effort in order to regain it. In 1826 our army in India numbered two hundred and ninety thousand combatants; in 1838 it had been reduced to one hundred and eighty thousand, although the necessities and wants of the empire had greatly increased, from the extension of our frontier into the Burmese territories, and the rapid progress of Russian influence in the states of Central Asia. What did the British Government do, under the influence of this miserable, parsimonious spirit, originating in the desire to curry favour with the ten pound urban-constituencies of England? Why, they dismantled or sold the whole Bombay navy, thereby shutting us out from any maritime influence in the Persian gulf, and they refused to ratify the judicious treaty made by Lieutenant Burnes, by which, for the moderate subsidy of fifty thousand pounds, we would have secured the cordial co-operation of

Mahomed Khan and the Affghanistan chiefs, and erected an impenetrable barrier to the further advances of Russia across the shores of the Ganges. The consequence was, that these chiefs, in disgust, threw themselves into the arms of Russia; our influence at the Court of Persia dwindled away to nothing; our able ambassador, Sir John McNeill, was compelled to abandon Tehran, leaving the Persian court entirely open to Russian influence. The consequence was, that the Russian emissaries soon reached the northern provinces of India, and they were found on the banks of the Sutledge, and on the banks of Nepal, secretly organising a vast confederacy against the British power in Hindostan. Then, and not till then, the imminence of the danger flashed upon our rulers in the East, and a gigantic expedition at length, at a vast cost, was undertaken to remeasure, in an opposite direction, the march of Alexander the Great to India, and endeavour to regain, by force of arms, that commanding influence in the passes between Persia and Hindostan, which we had lost by the weakness of former diplomacy and the abject submission to blind democratic parsimony.

Turn to European affairs. Have the Liberal Government upheld the character, or maintained the interests of the British empire in our own more immediate concerns? Who surrendered Antwerp to the French—that great outwork of continental ambition against British independence, which Napoleon declared he lost his kingdom because he would not abandon? Who kept alive the flames of a frightful civil war in Spain, and drenched the valleys of the Ebro with blood, and stained the name of England, by aiding in the overthrow and subjugation of the Basque provinces? Who brought an unheard-of disgrace upon the British arms, and exhibited the spectacle, unprecedented for five centuries, of Englishmen armed with Tower guns, and commanded by officers of the British army, flying in utter rout and confusion before an array of Spanish mountaineers? Who brought the Russian standard down to Constantinople, and refused aid to the Grand Seignior, when, in the agony of distress, he threw himself upon us for protection, and placed the keys of Constantinople, the gate of the

East, and the pass to the subjugation of our Indian empire, into the hands of the Imperial Autocrat of Russia? What is it that has now left the British shores defenceless, save from the *three ships of the line and three guard-ships*, of which Sir Charles Adams so loudly boasts in the House of Commons, against the thirty ships of the line and thirty thousand men which are in constant readiness in the Baltic, to carry conflagration and ruin into the whole naval arsenals of England? Who has lowered the character of the British navy to such a degree, that even the French, though hardly recovered from the terrors of the Nile and Trafalgar, deem themselves in safety to insult the British flag during the establishment of a blockade of a neutral power? Who, but the miserable, democracy-paralysed Liberal Government, who never venture to propose a decided measure, or take a vigorous step, or bring forward an enlarged estimate, lest they should weaken the allegiance of their ten-pound supporters, or endanger the support of the extreme Liberal section in the House of Commons.

The spectacle which the West Indies exhibits is, perhaps, still more melancholy and instructing, because it is there that the rashness and mob subserviency of the Liberal Government was first brought into action, and that the effects of such a system, in consequence, have been already most fully developed. The West Indies were the first victim of the self-government of the dominant multitude in the British Islands. The English people were determined, *per fas aut nefas*, that the slaves should be emancipated, and by a mighty effort they forced through this prodigious change without sufficient regard either to the circumstances of the slaves who were to be the victims of the perilous experiment, or of the ruling power by whom the price of their enfranchisement was to be paid. Not content with this, in a few years after, they insisted upon the immediate termination of the apprenticeship system and total abolition of slavery, whether the negroes were in a fit condition to bear the ultimate change or not. The consequence has been, that the West Indies have been thrown into an indescribable state of confusion and uneasiness; field-labour of every kind, generally speaking, has

been suspended; the crops of the two next seasons have been ruined by the suspension of work during the most important period of the year—that when the sugar canes for the succeeding crop were to be cleaned, and for the crop following planted; and even those in the islands who are most favourable to the cause of emancipation look forward with the most gloomy forebodings to the ultimate effect of the experiment. Within two years after the Apprenticed System was first introduced, the produce of Jamaica had fallen off a third, although the seasons had been remarkably fine.* Within two years from the first of August last, according to present appearances, the negroes, generally speaking, will work in so lazy and indolent a manner, as to render it impossible to cultivate the estates with profit; part of them will squat down in the unappropriated wooded fastnesses in the interior, and the unbounded fecundity of nature in those tropical regions will gradually choke up the cultivated districts with the rank vegetation of a southern sun. In ten years the principal British Colonies in the West Indies may be reduced to a state of nature, and the negroes, wandering over the wooded hills, or reposing in the close thickets of the tropical regions, exhibit, as in St Domingo, a hideous compound of the vices of civilized with the indolence of savage life. Meanwhile, the present export of six millions' worth of goods to these splendid colonies will disappear, and a branch of trade, which has hitherto maintained 250,000 tons of our shipping, will vanish, or pass into the

hands of our enemies. We must buy our sugar from Cuba or Brazil, and under the reciprocity system the trade of these countries will speedily be engrossed by their own sailors.

But who are the persons that will raise the sugar thus to be obtained from Cuba and Brazil, instead of our own colonies? Will it be raised by free labourers, working for voluntary wages, and realizing the favourite dreams of the philanthropists? On the contrary, it will be raised *entirely by slaves*, and those, too, slaves of the most miserable kind, imported into these great slave colonies, treated in the passage across the Atlantic in a way worse than the British slaves ever were, and subjected, when settled in the new world, to a degree of misery, in comparison of which the condition of the slaves in the British West India Islands was happiness. It was stated by Lord Brougham, in his late speech in Parliament on this subject, on the authority of Parliamentary documents, and repeated by Mr Buxton in his late pamphlet, and every one acquainted with the subject knew it to be the fact, that there are now one hundred and seventy thousand slaves annually imported into the colonies of Cuba and Brazil, and that in addition to one-fourth who die in the mid passage. Into the Havannah alone, the importation amounts to seventy-two thousand a-year. The number annually imported into the British colonies, even during the slave trade, was in general about fifteen thousand a-year, because the British colonies very nearly maintained their own numbers, and the total amount of those who

* We recommend to the careful consideration of our readers the following demonstration, from Parliamentary returns, of the practical working of the first three years of the Apprenticed System in Jamaica.

Years.	Sugar. Hhds.	Rum. Punchcons.	Molasses. Casks.	Coffee. Pounds.
Average produce of seven years, 1827 to 1832,				
1833	93,156	34,354	313	20,953,705
1834	78,395	33,215	755	9,866,060
1835	77,801	30,475	486	17,725,731
1836	71,017	26,434	300	10,593,018
1836	61,644	19,938	182	13,446,053

crossed the Atlantic in 1789, for all the colonies in the world, was not above fifty thousand. The prodigious increase since that time has been mainly owing to the rapid diminution of produce in the British West India islands, under the monstrous system of legislation to which they have been subjected, chiefly by the Reformed Parliament, which has thrown the supply of the European market so much into the hands of foreign slave colonies. Thus, while we have given a fatal blow to our own colonies by this most precipitate and ill-advised step, and thrown the negro population intrusted to our care irrecoverably back in the career of civilisation, we have cut off a staple branch of our export and import trade, and tripled the slave trade in extent, and quadrupled it in horrors throughout the world.

The consequences of this monstrous and unheard-of spoliation, which, for in general less than a seventh part of its value, has, literally speaking, confiscated the property of one of the most flourishing parts of the British empire, are more worthy of observation than they brought out, at a very early period, that inherent mixture of subserviency to their own supporters among the mob, with arbitrary despotism towards the holders of property, which has, in every age, formed the leading characteristic of democratic government. The Jamaica House of Assembly, finding that the emancipated negroes would not work, that their property was sinking to a fourth part of its former produce, and that in a few years they might calculate upon its total extinction, gave way to some impassioned language, and passed some strong, perhaps imprudent resolutions. What did the Liberal Government do upon this? Did they make the proper allowance for persons suffering under such an unexampled spoliation, and use their best endeavours to mitigate the effects of the indolence and idleness which generally prevailed among the negro population, and to uphold the cause of property and order against the inroads of anarchy and revolution, to the best of their power? Quite the reverse. The first thing they did was to bring in a bill to suspend the constitution of Jamaica altogether, and reduce the whole inhabitants of that colony, white, black, and brown, to an indis-

tinguishable servitude. Is this a way to treat freemen? The Liberal Government first confiscate and destroy the property of Jamaica; and, when its owners remonstrate and complain, they suspend their liberties and deprive them of the common rights of freemen. Is this a way to spread the principles of freedom throughout the world? Is this a way to secure and extend the vast and far-scattered colonial empire of Britain? If these are the blessings which democratic government and liberal constitutions bring to colonial independence, what have they to fear from the rule of despotic governments? And is any thing to be found, in the annals either of Roman despotism or Russian ambition, which is at all comparable to such a monstrous act of mingled rashness, injustice, and oppression?

This system of suspending the constitution of colonial, or other dependencies, the moment that the natural effects of their own violent revolutionary changes begin to appear, is a favourite nostrum of our Whig state doctors. They did just the same thing in Canada; and, from the way in which that colony has been treated, the people of England may get a clear insight into the way in which absolute despotic power will be established in every part of the empire, if the Whig-Radical Government is permitted much longer to remain at the head of affairs.

For ten years back, treason and sedition have not merely been tolerated, but in many instances encouraged and patronised in most parts of the British dominions. The most inflammatory language has been studiously and habitually addressed to the working classes by all the liberal party; the overthrow of all our institutions by physical force has been openly threatened by the agitators and pressed upon the people; and not only has no attempt been made to discourage such dangerous language, but in many instances the persons who held it have succeeded in raising themselves to the highest influence and importance in the state. For ten years, the liberals have been throwing about firebrands throughout the British empire, without one moment's intermission. So far from wondering that part has taken fire in consequence, the only surprising thing is that the whole empire is not in a state of combustion.

The old and sturdy Anglo-Saxon oak could not be so easily set on fire, but a smothered conflagration has long in consequence been taking place in Ireland, and the flames have openly burst and burned fiercely on the other side of the Atlantic. The danger is postponed, not removed, in that quarter; the presence of twelve thousand men, recently sent out, could not prevent revolt from again breaking forth; the spirit of disaffection is unabated; the treasonable organization is complete; drilling is openly going on in many quarters; and the American Government is only waiting the recovery of its own finances from the dreadful shock of 1837, or the immersing of England in a contest with any other power, to advance her claim to the disputed boundary, and, joining her arms to those of the Canadian rebels, drive us finally from the shores of the St Lawrence, and establish the standard of the first republic in the world on the fortresses commanding the great internal communication of the new hemisphere.

What was the only remedy which the Liberal Government had to propose for this disastrous state of matters in our North American colonies? They had recourse to their usual nostrum of *suspending the constitution*. They extinguished the provincial assemblies by act of Parliament, and sent out the great autocrat, Durham, with despotic powers to govern the colony, while the imperial despots at home were preparing, by his suggestion, a constitution which was finally to determine the rights and liberties of that great

and growing quarter of the globe. Here again is the most striking illustration of the way in which the liberal government prepare, in the homage which they pay in the outset to democratic transports, the final extinction of liberty throughout the empire. They first use inflammatory and dangerous language themselves; they next patronise and promote those in their interest who use similar language in their dominions; and when, in this way, they have brought the people up to open revolt, they immediately have recourse to a suspension of the constitution, and derive a temporary support to their government from the very calamities which portend the dismemberment of the empire by the numerous offices which they contrive to carve out for their greedy democratic supporters, in the establishment of despotic government over their oppressed colonial subjects.

Look at Ireland. Mystified as the returns of crime have been by the efforts of Lord Morpeth, and the police employés of Lord Normanby's government, enough has already appeared to show, that the influence of a democratic government, leaning on popery and supported by a phalanx of Catholic priests, has there been to accelerate the progress of crime to a degree unparalleled in any other part of the empire.

From the Parliamentary Returns, it appears that, while, from the year 1829, the year of Catholic emancipation, crime has advanced in England about a fourth, and in Scotland about a half, in Ireland it has DOUBLED.* The con-

* Table showing the total number of persons committed for trial or bailed in England and Wales, in Ireland, and in Scotland, in each of the years from 1828 to 1838.

Years.	England and Wales.	Ireland.	Scotland.
1828	16,564	14,683	1948
1829	18,675	15,271	2046
1830	18,107	15,794	2063
1831	19,647	16,192	2329
1832	20,829	16,056	2451
1833	20,072	17,819	2564
1834	22,451	21,381	2711
1835	20,731	21,205	2852
1836	20,984	23,891	2922
1837	23,612	27,396	3126
1838		27,834	

clusions to be drawn from this most instructive table will not be rightly appreciated, unless it is recollected that the population of England is now, according to the most approved statistical writers, about 16,000,000; so that England, even with all its vast cities and manufacturing establishments, exhibits considerably less than *half the amount of crime*, in proportion to the population, that Ireland presents with a population engaged almost entirely in rural employments. Every body knows what a frightful character a large proportion of those crimes bear; how great a number of them are murders, fire-raising, or crimes of the most atrocious violence; and how insecure life and property have become in the sister island. It is equally notorious how extremely difficult it is to obtain a conviction in the disturbed parts of that country, and how large a proportion, especially of the most atrocious criminals, constantly escape altogether, from the intimidation of juries and witnesses. It may safely be affirmed that life and property is incomparably less secure in Ireland, under the liberal government of Lord Normanby, than it is in the most arbitrary or worst regulated states of Europe.

So conscious indeed, was Government of the truth of these assertions, that all that Lord Morpeth had to say in answer was, that it has always been the same, and that no period, especially under Tory government, is to be found in which prædial disturbance and agrarian bloodshed have not prevailed more or less in the Irish counties. Is it then come to this, that all that the Liberal Government can say, in support of their administration in Ireland, is, that the glorious days of Normanby liberality are no worse than the execrable period of Tory misrule! We thought they were to have been a *great deal better*; and that, under the fair and equal-handed administration of Popery and O'Connell, the hideous difference in the criminality of Ireland and Great Britain was to disappear. Now, however, the fatal secret stands admitted by Ministerial confession, that the vast change which has taken place of late

years in the government of Ireland, has had *no effect whatever* either in checking crime or tranquillizing the country, but that the only excuse they can now make for the immense and frightful accumulation of crime in Ireland is, that matters were no better under the Tory governments.

In truth, however, this pretence, that murder and agrarian outrage are no worse now than in the days of Tory government is decisively disproved by the statistical returns. The following is a list taken from Moreau's Statistics of the British Empire, of the number of murders committed in Ireland during six years preceding and following the accession of the Whig Administration.

Murders during Tory Misrule.		Murders during Whig Justice.	
1823,	69	1831,	106
1824,	57	1832,	136
1825,	78	1833,	231
1826,	96	1834,	180
1827,	94	1835,	218
1828,	84	1836,	231
1829,	143	1837,	264
1830,	100		

Returns like these are ugly customers, and already the liberal writers begin to wince under the statistics of crime, which at first, in the belief that they would support all their favourite dogmas, they were so industrious in procuring. "Many false inferences," says Mr M'Culloch in his Statistical Account of England, "have been drawn from comparing together returns as to the state of crime in different countries, and in the same country at different periods. Such returns are obviously good for nothing, except to deceive and mislead, unless the classification of offences in the countries and periods compared together were the same, and unless the police and the laws were similar, the former possessing nearly the same vigilance, and the latter enforced with about the same precision."† We heard no complaints of these returns not being a true index to the state of crime, as long as they were thought to afford any countenance to the ruinous social and economical doc-

* Moreau's *Stat. de la Grand Bretagne*, ii. 280—285.

† M'Culloch's *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, ii. 468.

ines of the Whigs. But no sooner
e they found, as has been decisively
one, and by none more than by this
iscellany, to prove how rapidly crime
as increased in Ireland under the
riest-ridden government of Lord
ormanby, and in the manufacturing
owns of Great Britain, under the in-
uence of merely intellectual and se-
ular education, than they turn round
nd exclaim that no reliance is to be
laced on such documents, and that so
any elements enter into their com-
ilation that they are more calculated
o mislead than to inform.

Perhaps the most fatal, though
itherto the least observed effect of
he ascendancy of liberal principles
or the last eight years in the British
overnment, has been the general cor-
ruption among the whole liberal party,
of the character of public men, and
he general spread of the fatal revo-
lutionary principle—that no other test
s to be applied to public actions but
success. It used in former days to be
he boast of the English nation, and
unquestionably it was the safeguard of
English statesmen, that no amount of
talent or oratorical ability could, in
public men, supply the want of private
character; and that no states-
men could long retain the helm,
whatever the strength of their party
connexions might be, who wanted
the ascendant of private morality.
But among the free-and-easy ranks of
the liberals, these old-fashioned pre-
judices have long since been discard-
ed. The point with them is not what
is *right*, but what is *expedient*; not
what is honourable, but what *may be*
successful; not what will in the end
benefit their country, but will at the
moment be profitable to themselves.
The motley crew of the liberals have
no common bond but that of selfish
interest, and, by a mutual understand-
ing, or instinct, they demand nothing
of public men but the qualities calcu-
lated to promote their sordid motives.
The sway of character, virtue, and
honourable feeling accordingly, is
nearly extinguished among the liberals
in the empire. Not only are public
men now noways esteemed by that
party for their private virtues, but
such qualities, if they exist, are con-
sidered rather as a clog upon them, and
a fit subject for derision; from a secret
apprehension that they may prove
inconvenient shackles upon political

conduct. The worse a man is, the
more is he liked, and the more readily
is he followed by that party, because
he is the more likely to be restrained
by no scruples in obtaining for them
the selfish objects of their common
ambition. That fatal depravity of
public opinion, which the historians of
antiquity so frequently lamented as
the immediate cause of the ruin of
their flourishing commonwealths, has
made unprecedented strides amongst
us since the fatal era of the Reform
Bill; and, if it continues to advance for
ten years longer with the same rapi-
dity, the nation will be as irrecover-
ably lost as a dead man.

It was a growing sense of the
evils which have now been slightly
and imperfectly portrayed, spreading
among a nation, in a large portion of
which religion still maintained its
ancient sway over the human heart,
and in which the foundations of public
morality were still generally rested
upon the only firm basis, that of Chris-
tian principle, which produced that
general indignation and contempt
which, on the 7th of May last, com-
pelled Lord Melbourne's Adminis-
tration to resign the helm of power. It
is in vain to say that the fall of the
Whig Ministry was owing to the de-
fection of the Radicals. The transfer
of ten votes, as the *Morning Chronicle*
justly observed, never yet occasioned
the fall of a ministry which was not
already on the very verge of destruc-
tion from other causes. They fell
before the aroused indignation of
the moral and religious portion of the
community—before the discontent ex-
cited by the general and scandalous
neglect of all the great interests of the
empire—before the contempt of the
Radicals whom they had deceived, and
the hatred of the Revolutionists whom
they had not the courage to encounter.
Censured, as they themselves tell us,
by a vote of the House of Lords; de-
prived, as Lord John Russell admits
they were, by the vote on the Jamaica
bill, of the confidence of the House of
Commons; abhorred by the Conser-
vatives whom they were unable to re-
sist; despised by the Radicals whom
they affected to disregard, they fell,
the object of ridicule and contempt
to the whole country. They fell without
any external attack, from such in-
herent weakness as amounted to admit-
ted inability to hold the reins of power.

They have since been reinstated in power, not by a resolution of the Lords—not by a division in the Commons—not by the voice of the country, or the value of their former services, but by a vote of confidence of three ladies of the Queen's household. The great Whig party, the pure and patriotic statesmen who disclaim all court influence, who despise all courtly attendants upon kings and queens, who shudder at the very thought of back-stairs influence or court intrigue—the noble, patriotic successors of Somers and Chatham, of Burke and Fox—censured by the Lords, cast off by the Commons, despised by the people—are driven to creep again into office, clinging to the tails of the petticoats of the ladies of the bed-chamber. Now, then, is the time—when such dangers threaten alike the monarchy and the institutions of the country—for the Conservatives to come forward and demonstrate, both by their language and their conduct, their steady adherence to their principles, and their resolution to separate the cause of the Queen and the monarchy from that of the Popish

faction, who would render her the unconscious instrument of their designs in subverting alike the Protestant religion and established institutions of the empire. Fortunately the real object of the plot will soon become apparent, and Lord Normanby and O'Connell will speedily stand forth as the real rulers of the empire, and the dreaded investigation of Irish misgovernment will be sought to be stopped by the establishment of a similar system in this country. Against such an attempt let the nation arouse all its moral energies, and pour them forth through every constitutional channel; but let them never forget that faction and intrigue are transient, but the durable interests of the monarchy are permanent; that maturer years and more enlarged experience will enlighten the mind of our youthful Sovereign; and that, however slender the chances are that the ladies about a palace will select fit men for the administration of public affairs, there is greater likelihood of their doing so, than of the favour of a democratic mob lighting upon a worthy statesman.

ON THE GENIUS OF RAPHAEL.

On a former occasion,* the particular character or sphere of sentiment of the genius of Michael Angelo, as exemplified in the picture of the *Last Judgment*, was so far attempted to be assigned; our present object shall be to endeavour, in some measure, to elucidate that of the works of his competitor for the sovereignty of painting—Raphael da Urbino.

The title, "*Il Divino*"—the divine—which has been bestowed upon Raphael, is not, as may have frequently been supposed, a mere synonyme of excellence, vaguely accorded in reference to those qualities, which each for himself may be most ready to perceive or appreciate; but a definite and discriminating appellation, which has originated in the impression or general sense of the nature and tendency of his works—in their connexion with the great division of sentiment which gave birth to them, and which they embrace, in art.

The apprehension of the sublime, of the beautiful, of the graceful, of the terrible, and other qualities, which, on a wide view of art being taken, must be considered merely to be its adjective attendants, have generally been deemed the ultimate subjects of appreciation.† The perception of these has usually bounded the recognition of the purposes of art; they have been deemed the farthest limits of its aim; and each, on different occasions, has been held to be the great centre of its intention or object. But, in recognising these, we recognise merely qualities secondary to, or frequently dependant upon, those more ultimate relations of the mind, which recede into the absolute and final; and, in connexion with which, the purposes of art truly find their value. "In cycle and epicycle" the various arts move round the great centre of all to man—his own mental constitution. Their more or less extended connexion with, and inheritance in this—the intellection, the emotion,

the passion, which they express or signify, or of which they become suggestive, either in anticipation or in retrospection—the desire or the enjoyment which they are identified with, marks the individual worth of each, and by the rank of those divisions of sentiment, which, in particular exemplifications, are enforced in the different arts according to their powers or medium, the station of those exemplifications must be assigned. From this standard there is no possibility of appeal. It sweeps down all those fortuitous partialities and fashions in respect to art, which are the growth of limited localities, and of the mode of a day; those particular peculiarities, which are not unfrequently set up as standards of judgment; those individual characteristics, which, instead of being merely regarded as integrant portions of the whole art of representative substitution, or imitation, as embraced by painting, have frequently been made the archetypes of all excellence. It embraces, in their dependant order, in the necessary subordination and connexion of style with sentiment—inseparable as heat and light in the rays of the sun—the material, the process, the component parts of the modes and practice of art—what may be styled its physiognomic features—which, not only in painting, but in the more amply discussed field of literature, have been frequently mistaken for their legitimate purposes, and upon which criticism has more endeavoured to find a basement for its constructions than to found itself a science, in relation to those ultimate objects, to arrive at which these are merely the means—less to build its decisions upon the nature of man's being, his desires, powers, and needs, rather than upon certain limited portions of the operation of that being, by substituting fragments for the whole, and adopting certain models, and partial purposes as

* No. CCLXXX.

† Such a limited view has frequently been taken of painting, that any thing in itself disagreeable entering into a picture has been considered not to come under the purposes of art. How or what could *The Last Supper* really, or pictorially, have been without *Judas*? Will such analogy not still the treble pipe of this sort of criticism?

metres—keys of the rivers of thought and sentiment, which have been held with too much Anubis-like sameness by their watchers.

On taking an extended view of that sphere of painting, the value of which is based in its moral significance,* two grand divisions present themselves. To one of these belongs Michael Angelo; to the other Raphael: and the more that the ultimate relations of art are taken into cognizance, the further do these become separated from those around them who belong to the same circle. Michael Angelo, like his youthful *Victory*, under whom the aged warrior bows in support, rises above all the labours of his predecessors: Raphael, as the radiance from the angel in his *St Peter conducted from prison* dims the torches and the moonlight, absorbs the efforts of his; both with an extended certainty of purpose, which renders those labours (although in some instances their importance can only be affected by comparison with those of Buonarrotti, and Raphael), and also those of their successors, limited and partial. But setting aside their common mode of addressing the mind—pictorial representation—there is no resemblance betwixt them. The order of sentiment which the one enters into, is altogether different from that of the other. They operate towards their final purpose or bearing with distinct separateness. They have frequently been compared; but there is no mutual ground of comparison betwixt them. The efficiency of the nature of their labours, in connexion with their ultimate object, and the extent to which each has entered into, or become identical with, the sphere of mind to which his works belong, are grounds of contrast, not of comparison; and were the superiority of the one to the other

attempted to be assigned, it would depend upon the decision of these questions. The genius of Michael Angelo exhibits or announces the effort of will and desire in man. Its reference centres in the fate of the genus; he seems constantly to question,—shall humanity be dignified or abased—shall its energy triumph or suffer defeat? He designed a representation of venerable Age placed in a go-cart, and wrote underneath, *Ach ora imparo*—I still learn. His prophets and sibyls are impressive of mental power beyond the nature of material being. His statue of Lorenzo de Medicis is altogether unapproached, in its centred and commanding reference to a past and a future individuality. His region is the intellectual. That of Raphael is different—it is the moral. The one operates through an elevated and abstract bearing on human emotion; the other, by virtue of moral reliance, raises emotion to the abstract and intellectual. But, before proceeding further, it may be necessary to remove several theoretical constructions that have been put upon the nature or purposes of painting, which may appear to interfere with what may be advanced.

One of these is the limitation which has been attempted to be put to expression in painting and sculpture. It has been considered that they should be confined to the adoption of particular phases of emotion, or rather to the nearest approach to the total negation of emotion. A hypothetical demarkation has been endeavoured to be pointed out† as the true bounds of their field, to the implied exclusion of some of their grandest productions. But the existence of these productions (the statue of the gladiator, or the cartoon of Pisa,‡ for example), and their effect on the mind—the true cri-

* The use of this word is indefinite—it is at one time applied to whatever relates to the operations of mind, becoming somewhat synonymous with mentality; while at another, it is confined to that series which comes under the designation of ethics. This is noticed, as it will be necessary frequently to adopt its use throughout this enquiry, in the latter sense, though in the present instance it is used in the former.

† See Lessing's *Laocoon*, in some respects a valuable work, but one of those which puts forward a partial object, the result of the author's idiosyncrasy, to supply the place of what is extensive and general; one of those theories which would feed man on bread alone. But is it necessary to reply to such things? It has been denied that Michael Angelo was a painter; it is not long since Pope was asserted to be superior to Shakspeare; and, on the other hand, that he was not a poet!

‡ The cartoon of Pisa is said to have been destroyed by the stolid Baccio Bandinelli; but part of its design still exists in copies.

terion of what is right and wrong in art—is a conclusive answer to this critical solecism. There is, however, a limitation of a different kind which has been made, the examination of which will include the reply to this.

Painting and poetry have been frequently compared or paralleled. *Muta poesis, et pictura loquens*, has assumed the station of a sententious definition of both; but if poetry is to be regarded to consist in what even the meanest verses attempt to pursue—the expression of sentiment under the influence of enthusiasm or of imagination, the parallel is altogether defective. But if this, the legitimate distinction of what is poetical, is not to be regarded, and the recurrence of certain sounds, or a particular measure of syllables, be deemed distinctive of written poetry, there might appear to besome grounds for the comparison, inasmuch as there may be measured verse and recurring rhymes (not rhythm, from which these originate, but which is essentially and inherently part of verbal poetry), where there is no excited feeling, or virtual poetry. Were measure and rhyme considered to belong alike to the expression of every species of emotion, or of sentiment, or of detail, the parallel might hold; but on regarding poetry to be what it really is—a particular *state* of sentiment, which in language is most frequently expressed in measured verse, and not confined to oral or to written language, but likewise extending throughout all the arts, as one division or form in which expression is given to thought, at the same time that it is recognised to hold no connexion with *other states* of mental activity, which are also expressed in the different liberal arts (and, in a descending scale, in various ways in the mechanical arts)—the comparison must at once be recognised to be altogether defective. But while painting and poetry cannot be compared, painting and literature may; and, by keeping such a comparison in view, much misunderstanding on the subject may be avoided. Painting is the

language of form and colour, and one general and extended means of expressing and inculcating thought. Literature, or written language, with a more varied capacity of specifying and also of conveying ideas, but with less universality or immediate oneness with nature (its medium being conventional, and not alike addressed to those of different times and countries), pursues the same end. The parallel betwixt poetry and painting, substitutes written poetry for the extensive sphere of all written knowledge—literature; and those who have made it must have experienced the necessity of not being baffled by difficulties in respect to its congruity.* Instead of being confined to the enunciation of the poetic element, painting embraces (to the extent that its medium is fitted to recognise, and communicate or convey) every diversity of sentiment. From the lyric to the historic, and from that descending through various grades of the specialities of the art—the exhibition of styles of drawing, effect, and colour, made ultimate objects; and through a numerous diversity of transcriptions of, and allusions to, the fluctuating modes of life and individual pursuit; through all the variety of descriptive scenery in landscape, to the literal nomination or repetition of fact, in the lowest grade of visible existence—painting finds its subjects and field. The most poetic, and the most unelevated or prosaic, come within its range. Regarding it in any less extended view, what place can be assigned to the works of hundreds of names, which, by no refinement of analogy, can be considered to belong to poetry; and to those instances in the works of almost all the greatest painters, wherein the intention which was pursued, denied, or was not consistent with, poetic treatment? In many of these, the dramatic element becomes so strong, that the poetic has no place: in others, a narrative mode, rather than what can properly be styled dramatic, predominates; and again, historical severity does not ad-

* Dryden's parallel, annexed to his translation of Du Fresnoy, might more properly be called an attempt to twist or distort portions of the means or material of painting into comparison with portions of those of different forms of poetic composition; confounding the epic, dramatic, &c., in poetry, with the historic or any other class in painting, which appears first to present itself. Thus, what he calls position or grouping, is in one mass placed against the dramatic arrangement of the chorus and acts of a tragedy—colouring, against the beauties of diction, &c.

mit poetical elevation. Of the first of these, Raphael himself not unfrequently furnishes exemplifications. Andrea del Sarto, in the Life of S. Philip Benizzi, in the cortile of the Church of the Annunziata at Florence, and the Communion of St Jerome by Domenichino, may serve to instance the second: while the historical is largely exemplified in Poussin, almost the only one among the old masters who can be said to have rendered historical subjects in a historical spirit, divested of conventionalities and extraneous concomitants, either in method or in style. To descend from these, and seek poetry throughout the works of Gerhard Douw, Netscher, and Terburg, or in Teniers, Jan Steen, and Ostade, might certainly be an exercise for ingenuity, but its reward would be scanty. The attempt would be almost as vain, as were the diver to plunge in search of coral into one of their country's canals. They have it not; but they make no pretensions to it. These qualities are other, and different, and consummate in their sphere; but, by the endeavour to throw a false illumination over them, their just character is misunderstood—the appreciation of their real nature or worth is lost sight of, and confused notions in respect to them are originated. Hence they are at one time treated with contemptuous disregard; and at another with jealous partisanship, asserted to realize the highest excellence in painting.

Painting, then, in a just signification, is reiterative of whatever impressions may be conveyed by the most subtle and extensive of the senses—sight. The external world presents a continued tablet. Every visual sensation is a picture; and it is only by means of other senses that it becomes more. Every arrangement of objects is a picture to the eye; of which there is not a line, or a colour, or gleam of light, or dimness of shade, which virtually does not at once, and ever after, constitute part of the mental relations of the perceiver; and the *art* of painting, in its proper acceptation, re-impresses, re-presents them, in their collected tendency. It strives to create a world recognizable by the sense of

sight, which will present things, or more properly mental impressions, divested of those circumstances which link with purposes aside from their more important or ultimate end—resting upon that alone which is most valuable in relation to mind. This is the essence of painting, and it is needless to say, after what has been observed, that its application extends to a very varied scale. In one instance it becomes connected with abstract intellection; in others it is limited to a mere reproduction of an impression of sense. Hence that variety which constitutes the taste of different periods, and necessarily diversity, or fitness to various grades of mind: from whence, by some particular branches of the art gaining the ascendancy, while no invariable standard of greatness or worth has been recognised, and while the general sense (never wrong if operating freely) of the true or absolute value of the various productions of painting has been lost sight of, or denied, by prejudice or individual preferences, much confusion and discrepancy of opinion has originated.

The supposed oneness of the object of painting, or the language of form and colour, with that of the particular portion of written language designated poetry, must have arisen from the very extensive influence of the lyric mode of imitation* in Greece, and its almost universal adoption in the early Roman Catholic art of Italy and of other countries. Under this mode, literature, painting, and sculpture, have at particular epochs been one in poetry; but it was at periods which present these under a much more circumscribed development than their history now exhibits. Thus (setting aside the exemplification of this in other times) for centuries, the revived arts of painting and sculpture in Europe were poetic. From the attempts of the Greeks of the middle ages, to those of Chimbue, which, in forms half-human that never could have possessed human faculties, fearful groupings to imitate what they render malcreated and hideous, to the time of the still cramped, but more organized efforts of Mantegna, and Domenie

* See "On the peculiarities of thought and style in the picture of the *Last Judgment*, by Michael Angelo," No. CCLXXX.

Thirlandajo, and from these to the accumulated power displayed in Buonarroti, Raphael, and Titian, painting, in the greater number of instances, was regulated in its modes and expression by poetic forms and sentiments. Thus the poetic element may have been considered general to *all* painting—but this, even before the period of the greater names had been widely encroached upon; and it was not reserved for the pictorial art of other countries only, to render sentiments in which the enthusiasm and excitement of poetry had no place.

After having thus recognised the extent and variety of the sphere of painting, it is scarcely necessary to advert to another distinction or limitation which has been made in respect to its object, or rather definition of its intention. It has been asserted, that the duty of poetry is to instruct; that of painting to please. That there is a distinction in respect to these purposes, in the view in which they were apprehended by those who have specified them, may be admitted, and likewise the specification itself; at the same time that the ridiculous limits to which it would confine both arts, are altogether denied. But from what has been observed in reference to their comparison, the crudeness of this assertion must be fully apparent.*

Hence, having in some measure attempted to remove those misconceptions in respect to the nature and

purposes of painting which most frequently present themselves—having endeavoured to clear the way for a direct path into the pantheon of art—we now with lowliness approach the presence of Raphael.

Summarily, then, and fundamentally, the works of Raphael are ethical. They are the result of the operation of moral sentiment; from and under the influence of which they originated, and upon which they tend to strengthen reliance. This is their basis. Looking back upon them in connexion with the history and character of the period in which they were produced, they become strikingly detached from all the associations with which it is commonly regarded; not that the connexion with these originating sources is not sufficiently distinct—it is the brilliant distinctness of that connexion which constitutes the peculiarity of their appearance. At a time when political and ecclesiastical contention were all-engrossing—when history would make man appear to have been at the mercy of every deteriorating influence—to have been under the subjection of selfish power, which the ignorance and misrule of centuries had rooted too strongly to be yet shaken off, his genius appears through the troubled elements of the time, a beautiful inspiration of the never-dying Eros in the human breast, and of the creed of charity which he illustrated. The mythic allegory of Peace

* These, with many other propositions connected with art, many of which, to those who are staggered by them, appear to find no bottom, may in one sense be of service in promoting the examination of its bearings; but on many occasions they must have obstructed the road, both to the knowledge of its practice and its theory. They, however, may be considered to be a part of the investigation of the subject—in the field of painting, of that inductive experiment and observation, the influence of which has passed over metaphysics, politics, and religion, and their “long trains of light descending,” with a scrutinizing rigour, which has frequently appeared to wrench their every joint and member asunder—which has introduced into one and all of them pyrrhonism and practical experimentalism, to the extent, that metaphysical enquiry has not seldom been regarded to be worthless, and scarcely mentionable—politics have been embroiled—and religion and the spirit of sectarianism have been confounded. Each has been broken up in the attempt to uncover its hidden nodus, and its vivifying spirit sought for in the dissection of scattered fragments. But if the investigators of mental philosophy have frequently mistaken their aim—if political movement may often be considered merely to be change—or religion and controversy (which it ought to subdue and antagonize) not seldom appear identical, the fiery experiments which they have undergone must have important results. Whether or not there is to be a day when just and extended analogy may bind together, and gather into granaries, the harvest that analysis and induction have been considered destined to reap; there appears so far to be a change coming over the spirit of the time. A disposition towards the adoption of synthetic data seems to preponderate. Questions in respect to the validity of religion have died away—in mental speculations first principles are more recognized—and in politics, the tendency seems at least towards immobility or fixity.

and Justice having fled from the earth, originated in the very contradiction of what it asserted. Fashions, to use a light phrase, of prejudice, persecution, and discord, have "turned and changed together:" the bipenne, the gladius, and the rapier, have each had their day—a trifling enough motive at times, serving to lead to their use—possibly to try their edge, or a new shape; but into whatever Tartarus it may descend, the beautiful *το καλον*—*honestum*—of man's moral being, however offuscated and obscured it may be at times, has accompanied, and must ever accompany his progress; whether that is onwards to a millennium-like state of improved happiness, or through a succession of individual and profitless experiences.

Discarding those theories which would, in the first place, cut asunder reason from moral sentiment, and afterwards substitute the one for the other, or which would derive from limited principles others that are general (such as Hume's utility or Mandeville's selfishness)—without regard to such systems, which invalidate the distinction betwixt right and wrong; it must be contended, that intellectual and moral perception are equally co-existent portions of one whole—mind, in whatever degree it may be evolved; and to one or other of which all emotion must be held to be related or subjected. These two inclusive branches of mind become the first or original categories of every mental act. Both carry forward one ultimate purpose, of which (without reference to supermundane or transcendental relation) the visible scope or bearing may be designated the impulse or will of man to sustain himself in humanity; originating, as its highest hypostasis, the endeavour to base the mind in permanency—to find an immovable foundation for the good and true—to reconcile the individual with the whole, or perfection with the fixed and perfect. The operation of this impulse—its advancement or failure—the conflict of Ormuz and Ahrimanes, has the fate of battle; but, to whichever side the balance tends, "humanity's afflicted will" does not cease from the strife. Under its influence, religion, science, and the arts, are produced, each in its separate essence, including a multitudinous variety of action or effort; the relative importance of every particular exemplification of which, must

be discriminated by its greater or more limited degree of power or aptitude to promote this end. At its instigation, "radiant philosophy and star-crowned art," political and physical science, go forth. In this they have one universal aim—one general bond of union. In this, without anticipating uninterrupted happiness or perfection on the one hand, or being in dread of their extinction on the other—neither considering partial evil to be universal good—neither being Uxipian, Leibnitzian, or Utilitarian, may be found a cause and end of exertion, that may be considered to absorb, or even to render necessary, the warlike fightings of intellect, passion, and instinct—one general object, which, without being considered to be gained, or to be alone reachable by any path, becomes a common purpose, which, as the links of one chain, bind into unity the separate efforts of man, from whence result his individual enjoyment or suffering.

It is upon this ground that the often talked of but scarcely defined value of the arts is established; upon which they bring forward that combination of intellectual and moral expression, or signification, in connexion with the excitement of emotion, joined to the gratification of sense, which constitutes them a series of the most influential means that operate in sustaining the distinction of humanity.

But, in order that the connexion of the works of Raphael with the humanizing influence of moral sentiment may be fully perceived, the particular mode in which their bearing is evolved must be distinctly recognised. The religious sentiment, which may be defined, the desire to find an objective existence for the intellectual and the moral, in respect to which emotion may be brought into exercise, is the most inclusive and universal form of the operation of the mind. It is scarcely denied, in some degree, to the lowest grade of faculty—to the nearest junction of the rational with the instinctive animal. It embraces a union of the intellective and the moral nature of man, in combination with his emotive faculties; and the various degrees of these, the greater or the inferior measure of reliance which is placed on the one or the other, distinguishes or constitutes the characteristics of the numerous creeds which have succeeded each other, and found place

in the world. It is in connexion with the manner in which moral obligation is recognised by Christianity, that the works of Raphael must be considered. This, with few exceptions, supplies both their substantive combinations, and constitutes their distinguishing element—their vivifying spirit. Raphael is the most eminently Christian painter; not so much merely in respect to the subjects of his pictures, which were in general those most adopted by the painters of the time; but in respect to their sentiment. Religion having passed through the mystery and greatness of the creeds of India and of Egypt, under the influence of Grecian philosophy became denuded of every element except that of pure reason.* In Greece, theology, or more properly the theogony, was a classification of numbers or qualities, which was so extended, that pantheism was philosophy, and philosophy religion, so completely, that the Roman, whose form of worship was derived from that of the Greek—a lengthening of its progression—might erect an altar “to the unknown God” wherever he sojournd. But a revulsion was about to take place. A new and more powerful combination of religious sentiment was to be formed, embracing elements which had either been altogether denied, or poorly and inadequately recognised; and upon which an important and direct dependence was to be placed. The Orphic or Hesiodic *all-perfect* Love, from being regarded merely as a mythic genesis of the gods—the remote power which originated their existence from or against Night—was to be considered (and in this sense might still sustain a somewhat similar allegory) an influencing principle of human action;—a virtue which might dwell in man—charity; which originates, or, in a wide acceptation, is properly one with trust, faith, or reliance. Dependant upon this, the moral code of Christian theology is evulgated in those particular forms by which it is strikingly distinguished. Its doctrines, the sentiments which it inculcates, and the characters by which they are exemplified, from the first become the sub-

jects of emotion. The trust, or faith, or love, or charity, of human feeling, becomes to a certain extent, or may, in one sense, be said to be, the key to the happiness of existence, both in this life and in a future. The *cordium* of Christian humanity is benevolence, which must be held to regulate (*cheu!* only to modify) human action.

It is from this that the spirit of the works of Raphael emanates. Benevolence is influential throughout them. At a period when such would appear in a great measure to have been practically banished from religion itself, it was in them the groundwork of an extensive means of supporting religion. Other grand features of these times may also be traced to this origin, which, in so-called history, if adverted to at all, appear only to form a portion of its register of error, illiberality, and crime. A history of sentiment would exonerate the human race.

Under this influence, rejecting all allusion to the evils which it is fitted to oppose—in almost no instance adverted to or expressing moral deficiency—the pictures of Raphael demonstrate practical virtue, founded upon, and in connexion with its exemplification in the characters by which Christianity is announced. They are an interpretation of the nature of these, made by, and addressed to, the affections. It was in this that they supported and illustrated the doctrines of the Church; not merely, as already noticed, in respect to, or in dependence on, the subjects which they adopt, but also in regard to the tendency of the sentiments which they enforce—their unison with the precepts which it inculcates, in the bearing of which, the scope of the labours of Raphael must be deemed to be co-inherent, alike finding their value in the constitution of the mind of man. Called forth in aid of religion by the power of the Church of Rome, they bring home to men's bosoms those universal sentiments in which its morality is based. Made the means of moving the heart, by exciting those sympathies which all are expected to feel, they also produced reliance on the doctrines of re-

* It may be considered to have been the contention for a time, betwixt pure reason and religious sentiment under popular notions, not altogether that betwixt knowledge and ignorance, which led the people in Greece to banish their sages, and make them drink the hemlock.

ligion—they stimulated confidence in its abstract dogmas, by giving birth to moral emotion.*

At the first view, it may appear impossible to bring the varied range of the works of Raphael under one designation or category; but that variety, on their proper nature and relation being perceived, only serves more strikingly to exhibit their collected and specific character. Had his works been less numerous and varied, they might have more readily appeared to be isolated examples of what they now extensively embrace, and, in painting, become the principal exponents of. Whatever are the subjects, their sphere is the same; to such an extent, that it might be urged against their fidelity, in connexion with description or history. But their greatness does not consist in being faithful to these. The worth of all the great masters consists in the working outwards of particular or exclusive portions of mind. Thus the works of each are limited to certain circles—fate-bound within a certain range; and, before painting is understood (if unprejudiced play is given to the mind, it must always be correctly *felt*), it must be regarded as a whole, of which the separate works of each form a part. This may be considered to be dependant upon the limited nature of human power, and so far it is; but it also was, in a great measure, the result of the character of those ages which produced the greatest painters. In the painting of these, the apprehension of any particular subject or character is only to be arrived at by a comparison of the opinions or dictates (it must be recollected that painting was, for centuries, almost alone the book—Bible—of Europe) of various masters. Thus, to take as an example the idea of Deity, as expressed in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Michael Angelo has, by a combination of form, attitude, and colour, expressed mental greatness, super-humanity. The pro-

cess of the conception, and its signification or meaning, are both profoundly intellectual. Raphael both in style and expression, impresses dignified and reposed benevolence, and exalted humanity.† Each illustrates or specifies particular portions of the subject; they draw the mind towards contemplation under different aspects. It is in this view that the works of Raphael must be considered to come collectively under one designation: their numerous combinations present the Eternal Father, the Christ, Madonna, saints, disciples, prophets, philosophers, doctors, and dignitaries of the Church, soldiers, and all the incidental characters which they offer, under the dominion of one range of sentiment.

Of this the most eminent and radical manifestation, are the pictures of the *Madonna* and the *Infant Jesus*. In these the nature of the genius of Raphael is most strongly exemplified, and his greatest excellence in art exhibited. They may be viewed as a centre, from which the ethical bearing of his other works was irradiated. The expression of any superhuman character cannot be considered at all to be their aim; they would thus be removed from the sphere of these emotions which they present in a visibly appreciable form. No sentiment of doubt or question enters into them. The enquiry of intellectual power has no place. They express a reposed elyrium of feeling. They canonise one of the first of the charities of life. In their subject and expression the kindred relations are raised into the sphere of divinity. They are a visible apotheosis of maternal love, worth, and duty. Of this, they meet the mental conception or idea; beyond which, if it is possible to go, no other exemplification has passed, and in very few instances nearly reached.

The progress towards the perfected evolution of the expression of these pictures, proceeded throughout the

* Not on any preconceived or systematic plan, such as that of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, which is "disposed into twelve books, fashioning twelve moral virtues," but which, in the relation that it establishes with the mind, rather becomes expressive of a mixture of the poetry of allegory and chivalric romance, than essentially impressive of the sentiments which it professes to set forth. In Raphael, this is set forth in the matter much more than the mode.

† His picture of God dividing light from darkness cannot be said to conform to this. In it he probably intended to enter the sphere of Michael Angelo, but has altogether failed. It has not power or will, but much vulgar effort.

whole line of the predecessors of Raphael, from the resuscitation of painting. The earliest mosaics—these attributed to St Luke the Evangelist, but the works of Greeks of the middle ages, or probably even of the twelfth century, by Apollonius or his associates—supply the first attempts at the pictured reference to it. It is peculiar, and only incident in a prominent degree to Roman Catholic painting. It can scarcely be said to appear in Greek sculpture; the only important instances in which, that refer to the sanctity of the relations of kindred, are the *Niobe* and the *Laocoon*, and in both they are adopted not to enforce their value, but to enhance, or assist the expression of other sentiments. They are rendered subjective to the epic expression of woe, in the one instance, and of mighty suffering in the other*—the contention of will with fate. In the Greek poets, the morality dependant upon the sacredness of these relations is extensively referred to; but, in almost every noticeable instance, it must be considered that it is subordinated to particular objects, which, on the other hand, are seldom or never subordinate to this. Their violation in the story of the *Iliad*, finds a cause for the epic expression of the character of Greek heroism. In the *Bumenides of Eschylus*, which is built on their perceived importance, they are subservient to the announcement of the power of the gods. The *Edipus* of Sophocles presents their subjection to irrevocable fate—to the unquestionable will of the Stygian Jove.

Throughout the works of Raphael, the character of the Madonna continues, under various aspects, to furnish a principal exemplification of their nature. From her personification in his beautiful early picture of the *Marriage of the Virgin*,† to that of her beatification, finished by his pupils,‡ a diversified, and it may almost be said a continuous, series of the ex-

pression of emotion, under the influence of moral sentiment, is presented—from placid trust to compassionating agony.

Next to the Virgin Mary, the angelic personages most strongly present the essential features of his works. They are so moulded in, and significant of amenity and benevolence—so imbued with open-eyed benignity, that in these instances wherein they become the ministers of vengeance, as in the fresco of the expulsion of Heliodorus from the temple, their expression almost becomes contorted. It appears to be the assumption of what they seem physically and mentally incapable of feeling or expressing. In this instance; their expression is that of irritation; it is deficient in superhuman power, in connexion with intellect. So, likewise, is the head, and also the figure of the warrior on horseback, which was intended to represent the vision that drove back the intruder; which, in connexion with its subject, is one of the most unfortunate of the productions of Raphael. As an angry warrior, who assumes the appearance of being still more so than he really is—as a half-Gothic Roman, clad (but this belongs to convention, which must be so far allowed for in all the old masters) in the mixed mode of the decay of the empire, it is a good figure, but not as a representation of the immediate agent of Delty.§ But, in the same picture, there is a contrast to this failure in the figures of the females, and in those of Pope Julius II. with his attendants. In these, Raphael comes upon the ground to which his powers are adapted.

In the *Infant Jesus*, much has been considered to have been expressed that is almost incompatible with possibility. But if the expression (considering it separately from its union with the whole sentiment of the pictures of the *Madonna and Child*, and *Holy Families*) may be regarded to be to any extent distinct from that

* The refined criticisms that have been made on the *Laocoon*, which define the measure of mental suffering that the father endures on account of his son's being involved in the like calamity with himself, only attest how little their authors felt or understood the work.

† At Milan.

‡ At Rome, in the gallery of the Vatican.

§ This figure has been often praised, in connexion with its subject, by those who had learned that Raphael was great; but, not knowing in what respect he was great, and having a notion of what should have been done here, had either faith enough to believe it done, or did voluntary violence to their own feelings, and gave hypocritical commendation to what deserves none.

of the frequently attendant cherubim, it consists in making the infant countenance—at times so expressive of intuitive perception—more completely its type. But, throughout his works, Raphael cannot be considered to be in general successful in the Christ. There are, however, so far, exceptions to this; but he probably attempted more (though this cannot be said to be apparent by study or labour) to pursue an idea, and more to present what was in conformity to that, than altogether to rely upon the expression with which his powers coincided. These, however, although ample and eminent in many subordinate characters, and necessary as part of the expression of the union of the divine and human in this instance, are not sufficient for its whole. Nor did the intellectuality of Michael Angelo effect it; here he again was deficient in what Raphael possessed.

Next to these, the characters which frequently recur, and continue most distinctly to exemplify the nature of his genius, are the young St John, St Elizabeth, Mary Magdalene, Joseph, and St John the beloved—each of which present different features of sentiment under the same influence.

But, although particular characters may be specified as affording the most direct exemplification of what has been stated to distinguish Raphael, it must be kept in view, that the qualities peculiar to his genius cannot almost be said to *exist* more in one instance than in another; although, from the subject of his works coinciding with it, it may be more fully displayed. What must be considered the spirit of his works, was frequently opposed to that of their letter or subject. This, a reference to the *Battle of Constantine*, may exemplify. It cannot be considered to be, in an elementary or essential manner, expressive of strife and conflict. There is too much urbanity even in the anatomical expression. The whole is a very inadequate representation of the ruin and confusion of such a scene. In this it falls in comparison with Le Brun's *Alexander passing the Granicus*, and its value must rest upon its style and signification in other respects. The figure of Constantine is without much expression; but so far as it does possess such, it is not that of warlike energy, but of the reposed power of justice—he is preceded by divine ministers. Throughout the whole, there

is scarcely a head, figure, or group, which impresses the idea of the awakened impetuosity of mortal combat. The figure of Mezentius presents a poor impersonation of the defeated and drowning tyrant; while the principal incident—the only feature which is not implied by such a subject, and the most efficiently produced in the work, refers to the refined miseries of civil and kindred strife—in the father recognising his slain son.

In the *Incendio del Borgo*—the Pope arresting the fire of the suburbs of Rome—the interest is altogether centred, to the disregard of the miracle, in incidents which exemplify affection and duty. The *School of Athens*, in a series of elevated characters, inculcates the dignity of wisdom—of mental superiority, which is met by youth with eager and implicit confidence in its dictates. The *Dispute of the Sacrament* presents numerous features of worth, intelligence, and consideration—the fiery zeal of theological disputation has no place. The subject is little heeded: the aspect and station of the personages of the assembly seem alone to be regarded.

But every work of Raphael might here be adduced. Each, more or less, exemplifies the sentiment—that, ruling throughout the whole, sacrifices, or probably, in the instance of their author, does not fully permit the apprehension of any other, which would materially interfere with its predominance. As a combined whole, in their essential tendency, the works of Raphael stand single and distinct among the various productions of the different arts. The living poetry of Homer presents the self-boasted cause of Greek superiority—the union of the demigod heroism of its imagined chronology with actual history. The tragic poets of Greece exhibit this overruling power of the gods. Greek sculpture is a perfected combination of reason and poetic sentiment in many various modes. Greek architecture is poetry united to the rigidity of mathematical law. The *Æneid* poetizes narrative; Lucan and Lucretius, Roman battle-fields and prevalent philosophy. Dante and Michael Angelo evulgate the fluctuating strife of intellect. Raphael recognises moral distinction under the influence of reposed benevolence; from which, in common with Pythagoras, Plato, and the evangelist St John, he derives his title—the divine.

HYMNS TO THE GODS.

BY ALBERT PIKE—OF ARKANSAS.

No. I.—TO NEPTUNE.

God of the mighty deep ! wherever now
 The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow—
 Whether thy strong proud steeds, wind-wing'd and wild,
 Trample the storm-vex'd waters round them piled,
 Swift as the lightning-flashes, that reveal
 The quick gyrations of each brazen wheel ;
 While round and under thee, with hideous roar,
 The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging sore,
 Thundering, like antique Chaos in his spasms,
 In heaving mountains, and deep-yawning chasms,
 Fluctuates endlessly ; while through the gloom,
 Their glossy sides and thick manes fleck'd with foam,
 Career thy steeds, neighing with frantic glee
 In fierce response to the tumultuous sea—
 Whether thy coursers now career below,
 Where, amid storm-wrecks, hoary sea-plants grow
 Broad-leaved, and fanning with a ceaseless motion
 The pale cold tenants of the abysmal ocean—
 Oh, come ! our altars waiting for thee stand,
 Smoking with incense on the level strand !

Perhaps thou lettest now thy horses roam
 Upon some quiet plain : no wind-toss'd foam
 Is now upon their limbs, but leisurely
 They tread with silver feet the sleeping sea,
 Fanning the waves with slowly floating manes
 Like mist in sunlight : Haply, silver strains
 From clamorous trumpets round thy chariot ring,
 And green-robed sea-gods unto thee, their king,
 Chant, loud in praise : Apollo now doth gaze
 With loving looks upon thee, and his rays
 Light up thy steeds' wild eyes : A pleasant warm
 Is felt upon the sea, where fierce cold storm
 Has just been rushing, and the noisy winds
 That Æolus now within their prison binds,
 Flying with misty wings : Perhaps, below
 Thou liest in green caves, where bright things glow
 With myriad colours—many a monster cumbers
 The sand a-near thee, while old Triton slumbers
 As idly as his wont, and bright eyes peep
 Upon thee every way, as thou dost sleep.

Perhaps thou liest on some Indian isle
 Under a waving tree, where many a mile
 Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands
 Heap'd up in many shapes by Naiad's hands,
 And, blushing as the waves come rippling on,
 Shaking the sunlight from them as they run
 And curl upon the beach—like molten gold
 Thick-set with jewellery most rare and old—
 And sea-nymphs sit, and with small delicate shells
 Make thee sweet melody, as in deep dells
 We hear, of summer nights, by fairies made,
 The while they dance within some quiet shade,
 Sounding their silver flutes most low and sweet,
 In strange but beautiful tunes, that their light feet

May dance upon the bright and misty dew
 In better time : all wanton airs that blew
 But lately over spice-trees, now are here,
 Waving their wings, all odour-laden, near
 The bright and laughing sea. Oh, wilt thou rise,
 And come with them to our new sacrifice !

NO. II.—TO APOLLO.

Bright-hair'd Apollo !—Thou who ever art
 A blessing to the world—whose mighty heart
 For ever pours out love, and light, and life :
 Thou at whose glance all things of earth are rife
 With happiness—to whom in early spring
 Bright flowers raise up their heads, where'er they cling
 On the steep mountain side, or in the vale
 Are nestled calmly. Thou at whom the pale
 And weary earth looks up, when winter fies,
 With patient gaze : thou for whom wind-stripp'd trees
 Put on fresh leaves, and drink deep of the light
 That glitters in thine eye : thou in whose bright
 And hottest rays the eagle fills his eye
 With quenchless fire, and far, far up on high
 Screams out his joy to thee : By all the names
 That thou dost bear—whether thy godhead claims
 Phoebus or Sol, or golden-hair'd Apollo,
 Cynthian or Pythian—if thou now dost follow
 The fleeing night, oh hear
 Our hymn to thee, and smilingly draw near !

Oh most high Poet !—thou whose great heart's swell
 Pours itself out on mountain and deep dell :
 Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet,
 And make them for a poet's theme most meet :
 Thou who dost make the poet's eye perceive
 Great beauty every where—in the slow heave
 Of the unquiet sea, or in the war
 Of its unnumber'd waters ; on the shore
 Of pleasant streams, upon the jagged cliff
 Of savage mountain, where the black clouds drift
 Full of strange lightning ; or upon the brow
 Of silent night, that solemnly and slow
 Comes on the earth : Oh thou ! whose influence
 Touches all things with beauty, makes each sense
 Double delight, tinges with thine own heart
 Each thing thou meetest—thou who ever art
 Living in beauty—nay, who art in truth
 Beauty embodied—hear, while all our youth
 With earnest calling cry !
 Answer our hymn, and come to us most high !

Oh thou ! who strikest oft thy golden lyre
 In strange disguise, and with a wondrous fire
 Sweepest its strings upon the sunny glade,
 While dances to thee many a village maid,
 Decking her hair with wild-flowers, or a wreath
 Of thine own laurel, while reclined beneath
 Some ancient oak, with smiles at thy good heart,
 As though thou wert of this our world a part,
 Thou lookest on them in the darkening wood,
 While fauns come forth, and, with their dances rude,
 Flit round among the trees with merry leap

Like their God, Pan; and from fir thickets deep
 Come up the Satyrs, joining the wild crew,
 And capering for thy pleasure: From each yew,
 And oak, and beech, the Wood-nymphs oft peep out
 To see the revelry, while merry shout
 And noisy laughter rings about the wood,
 And thy lyre cheers the darken'd solitude—

Oh, come! while we do sound
 Our flutes and pleasant-pealing lyres around!

Oh, most high prophet!—thou that showest men
 Deep-hidden knowledge: thou that from its den
 Bringest futurity, that it comes by
 In visible shape, passing before the eye
 Shrouded in visions: thou in whose high power
 Are health and sickness: thou who oft dost shower
 Great Plagues upon the nations, with hot breath
 Scorching away their souls, and sending death
 Like fiery mist amid them; or again,
 Like the sweet breeze that comes with summer rain,
 Touching the soul with joy, thou sendest out
 Bright Health among the people, who about
 With dewy feet and fanning wings doth step,
 And touch each poor, pale cheek with startling lip,
 Filling it with rich blood, that leaps anew
 Out from the shrivell'd heart, and courses through
 The long forsaken veins!—Oh thou, whose name
 Is sung by all, let us, too, dare to claim

Thy holy presence here!
 Hear us, bright god, and come in beauty near!

Oh thou, the lover of the springing bow!
 Who ever in the gloomy woods dost throw
 Thine arrows to the mark, like the keen flight
 Of those thine arrows that with mid-day light
 Thou proudly potatest: thou from whom grim bears
 And lordly lions flee, with strange wild fears,
 And hide among the mountains: thou whose cry
 Sounds often in the woods, where whirl and fly
 The time-worn leaves—when, with a merry train,
 Bacchus is on the hills, and on the plain
 The full-arm'd Ceres—when upon the sea
 The brine-gods sound their horns, and merrily
 The whole earth rings with pleasure—then thy voice
 Stills into silence every stirring noise,
 With utmost sweetness peaking on the hills,
 And in the echo of the dancing rills,
 And o'er the sea, and on the busy plain,
 And on the air, until all voices wane

Before its influence—
 Oh come, great god, be ever our defence!

By that most gloomy day, when with a cry
 Young Hyacinth fell down, and his dark eye
 Was fill'd with dimming blood—when on a bed
 Of his own flowers he laid his wounded head,
 Breathing deep sighs: by those heart-cherish'd eyes
 Of long-loved Hyacinth—by all the sighs
 That thou, oh young Apollo! then didst pour
 On every gloomy hill and desolate shore,
 Weeping at thy great soul, and making dull
 Thy ever-quenchless eye, till men were full
 Of strange forebodings for thy lustre dimm'd,

And many a chant in many a fane was hymn'd
 Unto the pale-eyed sun ; the Satyrs stay'd
 Long time in the dull woods, then on the glade
 They came and look'd for thee ; and all in vain
 Poor Dian sought thy love, and did complain
 For want of light and life ;—By all thy grief,
 Oh bright Apollo ! hear, and give relief
 To us who cry to thee—
 Oh come, and let us now thy glory see !

No. III.—To VENUS.

Oh Thou, most lovely and most beautiful !
 Whether thy doves now lovingly do lull
 Thy bright eyes to soft slumbering upon
 Some dreamy south wind : whether thou hast gone
 Upon the heaven now—or if thou art
 Within some floating cloud, and on its heart
 Pourest rich-tinted joy : whether thy wheels
 Are touching on the sun-forsaken fields,
 And brushing off the dew from bending grass,
 Leaving the poor green blades to look, alas !
 With dim eyes at the moon (ah ! so dost thou
 Full oft quench brightness !)—Venus ! whether now
 Thou passest o'er the sea, while each light wing
 Of thy fair doves is wet—while sea-maids bring
 Sweet odours for thee (ah ! how foolish they !
 They have not felt thy smart !)
 They know not, while in Ocean caves they play,
 How strong thou art.

Where'er thou art, oh Venus ! hear our song—
 Kind goddess, hear ! for unto thee belong
 All pleasant offerings ; bright doves coo to thee
 The while they twine their necks with quiet glee
 Among the morning leaves ; thine are all sounds
 Of pleasure on the earth ; and where abounds
 Most happiness, for thee we ever look ;
 Among the leaves, in dimly-lighted nook,
 Most often hidest thou, where winds may wave
 Thy sunny curls, and cool airs fondly lave
 Thy beaming brow, and ruffle the white wings
 Of thy tired doves ; and where his love-song sings,
 With lightsome eyes, some little, strange, sweet bird,
 With notes that never but by thee are heard—
 Oh, in such scene, most bright, thou liest now,
 And with half-open eye
 Drinkest in beauty—oh, most fair, that thou
 Wouldst hear our cry !

Oh thou, through whom all things upon the earth
 Grow brighter : thou for whom even laughing mirth
 Lengthens his note : thou whom the joyous bird
 Singeth continuously : whose name is heard
 In every pleasant sound : at whose warm glance
 All things look brighter : for whom wine doth dance
 More merrily within the brimming vase,
 To meet thy lip : thou at whose quiet pace
 Joy leaps on faster, with a louder laugh,
 And Sorrow tosses to the sea his staff,
 And pushes back the hair from his dim eyes,
 To look again upon forgotten skies ;

While Avarice forgets to count his gold,
 Yea, unto thee his wither'd hand doth hold
 Fill'd with that heart-blood : thou, to whose high might
 All things are made to bow,
 Come thou to us, and turn thy looks of light
 Upon us now !

Oh hear, great Goddess ! thou whom all obey ;
 At whose desire rough Satyrs leave their play,
 And gather wild-flowers, decking the bright hair
 Of her they love, and oft blackberries bear,
 To shame them at her eyes : Oh thou ! to whom
 They leap in awkward mood, within the gloom
 Of darkening oak-trees, or at lightsome noon
 Sing unto thee, upon their pipes, a tune
 Of wondrous languishment : thou whose great power
 Brings up the sea-maids from each ocean-bower,
 With many an idle song, to sing to thee,
 And bright locks flowing half above the sea,
 And gleaming eyes, as if in distant caves
 They spied their lovers (so among the waves
 Small bubbles flit, mocking the kindly sun,
 With little, laughing brightness)—
 Oh come, and ere our festival is done,
 Our new loves bless !

Oh thou, who once didst weep, and with sad tears
 Bedew the pitying woods !—by those great fears
 That haunted thee when thy Beloved lay
 With dark eyes drown'd in death—by that dull day,
 When poor Adonis fell with many a moan
 Among the leaves, and sadly and alone
 Breathed out his spirit—oh ! do thou look on
 All maidens who, for too great love, grow wan,
 And pity them : Come to us when night brings
 Her first faint stars, and let us hear the wings
 Of thy most beauteous and bright-eyed doves
 Stirring the breathless air : let all thy loves
 Be flying round thy car, with pleasant songs
 Moving upon their lips : Come ! each maid longs
 For thy fair presence—Goddess of rich love !
 Come on the odorous air ;
 And, as thy light wheels roll, from us remove
 All love-sick care !

Lo, we have many kinds of incense here
 To offer thee, and sunny wine and clear,
 Fit for young Bacchus : Flowers we have here too,
 That we have gather'd when the morning dew
 Was moist upon them ; myrtle wreaths we bear,
 To place upon thy bright, luxuriant hair,
 And shade thy temples too ; 'tis now the time
 Of all fair beauty : thou who lov'st the clime
 Of our dear Cyprus, where sweet flowers blow
 With honey in their cups, and with a glow
 Like thine own cheek, raising their modest heads
 To be refresh'd with the transparent beads
 Of silver dew, behold, this April night
 Our altars burn for thee : lo ! on the light
 We pour out incense from each golden vase ;
 Oh Goddess, hear our words !
 And hither turn, with thine own matchless grace,
 Thy white-wing'd birds.

No. IV.—To DIANA.

Most graceful Goddess!—whether now thou art
 Hunting the dun deer in the silent heart
 Of some old quiet wood, or on the side
 Of some high mountain, and, most eager-eyed,
 Dashing upon the chase, with bended bow
 And arrow at the string, and with a glow
 Of wondrous beauty on thy cheek, and feet
 Like thine own silver moon—yea, and as fleet
 As her best beams—and quiver at the back
 Rattling to all their steppings; if some track
 In distant Thessaly thou followest up,
 Brushing the dew from many a flower-cup
 And quiet leaf, and listening to the bay
 Of thy good hounds, while in the deep woods they,
 Strong-limb'd and swift, leap on with eager bounds,
 And with their long deep note each hill resounds,
 Making thee music :—Goddess, hear our cry,
 And let us worship thee, while far and high
 Goes up thy Brother—while his light is full
 Upon the earth; for, when the night winds lull
 The world to sleep, then to the lightless sky
 Dian must go, with silver robes of dew
 And sunward eye.

Perhaps thou liest on some shady spot
 Among the trees, while frighten'd beasts hear not
 The deep bay of thy hounds; but, dropping down
 Upon green grass, and leaves all sere and brown,
 Thou pillowest thy delicate head upon
 Some ancient mossy root, where wood-winds run
 Wildly about thee, and thy fair nymphs point
 Thy death-wing'd arrows, or thy hair anoint
 With Lydian odours, and thy strong hounds lie
 Lazily on the earth, and watch thine eye,
 And watch thine arrows, while thou hast a dream.
 Perchance, in some deep-bosom'd shaded stream,
 Thou bathest now, where even thy brother Sun
 Cannot look on thee—where dark shades and dun
 Fall on the water, making it most cool,
 Like winds from the broad sea, or like some pool
 In deep dark cavern: Hanging branches dip
 Their locks into the stream, or slowly drip
 With tear-drops of rich dew: Before no eyes
 But those of flitting wind-gods, each nymph hies
 Into the deep, cool, running stream, and there
 Thou pillowest thyself upon its breast,
 Oh Queen, most fair!
 By all thine hours of pleasure—when thou wast
 Upon tall Latmos, moveless, still, and lost
 In boundless pleasure, ever gazing on
 Thy bright-eyed Youth, whether the unseen sun
 Was lighting the deep sea, or at mid-noon
 Careering through the sky—by every tune
 And voice of joy that thrill'd about the chords
 Of thy deep heart when thou didst hear his words
 In that cool shady grot, where thou hadst brought
 And placed Endymion; where fair hands had taught
 All beauty to shine forth; where thy fair maids
 Had brought up shells for thee, and from the glades
 All sunny flowers, with precious stones and gems

Of utmost beauty, pearly diadems
 Of many sea-gods ; birds were there that sang
 Ever most sweetly ; living waters rang
 Their changes to all time, to soothe the soul
 Of thy Endymion ; pleasant breezes stole
 With light feet through the cave, that they might kiss
 His dewy lips ;—Oh, by those hours of bliss
 That thou didst then enjoy, come to us, fair
 And beautiful Diana—take us now
 Under thy care !

No. V.—To MERCURY.

Oh, winged Messenger ! if thy light feet
 Are in the star-paved halls where high gods meet,
 Where the rich nectar thou dost take and sip
 At idly-pleasant leisure, while thy lip
 Utters rich eloquence, until thy foe,
 Juno herself, doth her long hate forego,
 And hangs upon thine accents ; Venus smiles,
 And aims her looks at thee with winning wiles ;
 And wise Minerva's cup stands idle by
 The while thou speakest. Whether up on high
 Thou wing'st thy way—or dost but now unfurl
 Thy pinions like the eagle, while a whirl
 Of air takes place about thee—if thy wings
 Are over the broad sea, where Afric flings
 His hot breath on the waters ; by the shore
 Of Araby the blest, or in the roar
 Of crashing northern ice—Oh turn, and urge
 Thy winged course to us ! Leave the rough surge,
 Or icy mountain height, or city proud,
 Or haughty temple, or dim wood down-bow'd
 With weaken'd age,
 And come to us, thou young and mighty sage !

Thou who invisibly dost ever stand
 Near each high orator ; and, hand in hand
 With the gold-robed Apollo, touch the tongue
 Of every poet ; on whom men have hung
 With strange enchantment, when in dark disguise
 Thou hast descended from cloud-curtain'd skies,
 And lifted up thy voice, to teach bold men
 Thy world-arousing art : oh thou ! that when
 The ocean was untrack'd, didst teach them send
 Great ships upon it : thou who dost extend
 In storm a calm protection to the hopes
 Of the fair merchant : thou who on the slopes
 Of Mount Cyllene first madest sound the lyre
 And many-toned harp with childish fire,
 And thine own beauty sounding in the caves
 A strange new tune, unlike the ruder staves
 That Pan had utter'd—while each wondering nymph
 Came out from tree and mountain, and pure lymph
 Of mountain stream, to drink each rolling note
 That o'er the listening woods did run and float
 With fine clear tone,
 Like silver trumpets o'er still waters blown :

Oh, matchless Artist ! thou of wondrous skill,
 Who didst in ages past the wide earth fill
 With every usefulness : thou who dost teach
 Quick-witted thieves the miser's gold to reach,

And rob him of his sleep for many a night,
 Getting thee curses: oh, mischievous Sprite!
 Thou Rogue-god Mercury! ever glad to cheat
 All gods and men; with mute and noiseless feet
 Going in search of mischief; now to steal
 The fiery spear of Mars, now clog the wheel
 Of bright Apollo's car, that it may crawl
 Most slowly upward: thou whom wrestlers call,
 Whether they strive upon the level green
 At dewy nightfall, under the dim screen
 Of ancient oak, or at the sacred games
 In fierce contest: thou whom each then names
 In half-thought prayer, when the quick breath is drawn
 For the last struggle: thou whom on the lawn
 The victor praises, making unto thee
 Offering for his proud honours—let *us* be
 Under thy care:
 Oh, winged messenger, hear, hear our prayer!

NO. VI.—TO BACCHUS.

Where art thou, Bacchus? On the vine-spread hills
 Of some rich country, where the red wine fills
 The cluster'd grapes—staining thy lips all red
 With generous liquor—pouring on thy head
 The odorous wine, and ever holding up
 Unto the smiling sun thy brimming cup,
 And filling it with light? Or doth thy car,
 Under the blaze of the far northern star,
 Roll over Thracia's hills, while all around
 Are shouting Bacchanals and every sound
 Of merry revelry, while distant men
 Start at thy noisings? Or in shady glen
 Reclinest thou, beneath green ivy leaves,
 And idlest off the day, while each Faun weaves
 Green garlands for thee, sipping the rich bowl
 That thou hast given him—while the loud roll
 Of thy all-conquering wheels is heard no more,
 And thy strong tigers have lain down before
 Thy grape-stain'd feet?
 Oh, Bacchus! come and meet
 Thy worshippers, the while, with merry lore
 Of ancient song, thy godhead they do greet!

Oh thou who lovest pleasure! at whose heart
 Rich wine is always felt; who hast a part
 In all air-swelling mirth; who in the dance
 Of merry maidens join'st, where the glance
 Of bright black eyes, or white and twingling feet
 Of joyous fair ones, doth thy quick eyes greet
 Upon some summer green: Maker of joy
 To all care-troubled men! who dost destroy
 The piercing pangs of grief; for whom the maids
 Weave ivy garlands, and in pleasant glades
 Hang up thy image, and with beaming looks
 Go dancing round, while shepherds with their crooks
 Join the glad company, and pass about,
 With merry laugh and many a gleesome shout,
 Staining with rich dark grapes each little cheek
 They most do love; and then, with sudden freak,
 Taking the willing hand, and dancing on
 About the green mound: Oh, thou merry Son
 Of lofty Jove!
 Wherever thou dost rove

Among the grape-vines, come, ere day is done,
And let us too thy sunny influence prove!

Where art thou, Conqueror? before whom fall
The jewell'd kings of Ind, when the strong swell
Of thy great multitudes came on them, and
Thou hadst thy thyrsus in thy red right hand,
Shaking it over them, till every soul
Grew faint as with wild lightning; when the roll
Of thy great chariot-wheels was on the neck
Of many a conqueror; when thou didst check
Thy tigers and thy lynxes at the shore
Of the broad ocean, and didst still the roar,
Pouring a sparkling and most pleasant wine
Into its waters; when the dashing brine
Toss'd up new odours, and a pleasant scent
Upon its breath, and many who were spent
With weary sickness, breathed of life anew
When wine-inspired breezes on them blew;—
Bacchus! who bringest all men to thy feet!
Wine-god! with brow of light, and smiles most sweet!

Make this our earth

A sharer in thy mirth—

Let us rejoice thy wine-dew'd hair to greet,

And chant to thee, who gav'st young Joy his birth.

Come to our ceremony! lo, we rear
An altar of bright turf unto thee here,
And crown it with the vine and pleasant leaf
Of clinging ivy: Come, and drive sad Grief
Far from us! lo, we pour thy turf upon
Full cups of wine, bidding the westering sun
Fill the good air with odour; see, a mist
Is rising from the sun-touch'd wine!—(ah! hist!—
Alas! 'twas not his cry!)—with all thy train
Of laughing Satyrs, pouring out a strain
Of utmost shrillness on the noisy pipe—
Oh, come!—with eye and lip of beauty, ripe
And wondrous rare—oh! let us hear thy wheels
Coming upon the hills, while twilight steals
Upon us quietly—while the dark night
Is hinder'd from her course by the fierce light
Of thy wild tigers' eyes;—oh! let us see
The revelry of thy wild company,

With all thy train;

And, ere night comes again,

We'll pass o'er many a hill and vale with thee,

Raising to thee a loudly-joyous strain.

NO. VII.—TO SOMNUS.

Oh Thou, the leaden-eyed! with drooping lid
Hanging upon thy sight, and eye half-bid
By matted hair: that, with a constant train
Of empty dreams, all shadowless and vain
As the dim wind, dost sleep in thy dark cave
With poppies at the mouth, which night winds wave,
Sending their breathings downward—on thy bed,
Thine only throne, with darkness overspread,

And curtains black as are the eyes of night :
 Thou, who dost come at time of waning light
 And sleep among the woods, where night doth hide
 And tremble at the sun, and shadows glide
 Among the waving tree-tops ; if now there
 Thou sleepest in a current of cool air,
 Within some nook, amid thick flowers and moss,
 Grey-colour'd as thine eyes, while thy dreams toss
 Their fantasies about the silent earth,
 In waywardness of mirth—
 Oh, come! and hear the hymn that we are chanting
 Amid the star-light through the thick leaves slanting.

Thou lover of the banks of idle streams
 O'ershaded by broad oaks, with scatter'd gleams
 From the few stars upon them ; of the shore
 Of the broad sea, with silence hovering o'er ;
 The great moon hanging out her lamp to gild
 The murmuring waves with hues all pure and mild,
 Where thou dost lie upon the sounding sands,
 While winds come dancing on from southern lands
 With dreams upon their backs, and unseen waves
 Of odours in their hands : thou, in the caves
 Of the star-lighted clouds, on summer eves
 Reclining lazily, while Silence leaves
 Her influence about thee : in the sea
 That liest, hearing the monotony
 Of wavers far off above thee, like the wings
 Of passing dreams, while the great ocean swings
 His bulk above thy sand-supported head—
 (As chain'd upon his bed
 Some giant, with an idleness of motion,
 So swings the still and sleep-enthralled ocean).

Thou who dost bless the weary with thy touch,
 And makest Agony relax his clutch
 Upon the bleeding fibres of the heart ;
 Pale Disappointment lose her constant smart,
 And Sorrow dry her tears, and cease to weep
 Her life away, and gain new cheer in sleep :
 Thou who dost bless the birds, in every place
 Where they have sung their songs with wondrous grace
 Throughout the day, and now, with drooping wing,
 Amid the leaves receive thy welcoming:—
 Come with thy crowd of dreams, oh thou! to whom
 All noise is most abhorr'd, and in this gloom,
 Beneath the shaded brightness of the sky,
 Where are no sounds but as the winds go by,—
 Here touch our eyes, great Somnus! with thy wand—
 Ah! here thou art, with touch most mild and bland,
 And we forget our hymn, and sink away ;
 And—here, until broad day
 Come up into the sky, with fire-steeds leaping,
 Will we recline, beneath the vine leaves sleeping.

NO. VIII.—TO CERES.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
 When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,

Pierces the ground each young and tender blade,
 And wonders at the sun ; each dull grey glade
 Is shining with new grass ; from each chill hole,
 Where they had lain enchain'd and dull of soul,
 The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee
 Among the springing leaves ; and, fast and free,
 The rivers toss their chains up to the sun,
 And through their grassy banks leapingly run
 When thou hast touch'd them : thou who ever art
 The Goddess of all Beauty : thou whose heart
 Is ever in the sunny meads and fields ;
 To whom the laughing earth looks up and yields
 Her waving treasures : thou that in thy car,
 With winged dragons, when the morning star
 Sheds his cold light, touchest the morning trees
 Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze ;—
 Oh, pour thy light
 Of truth and joy upon our souls this night,
 And grant to us all plenty and good ease !

Oh thou, the Goddess of the rustling Corn !
 Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
 Pile up their baskets with the full-ear'd wheat ;
 While maidens come, with little dancing feet,
 And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown
 Of simple beauty, bending their heads down
 To garland thy full baskets : at whose side,
 Among the sheaves of wheat, doth Bacchus ride
 With bright and sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
 All wine-stain'd from the warm and sunny south :
 Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines,
 While in his car ye ride among the vines,
 And with the other hand he gathers up
 The rich full grapes, and holds the glowing cup
 Unto thy lips—and then he throws it by,
 And crowns thee with bright leaves to shade thine eye,
 So it may gaze with richer love and light
 Upon his beaming brow : If thy swift flight
 Be on some hill
 Of vine-hung Thrace—oh, come, while night is still,
 And greet with heaping arms our gladden'd sight !

Lo ! the small stars, above the silver wave,
 Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
 The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
 Of diamonds in the air ; or spirit barks,
 With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky.
 Lo ! a soft mist of light is rising high,
 Like silver shining through a tint of red,
 And soon the queen'd moon her love will shed,
 Like pearl-mist, on the earth and on the sea,
 Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery.
 Lo ! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
 Where incense with a floating odour burns,
 And altars piled with various fruits and flowers,
 And ears of corn, gather'd at early hours,
 And odours fresh from India, with a heap
 Of many-coloured poppies :—Lo ! we keep

Our silent watch for thee, sitting before
 Thy ready altars, till to our lone shore
 Thy chariot wheels
 Shall come, while Ocean to the burden reels
 And utters to the sky a stifled roar.

*Little Rock, State of Arkansas,
 August 15th, 1838.*

SIR,—It is with much doubt, and many misgivings, I have been induced by the entreaties of some friends in Boston to send the accompanying trifles in verse from this remote corner of the Union—beyond the Mississippi.

I would fain believe them worthy a place in your inestimable *Maga*, which regularly reaches me *here*, two thousand miles from New York, within six or seven weeks of its publication in Edinburgh, and is duly welcomed as it deserves. Should you judge them worthy of publication, accept them as a testimonial of respect offered by one, resident in South-western forests, to him whose brilliant talents have endeared him, not only to every English, but to multitudes of American bosoms—equally dear as Christopher North and Professor Wilson.

Most respectfully, Sir,
 Your obedient servant,

ALBERT PIER.

[These fine Hymns, which entitle their author to take his place in the highest order of his country's poets, reached us only a week or two ago—though Mr Pike's most gratifying letter is dated so far back as last August: and we mention this, that he may not suppose such compositions could have lain unhonoured in our repositories from autumn to spring. His packet was accompanied by a letter—not less gratifying—from Mr Isaac C. Pray—dated New York, April 20th, 1839—and we hope that, before many weeks have elapsed, the friends, though perhaps then almost as far distant from each other as from us, may accept this, our brotherly salutation, from our side of the Atlantic.—C. N.]

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY, JUN.

WITHIN a dell, one Spring, my boyhood knew
 A silver rill, which played through clustering ranks
 Of white-leaved flowers that thickly fringed its banks;
 And near I often strayed, entranced, to view
 And watch the lovely plants, whose blossoms grew
 To fullness, as the day, with genial power,
 Diffused its sun-light o'er each modest flower.
 I left that home—returned, and once more flew,
 While Autumn reigned, back to the cherished place;
 The rill was not—nor flower nor plant was there,
 But earth instead, veiled by a gloomy air;
 I mourned the changes on sweet Nature's face:—
 So hast thou vanished, loved one, and alone
 I weep that thou with all thy gifts are gone.

OUR CHAMBERS.

"THREE pair of stairs north, sir," said the treasurer's clerk with a low bow,—"three rooms, two fire-places, and an escape-door to the roof."

"Nobody overhead?" said we.

"Not a soul, sir!" said the treasurer's clerk, repeating the inflection; "three rooms, two fire-places, and an escape-door, too."

"Enough," said we; "the chambers are ours—ours from this moment!" The words made us a householder and an elector; and we emerged from the treasurer's office three inches the taller for our newly-acquired dignities.

"And now to find these chambers of ours," said we to ourselves, as we stepped out into — Aha! gentle reader, you had nearly caught us tripping, but you are not going to find us out so easily as all that—we intend to be in our literary, as, alas, we dread to be in our legal character—unknown! We are of a retiring and bashful disposition, and covet not the *digito monstrari et dicere hic est*: and whether it be Old Square, or New Square, or South Square, or any other square; or Pump Court, or Fig-tree Court, or Churchyard Court, or any other court of an equally cheerful and prepossessing appellation, in which we have taken up our "local habitation," we mean to leave to your ingenuity to discover; supposing, of course, that you think it worth your while to exert it in the enquiry. For the smaller inns, indeed (for we will own this much, that we dwell among the aristocracy of the law), we entertain horror not unmingled with pity—miserable, broken-down, decayed, shabby-genteel looking places they are—masses of superannuated bricks and mortar—full of untenanted rooms and broken windows—silent and sad—once the flourishing and favoured children of the larger societies—now neglected and disinherited outcasts—cut off with a shilling by their unnatural parents. We seem to grow mouldy as we pass through them—they startle us in the heart of London with the echo of our own footsteps. The very ghosts of old times must

feel ashamed to revisit them, and be weary of their perambulations long before cock-crow.

"But we must first find our laundress," said we, stopping short at the bottom of the staircase on whose door-post our own name was soon to figure; so we faced about—obtained her direction at the nearest porter's lodge, and sallied forth for — Court, — Street. How many times we had to ask our way—how many alleys we threaded—how many times we felt our pockets, to convince ourselves of the safety of their contents—how many chimney-sweeps and coal-heavers we encountered in passages where there was only room for one and a half abreast—how many pyramids of oranges, and how many tempers of ancient Irishwomen, we discomposed in our blunderings—how many bean-traps we trod in—how many times we devoted the object of our search to the devil—may be perchance imagined, but assuredly not enumerated. The houses—the people—the sights we saw—the sounds we heard—and, "horrible! most horrible!" the smells we smelt, the pen of Boz might perhaps describe—to our own the attempt would be hopeless. We had nearly given up the quest in despair, when fortune pointed out to us the good-natured face of a semi-subterraneous green-grocer in a small way, earnestly engaged in chaffering for his last cabbage with an old woman, who looked as if she could not by any possibility live long enough to eat it. However, the bargain was struck—the stock was cleared—the crone hobbled off with her prize, and the vender of vegetables had time for philanthropy. Kind soul! but for his aid our laundress had never greeted our enquiring eyes, and — Court remained as undiscoverable as the longitude.

As we entered, the door of which we were in search opened, and the visage of a female well-stricken in years presented itself, just in time to save the inhabitants of the district from the astonishment of a double knock. She was evidently in search of something, and we were not long

in discovering the object of her anxiety, in the form of a juvenile truant, who was seated by the side of the kennel at the further extremity of the court, surrounded by a bevy of admiring contemporaries, and busily engaged, as the facetious Thomas Hood has it, "a-playing at making little dirt pies." Happy innocent! little did he know the service we then rendered him! The storm was rapidly gathering—another moment, and terrible would have been its burst!—the eye was already kindling, the right hand working convulsively, the lip half unclosed—

"Pray," said we, in our most insinuating tone, "does a Mrs Mary Popkins live here?"

The hand unclenched—the gathered lightning postponed its flash *sine die*—the figure, drawn up to its full altitude, sank down into a half-inquisitive, half-reverential courtesy.

"If you please, sir, I am Mrs Popkins," said the matron.

Now, we never yet could understand how, in such cases, it matters one pin's head whether we please or not. We did not, as it happened, feel the slightest gratification at the intelligence; but the woman was Mrs Mary Popkins for all that, and we had nothing left for it but to explain the object of our visit, and to request an immediate inspection of our future domicile.

It was our first introduction to that peculiar race of females, who call themselves laundresses on a very ancient and classical principle of nomenclature; because, as the experience of ages has at length most clearly decided, they never do by any chance wash any thing. We were accordingly rather curious in our examination of the outward appearance of the specimen which preceded us to our chambers; and the result of the scrutiny was at least so far satisfactory, that we have never, since that day, been mistaken in pronouncing sentence of laundress or no laundress upon any given woman. A pair of stuff boots, unlaced—a dirty handkerchief, thrown shawl-wise over the shoulders (we have rarely set eyes upon a laundress in a cloak)—a dull-patterned and dull-coloured gown, with an extensive hiatus behind, affording perspective glimpses of various garments of unmentionable names and ineffable dinginess—a bonnet, generally black,

which may be conceived, by a vigorous exertion of the imagination, to have boasted, at some long-past period, some faint pretensions to a shape—hands of horrid hue—"foreheads villainous low," and faces on which dirt, and snuff, and gin, have set their most indelible signs—may be pronounced the most general characteristics of the tribe;—and when we say that Mr Popkins possessed them all, with the slight addition, or rather variation, of having but one solitary organ of vision, we feel confident that she is standing before the mind's eye of the reader exactly as she appears at this moment to put our chambers "to rights," in blissful unconsciousness of the immortality to which our pen is even now consigning her.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty steps! Mercy on us! here we are at last. These old women are truly astonishing creatures. Here are we, on the topmost landing-place, with but a light load of years on our back, puffing and blowing like a stranded grampus; and there stands Mrs Popkins, who might well be taken for Methuselah's eldest daughter, as composed as if she had not stirred a foot for these three months.

"So these are our chambers, are they?" said we, as we entered a tolerably large room with three windows, and a very time-honoured and time-worn marble chimney-piece.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Mrs Popkins—"this is the sitting-room, and this is the bedroom, and this is the"—

"Just so," said we, interrupting the catalogue; "and pray, Mrs Popkins, what may this be?"

"If you please, sir," replied our laundress, pointing to a recess about two feet square, with a board across the front—"If you please, sir, that is the coal-cellar."

"The devil it is!" said we, our teeth literally chattering at the intelligence.

Our astonishment was too evident to escape the notice even of Mrs Popkins' single eye.

"If I might make so bold, sir," said she, with a low courtesy to palliate her audacity, "I should say you had never lived in chambers before, sir."

"Never," said we; not feeling, at the moment, very much delighted at

the idea of doing so now for the first time. A gleam of satisfaction shot across the countenance of Mrs Mary Popkins as we pronounced the word "never," the meaning of which, new as it was to us, we could not for an instant mistake. Mrs Popkins had caught a greenhorn—and visions of candle-ends, ounces of butter, fragmentary loaves, lumps of coal, and unlocked cupboards, were floating in rich profusion across her lively imagination. We may live, thought we, to disappoint you yet, old dame—we had not a scout for four years at Oxford without learning a trick or two.

"Well, Mrs Popkins," said we aloud, "we shall send in our furniture to-night, and we shall sleep here to-morrow."

"Bless my heart, sir," said Mrs Popkins, "begging your pardon for the expression, I shall hardly have time to get the chambers thoroughly cleaned out." As, however, we thought that whether Mrs Popkins had time or not, the chambers stood a very poor chance of undergoing such an unwonted operation, we refused to alter our resolution—possessed ourselves of the keys—and strolled off to our club, to read the *Times*, discuss chops and corn-laws, yawn, put our hands in our breeches-pockets, and stare out of the bow-window.

We have ever, till lately, been accustomed to entertain a reasonably good opinion of our own capacities; but, alas! we have almost begun to fear that we must be possessed of an obtuseness of perception far beyond that which falls to the lot of ordinary dullards; for we are utterly unable to discover the truth of an opinion which appears to be entertained by every man, woman, and child of our acquaintance, and which has been unceasingly drummed into our ears from the very moment of our taking possession to the present. For the life and soul of us, we cannot find out that we are dull and miserable; but every body affirms that we must be so, and "what every body says must be true," is an axiom old enough to have grown by this time "something musty." That the world, however (uncommon as the case may be), is sincere in its opinion, we cannot for an instant permit ourselves to doubt. The pity we meet with is astonishing; the sym-

pathy overpowering. Old ladies of seventy-two turn up the whites of their eyes, and express their decided conviction that we must be "dismal beyond every thing." Facetious fathers of families perpetrate most self-satisfactory witticisms about blue devils, bedposts, garters, and coroners' inquests. The moustachioed and "imperial"-led loungers of Regent Street, are of opinion that it must be "devilish slow." The nice, delightful, talented young men, who hold an undisputed pre-eminence in quadrilles and small talk, are unalterably convinced that we must find it a "tremendous bore;" and the nice young ladies, who delight in the aforesaid nice young men, are perfectly unable to conceive how we can possibly endure such a melancholy, hermit-like state of existence. We have given up the unprofitable labour of opposing our own judgment to so universal an opinion; firstly, because we never found any body to allow that we ourselves could know any thing at all about the matter; and secondly, because we abominate arguments:—so we leave the world to "write us down" as miserable as it pleases, without caring to plead "not guilty" to the indictment.

We are, to speak the truth, lovers of solitude, though far from being haters of society. We can laugh with the loudest, and crowd it with the most fashionable. We can dance with the daughter—discuss fashions and scandal with mamma—dilate upon horses and tailors with the brother (or rather we are a good listener on such subjects, which, as it serves both to cover ignorance and flatter vanity, is far more agreeable to both parties)—debate politics with papa—and play a rubber, if need be, with any old grandam in the three kingdoms. We will even confess to a kindly and affectionate regard for an occasional good dinner, despite of the *dictum* which we found the other morning in Montaigne, that "the young man who pretends to a palate for wine or sauces, ought to be whipped;" for, much as we reverence the old Gascon in a general way, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that we deserve to undertake a pilgrimage at the cart's tail for an amiable and social weakness. We have no objection, we said, to a dinner: but still more to our liking

is what our continental neighbours call a "petit souper,"—the "champagne-and-a-chicken" style of thing, of which Lady Mary Wortley Montague writes with such *goût*;—the *noctes canaque Deum*—the happy hours of mirth and Miltons, song and Sillery, laughter and lobster-salad, which in our Oxford days—Bah! we shall be taken for regular roysterers, and Heaven knows that, now-a-days at any rate, we are innocent of the charge. "We are not now as we were then"—but our memory played us a slippery trick, and we were for the moment once more in our old rooms in the big quadrangle of—College. But now, our organ of gregariousness, or whatever the bump is called, develops itself only by fits and starts, prominent for a week, and impalpable for a twelvemonth. We have learned to grow careless of society without degenerating into an absolute Timon, and to love solitude without becoming a thick-and-thin disciple of Zimmerman.

Dull?—how should we be dull?—What! with our fire blazing, and our lamp trimmed—our kettle singing on the hob, three good cups of Twining's best brewing at our elbow, and the last number of Blackwood in our hand? We envy not the man who would feel moribund in such society. Do us the favour to cast your eyes round our room, too—find you there any lack of companions? Mark you phalanx of bards posted in that left-hand corner—you corps of classics to the right—that close and compact battalion of historians in the centre;—observe, too, yon little band, the cherished "Immortals" of our literary host—wise Bacon, and quaint old Burton, and eloquent Sir Thomas Browne, the fascinating Michael de Montaigne, and the incorrigible side-shaker Rabelais; Sterne, variable as an April day—like it, too, delightful in every change—and dear old Charles Lamb, with his merriment, and his wisdom, and his kind-heartedness! Dull, indeed!—Mercy upon us! what shall we hear of next! Listen, ye whose happiness lies in a perpetual squeeze, to the words of him who stands foremost in that bright array—"For a crowd is not company—and faces are but a gallery of pictures—and talk is but a tinkling cymbal in which there is no love."

But we are perverse beings; and,

little as we care about society when left to ourselves, we would not for worlds be positively debarred from it. We are independent Britons, and hate compulsion;—in two words (which, by the way, generally means about a dozen), we are waxing old-bachelorish—somewhat selfish if you will have it so—and we like our own way—and that's the reason we took our chambers. Somewhere or other—we think in the pages of "Maga the Queenly"—but we have a sad head, and cannot be positive—we remember to have read a song, written after our own heart, by a minstrel who must have lived in chambers, with such a hearty spirit did he sing of his own happiness. The burden of his strain has been many a time on our lips in our most particularly easy moments, and from our inmost heart have we echoed the wish—

"Oh! that kaiser or king the peace could find
Of four stone walls, and a cheerful mind!"

But happy as we are ourselves, we very much fear that we must be a positive nuisance to our inferior and opposite neighbours; for we are of a most unquiet temperament, and have in us the very spirit of unrest. Sometimes we pace our narrow domains, like a "perturbed spirit," for a whole evening through; sometimes we sing; sometimes we read aloud, partly because we think we remember the better for it, and partly—out with it, vanity!—because we have a notion that our reading is not to be sneezed at; very, very seldom are we perfectly quiet. We have not the slightest doubt that, in the private judgment of Mrs Popkins, we are irremediably insane. We know no richer treat than to note the look of mingled wonder, compassion, and apprehension with which she regards us, whenever she happens to catch us in what we overheard her one morning denominate, "our tantrums"—to observe with what care she lays our breakfast knife at the farther end of the table, that she may escape before we clutch it. We cannot even take up the poker to stir the fire in her presence, without calling up to her timorous imagination all the fearful stories of shattered skulls and scattered brains which fill the pages of the Newgate Calendar, and make pale the students of the Terrible

Register. The very slam (Johnson pronounces the word low—but we can't help it—will he find us one more expressive?)—the very slam of the door, as she leaves us for the morning, bespeaks a thanksgiving for her temporary escape. Her whole life is nothing but a series of unexpected reprieves.

We are, too, to our shame be it spoken, sadly given to what Scott calls "bedgown and slipper tricks." We love, when we settle ourselves for the evening, to kick our boots to one end of the room, and fling our coat to the other; to envelope ourselves in our "robe de matin;" thrust our weary toes into the last new pair of slippers wrought for our especial wearing by—never mind whom; wheel our easy chair full in front of the fire; set our feet each upon its peculiar hob; fold our arms, and resign ourselves to all the luxuries of a brown study. Most devoted lovers are we of that dabbling with visionary bricks and mortar, called "castle-building"—a very Alnaschar in chambers; and, to enjoy it in its full perfection, we know no better recipe than that which we have just written. Many an evening hour do we thus while away—and, alas! not a few morning ones into the bargain. It is a sort of intellectual intoxication from which we recover with a sigh, but, thank Heaven! without a headache.

We recollect reading somewhere, in somebody's reminiscences of Percy Bysshe Shelley, of the extreme delight with which he was wont to expatiate, while yet a sojourner on the shores of the classic Isis, on the comforts of what is called, in the language of the "gens togata," an "oak;" that is—in order that we may not be unintelligible to the unacademic public—a thick, strong outer door, universally painted black, and ungarnished either with handle or knocker, against which, when closed, the most beloved friend and the most detested dun may alike kick, thump, and anathematize in vain. Truly it *was* a blessing, even in those days when we were much less given to trimming the solitary lamp and wasting the midnight oil than we now are; when we dwelt among those of our own years and our own tastes—men of our own souls, now widely parted from us by time and space, which obstinately refuse to be annihi-

lated, even by the balloons and railroads of the nineteenth century. But now—now that we are in London, where the whole end and scope of human existence is to make every thing out of every body—where each man's hand is against his neighbour's pocket, and each man's tongue crieth "give, give," as unceasingly as the two daughters of the horse-leech—now it is, indeed, inestimable. Cheap tailors, and manufacturers of improved steel pens, with polysyllabic names, may indeed cram our letter-box with puffs and circulars, but they neither grieve our eyes nor vex our heart. Furniture-brokers, men of lounging chairs and library tables, and they of "Israel's scattered race," whose traffic lies in decayed habiliments, ascend our stairs but to tramp down again unprofitably; and economical tea-dealers leave their cards in vain.

There is a thorough independence in this mode of life which we prize beyond measure;—no gossiping neighbours to watch our out-goings and in-comings—to number our down-sittings and up-risings;—no code of domestic law save our own good will and pleasure—a most un-Medic-and-Persian legislator;—no chidings for coffee grown cold, and legs of mutton done to rags. Do we chance to feel convivially disposed, and let the stars "begin to pale their ineffectual fires" before we turn our thoughts bed-ward? There is no drowsy domestic kept up to grumble at our long-protracted absence. Are we, as saith the bard of the Seasons, "falsely luxurious," and indulge in a more than usually extended snooze? There are no household arrangements to be interrupted by our somnolence. We have none but the "blessed sun himself" to rebuke us, and he does it with such warmth, and yet with such gentleness, that we are always thoroughly ashamed of our own laziness, and register a most serious resolution to "reform it altogether." But alas! man is weak, and bed is pleasant; "a little more sleep and a little more slumber" has been the cry of other voices besides that of the hero of "the sluggard;" the very Druid, from whose animated appeal to early rising we have just quoted, was wont to let the noon-day beam surprise him between the sheets.

There is a stillness, too, about us

which is most refreshing, after the turmoil and din of the crowded thoroughfares which surround us at so slight a distance. The iron tongue of a neighbouring clock, and the voice of an antiquated watchman corroborating its announcements, are the only sounds which break our evening stillness. Here, and alas! here only, does that venerable and ill-used race of men exist in undiminished dignity—here only do they gossip—here only do they tread their peaceful rounds, till, unable any longer to resist the influence of the narcotic deity, they coil themselves up in the warmest corner of some secluded staircase, to dream of the days when Peel ate pap, and the new police were unimagined.

Often, when we have closed our books for the night, do we throw open our window, and, gazing around on the many cells of the great legal hive in which we are but a drone, busy ourselves in picturing to our mind's eye the various occupations of their tenants. That light on the left gleams from the chambers of an eminent lawyer, who, on the verge of the grave, and wealthy as the most grasping avarice could wish, is yet ever to be found poring over his musty parchments, with as deep and anxious an interest as though they were the indentures of his own salvation, instead of the melancholy records of some client's ruin. In yonder garret wakes a young student, without wealth, without friends, with nothing but his own ardent aspirations to support him; sacrificing youth, and health, and happiness, in the pursuit of honours which he is never destined to attain—of that wealth which, if it come at all, will come only when all the treasures of the fabling East would be but a pro-

fitless burden—a splendid mockery! A merry writer has spoken but a melancholy truth when he says, "I would rather hear many a legend with a terrific-sounding name, than the true history of one old set of chambers."

Could we be mistaken? We thought we heard the chorus of a song. Ah! there is a merry party "rousing the night with a catch" in yonder corner. Gay, careless souls—choice spirits—all—fellows of infinite jest and excellent fancy—systematical eschewers of Coke upon Littleton, whose impudence or whose interest may yet instal them in some snug sinecure, when the lonely student is at rest in his unnoticed and untimely grave. But the night-breeze comes chillingly off the river—nay, yonder bell warns us that it is already morning. We will watch no longer.

To bed, then, to rest undisturbed by the scratchings and nibblings of the crafty rat or timorous mouse—what should such things do here?—unwaked by the discordant love-tale of the amorous grimalkin, who chooses, like Philomel, the still calm hour of night to "unburthen her full soul,"—unwearying wanderer of housetops, unshrinking traveller of gutter and parapet, doomed to wail beneath the trysting chimney the absence of the fickle and perfidious tom. "To sleep—perchance to dream"—lapped in Elysian visions of admiring judges and overpowered jurymen, envious leaders, enraptured juniors, and ecstatic attorneys, silk gowns, and special retainers. Alas! but in a few short hours to be recalled by the voice of Mrs Mary Popkina, to the unwelcome but irresistible conviction that we are only

ONE OF THE BRIEFLESS.

THE LIFE OF A SPECULATIVE GERMAN.

IN the first volume of the *Denkwürdigkeiten und Vermischte Schriften* of Varnhagen Von Ense, published at Mannheim in 1837, is contained a memoir of the philosopher, and physician Johann Benjamin Erhard, of which we propose to give our readers an outline, in the hope that a picture of a course of life, and of habits of thought which may be new to many of them, will be neither uninteresting nor un instructive. There are limits to the fusion of national characteristics, and the mutual understanding which civilisation tends to produce; and to see the cities of many men is no longer to learn their thoughts. In the days of Ulysses, the peculiarities of foreigners lay upon the surface, and a few days or hours enabled him to understand the easy and hospitable Phœnicians, the hungry Læstrygones, whose giant queen his messengers saw, *κατὰ δ' ἔθους αὐτῶν*, and the danger of the dreamy land where

Round about the keel, with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotus-eaters
came.

Like a wise man, he took strangers as he found them; and, in truth, there was no difference between himself and those whom he met with, so wide or so puzzling as the gulf which separates the mind of the bookish German thinker from that of the plain Englishman. In this country we are wont to live and exert ourselves in various ways, to infer consequences from certain admitted premises, and even, if such is our fate, to write in prose or verse; but it must be confessed, that we do these things without comprehending them in a systematic classification according to the powers on which they depend, or looking into ourselves for the forms under which we act and think. Of the few who may at present study philosophy in England, we do not speak; but it is certain, that, in educated society and in general literature, no traces are to be found of the vast revolution in philosophy, which, from the time of Kant, has penetrated the whole framework of life and language in Germany. Philosophy has indeed there created

a language of its own—a vast magazine of formal terms, under which every particular may be included; so that all may write if they cannot think scientifically, or with a show of science. And genuine thought is, as might naturally be expected, far more common than with us. Knowledge is, to a German scholar, the great object of life; *cogitat, ergo est*, if, indeed, existence may, in all cases, be predicated of him; for he has a self-reproducing consciousness, first of his being, then of his consciousness of being, again of his cognizance of this consciousness, and so on for ever; perhaps it would be safer to say simply *cogitat*; while our beloved countryman, who never doubts that he is, or speculates upon who he is that doubts not, may be contented to abandon the premise, and take up the simple inference *est*. Which is better, the form without matter, or the matter without form, the active blind, or the far-sighted cripple, we are not called upon to judge, though we might suggest, with Æsop, the advantage of a combination of faculties and reciprocal counteraction of defects: at present, we proceed without further preface to the biography of a man, who seems to have lived only to speculate, and to practise the results of speculation.

The memoir before us is an autobiography with a supplement, preface, and dedication to Hegel, by Varnhagen Von Ense, who anticipates a preliminary objection, which probably few of our readers would think of making. After remarking that the philosophy of Kant, in Erhard's days the brightest light existing, has now [Varnhagen is writing about the year 1824] been altogether extinguished in science, as well as in its influence on life, he proceeds thus,—

“It will be suspicious to call back the attention of an advanced generation of high claims and rich endowments to an earlier step of knowledge, of which the majority is generally little willing to retain the remembrance or recognise the value, unless assistance is sought through the medium of a justifying criticism.” The philosophy of Kant, then, was obsolete fifteen years ago; while with us, at the

present day, a student of the *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft* is esteemed an advanced scholar, if he has the good luck to escape the reputation of a dangerous innovator. The writer is, however, stating a mere truism, in the tone in which a geologist might apologize for an account of the Plutonian and Neptunian controversy. Our readers, who may think it strange that a biography should be suppressed, because the speculative opinions of its subject are out of date, will be glad to know that this preliminary difficulty is overcome by a consideration of the enlarged and liberal views of the Hegelians, "who look so benevolently on the steps of the general advance which they have left behind them."

In the preface, Varnhagen speaks of the great burst of German literature about the beginning of the nineteenth century, of which the main cause was, as he justly says, "the philosophy which, in this point of view, properly commences with Kant; and, consequently, all that concerns his age will long remain an object of attention and interest to posterity. Therefore the writings and influence, not only of the great masters, but of those who stood second or third, who present themselves to us as a class highly deserving of honour, and as examples of living and of authorship, often belong to the first rank, will find increasing interest hereafter; and we may hope, with the works of Kant, of Fichte, and their equals, to see also the writings of Meudelsohn, Garve, Maimon, Reinhold, and especially of Erhard, who was not the least among them, collected and published as proofs of the most varied, honest, philosophical labours; nay, much of this kind might be received and guarded even with greater care, by those who are further removed than it was by contemporaries, or than will now be practicable for those who are still near to them." Whether the hope expressed in this somewhat long-winded sentence has been, or is likely to be fulfilled, we know not; though we have unbounded faith in the fecundity of German publishers. We had rather read the biographies of Erhard and the rest, than their works, especially when written, as in the present instance, by themselves.

Johann Benjamin Erhard was born on the 8th of February, 1766, in the

venerable city of Nuremberg, now the Pompeii, as it has been quaintly called, of the middle ages, and once the toy-shop of Europe. His father, Jacob Reinhard Erhard, was a wire-drawer by trade, and an amateur of various arts and sciences by inclination. He excelled in playing on the bugle, and "Heaven," says his son, "could have conferred upon him no higher grace than a virtuoso for his son: but it did not turn out so, and I had not the smallest inclination to the pursuit. He gave himself all possible trouble with me, but it was soon evident that I was not destined for a virtuoso." The labours of the good Jacob were not, however, entirely thrown away. "I got so far as to learn to sing the gamut, and to tune an instrument. This is a proof of what persevering toil in instruction can effect; for I well remember that I could not at first distinguish, whether a note sung after my father was the same or different. The sensation of greater or less exertion of the organs of voice and raising of the larynx, by which I finally, after my father's utterance of the note, hit it, was to me the measure of high and low notes; and at last I felt whether I sang the same note with him or not. . . . I did not, however, require this labour which it cost me to distinguish high from low notes, to distinguish the specific kind of sound. I never, after once hearing an instrument, confused it, without seeing it, with another. The sensation, therefore, by which we distinguish a higher from a lower note, must be different from that by which we distinguish like and unlike sounds, as, for instance, of trumpets and flutes, and must depend upon different parts of our organ of hearing."

We have quoted this passage as a characteristic and amusing specimen of Erhard's speculative nature, and of the unhesitating seriousness with which he narrates and discusses the minutest facts relating to himself. Yet it is not selfishness or vanity, which he feels, but genuine scientific interest. Cosmopolitan, as the botanist or the geologist may be, he is not ashamed to concentrate his attention on the Flora or the stratification of his country, or province, or county; and to Erhard, his own idiosyncrasy, the elements of his empirical *Ich*, form the province which he is peculiarly called upon to examine, and to communicate

his discoveries to the world, which he doubts not, will be as ready to learn, as he is to teach "How the foundations of his mind were laid." We can discover few traces of self-applause, and none of self-depreciation; there is no comparison with others, no fear of censure. We own that his personality appears to have been his hobby, but only as philosophers will have a predilection for some special application of their principles. His zealous and yet passionless self-contemplation, reminds us of a medical student of whom we have heard, who, having a leg amputated, dissected it himself, and gave his friends a lecture on it, in which he barely hinted at the muscular swell of the calf, and the delicate fineness of the ancle.

We are not aware of any autobiographer, except Mr Tristram Shandy, who begins his adventures earlier; and there is this remarkable difference between them, that Tristram was, as infants usually are, a passive subject under the various mistakes of Dr Slop, the curate, and Susanna; and but little affected in mind by the misfortunes which befell his name and his person; while Johann, whose mind was everything to him, was deliberately forming and instructing it. He says, that his recollections in some things run back into his first year, and in his second are in many things only uncertain, because, up to his fourth year, he was liable to confuse dreams with waking perceptions. He sometimes had disputes with his parents, whether circumstances had taken place, of which he was thus persuaded. The tendency clung by him in later years, and occasioned him great discomfort. He infers, from the vividness of these impressions, that, in the case of a diseased condition of the sensorium, which weakens the memory, a dream may sometimes be the cause of insanity.

Our young philosopher was taught by his father to despise the fear of ghosts, though he at first appears to have believed in their existence—for his maternal grandmother was remarkable for seeing them; and, which was more remarkable, was so free from fear of them, that she recounted their visits to her as coolly and indifferently, as a call from a neighbour. "I was so curious," says Erhard, "to test her statements by experience,

that in my third year I often slept with her, to see the ghost; but it never showed itself when I was there, and I consequently believed that I had gained the victory over her belief." We hope parents will henceforth teach their two-year-old offspring, who now waste their time in playing and prattling, and are a prey to the most uncritical credulity, to test the statements of their grandmamas about "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," or "Little Red Riding-Hood," by experience, and to gain victories over their belief. Not that the victory in this case was decided, for the dexterous old lady, by dint of long practice, was enabled to trip up the vigorous young controversialist, and asserted that he had with him an invisible good spirit, which the ghost was afraid of. "Thus," he soberly reflects, "I learned early," (*i. e.* in his third year, which, for so abstract a proposition may be called decidedly early), "that it is absurd to try to contend by experience against assertions, which would destroy the conditions of possible experience; for they may always be defended by an assumption as absurd as the assertion itself. . . . I never again tried the experiment of wishing to see any thing, which, if I saw it, could only denote the loss of the use of my understanding." We really think his understanding was perfectly safe, when in its long petticoats, as it were, it had so fully ascertained the conditions of possible experience.

But pride will have a fall. When he had attained the maturity of three years, even the cautious Johann fell into an error, which, at the distance of forty years, he remembers with the deepest remorse. What was it? Did he steal lumps of sugar, or scream to frighten his nurse, or try to drink out of the spout of the kettle? As it must be told, we will give our readers his own candid confession, hoping that their own consciences are free from similar burdens. "When I was full three years old, I was sent to a common school. Here I believed the common dogmas" (of Christianity—credulous infant!) "as easily as I disbelieved the ghosts; for my father had not declared himself against them. With humiliation, I yet remember that I found nothing revolting in the proposition, that a man who doubted the creed of St Athanasius" (which, no

doubt, at the common schools of Nuremberg, was used as preliminary to the spelling-book), "was dealt with as if he had committed the greatest crimes."

We are happy to find that the good wire-drawer may be acquitted of the charge of instilling intolerance into his son's mind, of *malice prepense*. On the contrary, "he tried, being then by no means a sceptic, to teach me tolerance, by disputing with me against the dogmas, in the assumed character of a heretic" (probably of a Homoiousian, as Johann could hardly be yet qualified to test his semi-Arian statements by experience), "or of a freethinker, and I shed many tears" (surely this was unworthy of a philosopher) "when I could not find arguments to confute him. The origin of my easy conviction" (which is really surprising in the victorious opponent of grandmamma) "lay in my feeling for veracity; I could not believe that millions of men could believe an absurdity, and look upon the exposure of it as a crime." This comes of diffidence and self-distrust. What was the value of the opinion of a few millions of men, compared with that of Johann Benjamin Erhard, aged three years? You ought to have tested their statements by experience, Johann.

His excellent memory brought him, in this Athanasian school, little distinction, for he only "strove to learn the meaning of things, without troubling himself about the words." In his ninth year, he entered the second class of the "Latin scholars," as the public school of Nuremberg was called. The first class was preparatory to the University; and, as far as Erhard knows, "the mode of reckoning is the same at all Protestant schools, while, at the Catholic school, the first class is the lowest." Here was food for speculation—Why do they so? "Was it done by the Protestants as a mark of distinction from the Catholics, as the first Christians made the first day of the week their Sabbath?" We had indeed thought that the first day of the week was so far from being a Sabbath, that it originally co-existed with the Jewish Sabbath; but we are so little given to speculation, that we fear we might never have been puzzled by the titles of the classes in the Nuremberg school. In the Latin school, Erhard, notwithstanding his excellent

memory, learned no Latin, but he had learned arithmetic, in the mean time, at the German school; whereupon he thus reflects:—

"As far as my memory goes back, I cannot remember to have learned to count;—I seem always to have been able to do it. I am equally ignorant of the time at which I exchanged the speaking of myself in the third person, which is so natural to children, for the *I*. Probably counting in a child succeeds the *I*; for, till it not merely feels itself as unity, but also thinks of itself as such, in opposition to all others, it has no fixed type (*schema*) of the one. It sees single things, but does not arrange them according to the abstract notion of singleness."

After two years, Erhard left the Latin school, in consequence of a reproof from a preacher whose sermon he had not attended to; and, in his self education from this time forward, we cannot but admire the free and generous spirit of the boy, who sought knowledge for the sake of knowledge. The absence of intercourse, in German society, between the middle classes and the aristocracy, removes a great danger which besets self-taught genius in England, in the tendency of eminence to break the bonds which connect a man with the companions of his youth, without raising him to a perfect level with the class into which he is removed. The son of the Nuremberg craftsman looked to no wider public than his townsmen for sympathy, and sought no reward for study but knowledge. We are haunted with a ghost, whose name is *Cui Bono*. Fearing and dreading the name of utilitarianism, we worship it in its meanest forms, and set up wealth and power in the place of wisdom, or, which is worse, as the ends which justify the search of wisdom as a means. Fools and blind! for which is greater, the gold on the temple, or the temple which sanctifies the gold? The *vis inertiae* of our universities still opposes a partial resistance to the militarist tendencies of education; but even they are tormented into arguing on the tendency of their studies to promote success in life. "Look at the bench," they say, "crowded with wranglers." "Listen to the first-class man speaking in Parliament." "Who shall argue, if logic be forgotten?" "Who shall quote, when Virgil is un-

read?" So the public turns sulkily away for want of an answer, and Alma-Mater goes on in her course of training, *sub rosâ*, the would-be judges and statesmen into men. How different is the feeling of the lonely and uninstructed German lad!

"This feeling for freedom," he says, after speaking of his sympathy with the revolt of America, "was a necessary result of my education. With all the inclination for the arts and sciences which my father had implanted in me, he never raised in my mind the notion of supporting myself by any other means than his profession. All that I learned, I learned because it gave me pleasure, or to please my father; for I loved my father so dearly, that I liked no one better as a playfellow. . . . This education, which caused me to gain art and science for its own sake, roused in me so strong a feeling for freedom from outward compulsion, that, in the choice of my employments, I always followed either inclination or duty, and disregarded all other views, especially those of outward advantage."

From eleven to thirteen, Erhard worked at his father's trade, and acquiring some knowledge of engraving, was able to procure with his gains a few books; among which, he enumerates Wolf's *Elements*, Krüjer's *Theory of Nature*, and, at a later period, Wolf's *Elementa Matheseos*. He entertained a laudable contempt for books written to suit the capacity of children, such as *Natural History for Children*, by Raff; and in this feeling we fully agree with him, and would extend the same condemnation to all condescending compositions, and especially to sermons for the poor. Let a man speak to his hearers on topics they can understand and care for, to children about giants and fairies, to peasants about their fields and their homes; but let him not leave his position as a teacher, by the awkward affectation of equality with his learners. They can dispense with intelligibility, but not with earnestness; with the show of parity of knowledge, rather than with the recognition of common humanity. Children understand each other, and they understand men and women; but the mongrel-character of affected puerility is as puzzling to them, as an address which we once heard a surly porter make to a persevering foreign vagrant—"You not

understand me; why you not walk off, when I you tell?"

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia;"

but the debt is paid by few.

In his fourteenth year, his studies were interrupted by some alarming fits of epilepsy, succeeded by a harassing tendency to see figures when alone, which troubled him the more, from his full conviction of their unreality. The propensity was evidently inherited from his grandmother, who, like him, was free from superstitious fear; but the good woman never troubled herself about objective causality, with which Erhard considers his visions incompatible; forgetting that a morbid condition of the retina or sensorium must produce morbid results, which would be objectively cognizable to a perfect physiologist. The "pain which, in such cases, arises from the difficulty of forming a judgment objectively valid, which has for us at the same time subjective evidence," proceeds from a misconception of the judgment which ought to be formed. The phantom-seer has subjective evidence that he sees phantoms; but not that they are cognizable to others, or independent of his own bodily organization.

From his twelfth to his sixteenth year was, in Nuremberg, the sentimental, or, as he calls it, the *Siegwart-Wertherisch* period, and he had the good fortune to see one of his acquaintances commit suicide, and to learn from another, named Doerburem, to fall in love. The same kind friend instilled into him a smattering of Greek, and expounded to him the New Testament, "according to the bold mode of interpretation which was then fashionable;"—that, we presume, of the Wolfenbuttel fragments, or of Eickhorn. His precocious genius, as might have been expected, outran his teacher, and he saw the imitations of *Homer*!! which show the mythical character of the sacred history. The gravity and earnestness with which he narrates the crotchets and follies of his boyhood, have a whimsical and amusing effect. It is strange that a thinking man should value the convictions which he formed in ignorance, even if on knowledge he abides by the results. But in Erhard, the boy was not the father of the man, but the man himself; and that man, though by fortune a critical philosopher, was by nature and destiny a

believer and a dogmatist. He believed, indeed, in the categories and not in the prophecies, because he was a speculator rather than a man, and the first system that satisfied the conscious wants of his intellect relieved it from craving for ever after. In some things, he appeared to be involved in the interests of common humanity. "Schiller used to relate," says Varnhagen, "that when Erhard had inherited a small house at Nuremberg, he was in a great hurry to go into the kitchen, and light a fire on the hearth, to express by this proceeding the act of taking possession. Good sound common sense was more valued by him than any learning or cultivation," &c. True, perhaps; and yet it was only life in the rebound from speculation. We have seldom known an abstracted student who had not a theoretical interest in life; but it is always through a peculiar medium—he is not one among men in the first instance, but he projects an imaginary self into the midst of them, and watches his reciprocal influences upon them and from them. He delights in the symbol of ownership, but he knows that it is a symbol, and amuses himself with his own delight; for he has passed through the antithesis of the conscious subject and its object, to the comprehension of both in a common objectivity, which is at first not felt to imply, as its correlative, a common subjectivity. The reflected and secondary object is identified with the simple and primary, and this conscious development of unconscious being forms one main element of German literature. As a characteristic specimen of the class, we have selected Erhard. He could not feel himself owner of a house, till he found a symbol to represent ideal ownership to his imagination. He exchanged theory for life, only because life was to him the emblem of a theory.

We have said that, as became a philosopher in the Siegwart-Wertherisch epoch, he fell in love, or fancied that he did so; apparently with no particular fair one, but with an idea, which the maidens of Nuremberg had the opportunity of realizing in rotation; yet all the while he was preparing for a more permanent attachment, and he determined "to choose its object calmly, before his mind was agitated by passion." He fixed on a certain Wilhelmine, and thought "that the ideal was realized;

and though, after some years, I was forced to admit my error, nothing would induce me to banish from my recollection these years of happy dreams. Every bright moonlight night carries me back still to that sweet delusion. Oh, no! it was not delusion—it was reality then; this firm trust in the harmony of our souls, this abstraction from every thing corporeal in our union, this completeness in our being. I felt myself at thy side, free from all influence of the world upon me, and infinitely strong to act upon it. In this feeling of force, the bold idea arose in my mind of being able to supply a complete theory of legislation, and making this the object of my life, since I had not yet learned to consider on what, but for what, I was to live." A true and beautiful picture of the happy enthusiasm of youth, and not to us an anticlimax, though it leads from love to legislation; for the production of theory and system was the work to which his mind was adapted by organization, and which could not but result, if a moving force was found for its mechanism; but the *αὐτὴ δύναμις* is the same for all, the original energy of the will; and if its effects are not the same, through the clogging of the machine, by selfishness and worldliness, enthusiasm is the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, which art can but partially imitate in attempting *ἡ ἐλπίς καὶ φόβος περιβαίνει τὸν τῶν ταύτων καθαρῶς καὶ ἀλόγως*.

We say enthusiasm, for of love we doubt; that cool and prudent determination to select the object first, and fall in love with her afterwards, makes us rather sceptical, and we have a lurking suspicion that real love was too human and practical a state for Erhard to be included in. An American rhetorician draws a distinction between the shopkeeper and the man in the shop, the farmer and man on the farm; and so we would say that Erhard was not a lover, but a philosopher in a condition of love. Varnhagen Von Ense takes a sound view of the question:—

"The mind and spirit of the young man is all on fire; he deprecates every doubt, and every misunderstanding; he sees in her perfection, he expects from her every spiritual elevation and moral advancement; he revels in admiration and passionate devotion. . . . And yet, with all the fire, with all the enthusiasm, with all

the tenderness which is expressed here (in his correspondence with Wilhelmine), at bottom real love, we must say it, is utterly wanting. . . .

The passion, the anxiety, the longing, the confidence—all dispense with one distinction, which alone forms the characteristic of true love—with the need of this definite personality."

This passion, he proceeds to say, might have been easily, by a freak of imagination, transferred to others.

"We can, in such a case, only pity the poor girl, who, instead of being an actual object of personal love, is obliged to serve as a sort of counterpart to a metaphysical excitement, as a *Not-I* (negation of self)." It was probably fortunate for both parties that the connexion wore itself out.

"They met and parted. Well, is there no more?"

Something within that interval, that bore the stamp of why they parted, how they met?"

There were suspicions, and doubts, and discoveries; in short, the dream ended, and Erhard awoke, and was indignant to find it was a dream. We return to the more directly intellectual development of his mind.

It was in his fifteenth year that he first felt the nature of mathematical evidence. He had learnt from Wolf the dogmatic method of deducing mathematical as well as other truths from the original notions (*begriffen*) of them, and had tormented himself (*bis zur ohnmacht*) with vain attempts to prove propositions about straight lines, &c., from his notions of them. At last, in the proposition of the equality of parallelograms on equal bases between the same parallels, the light suddenly dawned upon him, and he felt intuitive certainty, and a consciousness, which however he could not account for, of the difference between mathematical evidence and logical proof. He experienced a weaker but somewhat similar feeling, when, a year afterwards, he gained an insight into "necessary subjection to strict law."

There are probably few thinkers to whom the first revelation of formal truth is not a remembered intellectual epoch. We suspect that it is not desirable that it should first be suggested by geometry, where the close connexion of the intellectual with the sensuous vision (*anschauung*), and of the vision with the notions of which

the propositions are formed, adopted by Kant as the basis of his system, inasmuch as it supplied the condition of the possibility of synthetical judgments *a priori* or of objective truth, and rejected by Hegel as unessential to the proposition (*Phänomenologie des Geistes*, p. 34), is likely to confine the attention of an unpractised thinker to the particular case of truth, accompanied by vision, instead of the form of truth, which is exemplified by a syllogism with false premises, as well as by the proposition in Euclid which enlightened Erhard. He could not, however, have used a better preparative for his approaching study of Kant.

For several years Erhard continued his course of self-education, reading in English Shaftesbury and Ossian, whose frothy rhapsodies appear to have met with greater acceptance in every part of the Continent than in England; adding to Wolf's demonstrative system, fragments from Spinoza and other philosophers; and, above all, maintaining an active intercourse or correspondence with Wilhelmine, and with two or three youthful friends. "These years," he feelingly says, "of friendship and of love, when the search for truth was the sole aim of my life, the communication of my discoveries to my friends the only reward which I wished or obtained, conversation with my beloved on friendship and love the full enjoyment of love—these years, even now, compose my true life. I shall be active as long as I live, and I have felt much pleasure since; but my life itself, without reference to any of its particular circumstances, as immediate enjoyment of being, I possessed only then, when ye, my never-to-be-forgotten, formed my universe, for which I wished to exist." Varnhagen does justice to the class and the epoch to which Erhard belonged, in his remarks on his correspondence at this time with his friend Osterhausen. From the contemplation of the pursuits and thoughts of this young handicraftsman (for Erhard worked all this time at his father's trade), we may look further, he says, and contemplate a picture of civic life, which is seldom so well presented to us. "These lofty exertions and refined relations, in a rank of life which in general has little time to spend on cultivation, and little claim to make to

it, give the most favourable representation of our German middle class, which exercised within itself the best attributes of the nation, and for a long time almost alone maintained them."

In the spring of 1786, one of Erhard's friends mentioned to him a notice of Kant's writings which he had seen, from which it appeared that he attacked the foundation of the Wolfian dogmatism; and, like a gallant partisan, immediately determined to read Kant's works, and refute them. In the transcendental æsthetic he found nothing strange, as he had been familiarized by the system of Leibnitz to the doctrine of the ideality of time and space. He passed easily through the analytic (doctrine of the categories of the understanding), and first recognised the opposition of Kant's critical to Wolf's dogmatic philosophy in the parallogisms of the pure reason. In the Antinomies (proofs of contrary propositions, as of the infinity and finiteness of time, the infinite or ultimate divisibility of matter, &c.), he discovered, he says, the play upon words in the assertion, that time and space were objects for a notion (*begriff*), and could again be known from the notion; "but with this insight vanished the show of logical necessity (*dialektische schein*), which prevails in Wolf's system, and must necessarily overcome a reason nurtured in obedience to faith, which chooses to beautify its faith by representing it as the choice of freedom." He felt, he says, a new intellectual life, "unrestrained by all that men choose to make one another believe, and undisturbed in my faith, which was not contrary to reason, by the objection that I could not formally prove it." In short, he had learned that if the speculative reason cannot give positive answers to its own questions, it can solve them in the only manner in which they admit of being solved, by showing their insolubility. Whether he had fully learned to give unto reason the things that be reason's, and unto faith the things that be faith's, may perhaps admit of doubt; but he had ascertained that the domains and functions were distinct.

For the intellectual residence he had now built, he had not long to wait for an inhabitant. He was satisfied as to the forms by which all is to be known, the principles and limits on which judgments are to be formed; but

where to find things to be known or judged in an independent existence and vitality, he had first to learn from this great master's Critical Enquiry of the Practical Reason. Let those who are enthusiastic in an election, or exuberantly joyful at a windfall of money, respect and tolerate the feelings of the satisfied searcher after truth:—

"All enjoyment which I ever received in my life," says the lover of Wilhelmine, "vanishes in comparison with the agitation of my whole mind, which I felt at many passages of the book. Tears of extreme pleasure often fell on this book, and even the recollection of these happy days ever moistens my eyes, and has raised me up when I was downcast and melancholy. . . . If I am to persevere in the struggle with the depressing thought, which the history of the time often breathes into me like an evil demon, that the development of manhood, among the acts and dealings of men, is an old woman's tale, &c. . . .

. . . It is thy work, my teacher, my father in the spirit, and I feel myself strengthened by the consciousness. I am what I am—no other has my duties—no other can think for me; the world which I look on, is a problem for my faculties of knowledge. . . .

It is thy work, my teacher, my father in the spirit." "Here," he proceeds, "my philosophical education closed itself: I recurred no more to first principles, but sought rather to make what use I could of my philosophy in other sciences." "Erhard," says Varabagen, "finds all now certain and secure; his convictions are decided, one might almost say stiffened, for his whole life, no more to be loosened by dialectic toil." He proceeds to speak of the philosophy of Kant in action—"It presses forward into life; as doctrine, as example, as message, it forces itself in every direction; all the enlightened and the active take an interest in it; it is like a new religion spreading. . . . We see it shine forth as the object of the highest relations and wants of a wide circle of mankind, from Königsberg to Hamburg and Copenhagen, and to Vienna and Trieste; we see how it awakes and inspires—how it makes the highest promises, and at last gives only an insufficient satisfaction. The noblest, the most gifted of the mature and of the young, nay, even women, try the path with zeal, and even reach the

goal; but, after the first burst of joy, they find themselves in intolerable division, in fearful pressure."

And all this time in England men were satisfying themselves with the dregs of Locke, or with the unveiled eudæmonism of Paley! How small they appear in the comparison! Then came the storm of the French Revolution, and England passed through it harmless, and "Germany, with all her lettered schools," sank at the foot of the Conqueror. Which was best, practice without speculation, or thought without life? It was our happiness to have preserved in our institutions, in our household manners, and in the mainspring of our public greatness, unlimited political activity in the individual, the realization of those truths which were denied in our books and our sermons. The dull pressure of continental despotism had forced the life out of the forms of society, and taught men to look for embodied truths only as future possibilities. Believing in conscience, and freedom, and law, they could find no better means of applying them to reality, than by arbitrary associations in the place of states, and secret symbols to supply to the imagination the want of habitual affections. It was better to try such experiments than to acquiesce in despair; but it was well for us that we had no occasion to try them. We were better than our principles, but we must have been gradually corrupted by their influence; and we ought to acknowledge our gratitude to that profound race of thinkers, who, in circumstances unworthy of their principles, worked out the great truths, of which we are now enjoying the advantage.

Erhard appears about this time to have been infected with the fashion of secret associations, set by the illuminati and freemasons of the day. He formed a scheme for a league of women to restore their equality with the dominant sex, and one for a union of all good men for the education of the rest. "What a pity it is," said his father's friend, Rector (of the Latin school?) Lederer, "what a pity that I do not know a single person whom I could propose as a member." A judicious observation, which suggested to Erhard the equally judicious reflection, that, for the production of true good, virtue is the only bond of union necessary. Yet he was very

melancholy when he considered how impossible it was for him to do any thing in the world. He came sometimes to the brink of suicide, and might have yielded to the temptation, if his affections had not still given him a taste for life; besides, he had formerly satisfied himself of the criminality of the act, and he had made it his rule, and a good rule it was, in all conflicts of passion, to observe the results of previous enquiries as unconditional commands. "It is a practical rule," he proceeds, "for every man"—we must, however, strenuously protest against the latter part of it—"to direct his course absolutely according to the earlier results of his enquiries; but, if there are none such, to follow his inclinations without further reasoning about it (*vernünfteln*), for he can then only injure himself or others (which, indeed, is a danger hardly worth considering), and he may make compensation afterwards, if he has violated justice or prudence." From which it seems to follow, that if Mr Greenacre had never deliberated on the propriety of killing and cutting up middle-aged women, he was justified in doing so when he felt inclined; though the act was both imprudent and injurious in some degree to Mrs Greenacre. The reason of the rule is plausible: "If he tries to enquire, while his inclinations are urging him, they are sure to trample upon his judgment; and he is in danger, instead of having done a bad action, of becoming a bad man." The fallacy consists in a tacit assumption, that there is no established rule to command the inclinations in such cases. Doubtful actions are forbidden actions, and the results of voluntary ignorance are voluntary violations of duty.

The task which we proposed to ourselves is nearly accomplished with the completion of Erhard's education, and we shall pass briefly over the remaining events of his life. He selected medicine as his profession; and, in the year 1788, proceeded to the University of Würzburg to study it. In 1790 he went to see the coronation of the Emperor Leopold at Frankfort, and derived, as he says, from his journey, the advantage "of losing all taste for such costly ceremonies in future." We, who are not by nature speculative machines, confess that we came to much the same conclusion

at the great spectacle of her most gracious Majesty's coronation last year. At the completion of his academic course he took a longer journey, preceded by a winter spent at Jena, where he formed the acquaintance of Reinhold, Schiller, and Wieland, and of a Baron Herbert, who formed a close friendship with him, and afterwards rendered him the most essential services. From Jena he proceeded by Goettingen, Hamburg, and Kiel, to Copenhagen, and thence by sea to Memel and Koenigsberg, where he attained the great object of his travels, personal knowledge of his great teacher, Kant. "He seemed surprised at my mode of speaking of his works to him. I asked no explanations; but merely thanked him for the pleasure they had afforded me, without another word of compliment. The facility of understanding him, which this implied; seemed to make him doubt at first whether I had read them, but we soon came to an understanding, and found our society suitable to each other." After his return to Nuremberg, Kant wrote to him in terms of which he is justly proud. "Of all men whom I have learned to know well, I should like no one for daily intercourse better than you." In fact, the respect and regard which Erhard through life received from others, is his best claim to our esteem. We only know half a man's character if we read how he thought and acted, without knowing how he was thought of and dealt by. The proofs of attachment which Erhard received from his immediate friends, and the notice which he received from the great men of his time, may counterbalance many of the foibles which he unintentionally or indifferently discloses.

From Koenigsberg he travelled with his friend Herbert to Klagenfurt, and afterwards through the north of Italy and the Tyrol to Nuremberg, when he proceeded with little eclat to his doctor's degree, though, from a knowledge or belief of his unpopularity there, he had determined to practise in some other locality. About this time he married, and employed himself in periodical writing on subjects connected with the principles of jurisprudence. He wished in vain to obtain some university position, and thought of removing to Poland, when he met with a man named William Pearce, who represented himself as an American

colonel, and offered him an appointment as regimental surgeon in that service. His father-in-law advanced money for this purpose; but the colonel turned out a swindler, and Erhard was ruined. He speaks of this blow with great bitterness. His fortunes however, began, not long afterwards, to improve. In the year 1795 he gained an introduction to the well-known minister, Baron von Hardenberg, who at the time presided over the administration of the Franconian principalities; and after being employed by him to write, for a handsome stipend, in defence of the claims of the House of Brandenburg, was recommended by him to settle as a physician in Berlin, where he finally took up his residence, and was admitted to practise in the year 1800. His reputation gradually increased, and brought him his share of the polysyllabic honours so dear to his countrymen. He was successively a member of the Medicinal-Upper-Examination-Commission, and Upper-Medicinal-Councillor, and from the King of the Netherlands he received the order of the Belgian Lion. In 1827 he died, "with the consolation," says Varnhagen, "of the just. Devotion to the will of the Supreme had always accompanied him on his way."

In many of the events of his life, Erhard exemplifies the distinguishing virtue of the national intellect, appreciation of principles, and its great defect, disregard of empirical rules. Germans are often so deeply impressed by their intuition of the unity of truth, that they consider the actual variety of its manifestations as an obstacle to be removed or disregarded, and not as its condition and counterpart. They reject an action, or class of actions, as limited and fragmentary, in favour of an arbitrary symbol of some general law, as Erhard regarded not his ownership of the house, but the fire-lighting which represented to him abstract ownership; and within the limits of that law they seek to produce corresponding unity of outward things, or, if that is impossible, an emblematic unity which may satisfy the imagination; wherein they are in reality breaking up the one great law into many, while they deceive themselves by the substitution of larger component units for smaller, of secondary generalizations for individual objects and actions. Yet every action is, as Fichte

taught of every particle of matter, but the point of intersection of a thousand laws, each of which is severally satisfied and realized in it for that place and time, while their co-existence and necessary reciprocal action makes an entire empirical realization of any one impossible; for the perfect fulfilment of an independent law is at once a negation of the unity of the supreme law. If a political course of conduct, or an individual rule of life, fails to correspond in itself to our ideal of the state or of personal character, it may nevertheless be required of us, if it tends to the practice of some general rule which experience has suggested as tending to the production of the ideal of a still higher law; not that one can contradict the other, but that our perception of one may be enlightened by our clearer perception of the other. The great philosopher whom we have just quoted, fell into the error of seeking unity short of universality. In his *Geschlossener Handelsstaat*, (close-trading state,) he lays down the conditions under which the economic relations of a state may be subordinated to perfect legislation. The perfect government must have absolute power, and dealings with foreigners must be partially independent; therefore, let all dealings with foreigners be prohibited, except to the government itself for the supply of necessary imports to its subjects. The deduction is irrefragable, but the major of the implied syllogism, the hypothetical assertion of the existence of a perfect government in a portion of the earth, is false. The existence of neighbours is the limit of its power, and therefore of its perfection. The problem of the practical reason is the perfect subordination of all existence to law, as the aim of the speculative reason is to see the coincidence of formal law with reality. Formal law is but a shadow, to represent its realization to the mind, and those who leap past the difficulties and obstacles of the universe which is to be subjected to it, or select a portion to take the place of the whole, have only avoided the task of which they might have performed a part, by mistaking its nature and meaning. They reject the discrepancies which they are called upon to harmonize. "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."

The haste to realize laws which Fichte displayed in political economy, Erhard carried into life; and the re-

sult is an occasional appearance of singular contradiction between his principles and his actions—appearance we are convinced it was; but men who will not use the means which nature provided them, by supplying rules to mediate between the particular and universal—who try to make watches by the laws of motion, and to buy a horse according to the eternal principles of justice, must expect to make errors in their subsumptions of facts so very small, to classes so very large, and must bear with the incredulity of the world, if it fails to perceive the attempt to subsume them.

We suspect Erhard neither of peculiar selfishness, nor of want of filial affection; but we may compare his prolix discussions on his infantine musical propensities, with his account of the death of his mother:—"After long indisposition, I found her one morning with an eruption on her head and face like St Anthony's fire, in bed, without recollection, and my efforts to recall it were vain—she died the same day." Now for the son's reflections:—"I have never seen a patient in the same state, and therefore I cannot say whether I took the right steps or not. I tried leeches, blisters," &c.

"Physician art thou? one all eyes?
Philosopher? a fingering slave—
One who would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?"

Yes, and anatomize, too, if the interests of science required it: yet was Erhard no fingering slave.

We have the authority of his biographer, and the fact of his reputation, in favour of the belief that his professional talents and attainments were considerable; yet he met with difficulties in passing the examinations,—first for his Doctor's degree at Altorf, and afterwards for admission to practice at Berlin. At the latter place, the board required him to re-write the anatomical essay which he had delivered to them, "because much important and necessary matter belonging to the subject is not brought forward; much is said that is untrue, and, on the other hand, many things irrelevant to the essay are entered into." How he was likely to receive this reproof, we may judge from his modest remarks on a similar rebuke from the Doctors at Altorf. "I can only," he says, "attribute to my melancholy

state of mind at the time, which prevented me from reflecting on circumstances calmly, the fact, that I derived less instruction from my examination, than from my dispute with my grandmother about the ghosts; and that it was only lately" (query, at the Berlin examination?) "that I learned that, as superstition is not to be overcome by experience, so the vanity of learning is not to be defeated by sound criticism of the, pretended experience which it brings forward."

We wish some divine had drawn a similar rebuke upon himself, by criticising, as in the *Eigendünkel der Gelehrsamkeit* he might perhaps have been tempted to do, a plan which he formed in conjunction with Goeschen, a bookseller, during a pedestrian journey from Jena to Würzburg, "of a translation of the Bible as a popular book (*Toilettenbuch*). The translation was divided between us, and we saw in the spirit the fruits of this our undertaking to communicate this history more widely to mankind—fruits which this book produces not so much through the narrations, as through the manner of narration, and the comprehensive representation of all situations into which man, as a being of nature, must come." We had thought that "this book" had been translated into some two hundred languages, and, amongst others, into the mother tongue of one Martin Luther. We had even supposed the manner of narration had been tolerably preserved, and that it was the "*toilettenbuch*" of every toilet table from Berlin to the Sandwich Islands; but in this new and wonder-working publication, we recognise one remarkable element;—one of the translators certainly, and the other probably, was profoundly ignorant of the original. Erhard, who knew only Latin enough to read modern works of science, had little or no Greek; and of Hebrew, he had, for all that appears, never so much as heard. What of that? "The road was made by these thoughts as pleasant as a road to everlasting blessedness. Nothing, indeed, has come of the proposal, but it was sufficiently rewarded by the pleasure it gave us at the time."

We might quote other instances of oddity; such as his complaining by letter to Washington of the pseudo-colonel who cheated him, or the treatise which he, a republican from infancy, wrote to prove that absolute

monarchy may satisfy all the wants of the moral man; but we have given sufficient proofs of his total want of that common sense, accompanied with latent humour, which is happily to Englishmen a national Socratic *μῆτις, cui plerumque parent, nunquam impellenti sæpe revocanti*. He tells us, indeed, that his unpopularity at Nuremberg originated in the exercise of a certain humorous disposition which he derived from his father, and we will not deny him the faculty, though we should scarcely have discovered its existence. Still less would we say that his countrymen in general are without humour. We know that some of their writers possess it in a high degree; but in their common literature, it rather concerns itself with the oppositions of custom and reason, than with those of caprice or ignorance and custom, so that they direct the laugh against the rule which violates a principle, and we against the individual who, in pursuit of a supposed principle, breaks through the rule.

After all, men who are not afraid of being laughed at, and have no tribunal of humoristic conscience within themselves, are most likely to possess that self-confidence, which is the first, second, and third requisite for success in life. We have seen the prosperous course which Erhard's fortunes took in the latter half of his life, and it is but fair to show, in the words of his biographer, how he deserved and how he bore them.

"On his personal character, one voice prevails from all who knew him. As the foundation of all his views, of his exertion and action, we must point out the strictest morality, to which he referred every thing. All his thoughts and his conduct continued, under all circumstances, to be devoted, in the first instance, to truth and justice, combined with the purest philanthropy, which he felt and displayed kindly and disinterestedly, but without any hypocritical affectation, for all his brethren—thousands of whom honoured in him not only the skilful physician, but also the tried friend and counsellor, the generous benefactor. His great understanding, his inexhaustible learning, his kindly, unpretending, and yet one might say, proud character, made his society as instructive as it was attractive."

And so, with much regard and respect, we bid him farewell.

THE VISION OF CALIGULA.

A FRAGMENT.

BY E. SIMMONS.

"Incitabatur insomnia maxime; neque enim plus quam tribus nocturnis horis quiescebat; ac non his quidem placida quiete, sed pavida miris rerum imaginibus; ut qui, inter ceteras, Palatii QUANDAM SPECIEM colloquentem secum videre visus sit."

SUSTONIUS, *in Vit. Calig.*

I.

THE night is over Rome—deep night intense—
Cloudlessly blue in its magnificence;
There is no moon, but holy starlight there
Shoots its soft lustre through the lucid air;
The trophied shrines along old Tiber's stream
Fling their dim shadows with a solemn gleam;
While, in its far supremacy above,
Like dawn's white glimmer, towers the Fane of Jove.*

II.

The city's roar hath died, and far away
Died the gay discords of the jocund day;
Long hours ago the proud Theatre's yell
Sank fiercely glad as the last fencer fell;
And silent long, through every echoing path,
Lie the broad Forum and the mighty Bath;
Even Love, the watchful, shrouds his voiceless lute
In precincts now where all but Power is mute.

III.

Bright through yon groves of plane and cedar shine
The lamps' gold radiance from the Palatine;
Now lost, now lambent, as their circling ward,
The mail'd Pretorians pace, in ceaseless guard—
Theirs the high charge to keep unbroken still
The slumbering echoes of that haughty hill;
For, worse than treason's step or traitor's eye,
Who breaks the silence with a sound must die—
A silence sterner than the stillness spread
In Mizraim deserts round her sceptred dead.

IV.

There, in its far immensity outroll'd,
The Cæsars' Palace lifts its domes of gold,†
Or nobly stretches through the olive shades,
In marble coolness, its superb arcades;
Or rears its soaring porticoes, that throw
A lustrous gloom on the tall groves below,
And porphyry founts, whose graceful waters gush
With clearer tinkle through the azure hush;

* "In the midst, to crown the pyramid formed by such an assemblage of majestic edifices, rose the shrine of the Guardian of the Empire—the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on a hundred steps, supported by a hundred pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the world."—EUSTACE.

† The Imperial residence was fixed by Augustus on the Palatine Hill. It was here, too, that the *Aurea Domus*, the golden house of Nero, stood, which was afterwards destroyed by the order of Vespasian, as too sumptuous even for a Roman Emperor.

White shine the pillar'd terraces, and long
 Bright hosts of gods in many a sculptured throng,
 Whose breathless life, in the calm starlight hours,
 Casts a chill loveliness upon the flowers—
 The thousand-banded flowers that, wide and far,
 From the deep beauty of bell, cup, and star,
 Their fragrance fling to heaven, though not an air
 To kiss the lily's languid lips is there—
 Even the sweet rose, that leans its tender cheek
 Against yon shaft of rare Synnada's stone,*
 Seems sculptured from the marble's purple streak,
 So deep night's dread solemnity is thrown.

V.

Say, to what Spirit's gentlest sway is given
 This hour delicious 'neath the lull of heaven?
 Steal its pure influences down to steep
 The revel-wearied in the bath of sleep—
 To waft adoring sounds to beauty's pillow,
 And stir with song her bosom's dazzling billow—
 Or breathe deep quiet through the lonely room
 When the pale sophist, in his reasoning gloom,
 Or dreaming lyrist—ah, less happy sage!—
 Bends thoughtful o'er the lamp-illuminated page?
 Heed not, but hasten where the starlight falls,
 And burns in gold on yon refulgent walls;
 Glance through the Augustan chambers—even there
 Where the still myrtles look like spectres in—
 And see black Night slip from their wolfish lair
 On murderous Power the dogs of Hell and Sin.

VI.

Far down the radiant galleries He came,
 Where the soft cresset's dusky-curtain'd flame
 Lent the voluptuous loneliness an air,
 As Death and Pomp for mastery struggled there.
 Onwards he came, and the tall Thracian slave,
 That kept the portals with unsheathed glaive,
 Stiffen'd with horror, till his glassy eye
 That dared not look, froze in perplexity.
 He came—the Cæsar dread—Earth's awful lord—
 The all-tremendous One, whose whisper'd word
 Fill'd, like pervading Nature, land and flood; †
 And, if but syllabled in wrathful mood,
 Had the swift lightning's soundless power to pierce,
 Rending and blasting, through the universe!

VII.

Breathe there no splendours from that august brow?
 Forth from his presence does no halo glow?
 Throng not around glad parasites to bask
 In the stray smile their servile faces ask?

* The most precious marble of the Romans was that brought from Synnada; it was of a white colour, tinged with a delicate purple.

† The arbitrary power of the emperors was as complete as it was despotic. For the victim who incurred their displeasure, "to remain," says Gibbon, "was fatal, and it was impossible to fly; he was encompassed by a vast extent of sea and land, which he could never hope to traverse without being discovered, seized, and restored to his irritated master." "Wherever you are," said Cicero to the exiled Marcellus, "remember that you are equally within the power of the conqueror."

No!—in that tall attenuated form,
 Lone as some prowling leopard of the storm—
 In that pale cheek, and those red restless eyes,
 Where the sweet balm of slumber never lies—
 In the parch'd lips, cleft by a moaning sound,
 And haggard locks, where, twisted wildly round,
 Empire's dread fillet clasps his temples broad,
 Mark all a Despot needs to mar the works of God.

VIII.

"Bright maids!" the mad Blasphemer mutter'd—"ye
 Who track'd Orestes with such constancy
 That his brain burn'd, and reason fled at last
 Beneath the spell your beauties round him cast—
 Accept my thanks, that, turning from the fane
 His ardours rear'd you on Telphusia's plain,†
 You now vouchsafe to shake the witchery curl'd
 In your fair locks, o'er him who shakes the world!
 More faithful than the mortal nymphs whose care
 Is still my momentary love to share,
 Ye never leave me—morning, fragrant noon,
 And night, fierce-glaring with its bloody moon—
 That moon that, even when icy winter reigns,
 Scorches and dries the current in my veins,
 And still will stare upon my aching sight,
 Startling the slumber that does *not* alight:
 All constant Three!

—yet if, avenging Jove,
 Thy handmaids come commission'd from above
 To wreak—as erst upon thy sire—on me,
 Earth's thunder-wielder, thy grim jealousy,
 I scoff the scourge that only can destroy.
 Storm as thou wilt—the dull lethargic joy,
 Which the vile slave in Laurion's caverns dim—
 Could Cæsar sleep—might boast he shared with him.
 Yet hold!—the hour imparts with its deep rest
 To this unslumbering, pleasure-craving breast
 One stimulating throb—one strong delight—
 To burst upon the soft patrician's night,
 And watch the terror starting through each limb
 When summon'd here, 'mid gladiators grim
 They stand;—by Orcus! how they seem to feel
 The cold keen fury of the griding steel
 Already severing life asunder:—yes,
 Night even to me is not without its bliss;
 And, while one sapient senator remains
 To speed my hours with what fools call his pains,
 Pale Nemesis may watch her lonely shrine,
 Heap'd by no fear-wrung sacrifice of mine—
 And choke my thresholds with a shadowy throng,
 Each red hand shaking the uplifted thong;
 And the Olympus-throned may thunder still
 Upon the *right* of this defying hill:—

* "Statura fuit eminenti, pallido colore, corpore enormi, gracilitate maxima cervicis et crurum, et oculis et temporibus concavis, fronte lata et torva." &c.—SUTTONIUS.

† However reluctant the worship offered in them, there were several temples erected to the Furies in Greece; those at Cyrene and Telphusia in Arcadia were amongst the most distinguished. I am afraid, for the text's sake, that it was the former which Orestes dedicated to those deities who exercised so fatal an influence on his destiny.

Even now I spurn,"——

At once—as if the stroke
That in the Alp-storm smites the wasted oak
Had fell'd him there—the god-contemner prone
Dropp'd, like that wild tree from its mountains blown :
And ere the noiseless and attendant crowd
Of slaves, who watch'd behind the Tyrian cloud
That flung its folds, in many a silken fall,
Around the vastness of that gorgeous hall,
Could reach their prostrate lord, a change had cast
Its shadow o'er him—paralysed—and pass'd.

IX.

They raised him, with stunn'd frame and drooping head,
As one scarce rescued from the ghastly dead—
They fann'd his forehead, where the fiery will
With some strong agony contended still:
Sudden he shook aside their trembling cares,
And starting forward, as a maniac stares
Upon some shape—how dreadful we but guess
From the rack'd gazer's terrible distress—
Transfix'd he stood ; his fear-dilated eye,
Wild with amaze, stretch'd into vacancy,
As though some palpable horror stood between
Him and the placid beauty of the night,
That, through the rose and citron's fragrant screen,
Fill'd all the portal to its Parian height.

X.

Long stood the Cursed-with-empire moveless there,
As marble vow'd by nations to Despair ;
Long seem'd to shudder at some voice, whose tone
Of thunder broke upon his ear alone :
At last the trance gave way in one wild gasp,
And, reeling back, he caught, with feeble clasp,
The nearest column, while shock'd nature's pain
Dropp'd from his forehead like the summer rain ;—
" Ho!—instant, slaves ! " at length he falter'd—" Fly !
Bid to our sacred presence instantly
That prophet-raver, half a knave—half fool—
Adept in all that yonder starry school
Vouchsafes to teach its students—he who told
The wreath of empire never should enfold
This brow until o'er Baiæ's sunny bay—
A liquid path—I urged my war-steed's way ;*
Fool—as if winds or waves could——

Ha ! again

That awful voice !—tis crushing in my brain !
And thou wilt visit me, Tremendous Power,
Henceforth for ever in the stabber's hour ?
'Tis well—thou look'st too dreadful for a God
That kings can bribe, or hecatombs defraud.
So let me dare thee deeply—yes, by Him
Who shakes the sable urn in Hades grim !
Or by an oath more sacred—by the shrine

* Thrasyllus, an eminent soothsayer at Rome, in this and several of the preceding reigns, hazarded the prediction alluded to :—" Non magis Caium imperatorum, quam per Balanum Sinum equis discursurum." To disprove the prediction, Caligula built the bridge from Pozzuoli to Baiæ.

And name of her—Drusilla the Divine! *
 As Jove the Cloud-compeller, o'er my head
 His judgment thunders ever vainly sped,
 So do I shake my tameless spirit free
 From all thy funeral threats, mysterious Deity!
 Again—why stays the dotard?—soft—he's here—
 Thrasyllus, soothsayer, dismiss the fear
 That blanches in thy cheek, it mocks the snow
 Of thy most reverend tresses' scanty flow.
 Approach and mark me—quick—thy laggard foot
 Treads onward as reluctantly and mute,
 As thou wert bidden to those glorious feasts
 Where I and Torture pledge the white-lipp'd guests;
 As if the domes that lean in radiant line
 Their ponderous gold upon the Palatine
 O'erhung thee now, filled with the festal state
 I love to fling around the gulf of fate.
 Thou start'st, as if thy moon-bewilder'd sight
 Saw not this spacious audience-hall aright:
 Look round thee, priest, perchance thou'lt dare to say
This is not Naples—that Sarrentum's bay;
 And *there* Misenum's cape, from whence—come near,
 I saw what none e'er saw but me—what ear
 Was cursed not with till now,—THE MIGHTY SEA,
 AS LIVE THE IMMORTAL GODS! HAS SPOKEN UNTO ME!
 And lifted up its thousand tongues, and shook
 All its wide deeps into one stormy look;
 And cast the thunder of its voice's roll,
 And aspect's fierceness on both sense and soul.

XI.

“ List to the portent.—Scarce an hour is past,
 Since, on yon emerald promontory east,
 I look'd along broad ocean's hush'd expanse
 Fill'd with the strength of midnight's countenance:
 Boundlessly slept the deep; nor sail nor oar
 Broke from the far horizon to the shore
 The stretch of waves that, lapsing calmly even,
 Drank the dark glory of the sapphire heaven;
 And far, away afar, Prochyta's isle
 Hoarded one hue of day's departed smile,
 One flush of rose-light that, I know not why,
 Long as it linger'd, fix'd my feverish eye;
 At length it faded into night, and then
 I faced the giant loneliness again!
 I listen'd—'twas the rushing through my heart
 Of the hot blood in many a fiery start;—
 I listen'd—'twas the sedges' whispering speech,
 Kiss'd by the waters on the silver beach;—
 Once more—I dream, or else the sounds that surge
 Still louder, break from ocean's circling verge!
 'Twas even so—at first a mingling hum,
 Like that of nations meeting as they come,
 And then a loud hubbub—a sullen roar,
 And dash of waves on every sounding shore—
 And billows rose and rose, without a breeze,
 And the stars shrank before the howling seas—

* His favourite sister. He caused temples to be erected to her divinity—and upon all occasions of unusual solemnity he swore by her name.

And mighty clouds came upward from afar,
 Like the old giants crowding on to war;
 And Heaven was hid, and hurrying voices high,
 Calling and answering from the upper sky,
 Shook the wild air: At length, when fiercest raged
 The strife the waters with stunn'd Nature waged,
 At once the whole tremendous Ocean heaved
 Up in one wide convulsion!—Earth, relieved,
 Reel'd to her centre;—still the growing sea
 Rear'd to the zenith its immensity,
 And whirlwinds girt its limbs in stormy crowds,
 While from above career'd the thunder-clouds,
 And helm'd its shadowy head, as with the gloom
 And dreadful tossing of a battle-plume;
 And the broad lightnings leap'd about, and pour'd
 Their terrors round it like a fiery sword!
 —Thou tremblest, slave,—well, Caius may confess
 That he, for one brief moment, did no less:
 Upward I strain'd my gaze to meet the brow
 Whose glance I felt was burning through me now.
 In vain—for still the thunder's streamy scowl
 Muffled the features with a mighty cowl;
 And, though at times the madd'ning winds would sweep
 That veil aside, I could not bear the deep
 And wrathful face reveal'd and wrapp'd so soon
 —Lurid and dim, like an eclipsed moon!
 Fatigued I sank; but, mark me, not subdued
 By aught that savours of a weaker mood.
 Then on my ear a voice, whose accents spoke
 With earthquake's hope-destroying loudness, broke;
 At once o'er continent and islands spread
 A calm, than even that warring din more dread;
 And thus—*Bis-Ultor Mars!* what boots it *what* was said?
 Fierce words that told of some great Spirit still
 Claiming ascendancy o'er my sceptred will—
 Some nameless God, who deem'd the Julian line
 Were not so guiltless, not so *all*-divine
 As slaves would hold; denouncements, too, that urge
 To madness, lash'd as with a brazen scourge
 My soul, and bared the future as the past,
 And menaced of an hour, when on the blast
 Of glory's heaven, no more our Eagle's wings
 Should darken wide earth with their shadowings,
 But cower and stoop before the iron hail
 That broods even now in some far Polar gale!
 —I bore no more—but sprang and faced the sea
 With a proud Roman's conscious majesty;
 And saw but there the fast-subsiding flood
 Through eyes bedimm'd as with a film of blood.

XII.

“ And I had still to suffer: in the east
 The breeze that freshen'd o'er the billow's breast
 Dash'd them to foam that, far as night prevails
 Gleam'd like the canvass of a thousand sails;
 And sails *were* there, that forward fast and free
 As those white billows, bounded countlessly;
 Strange spectre ships in many a ghastly fleet
 Crowding, and wafting one portentous freight,
 Which the rude barks demonstrate came from far
 —The Spear's stern merchandise—barbarian War!

They near'd ; each vessel burden'd with its group
 Of savage warriors at the shielded poop ;
 Tall fire-eyed men, like the Athletes we
 Feed for the Arena's sportive butchery :
 And still they swarm'd, and anchor'd, and outpour'd
 On wailing shores that devastating Horde !
 And a red haze swept o'er the groaning hills,
 And every sound and sight, whose horror thrills
 Perception, seem'd, by Hell's own black decision,
 Roll'd on my soul in one chaotic vision !
 Jove ! what a blinding scroll was there unfurl'd,
 The last wild throes of my own Roman World !
 The ravaged Province—laughter'd people—Fanes
 Blazing and tumbling on the famish'd plains ;
 Even Rome, the god-built, belted round with war—
 And lo ! the worse than Gauls burst through her every bar !
 And, 'mid the Plague's rank steam, mad Famine's roar,
 And woman ravish'd and man's rushing gore,
 The savage feasted in our palace halls—
 Aye, by the jasper founts, whose lulling falls
 Bless my Velitrian villa with their rain,*
 Beneath its shadows of luxuriant plane
 Grim Scythia styed and quaff'd each priceless cup
 The Scipios' suppliant children proffer'd up !—
 It was too much—a whirling in my brain—
 A snapping of each hot distended vein—
 And then oblivion—and that hour of fear
 Was o'er—and thou, dull prophet, thou art here !
 Aye, I remember all—while I have spoken,
 Back on my sense reality has broken.
 I have but dream'd—and yonder guarded shades
 Shroud in 'mid Rome those glittering colonnades :
 And I am safe—have called thee, crafty Greek,
 To read the purport of my vision—speak !”

XIII.

Slowly that bow'd and listening sage arose,
 And, though a century's consecrating snows
 Had whiten'd o'er his head, he stood as tall
 In the rich shadows of that sinful hall,
 And with as dauntless look, as he who read
 The words Jehovah the Avenger traced
 Before Belshazzar, in the hour the Mede
 Burst in red valour on that godless feast.

XIV.

“ Caius ! ” thus calmly spoke the prescience-gifted,
 In accents solemn as sepulchral breeze
 Through some lone cypress, while his hands uplifted
 Seem'd to attest immortal witnesses :—
 “ Caius ! my words are few ; but, though the gloom
 Enwraps me of inexorable doom ;
 Though to my searching eye thy stern intent,
 Fang'd with all tortures tyrants can invent,
 Is not unknown, as I have yet conceal'd
 No truth thy wilful race *would* see reveal'd ;

* The Imperial Villa at Velitæ was his favourite retreat. It was celebrated for its gigantic plane-trees ; one of which was capable of containing in its branches a large table, with the Emperor, attendants, &c.—PLINY.

So do I now unshrinkingly to thee
 Pronounce my last and parting prophecy:—
 SIN STALKS THE LEP'ROUS EARTH FROM SHORE TO SHORE,
 HER BUBBLING CHALICE WILL CONTAIN NO MORE;
 THE SHUDDERING GODS YIELD THEIR DERIDED POWER
 TO THE GREAT ANGEL OF THE COMING HOUR;
 SOME ONE ALMIGHTY, THAT FROM COUNTLESS ELD
 HIS FACE IN CLOUDLESS DARKNESS HAS WITHHELD;
 HIS WRATH SHALL SWEEP THE NATIONS, AND THE SEA
 BE THE STERN SERVANT OF THAT MINISTRY!*
 IN BLOOD SHALL SINK EACH CÆSAR'S BLOOD-STAIN'D FORM—
 YE SOW'D THE WHIRLWIND—GO REAP THE STORM!

* * * * *

* The first serious irruption of the barbarians took place by sea. They descended the Ister to the Euxine, and pouring through the Hellespont, inundated the coasts of Greece, Africa, and Italy.

INDEX TO VOL. XLV.

- Adolphus, John, Esq., his memoir of John Bannister, comedian, reviewed, 392.
 Æschylus, his Eumenides, translated by Mr Chapman, 695.
 Afghanistan, India, and Persia, 93.
 Alcove, Christopher, in his, 538.
 Alderley, the Iron Gate, a legend of, 271.
 Ancient Scottish Music, the Skene MS., an account of, 1.
 Angelo, Michael, remarks on the peculiarities of thought and style in his picture of the last judgment, 267.
 Assassins and Bull Fights, 656.
 Australia, Major Mitchell's, expeditions into that country, reviewed, 113.
 Aytoun, William E., his translation into English Trochaics, of the twenty-second book of the Iliad, 634.
 Bannister, the comedian, his memoirs by Adolphus reviewed, 392.
 Ben-na-groich, a tale, 409—Chap. II., 411 Chap. III., 413.
 Browne, Washington, of New York, his sonnets, 300.
 Bull-fight at Valencia, described, 664.
 Burnet's engravings of the cartoons, enlarged, 390.
 Caligula, Vision of, by B. Simmonds, 849.
 Cantilena, translated into song, 537.
 Carew's poetry characterised, 783.
 Chapman, Mr, his translation of the Eumenides of Æschylus, 695.
 Chambers, our, 831.
 Chéminant, Louis de, his Farewell to England, 586.
 Christopher in his Alcove, 538.
 Client, my first, 733.
 Consciousness, Introduction to the Philosophy of, Part VI., Chap. I., 201—Chap. II., 205—Part VII., The Conclusion, Chap. I., 419—Chap. II., 424—Chap. III., 426.
 Corn-law question, dilemmas in regard to it stated, 170.
 Cornwall, Barry, his edition of Ben Jonson, reviewed, 146.
 Dauncey, Mr, his edition of the Skene MS. of Ancient Scottish Music, reviewed, 3.
 Desultory dottings down upon Dogs, 475.
 Dii Minorum Gentium, No. I., Carew and Herrick, 782.
 Dilemmas on the corn-law question, 170.
 Dogs, desultory dottings down upon, 475.
 Donnett, Alfred, his poem from Lake Walenstadt in Switzerland, entitled Kate, 301.
 Education, religious and secular, 275.
 Egypt—the Trojan horse—Homer, 366.
 Elections, France and her, 431.
 English language, the, 455.
 Family, Prospectus of a history of our, 669.
 Farewell to England, by Louis de Chéminant, 586.
 France and her elections, 431—the defeat of Louis Philippe would be the defeat of the French monarchy, *ib.*—a rapid review of the events of the last nine years taken, *ib.*—Sickleness is the characteristic, and no reliance can be placed in French assur-

- ances and conduct, 436—What are the reasons of this fickleness? First, moral, 437—second, political, 438—the French have always prepared themselves most for revolution when most prosperous. *ib.*—their situation now is precisely similar to that in 1830, 439—the coalition now formed is against monarchy, proved—first, by the address of the 221 deputies in 1830, 440—by the alteration, made in 1830, of the charter of 1814, 441—by the restraints imposed on royalty at, and since 1830, 442—by the complaints made by the coalition against Louis-Philippe in 1839, 443—of his wishing to form a part of the European family of sovereigns, *ib.*—of maintaining peace, *ib.*—of wishing to establish an absolute monarchy, 443—of wishing to perpetuate a line of policy fatal to the liberties of the country, 445—the coalition have adopted the same cant phrases as the English Radicals in regard to electoral reform, 477—the elections of 1839 the most momentous that ever occurred in France, 452—its evil consequences described, 453—all parties seemed to have combined for the purpose of attacking Louis Philippe, and, through him, the throne, 454.
- Gardiner, William, his work of *Music and Friends, or Pleasant Recollections of a dilettanti*, reviewed, 480.
- German, the life of a speculative, 837
- Gods, hymns to the, No. I. To Neptune, 819—No. II. to Apollo, 820—No. III. to Venus, 822—No. IV. to Diana, 824—No. V. to Mercury, 825—No. VI. to Bacchus, 826.
- Goethe and the Germans, a discourse on them, 247.
- Hallowed Ground, a poem by George Paulio, parish schoolmaster of Newlands, Part I., 595—Part II. 698
- Herrick's poetry, characterised, 791.
- Homer—Egypt—the Trojan horse, 366.
- House on the Hills, the, a tale in verse, 654.
- Hymns to the Gods. No. I. To Neptune, 819—No. II. to Apollo, 820—No. III. to Venus, 822—No. IV. to Diana, 824—No. V. to Mercury, 825—No. VI. to Bacchus, 826.
- Iliad, the twenty-second book of it translated into English Trochaics, by William E. Aytoun, 634.
- India, Persia, and Afghanistan, 93.
- Ireland under the Triple Alliance—the popular party, the Roman Catholic priests, and the Queen's Ministers, 212—the agrarian calendar of crimes furnished by this alliance is, 1st, Enforcement, &c., of the rights of property, 214—landlords, *ib.*—agents, 218—bailiffs, 219—tenants, 220—Unpopular exercise of elective franchise, 222—evidence, *ib.*—jury, obnoxious verdict, 223—Protestantism, 224—refusal to enter secret societies, 227—2d, proofs of agrarian crimes continued, Baron Richard's charge, 341—elective franchise, 345—evidence in court of law, *ib.*—obligations of a juror, 346—the crime of Protestantism, or, conversion from Rome, 347—the landlord crime, 348—elective franchise, *ib.*—evidence, *ib.*—jury, 359—Protestantism, 350—Ribbonism, 352.
- Iron gate, the, a legend of Alderley, 271.
- Italy as it was, 62.
- Kate, a poem, from Lake Wallenstadt in Switzerland, 301.
- Lamartine, Alphonse de, his life and literary character, characterised, 76.
- Legend of the Lido, the, 755.
- Legendary Lore, by Archæus, No. V., The Onyx Ring. Part III., Chap. I. 17—Chap. II., 20—Chap. III., 23—Chap. IV., 26—Chap. V., 27—Chap. VI., 30—Chap. VII., 35—Chap. VIII., 36—Chap. IX., 38—Chap. X., 40—Chap. XI., 43—Chap. XII., 46.
- Lido, the Legend of the, 755.
- Manchester, a week at, 481.
- Mathews, the comedian, his memoirs by Mrs Mathews, reviewed, 229.
- Mérimée on oil painting, reviewed, 747.
- Mildmay, A. Murray, his letter to Christopher North, Esq., on Scotch nationality, 643.
- Milne's, R. M., on the Goddess Venus in the middle ages, 618.
- Mitchell, Major, his second and third expedition into the interior of Eastern Australia, reviewed, 113.
- Moral songs and poems, on the earlier English, 303.
- Morals and manners, reflections on them, 190.
- Music and friends, or Pleasant recollections of a Dilettanti, by William Gardiner, reviewed, 480.
- My after-dinner adventures with Peter Schlemihl, 467.
- My first client, 733.
- Nationality, on Scotch, in a letter to Christopher North, Esq., 643.
- Notes of a traveller—leaving London, 682—Dover, the reveillé, 683—Dover, the detenu, 685—concerning parrots, and our parrot, *ib.*—cheap French dinners, 687—wet weather in Paris, 689—a dog-day in a diligence, 691—souvenirs of Baden, 693.
- Old Roger, a poem, 106.

Our pocket-companions, 130—descriptive poetry, No. I. Dyer's poems, 573—Chambers,
Oyster-Eater, some account of himself by the Irish, 47, 177, 358, 463, 618, 761.

Painting, oil, *Mérimée* on, 747.

Paulin, George, parish-schoolmaster, Newlands, his poem of Hallowed Ground, 598.

Persia, Afghanistan, and India, the reasonings on the attempt of Russia to gain our Indian territories, as being Quixotic, some years ago, are now inapplicable, 93—the position and influence of Russia now, on the borders of Europe and Asia, have been vastly increased within these few years, *ib.*—the geographical obstacles to the march of Russian troops to India examined, and proved to be not insurmountable, 95—the siege of Herat undertaken by the Persians through Russian influence, 96—its avowed object the reunion of Khorassan to Persia, 97—a historical sketch of the fall of the dynasty of the Afghans, who occupy the mountain country between Persia and India, given, 98—the re-establishment of that dynasty the object of the movement of our troops in India, 99—but it is questionable whether the same object of defending our Indian frontiers, may not have been attained by an alliance with Dost Mahommed of Cabul, *ib.*—the difficulty of reviving a fallen dynasty, shown, 100—difficulties pointed out in dealing with the claim of Kamran, 101—our advance into Cabul will also place us in a new position with the Sikhs of the Punjab, 102—whatever may be the fate of the Punjab, the shock of war will fall on its soil rather than on our Indian possessions, 103—this determination has been wisely acted on, for in case of a foreign armed power advancing beyond the Indus, many tribes would, it is feared, join them against us, as for instance the warlike tribes of the Rajpootana, 104—in short, the first footing of a foreign power in India, would be the signal for a general rising and arming for plunder, *ib.*—on the success of the Cabul expedition will depend the maintenance of peace on the frontier of Nepal, 105—Lord Auckland not equal to his critical situation, *ib.*

Peru as it is; a residence in Lima, &c., by Archibald Smith, M.D., reviewed, 287.

Photography,—engraving, and Burnet's cartoons, 382.

Picture Gallery, the, No. VI. 319, the week of pleasure, a tale, Chap. I. 321—Chap. II. 325—Chap. III. 327—Chap. IV. 331—Chap. V. 333—Chap. VI. 338—No. VII. 688, Castle-building, or the modern Almanshar, 590.

Pike, Albert, of Arkansas, his hymns to the gods, 819.

Poems and moral songs, on the earlier English, 303.

Poetical description, what is it? 529.

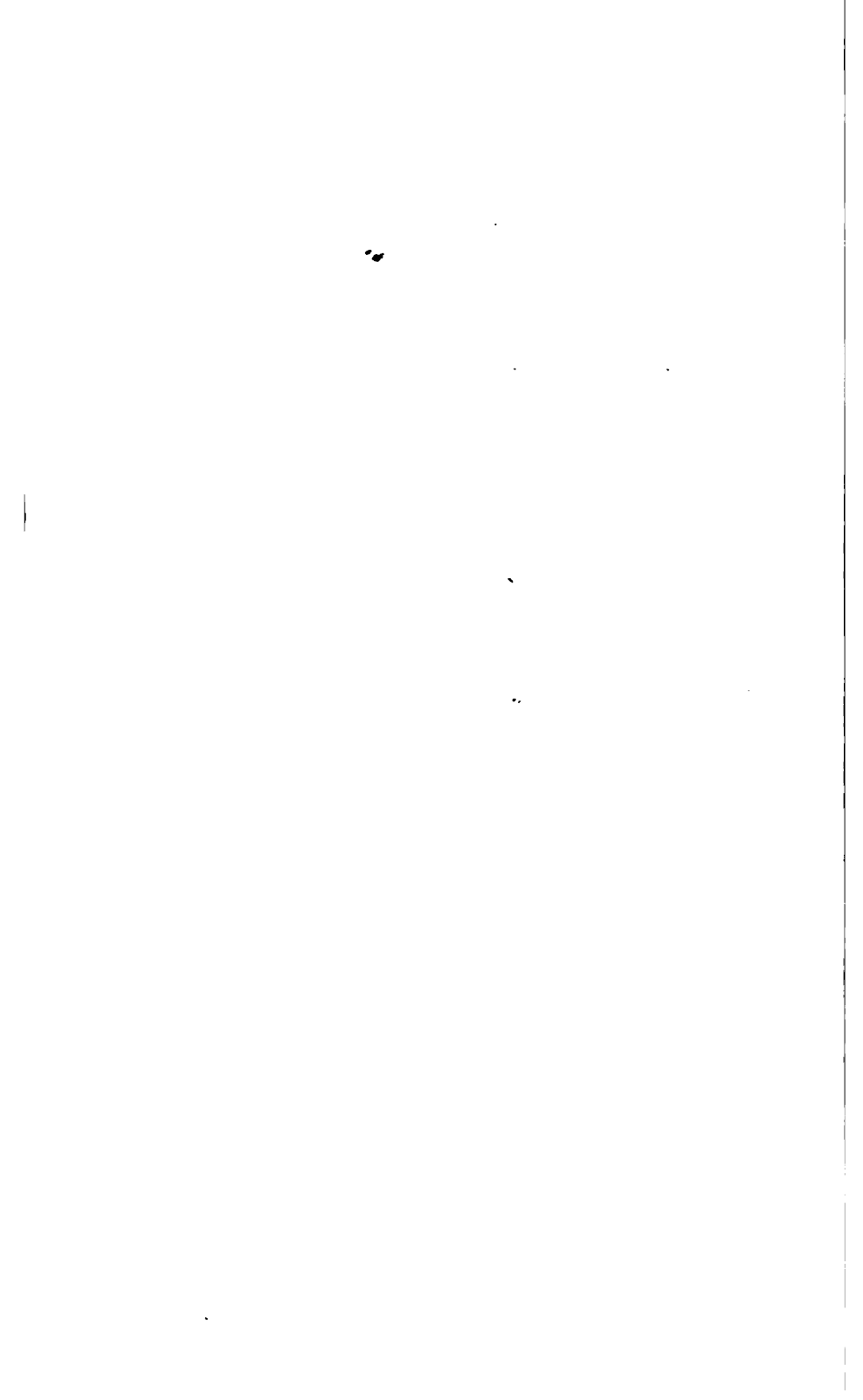
Poetry, our Descriptive, No. I., Dyer's poems, 673.

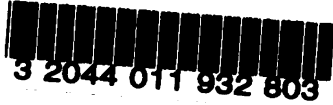
Political events, the late, the momentous importance of them to the character of all parties in the state, 715—the facts in connexion with them truly stated, *ib.*—extract given of Sir Robert Peel's letter to the Queen, in which he traces the steps of his negotiations to form a new ministry, 717—as admitted by the Melbourne ministry, their relinquishment of power was occasioned by the withdrawal of confidence from them in House of Commons; and their resumption of it was in consequence of the changes contemplated in the ladies of the household, 718—the clamours and untruths of the Liberal press, condemned, 719—extract of Sir Robert Peel's speech in the House, given, wherein the difficulties attending his government, whilst the nearest connexions of the late ministry were retained in the household, are fully and satisfactorily explained, *ib.*—the reflections which these events gave rise to are, that no deviation from that respect and devotion due to the sovereign was attempted by the Conservatives on this trying occasion, 722—the conduct of Sir Robert Peel considered and vindicated, *ib.*—the grave allegation brought against him of the desire to remove all the ladies of the household, contradicted by Sir Robert Peel's own declaration, 725—by the probabilities of the case, *ib.*—by the whole conduct of the parties, *ib.*—and by the letter of the Queen, who only refers to the ladies of the bedchamber, *ib.*—the conduct of the Melbourne cabinet in this business severely condemned; because, after declaring themselves defunct, and making way for a new ministry, they threw insurmountable obstacles in the way, by advising her Majesty to make unreasonable demands, in regard to the household, 726—because, while they retired themselves, their wives and daughters were to retain their places as channels of intrigue, *ib.*—because they have endeavoured to fasten upon Sir Robert Peel the charge of usurpation, 727—the proceedings of their inferior colleagues, in this particular, exposed and condemned, *ib.*—because they left office in consequence of the withdrawal of the confidence of the House of Commons, and resumed it when no change towards them in that respect could have taken place, 728—the position of the ministry is now despi-

- cable and ludicrous, *ib.*—there is no doubt of the ultimate triumph of Conservative principles, *ib.*—speech of the Duke of Wellington in the Lords, on the subject, quoted, 729.
- Prospectus of a history of our family, 669.
- Punch, reflections on him, 190.
- Raphael, on his genius, 809.
- Reflections on Punch, morals, and manners, 190.
- Religious and Secular education, 275.
- Rosenthal, Emily von, how she was spirited away, Chap. I. 400—Chap. II. 492—Chap. III. 494—Chap. IV. 496.
- Schlemihl, Peter, my after-dinner adventures with him, 467.
- Secular and religious education, intention of the government condemned, to introduce secular education detached from religious instruction, 275—the display of benevolence for the promotion of education, to be rejoiced at, *ib.*—the conservatives perceive that the cry for secular education alone is to put a dangerous weapon into the hands of the destructives, *ib.*—the Liberal party are not insensible to the danger, but are unwilling to admit it in its full extent, 276—Intellectual pursuits, no antidote to the mass of the people against political and sensual degradation, *ib.*—the only power capable of contending against sin is religion, *ib.*—the examples of despotic states no rule by which this country can be guided, *ib.*—from the earliest times, the influence of education has been unable to prevent national degradation, *ib.*—France given as an example, 277—Scotland always held up as an example of an educated people, *ib.*—but there crimes of the deepest dye have rapidly increased of late years, *ib.*—Moreau's tables quoted to show that a great amount of offenders are found amongst those who can both read and write, than those who can do neither, 278—Toqueville's representation of American crime are to the same effect, 279—this does not arise from any deficiency of intellect amongst the lower classes, 280—but mere knowledge is pernicious without a corresponding formation of character, *ib.*—hence the erroneous theory of those who hold that secular education would raise the taste of the lower orders, 281—the kind of books generally found in the libraries of the working orders, given to prove the fallacy of the theory, 282—the truth is, we have fallen on a superficial generation, *ib.*—in a political point of view, the spread of this secular knowledge is attended with the greatest danger, 283—it is no use arguing that the danger apprehended arises not from education but from imperfect education, because working people have not time to attain a perfect system of education, 284—it is a fact that most of the prostitutes of Paris come from the best educated northern provinces, *ib.*—that education based on religion should produce a better result than without it, is evident, 285—it is also evident that secular liberty is more enticing than the restraints of religion, 286—the union of both would be a blessed consummation, *ib.*
- Skene MS., the, an account of, 1.
- Sketcher, sonnets by the, 651.
- Smith, Dr Achibald, his residence in Lima, &c., Peru as it is, reviewed, 287.
- Some account of himself, by the Irish Oyster Eater. Fasciculus the first, 47—Fasciculus the second, 52—Fasciculus the third, 58—Fasciculus the fourth, 177—Fasciculus the fifth, 182—Fasciculus the sixth, 186—Fasciculus the seventh, 288—Fasciculus the eighth, 360—Fasciculus the ninth, 463—Fasciculus the tenth, 471—Fasciculus the eleventh, 618—Fasciculus the twelfth, 628—Fasciculus the thirteenth, 761—Fasciculus the fourteenth, 771—Fasciculus the fifteenth and last, 776.
- Song, translation of a cantilena, 537.
- Sonnets, by Washington Browne, of New York. 300—a sonnet, 617—sonnets by the Sketcher, 651.
- Talbot, H. Fox, his letter to the Literary Gazette, with reference to the new discovery of photography, quoted, 385.
- Taylor, W. B. S., his translation from the French of Mérimée on oil-painting, reviewed, 747.
- Traveller, notes of a, 682.
- Trojan horse—Homer—Egypt, 368.
- Venus, the goddess, in the middle ages, by R. M. Milnes, 603.
- Vision of Caligula, by B. Simmons, 849.
- Week of pleasure, the, 321—one at Manchester, 481.
- What is poetical description? 529.
- Whig decline and degradation, 795—remarkable coincidences between the affairs of France from 1789 to 1793, and those of Britain from 1832, the passing of the Reform Bill, to 1839, pointed out, *ib.* the enthusiastic feelings in regard to the Reform Bill at its passing, described, 796—where are all those transports now? *ib.*—among the innumerable evils which that bill has brought upon the empire, that of exciting unreasonable and extravagant expectations of its benefits, is perhaps the greatest, 797—this excitement was maintained entirely by "enormous lying," *ib.*—the Whigs have been caught

in their own trap, and universal contempt has now befallen them, chiefly because they now endeavour to check the progress of the movement they at first set agoing, 798—the principal object of the Melbourne Ministry has been, to yield as little to popular demands as is consistent with retention of office, *ib.*—they are right in the opinion of making a stand somewhere, 799—for, what are the principles which frantic incendiaries desire to support? *ib.*—and what a woful picture does the present state of the country exhibit, of the paralysis with which the revolutionary cabinet conduct the measures of government! 800—all the dangers that surround the country may be distinctly traced to the false policy pursued, and the pernicious principles instilled by the government, 801—they employed and encouraged the language of revolt in Canada, and now they have deprived that colony of its constitution, *ib.*—by short-sighted parsimony in Indian affairs, they have placed the safety of that splendid appanage of the crown in jeopardy, *ib.*—by practising revolutionary propagandism in Europe, they have unsettled our relations with every nation in it, 802—by encouraging the premature emancipation of the negroes in our West India Colonies, they have not only endangered the production of colonial produce; but have thereby promoted the slave-trade to an increased extent and refined cruelty in Cuba and Brazil, 803—and, because the House of Assembly in Jamaica remonstrated against their conduct in, perhaps, too impassioned language, they threaten to destroy the constitution of that once flourishing, but

now decaying, colony, 804—for ten years back treason and sedition have been tolerated in this country and the colonies, and now that their natural fruits are beginning to appear, the revolutionary government are determined to rule their dupes, and the country at the same time, with a despotic sway, 805—their support of Popery has doubled crime in Ireland *ib.*—so conscious are they of this, that they excuse themselves by averring, that things are not worse than they were under Tory governments, 806—but they are worse, as is proved by official returns which are quoted, *ib.*—but perhaps the most fatal effect of the ascendancy of liberal principles has been the general corruption of the character of the Liberals, 807—it was a growing sense of these evils amongst an increasing and influential portion of the people, over whom religion still maintains its sway, and not any particular question, that led to the recent retirement of the Melbourne ministry from office, *ib.*—their resumption of power, under recent circumstances, show they are now the ministry, not of the country, but of three ladies of the bedchamber, 808—now, when dangers threaten alike the monarchy and the institutions of the country, it is the duty of the Conservatives to come forward and demonstrate, both by their language and conduct, their steady adherence to their principles, and their resolution to separate the cause of the Queen and the monarchy, from the Popish faction which is domineering over every part of this great empire, both at home and abroad, *ib.*





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